THE WORLD OF WIT AND HUMOR

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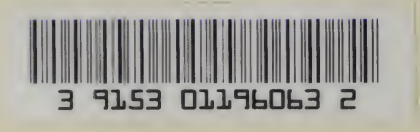

THE WORLD OF
WIT AND HUMOUR.

CHRISTMAS "PARTIES."

THE

WORLD

OF

WIT AND HUMOUR.

EDITED BY

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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INITIALS AND VIGNETTES

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ETC.

A WORD IN SEASON.

—:o:—

MIRTH IS a good medicine for the mind; and Wit and Humour are valuable props of the human system. All men, as a rule, prefer satin to sack-cloth—to be happy rather than miserable, for, as Autolycus sings,

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

In the WORLD OF WIT AND HUMOUR we purpose giving a comprehensive selection from the writings of authors who have made themselves famous in this special department of literature. Chronology we will have none of. We will button-hole Joe Miller and Jerrold, and make Sheridan on speaking terms with Sydney Smith. "Motley" will be our "only wear." We promise a pleasant patchwork of the merry speeches and doings, real and fictitious, of the present and the past. The legal vinegar of Curran will be poured out side by side with the cream from Mesdames Malaprop and Partington's jugs; the crisp cress of the best humourists will be heaped upon the philosophic mustard of Josh Billings; the oil of the celebrated joker, "Anon.," will correct acidity; flavour will not be wanting from America's shore, nor a dash of northern dryness and western bull. The ingredients will be many, but the whole, tasted when or where, will, we hope, be found a pleasant salad, grateful even to the most jaded palate. Our field is wide, and glowing with flowers of fancy and wild blossoms of wit. From this author we will take a droll allusion, from that a merry story; history, so long as it is very quaint, will bear its part. If we pun it is not to be condemned; if we retort, it is in good humour. As bulls are naturally associated with the Western Isle, the arrangement will not be altered, and as the Scottish mind is said to be incapable of humour, we will still call the northern sayings dry. Many of our jokes must necessarily be old and cut-and-dried; but they will be of those pleasant herbs that lose not by the drying, but retain their fragrance to the last, untouched by time, and, herb-like, still give forth unpalling odours when rudely crushed in hand. Retaining our pleasant simile, we take it that Wit and Humour are the salt and seasoning of literature, never despised by the greatest philosopher, nor needing education to be appreciated by the ordinary mind. Artists of known celebrity have assisted us, whose work speaks for itself; and we now leave, with confidence, THE WORLD OF WIT AND HUMOUR in the hands of the reader.

PADDY THE PIPER.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

THE exuberant drollery of the Irishman never found a better exponent than in that most humorous author the late Samuel Lover, from one of whose works the following is extracted:—

"I'll tell you, sir, a mighty quare story. 'Twas afther nightfall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the noggins of butthermilk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door. 'Whist,' says my father, 'here's the sojers come upon us now,' says he. 'Bad luck to thim, the villains; I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,' says he.

"'No,' says my mother, 'for I'm afther hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it, a while ago.'

"'Well, whist, anyhow,' says my father, 'for there's a knock agin;' and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

"'Oh, it's folly to purtind any more,' says my father; 'they're too cute to be put off that-a-way,' says he. 'Go, Shamus,' says he to me, 'and see who's in it.'

"'How can I see who's in it in the dark?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'light the candle, thin, and see who's in it. But don't open the door for your life, barrin' they break it in,' says he, 'exceptin' to the sojers; and spake them fair, if it's thim.'

"So with that, I wint to the door, and there was another knock.

"'Who's there?' says I.

"'It's me,' says he.

"'Who are you?' says I.

"'A friend,' says he.

"'*Baithershin!*' says I; 'who are you, at all?'

"'Arrah! don't you know me?' says he.

"'Divil a taste,' says I.

"'Sure, I'm Paddy the Piper,' says he.

"'Oh, thundher and turf!' says I; 'is it you, Paddy, that's in it?'

"'Sorra one else, says he.

"'And what brought you at this hour?' says I.

"'By gar,' says he, 'I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me,' says he.

* * * * * *

"'Faix then,' says I, 'you had betther lose no time in hidin' yourself,' says I; 'for troth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Husshians would be afther givin' you—for they've no justice, and less marcy, the villains!'

"'Faith, thin, more's the raison you should let me in, Shamus,' says poor Paddy.

"'It's a folly to talk,' says I; 'I darn't open the door.'

"'Oh then, millia murther!' says Paddy, 'what'll become of me at all, at all?' says he.

"'Go aff into the shed,' says I, 'behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an illigant lock o' straw, that you may go asleep in,' says I; 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'

* * * * * *

"Paddy hid himself in the cowhouse; and now I must tell how it was with Paddy. You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceaved him; but, at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was going off to the town hard by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a betther piper was in all the country round nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy, that he was illigant an the pipes, and played 'Jinny bang'd the Weaver,' beyant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

"Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meandherin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far, until climbin' up through a hedge, when he was coming out at t'other side, he kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be marciful unto uz! but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a three? 'Oh, the top of the mornin' to you, sir,' says Paddy; 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? Throth you took a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump to see the like, and to think of a Christian crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

* * * * * *

"Says Paddy, eyein' the corpse, 'By my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair of boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame to see the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three *traneens*, and a corpse wid such an illigant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.' So with that, Paddy laid hould of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayson of their bein' so tight, or the branch of the tree a-jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right hoult o' thim, he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all; and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin, lookin' behind him agin, the sight of the illigant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back . . . . . outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts off the legs av the corpse; 'and,' says he, 'I can take aff the boots at my convaynience.' And throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

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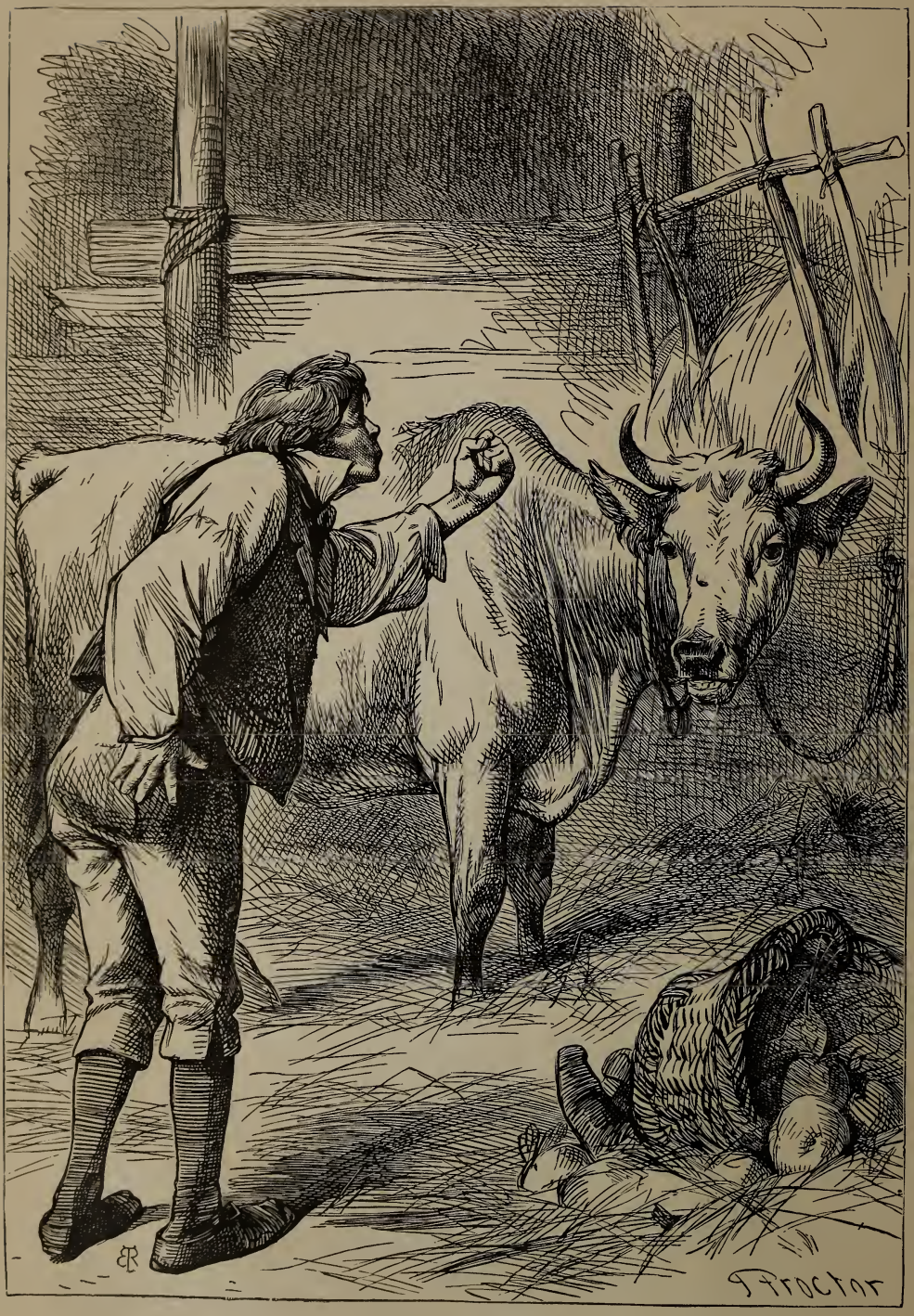


PADDY THE PIPER.

"'Oh, you murtherin' villain!' says I, shaking my fist at the cow."—*See p. 3.*

"Well, sir, he tuck'd up the legs undher his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud. 'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap; and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moon-light deceaved him, and that it wasn't the airly dawn, as he conceaved, and bein' friken'd for fear himself might be cotched, and trated like the poor corpse he was afther malthreating, if *he* was found walking the counthry at that time, by gar! he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and, hidin' the corpse's legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you think? the divil a long Paddy was there antil the sojers kem in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy; and faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corpse.

"Well, whin the morning kem, my father says to me, 'Go, Shamus,' says he, 'to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o' the pratees; for I go bail he's ready for his breakquest by this, anyhow.'

"Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out 'Paddy!' and afther callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and divil an answer I got still. 'Blood-an-agers!' says I, 'Paddy, where are you, at all, at all?' and so castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher the hape o' sthraw. 'Musha! thin,' says I, 'bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner; and maybe you havn't made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket? But I'll disturb your dhrames, I'm thinkin', says I, and with that, I laid hould of his heels (as I thought), and givin' a good pull to waken him, as I intindid, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

"Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, on the broad o' my back, and two things stickin' out o' my hands, like a pair of Husshian's horse-pistils; and I thought the sight 'd lave my eyes whin I seen they wor two mortial legs. My jew'l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and jumpin' up, I roared out millia murther. 'Oh, you murtherin' villain,' says I, shaking my fist at the cow—'Oh, you unnath'ral baste,' says I; 'you've ate poor Paddy, you thievin' cannable; you're worse than a neyger,' says I. 'And bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'd serve you for your supper but the best piper in Ireland!'

* * * * * *

"With that, I ran out, for throth I didn't like to be near her; and goin' in to the house, I tould them all about it.

"'Arrah! be aisy,' says my father.

"'Bad luck to the lie I tell you,' says I.

"'Is it ate Paddy?' says they.

"'Divil a doubt of it,' says I.

"'Are you sure, Shamus?' says my mother.

"'I wish I was as sure of a new pair of brogues,' says I. 'Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him but his two legs.'

"'And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?' says my father.

"'By gor, I b'lieve so,' says I.

"'Oh, the divil fly away wid her,' says he; 'what a cruel taste she has for music!'

"'Arrah!' says my mother, 'don't be cursing the cow that gives milk to the childher.'

"'Yis, I will,' says my father; 'why shouldn't I curse sitch an unnath'ral baste?'

"'You oughn't to curse any livin' that's undher your roof,' says my mother.

"'By my sowl, thin,' says my father, 'she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll send her to the fair this minit,' says he, 'and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff,' says he, 'Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair.'

"'Troth I don't like to dhrive her,' says I.

"'Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself,' says he.

"'Faith, I don't,' says I.

"'Well, like or no like,' says he, 'you must dhrive her.'

* * * * * *

"Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng'd it wuz wid the boys and the girls, and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

"'God save you,' says one to me.

"'God save you, kindly,' says I.

"'That's a fine beast you're dhrivin', says he.

"'Troth she is,' says I; though God knows it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her. . . . . I dhriv her into the thick av of the fair, whin all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av 'Tattherin' Jack Walsh,' and, my jew'l, in a minit, the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

"'Oh, murther!' says I, to the boys standin' by; 'hould her,' says I, 'hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now.'

"'Is it a cow for to ate a piper?' says one o' thim.

"'Divil a word o' lie in it, for I seen its corpse myself, and nothin' left but the two legs,' says I; 'and it's a folly to be strivin' to hide it, for I *see* she'll never lave it off—as Poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be marciful to him.'

"'Who's that takin' my name in vain?' says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side, who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

"'Oh, hould him too,' says I; 'keep him aff me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost,' says I; 'for he was kilt last night, to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.'

"Well, sir, with that, Paddy—for it was Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a laughin' so that you'd think his sides 'ud split. And whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I tould you already. . . . . And av coorse the poor slandered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth, my father had sich a regard for the poor thing that he had her skinned, and an illigant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day. And isn't it mighty remarkable, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that out, any one that has thim breeches an, the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin—and there, there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit."

A SHOOTING EXPLOIT OF TOM SHERIDAN.

TOM SHERIDAN used to tell a story *for* and *against* himself, which we shall take leave to relate.

He was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham (or rather Hampstead), and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing toward him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Halloa! you sir," said the squire, when within half ear-shot, "what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir!" said the squire, growing angry, "and do you know where here *is*, sir?—these, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over-agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire; "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a little; "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know *that*, sir—I——

"No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!" said the squire; "you don't know what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for you to talk, but if you were in *my* place, I should like to know what *you* would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you will come up to my house and take some refreshment."

The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say), "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells *for* me—now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a farmyard: in the front of the farmhouse was a green, in the centre of which was a pond—in the pond were ducks innumerable, swimming and diving; on its verdant bank, a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him; and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him very civilly—

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer."

"Of what, sir?" says the farmer.

"Why," replies Tom, "I have been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot; now, both my barrels are loaded, I should like to take home something: what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here, and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fairish!" said Tom; "fairish!"

"And to *have* all you kill?" said the farmer—eh?"

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom, "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand 't over."

The payment was made—Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other; and such quacking, and splashing, and screaming, and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Tom; "eight ducks and fowls are more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings—eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be, but what do I care for that—*they are none of mine!*"

"Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness."

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

SE FOR TRACTS.—Robert Kettle, a temperance missionary in Glasgow, left a few tracts with a young lady one morning. Calling at the same house a few days afterwards, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl-papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them. "Weel, my lassie," he remarked, "I see you have used the tracts I left wi' ye; but," he added in time to turn confusion into merriment, "ye have putten them on the wrang side o' your head, my woman!"

A HIGHLAND VIEW OF HEAVEN.—"I know what sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'!" shouted an earnest and excited Highland minister into the ears of an apathetic congregation, to whom he had delivered, without any apparent effect, a vivid and impressive address on the glory of heaven. "I know what sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'! You'd pe wantin' that all the seas would pe hot water; that all the rivers would pe rivers of whiskeys; and that all the hills and the mountains would pe loaves o' shugar! That's the sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'! Moreover," he added, warming to his work, "you'd pe wantin' that all the corn-stooks would pe pipe-staples, and tobaccos, and sneeshin', that's the sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'!"

A PARADOX.—On Henry Erskine being told that Knox, who had long derived his livelihood by keeping the door of the Parliament House, had been killed by a shot from a small cannon on the king's birth-day, he observed that "it was remarkable a man should live by the civil, and die by the canon law."

NOT FAR FROM THE TRUTH.—During the trial of a disputed settlement at Leith, one of the witnesses was asked, "Do sermons that are delivered and not read edify you the most?" He excited the risibility of the court by replying, "I consider that if ministers cannot remember their own sermons, it is perfectly unreasonable to expect their hearers to do so."

AN UNDERTAKER'S REASON.—Tam Neil was wright and precentor in Edinburgh, and a very droll character in his way. Being questioned one day by a lady, at whose house he was employed, as to the reason why people of his profession were so exorbitant in their charges for coffins, he looked very mysterious, and agreed to give her the necessary information in return for a glass of whiskey. The stipulation being carried out, Tam said, "Weel, m'am, it's juist because they are ne'er brought back to be mended."

NO MONOPOLY.—In a certain district in the Highlands, the bell-man one day made the following proclamation:—"O yes, O yes, and O yes: and that's three times! You'll all pe tak' notice, that there will pe no Lord's-day here next Sabbath, pecause the laird's wife wants the kirk to dry her clothes in!"

DUNCE SCOTUS.—A certain clergyman was born in the parish of Dull, brought up at the school of Dunse, and finally settled as minister in the parish of Drone.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.—A learned but rather long-winded minister, being asked if he did not feel tired after preaching such long sermons, answered, "Na, na, I'm no tired;" to which he added, however, with much pawkie *naïveté*, "but, losh me! hoo tired the folks are whiles!"

A CADGER'S SUPPER.—A minister called in upon the gudewife at Corset Hill one night, for the purpose of catechising her. "What is the Lord's Supper, Peggy?" he inquired. "Deed, sir," said the hostel wife, more intent on matters temporal than on things spiritual, "there's nae lord's come here away; but I'se tell ye what a cadger's supper is—it's just a groat; and what they leave at night, they tak' awa wi' them in their pouch in the morning."

AFTER-CHURCH CRITICISM.—"How did ye like the doctor the day, Thomas?"—"Weel, John, the sermon was no that ill; but I didna like yon trash o' duties at the hinner end o't."

A FOOLISH JOB.—One of Dr. Macknight's parishioners, a humorous blacksmith, who thought that his pastor's writing of learned books was a sad waste of time, being asked if the doctor was at home, answered, "Na, na; he's awa to Edinbro' on a foolish job." The doctor had gone off to the printer's with his laborious and valuable work, "The Harmony of the Four Gospels." On being further asked what this useless work might be which engaged his minister's time and attention, the blacksmith replied, "He's gane to mak' four men agree wha never cast out."

PROPHESYING MADE EASY.—A country clergyman who, on Sundays, was more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called at a cottage while its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged reading the prophecies of Isaiah. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what's this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astounded divine; "I doubt you are only reading a prophecy." "Weel," urged the religious rustic, "gif reading a preachin' be preachin', isna reading a prophecy prophesying?"

A GOOD REASON.—The minister of Biggar, in Lanarkshire, whose abilities, whatever they might be, were held in the utmost scorn on account of his *reading*, was one day concluding his discourse, as an old woman of the true leaven was leaving the church. He closed the leaves of his sermon, and those of the Bible at the same time, saying, with emphasis, intended as a sort of clencher to his argument, "I add no more." "Because you canna!" cried the old woman.

WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE.—A clergyman, remarkable for the simplicity and force of his style, was one day discoursing on the text, "Unless ye repent, ye shall all perish." Anxious to impress upon his hearers the importance of the solemn truth conveyed in the passage, he made use of a very *striking* figure. "Yes, my friends," he emphatically urged, "unless ye repent ye shall as sure perish," placing one of his fingers on the wing of a large fly which alighted on his Bible, and having his right hand uplifted, "just as sure, my friends, as I'll kill this blue flee." Before the blow was struck the fly got off, upon which the minister at the top of his voice exclaimed, "There's a chance for ye yet, my friends!"

"NO COMPLIMENTS."—An aged divine had occasionally to avail himself of the assistance of probationers. One day a young man, very vain of his accomplishments as a preacher, officiated, and on descending from the desk was met by the old gentleman with extended hands; and expecting high praise, he said, "No compliments, I pray." "Na, na, na, my young friend," said the parson; "now-a-days I'm glad o' onybody."

THE BOUNDS OF MODERATION.—A minister once preached a sermon against intemperance, a vice very prevalent in his parish, and from which, report says, he was not himself wholly exempt. "Whatever ye do, brethren," said he, "do it in moderation, and aboon a' be moderate in dram-drinking. When ye get up, indeed, ye may tak' a dram, and anither just before breakfast, and, perhaps, anither after; but dinna be always dram-drinking. If ye are out in the morning, ye may just brace yoursel' wi' anither dram, and tak' anither in the forenoon, but dinna be always dram—dramming. Naebody can scruple for ane just afore dinner; and when the dessert is brought in, and after it's ta'en awa'; and, perhaps, ane, or it may be twa, in the course of the afternoon, just to keep you frae drowsying and snoozling; but dinna be always drinking. Afore tea, and after tea, and between tea and supper, and before and after supper, is no more than right and gude; but let me caution ye, brethren, not to be always dram—dramming. Just when you're gaun to bed, and when you're ready to pop into't, and perhaps when ye wake in the night, to tak' a dram or twa is no more than a Christian may lawfully do; but, brethren, let me caution you not to drink more than I've mentioned, or maybe ye may pass the bounds o' moderation."

WHO WAS JESSE? —A dominie, examining his scholars on the Bible lesson, asked a young urchin the question, "Who was Jesse?" Without hesitation, the boy answered, "The flower o' Dumblane, sir."

A QUESTION ANSWERED.—Two candidates for the pulpit of a church in the north of Scotland, named respectively Low and Adam, preached their trial sermons on the same day. Low preached in the morning, and delivered an excellent and edifying discourse from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" In the afternoon, however, to his discomfiture, his opponent selected for the subject of his sermon the words, "Lo, here am I;" and the excellence of his matter, together with the cleverness of his retort, gained him the appointment.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

BY HORACE SMITH.

IN Broad Street Buildings, on a winter night,
Snug by his parlour fire, a gouty wight
Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
His leg, wrapped up in fleecy hose,
While t'other held beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops,
Gums, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin;

When lo! a decent personage in black
Entered, and most politely said—
"Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by,
And thought it neighbourly to give you notice."

"Ten thousand thanks! how very few get,
In time of danger,
Such kind attentions from a stranger!
Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate.
He knows, too, the unconscionable elf!
That there's no soul at home except myself."

"Indeed!" replied the stranger, looking grave;
"Then he's a double knave.
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors:
And see how easily might one
Of those domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,
Perform his knavish tricks,
Enter your room as I have done,
Blow out your candles—*thus*, and *thus*
Pocket your silver candlesticks—
And walk off *thus!*"

THE SAYINGS OF SAM SLICK.

BY JUDGE HALIBURTON.

SAM SLICK was mostly at his best when defining the foibles of feminine nature. The following extract contains fair specimens of his comments on the ordinary middle-class lady of the United States.

"It's pretty well on in the evening, I guess," said he, "and Marm Pugwash is as onsartin in her temper as a mornin' in April; it's all sunshine or all clouds with her, and if she's in one of her tantrums, she'll stretch out her neck and hiss, like a goose with a flock of goslins. I wonder what on airth Pugwash was a thinkin' on, when he signed articles of partnership with that are woman; she's not a bad-lookin' piece of furniture neither, and it's a proper pity sich a clever woman should carry such a stiff upper lip—she reminds me of our old minister Joshua Hopewell's apple-trees.

"The old minister had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin', graftin', and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence, I never seed such bearers, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other folks lost theirn from the boys, his'n always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at 'em. So I said to him one day, 'Minister,' said I, 'how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else can't do it nohow?' 'Why, says he, 'they are dreadful pretty fruit, an't they?' 'I guess,' said I, 'there an't the like on 'em in all Connecticut. 'Well,' says he, 'I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let on to no one about it. That are row next the fence, I grafted it myself; I took great pains to get the right kind. I sent clean up to Roxberry and away down to Squawneck Creek.' I was afeard he was a goin' to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories, so says I, 'I know that, minister, but how do you preserve them?' 'Why, I was a goin' to tell you,' said he, 'when you stopped me. That are outward row I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so etarnal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin' has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they sarch no further. They snicker at my graftin' and I laugh at my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.'

"Now, Marm Pugwash is like the minister's apples; very temptin' fruit to look at, but desperate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess it's pretty puckery by this time. However, if she goes to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of 'soft sawder,' that will take the frown out of her frontispiece, and make her dial-plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. It's a pity she's such a kickin' devil, too, for she has good points—good eye—good foot—neat pastern—fine chest—a clean set of limbs. But here we are, now you'll see what 'soft sawder' will do."

When we entered the house, the travellers' room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting room, we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom in her hand, and was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall fine figure and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clockmaker's comments.

"Good evening, marm," said Mr. Slick; "how do you do, and how's Mr. Pugwash?" "He!" said she, "why, he's been abed this hour; you don't expect to disturb him this time of night, I hope?" "Oh no," said Mr. Slick, "certainly not, and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer than we expected; I am sorry that——" "So am I," said she, "but if Mr. Pugwash will keep an inn when he has no occasion to, his family can't expect no rest."

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently, held out his hand and exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't a beautiful child! come here, my little man, and shake hands along with me—well, I declare, if that are little feller ain't the finest child I ever seed—what, not abed yet? ah! you rogue, where did you get them are pretty rosy cheeks? stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that child, it is such a treat. In our country," said he, turning to me, "the children are all as pale as chalk, or as yallar as an orange. Lord! that are little feller would be a show in our country—come to me, my man." Here the 'soft sawder' began to operate. Mrs. Pugwash said, in a milder tone than we had yet heard, "Go, my dear, to the gentleman—go, dear." Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the States along with him, told him all the little girls would fall in love with him, for they didn't see such a beautiful face once in a month of Sundays. "Black eyes—let me see—ah! mamma's eyes too, and black hair also; as I am alive, you are mamma's own boy, the very image of mamma." "Do be seated, gentlemen," said Mrs. Pugwash—"Sally, make a fire in the next room."—"She ought to be proud of you," he continued. "Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face, and have it put on my clocks, and our folks will buy the clocks for the sake of the face. Did you ever see," said he, again addressing me, "such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother?"—"I am sure you have had no supper," said Mrs. Pugwash to me; "you must be hungry, and weary too—I will get you a cup of

tea." "I am sorry to give you so much trouble," said I. "Not the least trouble in the world, she replied; "on the contrary, a pleasure."

* * * * * *

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said, "It's a pity she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with those critters is to git them to start; arter that, there is no trouble with them, if you don't check 'em too short. If you do they'll stop again, run back and kick like mad, and then Old Nick himself wouldn't start 'em. Pugwash, I guess, don't understand the natur' of the critter; she'll never go kind in harness for him. *When I see a child,*" said the Clockmaker, "*I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.*"

* * * * * *

"Any man that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. *Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.*

"People talk an everlasting sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you, there ain't one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, 'Oh, such a man is an ugly-grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart; jist as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe-stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is jist like a new India-rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long; and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

"I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in t'other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of our grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur' of a man; you couldn't fault him in no particular; he was so just a made critter; folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say, 'There goes Washington Banks; beant he lovely?' I do believe there wasn't a gal in the Lowel factories, that warn't in love with him. Sometimes, at intermission, on Sabbath days, when they all came out together (an amazin' handsom' sight, too, near about a whole congregation of young gals), Banks used to say, 'I vow, young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all; it's a whapper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it at your service.' 'Well, how do you act, Mr. Banks?' half a thousand little clipper-clapper tongues would say, all at the same time, and their dear little eyes sparklin' like so many stars twinklin' of a frosty night.

"Well, when I last see'd him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defleshed, a mere walkin' skeleton. 'I am dreadful sorry,' says I, 'to see you, Banks, lookin' so peecked; why, you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you?' 'I am dyin',' says he, '*of a broken heart.*' 'What!' says I, 'have the galls been jiltin' you?' 'No, no,' says he, 'I beant such a fool as that neither.' 'Well,' says I, 'have you made a bad speculation?' 'No,' says he, shakin' his head, 'I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that.' 'What, under the sun, is it, then?' said I. 'Why,' says he, 'I made a bet the fore part of summer with Leftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the *Constitution* frigate. I won my bet, *but the anchor was so eternal heavy that it broke my heart.*' Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heard tell of a *broken heart.*"

BUCOLIC.

A COUNTRYMAN walked into the office of a lawyer one day, and began his application—"Sir, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble." "Well, what's the matter?" "Suppose, now," said the client, "that a man had a spring of water on his land, and his neighbour living below should build a dam across the creek through both farms, and it was to back the water up into the other man's spring, what ought to be done?" "Sue him, sir, sue him, by all means," said the lawyer, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his clients. "You can recover heavy damages, sir, and the law will make him pay well for it. Just give me the case, and I'll bring the money from him." "But stop," cried the terrified applicant for legal advice; "it's I that have built the dam, and it's neighbour Jones that owns the spring; and he threatens to sue me." The keen lawyer hesitated a moment before he tacked his ship and kept on. "Ah! well, sir, you say you built a dam across that creek. What sort of dam was it, sir?" "It was a mill-dam." "A mill-dam for grinding grain, was it?" "Yes, it was just that." "And it is a good neighbourhood mill, is it?" "So it is, sir, and you may well say so." "And all your neighbours bring their grain to be ground, do they?" "Yes, sir, all but Jones." "Then it is a great public convenience, is it not?" "To be sure it is. I would not have built it but for that. It is so far superior to any other mill, sir." "And now," said the old lawyer, "you tell me that man Jones is complaining just because the water from the dam happens to put back into his little spring, and he is now threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him sue, and he'll rue the day as sure as my name is Barns."

BILLINGSIANA.

MY FUST GONG.

I NEVER kan eradicate holy from my memry the sound ov the first gong I ever herd—i was setting on the frunt stupe ov a tavern in the sitty ov Bufferlo, pensively a smokin. The sun was a goin tu bed, and the heavens fur and nere was blushing at the purformanse. The Eri kanall with its goldin waters was on its winding wa tu albany, and i was perusin the line botes, a flotin by, and thinkin ov Italy (whare i used tu live), and her gondolers, and gallus wimmin. Mi entire sole was, as it ware, in a swet, i wanted tu climb, i felt grate, i aktually grew. Thar ar things in this life tu big tu be trifled with, thar ar times when a man brakes luce from hisself, when he sees speerits, when he kan almost tuch the moon, and feels as tho he kud fill both hands with the stars ov heavin and almost sware he was a bank president. Thats what ailed me. But the korse ov tru luv never did run smove (this iz Shakesperes opinion too, i and he often think thru one quill): just az i was duing my best . . . dummer, dummer, spat, bang, beller, crash, roar, ram, dummer, dummer, whang, rip, rare rally; dummer dummer, dummer dum . . . with one tremenjis jump, i struck the senter ov the side walk, with anuther i kleared the gutter, and with anuther, i stud in the middle ov the strets snorting like a injin poney at a band ov musik; i gazed in wilde despare at the tavern stand, mi harte swelled up as big as an out door oven, mi teeth were as luce as a string ov prairy beads. I thout all the crokery in the tavern stand had fell down, i thout ov fenomenoms. i was just on the pint ov thinking ov sumthing else when the landlord cum out to the frunt stupe ov the tavern stand holding by a string the bottom ov an old brass kettle. He called me gentla with his hand i went slola and sadla tu him, he calmed mi feres, he ced it was a gong; i saw the cussed thing, he ced supper was reddy, he axed me if i would hav black or green tea and i ced i would.

ON SNAIKS AND MUDTURKLES.

THE exact purpis for which snaiks was built hain't been explored yet; but one thing is sartin, tha are quite slippery and easy to bend. Tha go down hill the moste eazyest; this is owing tew the fack that tha hain't got enny good rigging tew hold back with.

Snaix have but few warm friends, altho there is folks who flatter them; sich persons ought tew be obliged to ware a pair ov them for a cravat. Thare is but one thing that makes me more horrible than a striped snaik, and that is a big black one jest sliding away from the place whare I was going tew sit down on the grass.

I hav bin in the habit ov late years, of canoodling snaiks evvry chanse i could git; i ginerally dew it bi gitting them tew put their heds under a stone, and then I cruelly desert them; sich is life!

Snaiks are amphibicus and thoze which dwell in the water are called eels. Tha are ov awl cullers, and some are pizen tew behold; amung theze are the koperheds, but tha never bite enny ov their own folks. Snaiks have got a big appertite, akordin tew their size; I have saw them no thicker than your finger, with 4 inches wide ov toad in them, tha stuck out like 2 quarts ov milk that had got into a young pup bi acksident.

The largest snaik in the wurld is kept at Newport, he iz owned by the landlords, he never haz bin shown tew but one person tew a time, and then he is generally 110 feet long; thousands go thare tew see him summers, and pay 3 dollars a da for board and 2 dollars a week tew the servants for something tew eat.

I beleave a snaik never dies onla bi mistake, and never ventures out mutch in the winter when the travling is bad, and lays eggs like a small hen, but don't set on them bekause tha hain't got enny more heat in their body than a ramrod has.

Almoste evry humin being haz got a nateral appertite agin snaix, and i will bet, if you shud put a striped snaik in a 10 aker lot, whare there was 27 wimmin picking strawberries, and holler out, "striped snaik! striped snaik!" evry woman would skream, and go to feeling rite oph for the snaik. It is ced that snaik ile applied to the back ov a man's neck, will cure him from lieing. This is wuth trieing, even if it wont wurk, but my individoal presentiment iz, that when the lieing disease gets familiar with a man, deth alone will put an eend to his sufferings. But I dont want it understood that I am agin snaik ile, for this one reason if no other—the more snaik ile there is in the market, the less snaiks.

Mudturkles liv in a shell, which tha get verry mutch attached to. Tha are not fond ov company, and seldom receive visitors in their houses. Their food consists prinsipally of what they eat, which tha find wharever tha kan git it. Their style iz haf land, and haf water, and tha are at home on banks or at the bottom ov a kanal. Tha hav sum eggs, which tha lay in sum warm sand, and ginerally hav them hatched out tew the halves. Tha belong tew the class known az "close korporashuns," and are a hard animil tew whip, bekause tha alwas fite under cover. The mudturkle kant climb very well, and therefore seldum iz found up a tree. Tha are verry tuff of life, and will outlive an injun rubber shoe, and don't seem to gro old enny faster than a paving stone duz. Tha kan be domestikated without enny trubble; awl yu hav tew dew, iz tew put them into a barrel, and tha aint ap tew stray off far. Mudturkles hav their faults, but tha won't lie, nor drink rum, nor chaw terbacker, and tho tha cant trot as fast az some hosses kan, thare sure tew git tew where tha go tew, and never brake down on the rode. I take a

deep interest in moste awl the animils, and particularly in mudturkles, and i dew hope that the Legislature in their wisdum won't pass a law "prohibiting enny more mudturkles." I regret tew hear, that in some parts ov the kuntry, the people are in the habit of using mudturkles tew pitch quoits with, but I think this wants an affidavy with a revenew stamp onto it.

In theze mi remarks about snaix and mudturkles i hav tried hard tew tell the truth, but if i hav failed, it is owing tew the grate skasity ov truth in theze days.

PUTTY AND VARNISH.

WHEN a man cums tew the konklusion that he would like to kill sumboddy at thirty paces, he imagines that he haz bin wronged, and sends hiz best friend a challenge tew fite a dewell; tha meet, and an elegant murder iz committed; the cracks in this transaktion are puttyed up, and then varnished over, bi being kalled "*an affair ov honnor.*" When a man robs a saving bank, or goes tew urope on the last steamer, with the stolen reseipts ov a sanitary kommittee in his pocket, a kommittee ov investigashun are got together tew examine the the stait ov affairs, and unanimously report "*a diskrepansy in hiz akounts.*" 2 young men hire a hoss and buggy at a livri stable, and go into the kuntry on Sunda. Tha stop at the fust tavern tha meet, and invest in sum ardent speerits. They stop agin pretty soon, and histe in sum more ardent speerits. The more tha histe in, the more tha drive, till bi and bi a devilish bridge tips them over into a devilish gutter that sumboddy haz left bi the side ov the road, and they are awl killed, including the hoss and buggy. This is kalled a "*fatal acksident.*" A man and hiz wife are living in the middle of joy and consolashun, tha are surrounded on awl sides by a yung and interesting familee, their bread iz cut thin, and buttered on both sides and the edges, but the destroyer enters the family, the wife wants a nu silk gown, the man sez he "be hanged if she duz," and she "be hanged if she don't." One word brings on another, tell tha fite, both ov them lose awl the hair in their heds, and 2 full setts ov false teeth, the thing ends in a divorse, the man runs awa tew Australia bi the overland route, the woman marry's a cirkus rider at 40 dollars a month, the children are adopted bi sum sunda school, and are brought up on homopathy. This furnishes a collum and a half in the nusepaper, under the hed ov "*Disturbanse of the married relation.*" A youth ov 21 summers begins life with 36 thousand dollars. Several fast hosses belong tew him, there is several fast wimmin that he belongs tew, awl the tavern keepers are hiz patrons, faro banks are bilt for hiz amuzement, consolidated lotterys are chartered on purpiss tew make him happee; nothing iz left undun tew make him feel good. He wakes up about the 25th ov next May, without a dollar in his pocket, and a host ov warm friends on hiz hands, without enny visible means ov supporting them. He takes an akount ov stock, he buys a pint of rum and 4 yards ov bed kord, the one makes him limber, while the other makes him stiff. The putty and varnish in this kase iz, "*Driven tew desperashun on akount of finanshul preshure*" A rale rode trane stands snortin front ov the depoe, the last bel iz ringing, the kars are full ov souls that belong tew different individuals, the konducktor iz full of Bourbon, the engineer labors under an attack ov Jamaka for the bronketis, the switchmen likes a leetle good old rye, the kars diskount 45 miles a hour, 2 trains tri tew pass each other on the same track; it kant be did suckcessfully; the mangled and ded are kounted by skores, a searching investigashun takes plase, the community iz satisfied, bekause it waz "*an unavoidable katastrophe.*"

THE FIRST FLY OF SUMMER.

BY EDWARD IRWIN.

COME hither, fly, that on my window-pane
Dost climbing fall, and falling climb again;
Thus, while I catch you—stay, don't kick about so—
Tell me, I pray, why wish you to get out so?
Is it to soar aloft and warm your wings
At the bright sun? Ah, flies are foolish things!
You've a fine life, if but the fact you knew—
Plenty to eat and no hard work to do;
Cream you make free with, nor e'en "thank you"
say for it;
Sugar you nibble, nor are asked to pay for it;
Though you've got three feet for each one I use,
You neither buy, nor pay for mending shoes;
And though you wander through each room's extent,
You fear no tax-man, and you pay no rent.
How would you fare, now, if I let you out?
Rude winds would blow your fragile form about;
A spider's gossamer, perchance, would follow you;
Perchance a swallow overtake and swallow you;
A rain-drop might o'erwhelm you, or a leaf
Blown from a tree bring you to early grief;
But as to soaring to the sun—Tut! tut!
You'd likelier perish in the water-butt.
Yet, as I think on't, equal folly's mine:
Thankless for what I have, I still repine
For what I've not; and which, if once possest,
Doubtless, would leave my heart as far from rest.
Realty's my window-pane, and Hope
Still climbs, and falls, and frets to see it ope.

Yes, and in more than this, 'twixt me and you,
Men are like flies—for men are insects too.
Little in mind, howe'er our bodies run—
(Shade of Sam Johnson, pardon me the pun!)—
We're all in sects: in sects that hate each other,
And deem it love of God to hate one's brother.

Now, go about your buzziness, good fly;
Be wiser—and, I promise, so will I.
The air was cold, and leaves were falling fast,
And days were shortening, when I saw you last;
But now you come, the herald of the bright,
Long, sunny day and tranquil, moony night;
You bring us promise of the bee and flower,
The meadow's breath, the genial summer shower,
The bird's sweet song the echoing air that fills,
And the sweet trickling music of the rills.
You are welcome, then, since tidings such you bring,
And as your recompense—be free of wing:
Walk when I'm busy on my nose's tip;
With your six legs tickle my itching lip;
Swim in my tea—but warning take of fools
Who've perished so, and see that first it cools;
Nibble my sugar and my print of butter;
Walk on my loaf;—still no complaint I'll utter.
Only one thing I warn you not to try—
Oft for that one I've wished to be a fly!—
Come not too near Carissima, nor dare
To kiss her eyelids or caress her hair.
But if you must come near her, pray, good fly,
Tell her how much I love her. There—good-bye!

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

NEW specimens of rustic innocence are more amusing than that of the honest grazier, who having seen *Richard III.* performed in the country, waited upon the manager next morning to say that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening was still in the same mind, he had got an abundance of tidy nags in his meadows, and should be happy to have a deal with him.

A WELL-KNOWN conveyancer, noted for absence of mind, during the representation of *Macbeth* at the Princess's, on the witches replying to the Thane that they were "doing a deed without a name," started up, exclaiming, to the astonishment of the audience, "A deed without a name! Why, it's void!—it's not worth sixpence!"

AN old Irish actor of the name of Barry was rather too fond of whiskey-punch; and one night, when he came rolling on to the stage, a voice from the gallery called out, "Barry, you tief o' the wurld! how many tumblers o' whiskey-punch did yer take to-night?" To which Barry, looking up with a scornful leer, replied, "None, ye blackguard, at your expense!"

ON the last occasion Mr. Kean played *Louis XI.* in Edinburgh, at the Theatre Royal, a devout Irishman sitting entranced in the stalls, after the attendants had proclaimed, "The king is dead!" exclaimed, "And may the Lord have mercy on his guilty sowl!" thinking for the moment that the scene was a reality.

AN absurd blunder is related in Tom Moore's "Diary" about John Kemble. He was performing one of his favourite parts, at some country theatre, and was interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in the gallery, until at length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn steps to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on."

THERE was pluckiness in the appeal wrung from the unlucky representative of crook-backed Richard, who, finding it impossible to make head against the disapprobation evoked by his histrionic efforts, dropped blank verse, and in very plain prose told his audience, "Mr. Kean is playing this part in London at a salary of thirty pounds a night; I receive but fifteen shillings a week; and if it isn't good enough for the money, may Heaven give you more humanity!"

THE passion of the French for theatrical amusements, and the patience with which they will wait at the doors of theatres for the sake of obtaining a good place for witnessing the performance, are well known. At a crowded French country theatre a woman fell from the gallery into the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman; "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

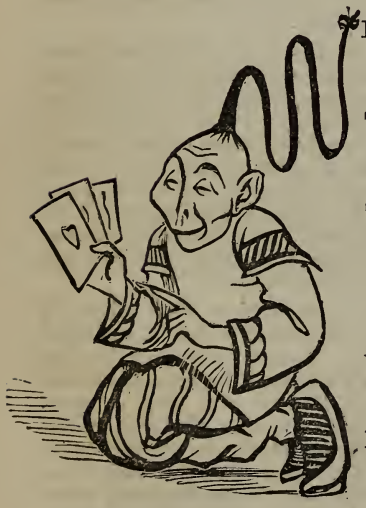
BLUNDERS upon the stage have often relieved a dull play; and it is remarkable that if one actor stumbles, another is almost sure to follow his example. Charles Mathews, if he once blundered in his popular "At Home," was sure to make many blunders—perchance from his habit of imitation. Two of the most celebrated once occurred in the comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*, when one of the characters saw "a candle going along the gallery with a man in his hand;" and another "locked the key, and put the door in his pocket."

WHEN Verdi's *Macbeth* was given for the first time in Dublin, the long symphony preceding the sleep-walking scene did not altogether please the galleries. The theatre was darkened—everything looked gloomy and mysterious—the music being to match. The curtain rose, and the nurse and doctor were discovered seated at the door of Lady Macbeth's chamber, a bottle of physic and a candle being on the table that was between them. Viardot (who was playing Lady Macbeth) was waited for in the most profound silence—a silence which was broken by a voice from the gallery crying out, "Arrah, now, Mr. Lavey, tell us, is it a boy or a girl?" The inquiry nearly destroyed the effect of the whole scene by the commotion it created.

THE mayor of a well-known town in Blankshire became the patron of the theatre under Mr. M—y's management, in 1850, and gave a hundred guineas for a box for the season. This liberality did not arise from any particular taste for dramatic literature, or any other kind of literature; but he paid thus handsomely for the box because he was a liberal man, liked going to the play, and his predecessor in office paid the same sum, and he would not be outdone. He attended every night, was always pleased, and very friendly with the manager, till one night Mr. M—y made his appearance in *Hamlet*, a play which the mayor had never seen; and when, in the mad scene, Hamlet appeared with his dress in disorder, the mayor took offence at the exhibition, and declared to his wife and family, who were in the box with him, his conviction that the actor was drunk, and he would have no such doings if he could help it. So, accordingly, he went round to the stage, and waited at the side till the end of the scene, when he thus addressed the tragedian: "Mr. M—y, till to-night I looked upon you as a respectable man, and now I see you are given to drink, for no sober man would go before a respectable audience with his shirt-frill hanging about like that, and his stockings down. Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." The tragedian, astonished at the ignorance of his patron, said, "My dear sir, you are quite mistaken, I assure you. I only adhere to the author's instructions in respect to the disordered dress, to show——" "Who wrote this play?" demanded the mayor. "Good gracious!" exclaimed M—y, "don't you know Shakespeare wrote it?" "I can't say that I do," replied the mayor; "but I will take care that he writes no more for this house as long as I have anything to do with it, and so you may tell him."

THAT HEATHEN CHINEE.

BY BRET HARTE.



WHICH I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see;
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

PITH OF ERSKINE.

LORD ERSKINE, in cross-examining, could be most searching and severe; but he never resorted to browbeating, nor was he gratuitously rude. Often he carried his point by coaxing; and when the evidence could not be contradicted, he would try by pleasantry to lessen the effect of it. Having on one occasion to cross-examine a coxcombical fellow, belonging to the self-important class of persons sent by the wholesale houses in London to scour the country for orders—formerly called "riders," now styling themselves "travellers"—he began, "You are a rider, I understand?" "A traveller, sir," was the answer. "I might have discovered that you considered yourself *licensed* to use all the privileges of a *traveller*." Another of the fraternity having long baffled him, he suddenly remarked, "You were born and bred in Manchester, I perceive?" The witness said he could not deny it. "I knew it," said Erskine, carelessly, "from the absurd tie of your neckcloth." The travelling dandy's weak point was touched, for he had been dressing after Beau Brummel; and, his presence of mind being gone, he was made to unsay the greatest part of his evidence in chief. On the trial of an action to recover the value of a quantity of whalebone, the defence turning on the quality of the article, a witness was called, of impenetrable stupidity, who could not be made to distinguish between the two well-known descriptions of this commodity—the "long" and the "thick." Still confounding thick whalebone with long, Erskine exclaimed, in seeming despair, "Why, man, you do not seem to know the difference between what is thick and what is long! Now, I tell you the difference. You are *thick*-headed, and you are not *long*-headed." Erskine was counsel once for the plaintiff in an action for a tailor's bill, the defence being that the clothes were very ill-made, and particularly that the two sleeves of a dress-coat were of unequal length. The defendant's witness accordingly swore that "one of them was longer than the other," upon which Erskine thus began: "Now, sir, will you swear that one of them was not *shorter* than the other?" The witness negativing this proposition, after an amusing reply, the plaintiff had the verdict. Erskine was also an incorrigible punster. A junior barrister, joining the circuit, had the misfortune to have his trunk cut off from the back of his post-chaise, on which the jocund leader comforted him by saying, "Young gentleman, henceforth imitate the elephant, the wisest of animals, *who always carries his* trunk *before him.*" Crossing Hampstead Heath, he saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully pommelling a miserable bare-boned pack-horse, and remonstrating with him, received this answer, "Why, it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" As the fellow spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the beast's raw back. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp strokes of his walking-stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" Being counsel for a person who, whilst travelling in a stage-coach which started from the Swan with Two Necks, in Lad Lane, had been upset and had his arm broken, he thus, with much gravity, began:—"Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff in this case is Mr. Beverley, a respectable merchant of Liverpool; and the defendant is Mr. Nelson, proprietor of the Swan with Two Necks, in Lad Lane—a sign emblematical, I suppose, of the number of necks people ought to have who ride in his vehicles." He could generally find a butt for the arrows of his wit.

SLANG WORDS AND PHRASES.

A LECTURE delivered in Carlisle, by the Rev. Stowell Brown, contained the following amusing but instructive passage:—"The point to which I have next to direct attention is manliness in speech. There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother the swell-mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words threatening the entire extinction of genuine English! Now, just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own 'hook.' If he sees anything remarkably good, he calls it a 'stunner,' the superlative of which is a 'regular stunner.' If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will 'stand Sam.' If he meets a savage-looking dog, he calls him an 'ugly customer.' If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a 'rummy old cove.' A sensible man is a 'chap that is up to snuff.' Our young friend never scolds, but 'blows up'—never pays, but 'stumps up'—never finds it difficult to pay.

but is 'hard up'—never feels fatigued, but is 'used up.' He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a 'tile.' He wears no neck-cloth, but surrounds his throat with a 'choker.' He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he 'hangs out.' He never goes away or withdraws, but he 'bolts'—he 'slopes'—he 'mizzles'—he 'makes himself scarce'—he 'walks his chalks'—he 'makes his tracks'—he 'cuts his stick'—or, what is the same thing, he 'cuts his lucky.' The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a 'regular brick.' He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being 'plucky.' Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about 'tin,' and 'the needful,' 'the rhino,' and 'the ready.' When a man speaks, he 'spouts'—when he holds his peace, he 'shuts up'—when he is humiliated, he is 'taken down a peg or two,' and 'made to sing small.' Now, a good deal of this slang is harmless—many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable."

THE OPINIONS OF TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

A MYSTERY.

A WISE son does not always follow a wise father: in the following extracts, though, we have in Mr. Dickens' creations a proof of the fact that such instances may occur.

"Wos you ever called in," inquired Sam, glancing at the driver, after a short silence, and lowering his voice to a mysterious whisper, "wos you ever called in ven you wos prentice to a sawbones to wisit a postboy?"

"I don't remember that I ever was," replied Bob Sawyer.

"You never see a postboy in that ere hospital as you *walked* (as they say o' the ghosts), did you?" demanded Sam.

"No," replied Bob Sawyer, "I don't think I ever did."

"Never know'd a churchyard where there was a postboy's tombstone, or see a dead postboy, did you?" inquired Sam, pursuing his catechism.

"No," rejoined Bob, "I never did."

"No," rejoined Sam triumphantly, "nor never will: and there's another thing that no man never see—that's a dead donkey; no man never see a dead donkey, 'cept the gen'l'man in the black silk smalls as know'd the young 'ooman as kept a goat; and that was a French donkey, so wery likely he warn't vun o' the regular breed."

"Well, what has that to do with the postboys?" asked Bob Sawyer.

"This here," replied Sam: "without goin' so far as to assert, as some wery sensible people do, that postboys and donkeys is both immortal, wot I say is this, venever they feel theirselves gettin' stiff and past their work, they just rides off together, vun postboy to a pair, in the usual vay; vot becomes on 'em nobody knows, but it is wery probable as they starts avay to take their pleasure in some other world, for there ain't a man alive as ever see either a donkey or a postboy a takin' his pleasure in this."

MODERN TRAVELLING.

"I CONSIDER," said Mr. Weller, "that the rail is unconstitootional and an inwader o' priwileges, and I should wery much like to know wot that 'ere old Carter as once stood up for our liberties, and wun 'em too—I should like to know wot he vould say if he wos alive now, to Englishmen being locked up with widders, or with anybody, again their wills. Wot a old Carter would have said, a old Coachman may say, and I as-sert that in that pint o' view alone, the rail is an inwader. As to the comfort, vere's the comfort o' sittin' in a harm cheer lookin' at brick walls or heaps o' mud, never comin' to a public-house, never seein' a glass o' ale, never goin' through a pike, never meetin' a change o' no kind (horses or othervise), but alvays comin' to a place, ven you come to one at all, the wery picter o' the last, vith the same p'leesemen standin' about, the same blessed old bell a ringin', the same unfort'nate people standin' behind the bars, a waitin' to be let in; and everythin' the same except the name, vich is wrote up in the same sized letters as the last name and with the same colours? As to the honour and dignity o' travellin', vere can that be vithout a coachman? and wot's the rail to sich coachmen and guards as is sometimes forced to go by it, but a outrage and a insult? As to the pace, wot sort o' pace do you think I, Tony Veller, could have kept a coach goin' at, for five hundred thousand pound a mile, paid in adwance afore the coach was on the road? And as to the ingein—a nasty wheezin', creaking, gaspin', puffin', bustin' monster, alvays out o' breath, vith a shiny green and gold back, like a unpleasant beetle in that 'ere gas magnifier—as to the ingein as is alvays a pourin' out red-hot coals at night, and black smoke in the day, the sensiblest thing it does, in my opinion, is ven there's somethin' in the vay and it sets up that 'ere frightful scream, which seems to say 'Now here's two hundred and forty passengers in the wery greatest extremity o' danger, and here's their two hundred and forty screams in vun!'"

THE MOST MARVELLOUS STORY IN THE WORLD.

LATELY some gentlemen were dining together and relating their travelling adventures, when one of them dealt so much in the marvellous that it induced another to give him a lesson. "I was once, sir," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America. I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me; the horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages took possession of my mind: I considered for a moment what was to be done; most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family. I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the others, and the well-known saying, 'Divide and conquer,' occurring to me, I slackened my speed and allowed him to come up. We engaged in mutual fury. I hope none here (bowing to his auditors) will doubt the result; in a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet. In this short space of time the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels with the hope of reaching a neighbouring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English; this hope, however, I was forced to give up, for on looking back I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with, but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than to destroy another of my fellow-creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling up among the trees; I redoubled my speed, I prayed to heaven, I felt assured my prayers would be granted; but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I even thought I felt his warm breath; there was no choice—I turned round——"

Here the gentleman who had related the previous wonderful story grew impatient past all endurance, and cried out, "Well, sir, and you killed him also?" "No, sir; he killed me!"

A YANKEE TRICK.

In some of our towns we don't allow smokin' in the streets, though in most we do, and where it is agin law, it is two dollars fined in general way. Well, Sassy went down to Boston to do a little chore of business there, where this law was, only he didn't know it. So soon as he gets off the coach he outs with his case, takes a cigar, lights it, and walks on, smokin' like a furnace flue. No sooner said than done. Up steps a constable and says—

"I'll trouble you for two dollars for smokin' agin law in the streets."

Sassy was as quick as him.

"Smokin!" says he, "I warn't a smokin'."

"My!" says constable, "how you talk, man! I won't say you lie, because it ain't polite, but its very like the way I talk when I fib. Didn't I see you with my own eyes?"

"No," says Sassy, "you didn't. It don't do always to believe your own eyes, they can't be depended on more than other people's. I never trust mine, I can assure you. I own I had a cigar in my mouth, but it was because I like the flavour of tobacco, but not to smoke. It take it, it don't convene with the dignity of a free and enlightened citizen of our nation to break the law, seein' that he makes the law himself, and is his own sovereign, and subject too. No, I warn't smokin'; and if you don't believe me, try this cigar yourself, and see if it ain't so. It han't got any fire in it."

Well, constable takes the cigar, puts it to his mouth, and draws away at it, and out comes the smoke like anything.

"I'll trouble you for two dollars, Mr. High Sheriff's representative," says Sassy, "for smokin' in the streets; do you understand, my old coon?"

Well, constable was taken all aback, and finally bit.

"Stranger," says he, "where was you raised?"

"To Canady line," says Sassy.

"Well," says he, "you're a credit to your broughtens up. Well, let the fine drop, for we are about even, I guess. Let's liquor;" and he took him into the bar, and treated him to a mint julep.

It was generally considered a great bite, that. I must say that I don't think it was so bad—do you?

IRISH POPLIN.

AN eminent spirit merchant in Dublin announces, in an Irish paper, that he has still a small quantity of the whiskey on hand which was drunk by George IV. when in Dublin.

TWO Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other—"Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains!" "No, honey," replied he, "no great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life."

PAT says that "nothing can be aisier than to repale the union of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is only necessary," says he, "to transpose two letters, and they will become *untied* kingdoms at once."

AN Irishwoman, confined in the House of Correction, lately received a letter from her friends, informing her that her children were all well. In reply, she stated that she "had not received so much consolation since her husband died!"

AN Irish gentleman at Doncaster, observing in the list of horses one called Botherem, took such a fancy to the name that he betted considerable odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race his favourite was in the rear, but, not at all put out, he vociferated, so as to drown every other voice: "Botherem for ever! See how he drives them all before him!"

AN imaginative Irishman has improved upon Ossian:—"I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins. I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' and echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick M'Clathery?'"

THE following advertisement is copied from a Dublin paper of the 29th August, 1805:—"Notice is hereby given that the fox cover of Turnant is poisoned, for the preservation of the game."

AT HER WIT'S END.—Cooper, in his novel of the "Deerslayer," makes some sport of a parcel of red Indians speculating over a chess figure in the shape of an elephant, which they described as a beast with two tails. The incident really occurred in the case of an Irish servant at a country house in Pennsylvania. A menagerie came along that way, and the elephant presented himself at the gate. The mistress of the house sent the servant forward with a feed of a loaf of bread. The "help" walked once or twice the length of the animal, and returned with the loaf. "Why haven't you given it to the elephant?" "Sure," says she, "and which end shall I give it to?"

A SON of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him most cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh," said the gentleman. "Walsh—Walsh," responded Paddy; "are they from Dublin? I know two ould maids there of that name. Was either of them your mother?"

A SAILOR dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. "Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where the dickens did you come from?" "An' sure, I came from the north of Ireland, yer honour."

"PLEASE, marm, and what shall I do with the bits of candles?" "Take them downstairs and burn them in the kitchen, Bridget." Off she started. At night Bridget called the lady, and asked for a candle for the kitchen. "A candle! Why, what have you done with those pieces you had this morning?" "Faith, marm, I put them in the fire and burned them in the kitchen, as ye tould me this morning!"

A LIMERICK banker, remarkable for his sagacity, had an iron leg, "which," said Curran, "is the *softest* part about him."

"DIDN'T you tell me you could hold the plough?" said a farmer to an Irishman he had taken on trial. "Be aisy, now," says Pat. "How could I hould it, an' two horses pullin' it away? Just stop the craytures, and I'll hould it for ye."

"Do you believe in second love, Misther M'Quid?" "Do I belave in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? and when it's gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that swate too? Troth, Murphy, I *do* belave in second love."

CORNELIUS O'DOWD tells a story of an Irishman, bound over to keep the peace against all her Majesty's subjects, exclaiming, "Then Heaven help the first foreigner I meet!"

"Do you mean to say," earnestly inquired Mr. O'Shaugnessy, "that one of these stoves would save half my fuel?" "Most decidedly I do; I will answer for it." "Then give me your hand, my friend," said he, delighted, "and I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll have two stoves, and save it all."

IRISH MATHEMATICS.—"What are you doing with that?" inquired a passer-by of an Irishman who was belabouring a crooked bar of iron. "Faith," replied the Irishman, "an' I'm trying to bend it straight."

CURRAN was one day engaged in a case in which he had for a colleague a remarkably tall and slender gentleman, who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, Curran interposed with, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the Church, though in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple."

MY LUCK.

BY ROBERT HOWE GOULD.

YES! I am celebrated. I do not blush to confess it. It's not my fault—I cannot help it! I am perfectly aware that I am chronicled in story, invoked in song, and immortalised in comedy. I know you have heard of me ten thousand times; but I am not to blame —"It's *my* luck!"

There never lived a man who naturally and instinctively shrunk from fame with so much sensitiveness as myself, yet thus I have had it thrust upon me. I can only repeat—"It's my luck!"

I cannot endure this state of things any longer. I must "burst out" in regard to my sufferings; there must be something done, or I shall certainly go mad!

I'll call a public meeting—I'll appeal to the Legislature—I'll change my name—I'll get a divorce from this cursed fate that follows me.

I know I'm excited; I feel it. But, confound it! what else can you expect? Indeed I need your indulgence—I want your sympathy. *Sympathy!* Why, I never met with such a thing in my life, except from one individual, and he died the next day.

But it is not sufficient that I am miserable. I am not allowed to luxuriate quietly in my own wretchedness, and wrap my miseries around me, as they wear widow's weeds. My woes are dragged before the public: my own private sorrows are made the theme of general mirth. My agonies are considered to be most laughable comicalities. I have myself seen a thousand people grinning, hyena-like, over the wretchedness of Guy Goodluck, as portrayed by some inhuman wretch of a comedian. That diabolical farce, that identical petite comedy, is the veritable transcript of a few brief pages, extracted at random from the record of *my* life. *I* was the victim of the machinations of that "diabolical John Jones!" *I* am "that rash and most unfortunate man" therein styled, with facetious bitterness, Guy *Good*luck.

Sir, I have expressed a wish to draw upon your sympathy; and I wish to convince you that I need and deserve it. If the narrative which I hereto append does not serve as a letter of credit authorising an unlimited draft; if your ear, open to others, should be deaf to me, I can only repeat that—"It's my luck!"

I left New York for Charleston, South Carolina, in a vessel recommended as a fast sailer, on a Friday, in preference to waiting until the following Monday for the steam packet. This ship's voyages for three years previous had averaged something less than *five days;* but *I* was on board, *my* interests were involved, and the vessel was driven off the coast by a tremendous gale: thus five weeks elapsed before we reached Charleston, minus the mizen-mast and fore-top-mast, and in a state of incipient starvation—

"Just my luck!"

Leaving Charleston in a week, I took the morning railroad train for Augusta, Georgia. Should have been in Augusta between four and five o'clock p.m. Locomotive broke down, obliging us to walk five miles in a drenching rain; and we did not arrive until two the next morning. Hotels all closed; no beds, "except the soft side of a plank," at the depôt.

Next day, made my way to an hotel. The weather being fine and warm, they gave me a room without any fire-place, and looking due north through three large windows. That afternoon an influx of travellers filled the house, so that they had not a square inch of room to spare—and *then* the weather changed! The next three were the only really cold days that had visited Augusta in five years.

Of course I took a cold that stuck by me for the next six months—

"Just my luck!"

* * * * * *

Took land conveyance for Pensacola in Florida; went about forty miles, and was obliged to turn back by a sudden outbreak of the Indians. Circumstances, growing out of this cause, increased the term of additional detention to about three weeks. Reached Mobile *eventually*, though every ten miles of the way had required from me about three hours more for their accomplishment than they would from any one else. Two steamboats left Mobile for New Orleans at the same hour: I embarked on board the *fastest;* sure to arrive two hours sooner than the other. Our engine got out of order, and the *slow* boat beat us by half a day. I had a wager pending with a fellow-passenger, that we should beat *her* by an hour!

Went to an hotel in New Orleans. Crowded—but could give *me* a fine room; the only objection being, that the key was lost; that, however, should be replaced in the morning. Spent the evening very pleasantly; retired, for once in my life, in high spirits. Awoke the next morning minus a pair of inexpressibles and all my cash—

"Just my luck!"

Having, by some unusual conjunction of fortunate circumstances, letters of credit, and not having happened to lose *them*, I succeeded in reclothing my nether limbs and relining my pockets; and, in a state bordering on frenzy, I rushed on board a steamboat bound up the Mississippi.

That was the ill-fated *Orinoco!*

After enduring all the horrors of the scene of death consequent upon the fearful explosion on board that "ill-starred, perfidious bark," I escaped from her at Vicksburg, landed, and went to the principal hotel. That very night, "the great fire" broke out, consuming the whole square on which the hotel stood. I escaped, with the loss of all my baggage. Owing to exposure, fright, and fatigue, I was attacked the next day with a bilious fever, which kept me a prisoner for six weeks—

"Just my luck!"

The fever finally "evacuated;" and salivated, scorched, and worn to a skeleton—more dead than alive—I started for the Red River, in the vain hope that on the extreme verge of civilisation my terrible "luck" might desert me. 'Twas a vain attempt! After that "jumping-off-place of all creation," *Shreveport*, was left behind us (being more than six hundred miles up that wild stream, the Red River), and just as I began to indulge the fondest anticipation, the boat struck a snag in "the great raft," and sunk in twenty minutes.

There being no other steamboat at that time up the river, we were obliged to take small boats and go down, drifting with the current by day, and sleeping on shore (with the snakes, alligators, and mosquitoes) by night. Arrived, after a week of this tedious voyaging, at Natchitoches, and there got on board a small steamboat, and continued our downward course. The river being at flood, the boat ran into the woods and knocked down both her chimneys. They fell overboard and sank! We lay for a day, and built *wooden chimneys* out of some planks which were found piled on the shore. Thought them rather combustible; but the captain had used similar ones frequently with perfect success. So we started; ran merrily for about ten miles. Why not twenty or fifty? *I* was on board. The confounded chimneys took fire and were consumed, the boat herself having a narrow escape—

"Just my luck!"

By some means or other, I hardly know what, I reached Cincinnati, Ohio. Met there an old friend; one of my few real friends. "After all my troubles and torments," thought I, "this is one happiness beyond the reach of fate;"—but he was going to New Orleans the same day! This, however, I made the best of. He had taken passage in a beautiful new boat. This was to be her first trip; and, willing to give the citizens a treat, her captain invited the friends of the passengers to remain on board, and he would run two or three miles up the river, and land them as he passed the pier on his way down. We remained on board. *I* remained. The boat ran two or three miles up the stream, turned, and when nearly at the wharf again a fearful explosion was heard—the shattered fragments of the *Moselle* were scattered upon the stream and shores of the Ohio!

My woes were not to end thus. Happening to *wish* to be killed, such an event was an impossibility. I was rescued from the water perfectly uninjured—

"Just my luck!"

Some time elapsed. I went to Canada. I joined the "patriots." "Now," thought I, "linked with men as desperate as myself, I may at least bring my sorrows to a speedy termination." Everything worked in unison with my hopes. I was taken prisoner, in arms. I was tried at London, Upper Canada, and sentenced to be hanged. The day arrived; I stood upon the scaffold; the fatal noose was placed around my neck: already I seemed to have advanced one step into the other world. Just as I was expecting the irrevocable signal for the executioner to launch me forth, a reprieve arrived from Sir George Arthur! This was followed by a free pardon. My happiness in prospect of the close of my career was considered proof positive of insanity. Some persons curious in monomania had obtained my release!

* * * * * *

I arrived at Detroit. Some prospect existing of disturbance on the frontier, I enlisted in the United States army. I wanted to be *shot*—instead of which I froze my toes, and received a flogging for sleeping while on sentry duty. I never *can* sleep—not even in a stage-coach or railway-car. Never could—always, under all circumstances, restless and wakeful. It was essential for me to keep awake, and, of course, I went to sleep like a *hog*. I got flogged—*I*, for *sleeping!*

A fellow-soldier committed a contemptible piece of petty larceny. *I* was convicted of the deed, flogged again, and drummed out of my regiment—

"Just my luck!"

I came again to New York. Eventually, I determined to commit suicide. I bought a pistol: I loaded it: I went to my room and put it to my head—*as I thought*. I did nothing of the sort. I missed my mark by six inches, and utterly demolished a very expensive mantel-clock, an heirloom in my landlady's family—

"Just my luck!"

It is cold—you know it is cold—terribly cold! Many instances have occurred of people being killed by a mere plunge into the river in such weather. I rushed to the wharf—I plunged into the water. "Now," exclaimed I triumphantly, "save me who can!"

A venerable watchman, who ought to have been fast asleep (and had been so at the same hour from time immemorial), saw me—had me picked up—

"Just my luck!"

I was sitting on a cake of ice—had been in the water half an hour. I ought to have been dead for some minutes before I was taken out. Any other man would have died twice in the same time. Never better in the whole course of my life than I was the next morning—

"Just my luck!"

I have been writing these painful details from an inkstand as big as a half-bushel, with a base as broad as that of Mount Atlas; never was known to capsize; a twenty-foot lever could not upset it, though the fate of nations depended upon the accomplishment of such a result. *I* barely caught the tip of my pen in it, and it was hurled bottom upwards upon my manuscript, burying it beneath an ocean, a cataclysm of ink.

My hands are covered with it! My lap is deluged! My paper, my desk, my handkerchief, my carpet, are all of a hue as dark as my destiny—

"It's just my luck!"

BEN BRUST'S FEAST.*

BY THOMAS MILLER.

MRS. BRUST said that it was a busy day, that which preceded Ben's dinner, and many a one stopped to look at the piece of beef he had bought for the occasion, and which weighed full twenty pounds; for he would let no one pass by whom he could entice in without showing them his prime sirloin, and asking, with a look of triumph, "if they had iver seen owt like it in their lives." Then Ben rubbed a little more salt on it, vowing all the while it would eat as tender as a chicken; and again waited at the door, in his shirt-sleeves, to catch a new admirer; and we do verily believe that he would have quarrelled with any man who had dared to have spoken a word against his beef. It was such a day of preparation as had never before been seen in Ben's cottage; and even Mrs. Brust had to run out at least ten times to tell Mrs. Cawthry how she progressed with her pie and custard, and to show them what Ben had brought home for her to put in to make them good. Ben picked the gooseberries for the pie, and chopped up the candied lemon, which he fancied would give it a superior flavour; then he watched Betty make the crust, and told her not to spare the dripping; and when once it was put in the oven, Benjamin was in his element, for it was his delight to see that it did regularly, and came out a rich crispy brown. Then he had the eggs to beat up for the custard, and to pick the currants, and taste if it was sweet enough; and had not Betty snatched the spoon away, it is a questien whether or not Ben would have left off until he had emptied the basin. "A little more spice, my lass," said he, "and that'll be a custard fit for a queen. Lors, how I shall enjoy it!" After this, Ben had to look up the knives and forks, and to clean them; and never was there such a motley turn-out as he raked together. Here a fork wanted a haft, another a tine, a third with a white handle had to match with a black-hafted knife; but Ben laid them side by side, counted them, and, finding the number agree with his guests, said, "They'll do capital when they've hed a bit of a rub up."

Then Betty had to look up her crockery, and found that she had plates enow, and a few over if she used the white ones which were cracked nearly across, and the blue-edged one with five pieces out, which made it of the "vandyke pattern."

"How am I to go in with the pie and custard, Ben?" said Betty. "It isn't genteel to eat these things off the same plate that you do your meat, when they're all over grease, and salt, and cold gravy."

"They mun turn 'em bottom uppermost," said Ben; "the under side 'ill be clean enough, I'll warrant it; else rub all the gravy up we' a piece of bread; or teck their tongues to it, which is the best way—I do so mysen often."

"Nay, that won't do," said Betty. "I mun give 'em a rub out in the hot water that I boil the potatoes in, at the same time as I wipe the knives and forks."

"That ain't a bad thought," answered Ben; "but I shan't want a plate mysen, 'cose, thou sees, when I've helped 'em all to a little bit apiece, I can eat my wack out o' the dish with a spewn. It's no use weshing a plate for me."

"That looks so, Ben," said his spouse, "for you hev to open your mouth so wide with that big table-spoon. I wish, for my part, you could have done wehout the pie and custard; they'll put me a deal about, weshing the plates and things—you ought niver to give a second course, Ben."

"Why, I would do wehout it if I hedn't promised," said Ben; "only, thou sees, I've mentioned it, and Farmer Kitchen said he should think much o' the pie and custard, and promised hissen a treat. But, if thou likes, we'll eat 'em both up for supper to-night, and say nowt about 'em. They'll hev lots of beef, thou knows, and sich beef—lors!" Ben wiped his mouth, for the very mention of it made him hungry.

"No, we musn't do so," replied Betty. "I hope, Ben, thou'll conduct thysen very becomingly, and don't think of tasting a morsel thysen till iverybody else is sarved. And don't, prythee, don't pull the dishes to thee with the pie and custard in after thou'st given 'em a spewnful apiece, and eat all up. Nor dip thy tater in the gravy on the dish, and then in the salt-cellar. And be sure and wipe thy mouth on thy coat-sleeve before to (thou) drinks."

"I'll try to remember," answered Ben; "but don't go to let's hev any more of thy hints how to Eat-a-cat, as they call that book, 'coss thou knows how unlucky it turned out last time. I've a good mind to ax Walter Northcot and Sir Edward Lee to come; there'll be plenty for 'em, and a finer piece of beef nobody can sit down to. We might borrow another plate and a knife and fork or two. I like Walter much, and Gideon can't come."

"Lors, how thou talks, Ben!" said Betty. "However dost te think I could wesh up and do before them? Beside, real gentlefolks, sich as they are, hev roast beef ivery day in the week; and I'm sure I couldn't 'bide th' house if sich grand people were to come. Don't think of sich a thing. I dare say that real gentlefolks hev roast beef all the year round."

"But they can't hev a finer piece than that," said Ben, pointing to the dish; "and surely twenty pounds would be enough for six folks beside thysen. But happen they wouldn't come if I ax'd 'em. What time will cousin William be here? I hope he won't come before dinner's

* From "Gideon Giles, the Roper," by kind permission of Messrs. Routledge and Sons.

ready; if he does, he's sure to want me to cut him a slice off before the beef's done; he's the very dickens for fresh meat."

"Oh, he sent a letter by Turner, the carrier, to-day," said Betty, "and talks of starting by four in the morning; so he'll be here early."

Betty handed the letter from the mantel-piece, and Ben twisted it every way, as if he hoped to arrive at its contents by turning it upside down; when returning it, he said, "Thou knows I can only read book-print by spelling it first—thou'rt the scholard; let's hear what he says."

Betty smiled, and read as follows, saying, "It's a very feeling letter:"—

"DEAR COZEN BETTY AND BEN,—John Herod cummed to Winthorpe yesterday, just ass I had done my second plate of cabbage and bacon, and woz helping mysen to a third slize of fat, which wos bewteefull. He telled me all about the sov'rin, and the beef, and your luv two me, and the custard and the pie; and I sharpened my pocket-knife after dinner to bee reddy. I shan't eat noe breckfast, soe I shall cum in prime fettle. . . . . I think the beef wood be as well baked ower putattees, 'coss o' th' fat—pardon my hoppinyon. Mrs. Clay died onn Mundee, agehed 84. I promise mysen a treat in the pie and custard. I've never tasted one since ant Patty died, when she left mee five pound to bye morning, to goe in black. I shall be there to the minnit—twenty pounds, John sed; I reckon it 'll take ommost three hours, if it's roasted thro. We had a peece same size at ant's berrin (funeral), but it warn't dun well. I hope yours will bee. I helped to carry poor Mrs. Clay to her grave, and we had a nice bit of ham after wee cummed frae church, and sum fair ale; poor thing, she brewed it hersen, but itt tasted ower much o' th' hopp, which woss a pitty. I wish she'd bean alive, as I might hev telled her. I telled her sun soe, an he gaped. The berry-pie 'ill want plenty of suggar, my coff's better. I found that parry-gorrick do me a deel of gud, and soe no more till Fryday till the beef's about reddy, when if I'm famished I shall mak shift wi' a sop till it's dun. And soe yours till then wi' all luv. "W. LONGBOTTOM.

"Postscrape.—Tell Ben the berry-pie's eaten wi' cheese in genteel sossighiety. I thought I'd menchen it, coss of Farmer Kitchin. Custard's my faveritt, 'coss it's lightest. I shall teck my bitters as hewshall, they give me a happy-tight. If Ben carves tell him to cut mine thick, an lotts of fatt. Cabbage is just prime now, pees aint amiss. I thinks the best puttatees is the redd-eyed kidnees. Be sure I shall cum if I live."

* * * * * *

"It's a pritty letter, aint it?" said Betty, folding it up and replacing it on the mantel-piece. "How feeling he speaks of Mrs. Clay and aunt Patty, and Johnny's measles, don't he, Ben?"

"He does," said Ben, looking at the fire with one eye shut, and the pie and custard, and the beef. "I don't like that mention about his knife and the physic, 'coss I know what he did at Besthorpe wehout such help, when he eat the best half of my prime leg. He's a rare appetite, Betty, and a long bottom to his stomach as well as his name. But he shall hev a fair share of the pie and custard, and no more. Wehout you'll meck up your mind to eat 'em to-night at supper, then they'll be no more bother about the plates. I should like a taste. There'll be lots of good beef, thou knows, lovey, and a bit of fine cheese to finish wi', and what would the king hev more?"

"Nay, I won't touch a bit, Ben, till the company comes," answered Betty, shaking her head. "I shall put 'em on the shelf over the door to cool when they're done, and grate a little lump sugar over the pie to meck it look frosty, and niver look at 'em again till to-morrow."

"Well, well!" said Ben, "I'll try to do the same. But, lors! Betty, the smell of that custard's enough to tempt a saint. But I'll just cut a thin slice of the beef, to taste how it eats, and think no more of neither the pie nor the custard."

"You'll spoil the looks of it if you do," said Betty, seizing the knife; "do meck shift for one day wi' a bit of bread and cheese, and behave like a Christian—remember, to-morrow 'ill soon be here."

"Well, I'll try," said Ben; "but bread and cheese is poor stuff for a healthy man like me. And to-morrow!—life's uncertain, Betty. You remember what the parson said on Sunday, 'Man cometh up like a flower, and's cut down again afore you can say Jack Robinson;' and we mightn't live to taste neither of that beautiful sirloin, nor a morsel of that pie, nor custard. And to think of anybody else eating 'em! But I'll try, though I think if I smelt it when it was just getting brown I couldn't lay easy in my coffin."

Cousin William came half-an-hour before time, and he won Ben's heart at once by saying he had never set eyes on a sweeter piece of beef in his life; then added, "The pie and custard's cold, in course?"

"Baked yesterday," answered Betty, "and made as rich as those I used to make when I lived cook."

"Mustn't over-lay with beef then," said William, and he took out his huge clasp-knife, and ran his finger along the edge, adding, "I think it would cut a 'air in two."

The potatoes and cabbage were both done to "a wabble," as the country wives call the bubbling of a boiling pot, and which is synonymous in roasting with "done to a turn." And while Betty was straining them at the door she exclaimed, "Here comes Farmer Kitchen and John Ostler! teck the beef from the fire, Ben."

Cousin William held the dish while Ben took down the beef, and said, "Remember a middle cut for me, Ben; the outside eats best cold."

Farmer Kitchen entered and shook Ben by the hand, while the latter returned the friendly grasp, and pointed in triumph to the joint, saying, "Is that nowt, eh?"

"It looks well, anyhow," said the honest farmer; "and I think there will be a bit left for cousin William this time, for it's larger than the loin."

"I made it up since then, sir," said William, laughing, "out of that prime leg you've heard of that we had at Besthorpe."

"Come, come!" said Ben, smiling good-humouredly, "and be thankful you're not tecken in this time; you'll be kind enough to carve, Mr. Kitchen?"

"That I will, Ben", answered the farmer; and he

proceeded like a good workman, cutting across the whole length of the ribs, and helping them to such slices as hung over the edges of their plates. The farmer had made his usual luncheon of bread, bacon, cheese, and good ale, and felt not so hungry as either the host or his other guests. It was a pleasure to him to sit and see how rapidly mouthful after mouthful vanished; nor would he allow Mrs. Brust to wait at the table, but made her sit down while he himself attended to their wants, helping them to bread, cabbage, potatoes, and beef, and snatching a mouthful himself as he could.

"Remember the pie and custard," said Betty, as cousin William was about to be helped a fourth time to the beef. "I can promise you, you'll hev such a treat as you hevn't hed for some time; for I put twelve new-laid eggs in the custard, beside spice and sugar, and it was every drop new milk, and the crust made of sweet fresh butter, and I'm sure the pie 'll melt in your mouth."

* * * * * *

"I'll find room enough for your second course, as the quality folk call it, niver fear me," said cousin William. "I should hev eaten about a pound more hedn't it been for the pie and custard."

"I've left a little space for them myself," said the farmer. "I hope the eggs turned out well, Mrs. Brust?"

"Beautiful," answered Betty; "the yellows were the colour of gold, and the whites clear as a bell. I'm sure you'll like it, though I say so as shouldn't."

The ostler said nothing, while Ben looked out at the door, for Betty was already washing the plates in readiness for what William called the "second course." Ben helped to wipe the knives, and, strange to say, whistled all the time, although the tune seemed to savour more of melancholy than of merriment.

"I think," said cousin William, "that of all things upon earth man ought to be most thankful; for, look here, Farmer Kitchen, a horse gets his hay or corn, grass or water, and looks for no more, while us Christians are indulged in luxuries. Here we put aside this beautiful beef, which it's really a pity to leave, and now we are going to enjoy custard and pie, and sich delicacies as a king of Britain a thousand years ago niver knowed! But they do say men were stronger when they drank watter and eat acorns, and niver hed a fire to cook their meat—happen they were. But here comes the custard."

"Bless me!" said Betty, descending from the stool, and placing an empty dish on the table—"I've made a mistake; and yet I thought I'd baked it in that dish—" and she again mounted the stool, for the dishes were placed on a shelf over the doorway. Ben looked on the floor, scratched his head, and said nothing.

"It looks as if there had been summut niceish in this dish," said cousin William, leaning over the table, and taking a narrow survey; "but it's empty enough now, however."

"Ben, you brute, you hev, I know you hev—" said Betty, still standing on the stool, and displaying a very small portion indeed of the gooseberry pie in the next dish. "You've eaten every morsel of the custard, and left no more pie than would do for a baby three months old. Oh! I shall faint, to think how I'm disgraced wi' you, you unmannerly glutton!"

"What! are we done again?" said cousin William, drawing the morsel of pie that remained towards him, and finishing it at two mouthfuls. "Why, dash thy buttons, Ben, this is worse than iver! but it does taste 'moorish.'"

* * * * * *

"I'll tell you what it is," said Ben, "I'm guilty and no mistake. But it's all Betty's fault, for yesterday she wouldn't allow me owt but bread and cheese for dinner, when I knew if we'd done two or three pounds of that beef, there would still hev been lots, and to spare. Well, I went to bed, and neither tasted o' th' beef, pie, nor custard, although I may say I was half-famished. But sleep I couldn't, though I tried—it might be the smell of the pie or custard that kept me wacken; be that as it might, I could not sleep a wink. So, you see, I got up and set by the fire, which happened to be a pretty good 'un. Well, I caught sight of the beef—it was the sight as tempted me; so I had a frizzle. Well, do you know, when that was done, somehow or other I caught a glance o' th' dish with the custard in it, and I thought I should like to taste, only just a spoonful. I did so, and it was just like a jug of good ale, where one glass helps down another. I tasted and tasted till I eat it all; for I knew Betty would make a row when she fun' it out that I'd hed a bit, and I knew she couldn't do no more when I'd eaten it all. I did stop two or three times, but it was of no manner of use, for somehow the spoon seemed to come up to my mouth by itsen like."

"Oh Ben, Ben!" exclaimed Betty, "and not to call me up to hev a taste; but it sarves me right, for not locking it up in my own safe. Oh, that iver I should hev hed you, when I might hev married a footman to a real gentleman! Reach me my smelling-bottle, or I shall sink off my chair!" She took a pinch of snuff, while cousin William handed the smelling-bottle from the mantelpiece.

THE REASON WHY.

Brown, on his first journey per coach, now long ago, worried the driver beside whom he sat with incessant childish questions about everything on the road. At last he got his quietus thus:—Driver—"There's been a woman lying in that house more than a month, and they haven't buried her yet." Brown—"Not buried her yet! and pray tell me why not?" Driver—"Because she ain't dead." To guard, "On we purceeds, Bill, another old woman down."

MRS. POYSER'S OPINIONS.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

[The authoress of "Adam Bede" painted probably her happiest character in the person of Mrs. Poyser, the bustling, indefatigable farmer's wife, who, busy of hand, restless of eye, and pungent of tongue, gives forth in the above story these witty caustic specimens of rustic proverbial philosophy.]

FOLKS must put up wi' their own kin, as they put up wi' their own noses—it's their own flesh and blood.

Folks as have no mind to be o' use have allays the luck to be out o' the road when there's anything to be done.

It's all very fine having a ready-made rich man, but it may happen he'll be a ready-made fool; and it's no use filling your pocket full o' money if you've got a hole in the corner. It'll do you no good to sit in a spring cart o' your own, if you've got a soft to drive you: he'll soon turn you over into the ditch. I allays said I'd never marry a man as had got no brains; for where's the use of a woman's having brains of her own if she's tackled to a geck as everybody's a-laughing at? She might as well dress herself fine to sit back'ards on a donkey.

It's ill livin' in a hen-roost for them as doesn't like fleas.

If you go past your dinner-time, there'll be little relish o' your meat. You turn it o'er and o'er wi' your fork, an' don't eat it after all. You find faut wi' your meat, and the faut's all i' your own stomach.

Wi' them three gells in the house I'd need have twice the strength to keep 'em up to their work. It's like having roast meat at three fires; as soon as you've basted one, another's burnin'.

What care I what the men 'ud run after? It's well seen what choice the most of 'em know how to make, by the poor draggle-tails o' wives you see, like bits o' gauze ribbon, good for nothing when the colour's gone.

What's it sinnify what Chowne's wife likes?—a poor soft thing, wi' no more head-piece nor a sparrow. She'd take a big cullender to strain her lard wi', and then wonder as the scratchin's run under. . . . You'd never know when you went into her house whether it was Monday or Friday, th' wash draggin' on to th' end o' the week; and as for her cheese, I know well enough it rose like a loaf in a tin last year. And then she talks o' the weather bein' i' fault, as there's folks 'ud stand on their heads and then say the fault was i' their boots.

You make but a poor trap to catch luck if you go and bait it wi' wickedness. The money as is got so's like to burn holes i' your pocket.

Mr. Bede, will you take some vinegar with your lettuce? Ay, you're i' th' right not. It spoils the flavour o' the chine, to my thinking. It's poor eating where the flavour o' the meat lies i' the cruets. There's folks as make bad butter, and trusten to the salt t' hide it.

I know that dancin's nonsense; but if you stick at everything because it's nonsense, you wonna go far i' this life. When your broth's ready-made for you, you mun swallow the thickenin', or else let the broth alone.

I'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together than one o' these pleasurin' days. There's no work so tirin' as danglin' about an' starin', an' not rightly knowin' what you're goin' to do next; and keepin' your face i' smilin' order, like a grocer o' market day, for fear people shouldna think you civil enough. An' you've nothing to show for't when it's done, if it isn't a yallow face wi' eatin' things as disagree.

I was never over-fond o' gentlefolk's servants—they're mostly like the fine lady's fat dogs, naythen good for barking nor butcher's meat, but on'y for show.

It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world, I think; folks have to wait long enough before it's brought to 'em.

I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for't all my life. There's no pleasure i' living, if you're to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel. I shan't repent saying what I think, if I live to be as old as th' old Squire; and there's little likelihoods, for it seems as if them as aren't wanted here are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' the other world.

It's a small joke sets men laughing when they sit a-staring at one another wi' a pipe i' their mouths. Give Bartle Massey his way, and he'd have all the sharpness to himself. If the chaff-cutter had the making of us, we should all be straw, I reckon.

I'm not one o' those as can see the cat i' the dairy, an' wonder what she 's come after.

Scarceness o' victual 'ull keep; there's no need to be hasty wi' the cooking. An' scarceness is what there's the biggest stock of i' that country.

It's hard work to tell which is Old Harry when everybody's got boots on.

REQUISITES FOR AN EPIGRAM.

ONE day in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
"An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag."

"Your simile, I own, is true,
But how wilt make it out?" says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, "I'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top both wide and fit
To hold a budget full of wit,
And point it at the end."

A NATIVE GENIUS.

ONE of the acquaintances of a New York editor, while travelling in the "far West," was at a loss what course to steer, and rejoiced when a farmhouse presented itself before him. Near the road was a tall, raw-boned, overgrown, lantern-jawed boy, probably seventeen years of age, digging potatoes. He was a curious figure to behold. What was lacking in the length of his tow breeches was amply made up for in width; his suspenders appeared to be composed of birch-bark, grape-vine, and sheep-skin; and as for his hat (which was of a dingy white felt)—poor thing! it had evidently seen better days—but now, alas! it was only the shadow of its glory. Whether the tempest of time had beaten the top *in*, or the lad's expanding genius had burst it *out*, it was difficult to tell; at any rate it was missing—and through the aperture red hairs in abundance stood six ways for Sunday. In short, he was one of the roughest specimens of domestic manufacture that mortal ever beheld. Our travelling friend (we quote the New Yorker), feeling an itching to scrape acquaintance with the critter, drew up the reins of his horse, and began:—

"Hallo, my good friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"

Jonathan started up—leaned on his hoe-handle—rested one foot on the gambril of his sinister leg, and replied:—

"Hallo yourself!—how'd dew?—wall, I guess I can. 'Taint near as far as it used to be afore they cut the woods away—then it was generally reckoned four mile, but now the sun shrivels up the road, and don't make more'n tew. The fust house you come to though is a barn, and the next is a haystack: but old Hoskins' house is on beyant. You'll be sure to meet his gals long afore you git there: tarnal romping critters, they plague our folks more'n a little. His sheep git into our paster every day, and his gals into our orchard. Dad sets the dog arter the sheep, and me arter the gals—and the way he makes the wool, and I the petticoats fly, is a sin to snakes."

"I see you are inclined to be facetious, young man—pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other?"

"I never 'lows anybody to meddle with my grass tanglers, mistur; but seein' it's you, I'll tell you. I was born so at my tickerlar request, so that when I hold plough I can go with one in the furrow and t'other on land, and not lop over; besides, it is convenient when I mow round a side hill."

"Very good, indeed—how do your potatoes come on this year?"

"They don't come on—I digs 'em out; and there's an everlastin' snarl of 'em in each hill."

"But they are small, I perceive."

"Yes, I knows it. You see we planted some whoppin' bluenoses over in that ere patch there, and they flourished so all-firedly that these ere stops growin' jest out of spite, 'cause they knowed they couldn't begin to keep up."

"You appear to be pretty smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."

"The looks aint nothin': it's all in the behaviour. This 'ere hat was my religious Sunday-go-to-meetin' hat, and it's chock full of piety now. I've got a better one to hum; but I don't dig taters in it, nohow."

"Then you say it is about three and a half miles to the next house?"

"Yes, sir; 'twas a spell ago, and a don't believe it's grow'd much shorter since."

"Much obliged—good-bye."

SOUR GRAPES.

A FIELD-SLAVE in the South one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities. "Oh, how fat!—berry fat!—the fattest I eber did see! Let me see how I'll cook him: I broil him! No, he so fat he lose all de grease. I fry him! Ah, yes! he so berry fat he fry himself. Golly! how fat he be! No, I won't fry him—I stew him!" The thought of the savoury stew made the negro forget himself, and in spreading out the feast in his imagination his arms relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and, squatting at a goodly distance, he eyed his late owner with cool composure. The negro knew there was an end of the stew, and, summoning up all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit, shaking his fist at him: "You long-eared, white-whiskered rascal, *you not so berry fat after all!*"

AN INTELLIGENT TOURIST.

A YANKEE gentleman, escorting a British friend around to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker's Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said, "This is the place where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters. "did it hurt him much?" The native looked at him, with the expression of fourteen fourth of Julys in his countenance—"Hurt him!" said he, "he was killed, sir." "Ah! he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer; "well, I should think he would have been. to fall so far."

HOGARTH'S PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.

HOGARTH was once applied to by a miserly old nobleman, to paint for his staircase a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became quite dissatisfied. The miser was unwilling to give more than one-half the real value of the picture. At last, Hogarth, out of all patience, agreed to his patron's terms. Within a day or two the picture was ready. The nobleman was surprised at such expedition, and called to examine it. The canvas was painted all over red.

"Zounds!" said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea."

"The Red Sea you have," said Hogarth, still smarting to have his talents undervalued.

"But where are the Israelites?"

"They are all gone over."

"And where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned."

The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid his bill. The biter was bit.

"HIGH-FALUTIN."

A PAPER in Cincinnati was very much given to "high-falutin" on the subject of "this great country," until a rival paper somewhat modified its continual bounce with the following burlesque:—"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster, and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger, deeper, and clearer, and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are bigger, and longer, and thicker, can fight harder and faster, drink more bad whiskey, and chew more bad tobacco, than those of any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, and kick up generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth."

MAJOR AUSTIN'S LEFT LEG.

YOU desire to know how I lost my lower extremity. Did you never hear that it was snapped off by a crocodile? If you did not, neither did I. It was lost—no, how can it be lost, when I know where it is, or was? It was shot off thus:—We attacked the enemy early one morning; and after driving him before us, storming the village of Merxem, and continuing the pursuit till half-past two o'clock, and close up to the gates of Antwerp, my *left* leg happened to meet with a twenty-four pound ball, which came from the walls of the city, with sundry other iron confits; and the said cannon-ball having it all its own way, *left* me minus a *left* leg. I wish it had *left* it alone, for it *left* me only one leg to stand on; and yet I have a right leg and a *left* leg still. And now there is nothing *left* to say about it, except that the *left* limb was afterwards amputated by Staff-surgeon Halliday and Samuel Cooper, the author of the "Surgical Dictionary," who *left* it, the *left* limb, to be buried with a dead rifleman (who was shot in the *left* lung), in the *left* side of a garden belonging to a château on the *left*-hand side of the road between Merxem and Breschet; and the said *left* limb has *left* its fertilising influence behind, for the spot where it lies buried has produced luxuriant crops ever since, and has *left* the proprietor nothing more to desire, except that he may be *left* in quiet possession of his inheritance. From this it will be seen that part of my *left* leg was *left* on the battle-field, and part of it was *left* in the *left* side of a garden, behind a château at the *left* side of the road, in a country which the tide has *left* to the inhabitants, and which I *left* without regret; that is, all that was *left* of me, after bidding farewell to the parts *left* behind.

THE VALUE OF PRECISION.

THE Mayor of Falaise having one night run foul of a citizen of the good town of Falaise (in those days there was neither gas nor oil lamp), the mayor gave orders next morning that no citizen should go out at night without a lantern.

The following night, the mayor, going his rounds, ran against the same citizen. "You haven't read the ordinance, you stupid fellow," said the mayor in a passion.

"Yes, I have," said the Norman; "and here's my lantern."

"But there's nothing in it," rejoined the mayor.

"The ordinance said nothing about that," replied the scrupulous citizen.

The next day appeared a new ordinance, enjoining the citizens to put candles in their lanterns.

At nightfall, the mayor, anxious to see whether his orders were obeyed, went his rounds again, and once more ran foul of the luckless *bourgeois*.

"I have you this time," said the mayor, in a fury; "you have no lantern."

"Excuse me, here it is."

"But no candle in it."

"Oh, but I have, and here it is." And out of the lantern he pulled a candle—*unlighted.*

"But it isn't lighted," resumed the exasperated mayor.

"You said nothing about *lighting* the candle," quickly rejoined the *bourgeois.*

So another ordinance had to be issued, enjoining the citizens to *light* the candles in their lanterns.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE'S BLUNDERS.

ANY of these are preserved. "Sir, I would give up half — nay, the whole of the constitution, to preserve the remainder." This, however, was Parliamentary. Hearing that Admiral Howe was in quest of the French, he remarked, somewhat pleasantly, that the admiral would "sweep the French fleet off the face of *the earth.*" By-and-by came dangerous times of disaffection, and honest men's lives were insecure. Sir Boyle writes from the country to a friend in the capital this discouraging view of his position:—"You may judge," he says, "of our state, when I tell you that I write this with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other." On another occasion, when the famous letters to the *Public Advertiser* were attracting universal attention, Sir Boyle was heard to complain bitterly of the attacks "of a certain anonymous writer, *called* Junius." He it was who recounted that marvellous performance in gymnastics when, in a tumult of loyalty, he "stood prostrate at the feet of his Sovereign." He it was who denounced, in withering language, the apostate politician who "turned his back upon himself." He it was who introduced to public notice the ingenious yet partially confused metaphor of the rat. "Sir," he said, addressing the Speaker of the Irish House, "I smell a rat. I see him floating in the air; but mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud." There was the famous speech which confounded generations: "I don't see, Mr. Speaker, why we should put ourselves out of the way to serve posterity. What has ever posterity done for us?" He was a little disconcerted by the burst of laughter that followed, and proceeded to explain his meaning: "By posterity, sir, I do not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come immediately after them." His invitation to the nobleman on his travels was hospitable and well meant—but equivocal. "I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, *you'll stay there all night.*" He it was who stood up for the proper dimensions of the wine-bottle, and proposed to Parliament that it should be made compulsory that "every quart bottle should contain a quart." Very pleasant, and yet perfectly intelligible —though it unhappily took the fatal bovine shape — was his rebuke to the shoemaker when getting shoes for his gouty limbs:—"I told you to make one *longer* than the other, and, instead of that, you have made one *smaller* than the other —the very opposite."

A GARDENER'S LOVE-LETTER.

"My *Rose-Mary,*—As you are the *Pink* of perfection and the *Blossom* of *May,* I wish to tell *Yew* that my *Heart's-ease* has been torn up by the *Roots,* and the *Peas* of my *Holm* entirely destroyed since I began to *Pine* after *Yew. Yew* will perceive that I am a gardener. My name is *William Bud.* At first I was poor, but by *Shooting* in the *Spring,* and driving a *Car-nation* fast, I obtained a *Celery,* and by a little *Cabbaging,* &c., I *Rose* to be master (though something like a *Creeper*) of the whole garden. I have now the full command of the *Stocks* and the *Mint;* I can raise *Ane-mone,* from a *Penny Royal* to a *Plum,* and what my expenditure *Leaves* I put in a *Box* for *Yew.* If I may, as a *Cock's-comb,* speak of myself, I should say that I was in the *Flower* of manhood—that I was neither a *Standard* nor a *Dwarf,* a *Mushroom* nor a *Maypole;* my nose is of the *Turnip-Reddish* kind, and my locks hang in clusters about my *Ears.* I am often in the company of *Rakes,* and rather fond of *Vine* and *Shrub*—which my *Elders* reprove me for; so I had better *Berry* all this, and as I am a *Branch* of a good *Stock,* with a portly *Bearing,* I well know when and where to make my *Bough.* So *Lett-uce* act for ourselves, and fix an early day for engrafting your fate with mine—which might be made a *Pop-lar* measure; but I think it had better be *Privet,* for *Jon-quil,* the lawyer, says that your old *Crab* of a father, who did never a *Li-Lack,* when he wanted to part us, means to take the *Elm* in his own hands in this matter; but if he does, and *Bullace* me at all, I will not be *Slow* in settling his *Ash,* and I will be such a *Thorn* in his side that the day he does it shall be one of the worst *Days-he* ever saw. But I must *sow* no seeds of discord; for I am certain that we should make a very nice *Pear,* and never repent even when we became *Sage* by *Thyme.* You would be the *Balm* of my *Life,* and I should be the *Balsam* of yours; so that people that might call us *Green* now would call us *Evergreen* hereafter. And now *Sweet Peas* be with you; and if he who tries at it *Tears* me from *Yew,* I shall become a *Melon-Cauli-flower,* and wither away. My tongue will always be a *Scarlet-Runner* in your praise; for I have planted my *Hopes* in *Yew,* and I only live for the *Thyme* when I may hear from your own *Tu-lips* that I am your *Sweet William,* and not your *Weeping Will-O'.*—14th Feb., 1851.

ODDS AND RAGGED ENDS.

THE clerk of a country club, who was a school-master, being called on to give a toast, produced the following:—*Addition* to the friends of Old England, *Subtraction* to her wants, *Multiplication* of her blessings, *Division* among her foes, and *Reduction* of her debts and taxes.

A FARM was lately advertised in a newspaper, in which all the beauty of the situation, fertility of the soil, and salubrity of the air were detailed in the richest glow of rural description, which was further enhanced with this: "N. B. There is not *an attorney* within fifteen miles of the neighbourhood."

A QUACK doctor, on his death-bed, willed his property to a lunatic asylum, giving as a reason for doing so that he wished his fortune to go to the liberal class who patronised him.

SOME time ago a man lent an umbrella to a friend, a tradesman in his street, on a wet, nasty day. It was not returned; and on another wet, disagreeable day he called for it, but found his friend at the door, going out with it in his hand. "I've come for my umbrella," exclaimed the lender. "Can't help that," exclaimed the borrower; "don't you see that I am going out with it?" "Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—but—but what am I to do?" "Do?" replied the other, as he threw up the top and walked off; "do—do as I did—*borrow one!*"

THE papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady who had become blind, having recovered her sight after marriage. Whereupon some one wickedly observes that it is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

A PHYSICIAN, in speaking of the frail constitution of the women of the present day, remarked that we ought to take great care of our grandmothers, for we should never get any more.

A GENTLEMAN, riding through Sydenham, saw a board with "This cottage for sail" painted on it. As he was always ready for a pleasant joke, and seeing a woman in front of the house, he stopped and asked her very politely when the cottage "would sail." "Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was the quiet reply.

THE squire of a certain parish going the round of his domain, met with a poor navvy trespassing. "What are you doing here, sir?" exclaimed the squire; "don't you know that no one is allowed to trespass here?" "Wey, sor," replied Willy, "aw divnt knaw who's grund it is; but aw've n'yyen o' my awn, an' aw mun be on somebody else's. Aw cawnt walk anunder the grund."

"GRIPPS, I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it." "Well, yes; I know very well how to *cure* them; but the trouble with me just now is to *pro*-cure them."

A FEMALE begging impostor importuning a gentleman to give her a "copper," the benevolent gentleman said she should have one, if she would only leave off begging and take in washing.

A COUNTRY schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender: "He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future."

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.—An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an "infirmity" as well as an appetite for fish. He was paying his bill at his fishmonger's, and whilst the latter was making it receipted, with his back turned, the honest buyer slipped a cod-fish under his coat-tail. But the garments were too short to cover up the theft. "Now," said the customer, "Mr. Salmon, I have traded with you a good deal, and have paid you up promptly, haven't I?" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "I make no complaint." "Well," says the customer, "I always insisted that honesty is the best policy, and the best rule to live by and die by." "That's so," replied the fishmonger, and his customer turned to depart. "Hold on, friend," said the fishmonger; "speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come here again, you had better wear a *longer* coat, or steal a *shorter* fish."

ON the first consignment of Seidlitz powders in the capital of Delhi, the monarch became deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and having added water the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered among the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and, in his full agonies, screamed, "Hold me down!" then, rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spirting like ten thousand pennyworths of Imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death—a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.

A SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

BOARD of "School Commissioners" who encumber a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspaper for "a well-disposed, moral man, who could teach the dead languages, and did not drink whiskey, nor chew tobacco." After a fortnight of this advertising had elapsed, a raw-boned Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and a pine-stick in one hand, and a *Cape Cod protection, alias* a cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:—

"Well, sir," said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school-teacher?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin?" asked one of the committee-men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick, again rounding the end of the stick with the knife.

"Well, let's hear some of your Latin," said the chairman.

"Quambo hic squashium et punkinitum lingum," said Slick, drawing his coat-sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "ist dat Latin? Who's te author?"

"Josephus," replied Slick. "He says in his Life of Governor Hancock, 'Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hancockibus quod erat demonstrandum.'"

"Dat's goot," exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his hands, "tere never was better Latin!"

"Now sir," said the chairman, "I suppose you understand geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the Deestrict of Columby."

"What state is it in?"

"A state of desperation."

"What latitude are we?"

"According to the thermometer, we're ten degrees below zero."

"Which is the most western part of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir, let us see how far you have studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends upon the quality," replied Slick, snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well, suppose it to be good corn land."

"Why, then, it depends upon the number of hills."

"Say five hundred."

"Guess, you mought as well tell a feller how many grains you plant to the hill?"

"Five."

"Then, according to Euclid, it would be seven hundred and forty-two feet horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent. Pray where are you from?"

"Staunton, down in the Bay state—and I can do 'most anything."

"Oh, no doubt; but there is one thing which you cannot do—you cannot humbug us. You may go."

"TAKING THE STARCH OUT."

With all their go-aheadism, the Yankees can always find time to joke. Fully half the humorous sayings we hear come from America; and of the other half fifty per cent. are accredited to that country. A capital example of what is termed "taking the starch out" happened recently, in a country bank in New England.

A pompous, well-dressed individual entered the bank, and, addressing the teller, who is something of a wag, inquired—

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen pedlar took a chair, and sat composedly for an hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair about twenty minutes, and seeing no prospects of change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well, don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about six weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me that he thought he would come back in that time."

Pedlar thought he should not wait.

"Oh, stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the daytime, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous pedlar disappeared without another word, to the great amusement of the Yankee clerk.

HOOK'S CATCHES

TELL you, my fat friend, you have no business in that boat," said Theodore Hook one day to a fat man in a dingy on the Thames. "No business in this boat, sir? What d'ye mean?" "I mean what I say," coolly responded Hook. "You have no business in it, and I will prove it." "I think, sir, you will prove no such thing," said the navigator. "Perhaps you don't know, sir, this is my own pleasure-boat?" "That's it," said Hook. "Now you have it. No man can have any business in a pleasure-boat. Good day, sir."

A GENTLEMAN who had the gift of shaping a great many things out of orange-peel was displaying his abilities before Theodore Hook and Thomas Hill, and succeeded in carving a pig, to the admiration of the company. Mr. Hill tried the same feat, and, after strewing the table with the peel of a dozen oranges, gave it up, with the exclamation, "I must give up the pig! I *can't* make him." "Nay," exclaimed Hook, glancing at the table, "you have done more; instead of a pig, you have made a litter."

THEODORE HOOK once said to a poet at whose table his publisher got drunk, "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine-cellar into our bookseller!"

WALKING, in the days of Warren's blacking, where one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on the wall, "Try Warren's B——," but had been frightened from his propriety, and fled, "The rest is lacking," said the wit.

A LIVELY Hibernian exclaimed at a party where Theodore Hook shone the star of the evening: "Oh, Master Theodore, but you're the *hook* that nobody can *bate!*"

THEODORE HOOK once saw an exceedingly pompous man walking in a street in London, whom he immediately accosted thus: "Sir, may I inquire if you are anybody in particular?"

IN the supposed character of a university undergraduate, Hook says: "One problem was given me to work, which I did in a twinkling. It was this—Given *C A B*, to find *Q*. Answer—Take your *C A B* through Hammersmith, turn to the left just before you come to Brentford, and Kew is right before you."

"YOUR horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a *bit* too long."

WHEN Theodore Hook was asked for a donation to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, he replied that he had no money to give away; but if they sent him a Jew, he would try and convert him. This was not quite what the society required, and Hook never heard from them again.

A FRIEND wanted to propose Hook as a member of the Phœnix Club. "When do they meet?" asked Theodore. "Every Saturday night during the winter," was the reply. "Evening! Oh, then," said Hook, "I shall never make a Phœnix —I can't rise from the fire."

ON seeing "Milton, Livery Stable Keeper," written over a mews, Hook composed the following impromptu lines:—

"Two Miltons in separate ages were born,
The cleverer Milton 'tis clear we have got;
Though the other had talents, the world to adorn,
This lives by his *Mews*, which the other could not!"

"NEVER," said Theodore Hook, "let man and wife play together at whist. There are always telegraphs; and if they fancy their looks are watched, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I never could win of Smigsmag and his wife. I mentioned this one day, and was answered: 'No, you never can win of them.' 'Why,' said I. 'Because,' said my friend, 'they have established a code.' 'Dear me!' said I, 'signals by looks?' 'No,' said he, 'by words. If Mrs. Smigsmag is to lead, Smigsmag says, "Dear, begin." Dear begins with "d," so does diamonds, and out comes one from the lady. If he has to lead, and she says, "S., my love," she wants a spade. "Harriet, my dear, how long you are sorting your cards!" Mrs. Smigsmag stumps down a heart; and a gentle "Come, my love," on either side, produces a club.'"

AN INQUIRING FRIEND.

A GENTLEMAN riding in an Eastern railroad car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in a seat before him a lean, slab-sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he had a more "inquiring mind." Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady in deep black; and after shifting his position several times, and manœuvring to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye. "In affliction?" "Yes, sir," responded the lady. "Parent?—father or mother?" "No, sir." "Child perhaps?—boy or girl?" "No, sir, not a child—I have no children." "Husband, then, I expect?" "Yes," was the curt answer. "Hum! cholery?—a tradin' man, maybe?" "My husband was a seafaring

man—the captain of a vessel—he didn't die of cholera; he was drowned." "Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant—"Save his *chist?*" "Yes; the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow. "*Was* they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up—"*Pious* man?" "He was a member of the Methodist Church." The next question was a little delayed, but it came—"Don't you think you have a great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his chist?" "I do," said the widow abruptly, and turned her head to look out at the window. The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a little lower tone, with his head a little inclined forward, over the back of the seat:—"Was you calculating to get married again?" "Sir," said the widow indignantly, "you are impertinent!" And she left her seat, and took another on the other side of the car. "'Pears to be a little huffy!" said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator behind him. "What did they make you pay for that umbrel you've got in your hand?"

THE SHOWMAN'S SPEECH ON THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

JOHN, undo his tail. There, ladies and gentlemen. The wonderful boy constructor, so called because he constructs many pleasing images with his serpentile form. The constructor is a long animal, as you will perceive, and is very long-lived. He lives a hundred years or more, if he don't die beforehand. He is of the wormy species, and worms himself along the ground without legs. He is capable of climbing the highest trees, in which he is fond of concealing himself in the branches thereof, that he may impose upon the benighted traveller or other beasts, whereby to assatiate his hunger. He mashes his vittles before he eats 'em, and then swallows 'em head first. The sea-serpent is much larger, yet I think the boy constructor could lick him; for he is full of pluck. Prick him, John, and make him hiss. When he hisses he is very angry, and cares very little what becomes of him, because he is weak-minded, and has a small head. He has a lovely skin, but is ugly-tempered. He is very sulky and lazy, and he is so spiteful it is a mercy he can't talk. I have took care of this mighty snake for three years, but he shows no gratitude. He is a glutton, and likes to stuff himself, and then go to sleep. If John don't stir him (stir him again, John!) he would never wake up, except to his vittles. I don't know's I ought to blame him, though; because nature is nature, whether in Boston or the rude valleys of Bengal. I have an uncle who has lived in Bengal, and a brother who has never been there. My uncle tells me he has seen ten thousand boy constructors at one time, a frolicking in the forest and eating each other up. My brother does not believe it, but then he has not seen it. My uncle may be depended upon. He was a missionary once, and sold rum and sugar to the Injuns. He is the only man in the world who ever sold liquor to the boy constructor. This is the one he gave it to. He first got it tight, and then boxed him up. The boy will never forgive him."

THE SILKEN NET.

BY EDWARD IRWIN.

A vision I had of a fair coquette,
A vision so fair that it haunts me yet.
Her brow rose high, like a mountain of snow,
Ere its beauties melt in the morning's glow;
Her eyes were bright as the star above
That shone on the birth of the god of love;
Her nose was much in the Grecian style,
And her mouth—oh, 'twas hid in an angel smile.
The dimples that laughed in her cheeks and chin
Were just such as Cupid was cradled in;
And, to finish the portrait, her hair like jet
Was tidily bound in a silken net.

The vision dissolved as I still gazed on,
The net was there, but the face was gone;
And fishes I saw of every fin
That couldn't get out when they'd once got in.
A dandy trout—a perfect swell—
Bobbed at a curl and—in he fell;
A lanky eel, both long and slim,
Just looked—and all was over with him;
A legal shark, in spite of his wit,
Was netted next, like the biter bit;
A graceful salmon, a pious sole,
And of smaller fry a countless shoal—
Till all the fishes, in mute surprise,
Winked at each other with both their eyes.

The vision returned of the fair coquette;
She was bending over her silken net,
And, counting her victims o'er and o'er,
The more she counted, she laughed the more.
Then I blessed my stars that my stars blessed me
By keeping me clear of that artless she;
And whenever I see a similar net,
I tremble and think of the fair coquette.

THE MISERIES OF A COMIC WRITER.

ASKING for "some potatoes," or some commonplace thing, and finding the whole room roar at it incessantly for ten minutes.

Repeatedly being called upon, in the midst of a strange party, "to say something funny."

Having half-a-dozen scrap-books put into your hand, for "an *impromptu*."

Being expected, wherever you go, to sing a comic song.

Never being allowed to be in the least unwell, or to look serious, without a dozen people asking, "Why, what's the matter with you?"

Being the especial confidant of everybody's bad jokes, and being made the favourite victim for the "capital thing" some one is sure to have "heard yesterday."

Making desperate love to a pretty girl, who only laughs, and says, "La! Mr. Smith, you're always joking."

Being saluted as you go into a room with "Bravo! Here's Smith. Now we shall have something good."

Being introduced as "the young gentleman who does all the funny things in the *Penny Magazine*."

Being suspected of turning everything you see into ridicule, and putting everybody you meet into print.

A pause of five minutes, in the hopes of hearing you speak, and being asked at last, whilst everybody is getting ready to grin, "what you think of the weather?"

Being condemned to hear, every day of your life, that the man who would "make a pun would pick a pocket!"

Being invited to meet a "very clever young gentleman who has written a farce."

Hearing mothers continually say to their daughters, "My dear, you must not believe a word he says."

Being invited out, and finding it is to give a "candid opinion"—father, mother, brothers, and sisters being all present—"upon a number of droll things little William has been doing upon 'Paradise Lost.'" You are obliged to say they are "very clever for a boy," and you are then asked "if you cannot get them inserted in *Punch?*"

Being confidentially asked, "if it is true you drink much?"

Being asked most seriously by a young lady, "if the incident you described of being locked up in a sponging-house, and escaping up the chimney over the roof of the next house, really occurred to you?"

In short, being suspected of doing all the blackguard, out-of-the-way, outrageous, improbable, impossible, stupid things you describe.

THE TRAVELLER'S BAG.

THE American landlord is noted for the sharp way in which he contrives to make his guests pay—a proceeding probably acquired of his brother in the British and Continental towns.

On the cars a day or two since, bound for B——, was a stalwart man, going to New York to buy goods. He was not what might be termed a "stingy" or "close" man, but he was a man who, when there was a cent *due* to him that swindling might deprive him of, would sacrifice fifty dollars to save the copper.

He had started in the morning without any breakfast; and when E—— hove in sight, he gathered himself up for a general skirmish for any and all kinds of provisions. He had a carpet-bag with him, and going into the dining-room at E——, he deposited his carpet-bag on *one* chair, while he took another at its side.

He was lost for about ten minutes—perfectly oblivious to everything, save that he had a blessed consciousness of something very rapidly and agreeably replenishing his "inward man."

About this time the landlord came round, and, stopping by the gentleman's chair, ejaculated—

"Dollar, sir."

"A *dollar!*" responded the eater; "a DOLLAR! I thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one! Isn't that so?"

"That's true," answered Meanness; "but I count your carpet-bag one, since it occupies a seat."

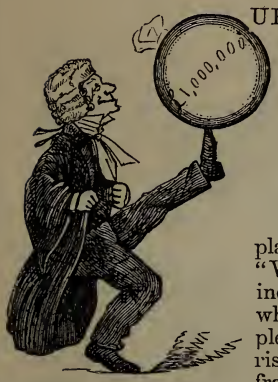
Now the table was far from being crowded, and the gentleman expostulated; but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth, paid over, and the receiver passed on.

Our victim deliberately rose, and opening his carpet-bag to the full extent of its wide mouth, addressed it as follows:—

"Carpet-bag, it seems you are an individual—a human individual, since you eat—at least, I've *paid* for your eating, and now you *must* eat!"

Upon this he seized everything eatable that was *carriable*, within his reach—nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, and "crust-pies," and put them in the bag, and, amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother-passengers, and to the discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went out and took his seat in the cars. He said he had secured provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least five dollars' worth in the bag, upon which the landlord realised nothing in the way of profit.

ANECDOTES OF THE WESTERN BAR.



OUR first illustrates the ruling passion for "poker," among Western members of the bar. The court is in session, the judge is on the beach, and the case of Smith *v.* Brown is called up. "All ready!" shouts the counsel for defendant, but the counsel for the plaintiff does not respond. "Who's for the plaintiff?" inquires the judge, somewhat impatiently. "May it please the Court," says a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Pilkins is for the plaintiff, but I left him just this minute over in the tavern, playing a game of poker. He's got a 'sucker' there, and he's sure to skin him if he only has time. He's got the thing all set to ring in a 'cold deck,' in which case he will deal himself four aces and his opponent four queens, so that your honour will perceive he must 'rake the persimmons.'" The look of impatience vanished from the face of his honour at once, and an expression more of sorrow than anger took its place. At length he said, with a heavy sigh, "Dear me, that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time. I am very anxious to get on with these cases!" A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the judge. "Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pilkins, who had spoken, "you understand poker about as well as Pilkins—suppose you go over and play his hand?" At another time, counsel took some exception to the ruling of the Court on a certain point, and a dispute arose. "If the Court please," said the counsel, "I wish to refer to this book a moment," at the same time picking up a large law volume. "There's no use o' your referring to any books," exclaimed the Court angrily, "*I* have decided the p'int!" "But, your honour——" persisted the lawyer. "Now I don't want to hear anything further on the subject," yelled the Court: "I tell you again, I have decided the p'int!" "I know that," was the rejoinder, "I'm satisfied of that—but this is a volume of Blackstone—I'm certain he differs from your honour, and I only want to show you *what a fool Blackstone was!*" "Ah, that indeed!" exclaimed the Court, smiling all over, "*now* you begin to talk." On a similar occasion the affair did not end so happily. The Court decided a point adverse to the views of counsel. Counsel was stubborn, and insisted that the Court was wrong. "I tell you I am right!" yelled the Court, with flashing eyes. "I tell you, you are not!" retorted the counsel. "I am right!" reiterated the Court, "hang a nigger if I ain't!" "I say you ain't!" persisted the counsel. "Crier!" yelled the judge, "I adjourn the court for ten minutes!" And jumping from the bench, he pitched into the counsel, and after a very lively little fight placed him *hors de combat*, after which business was again resumed, but it was not long before another misunderstanding arose. "Crier," said the Court, "we will adjourn this time for twenty minutes." And he was about taking off his coat, when the counsel said, "Never mind, judge, keep your seat—the p'int is yielded—*my thumb's out o' j'int, and I've sprained my shoulder!*"

LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY EDWARD IRWIN.

I MET a dear creature, it matters not where,
And I met with a fall, too, in meeting the fair;
For I fell quite in love—but you wouldn't blame me,
If this beautiful creature you only could see.
Her eyes were like—stay, they bewildered me quite;
No mortal could see them and criticise right:
I could only observe that their number was two,
And their colour—about the most mischievous blue.
Her mouth (my own waters)—don't ask me, I pray—
'Twas the sweetest of mouths, and that's all I can say:
And the envious fellow who dares to say "no,"
If he had any *taste*, faith, he wouldn't say so!

Her mouth, when she laughed, was a casket thrown wide
With pearls gleaming white from pink velvet inside;
When she sang, 'twas a cage, which to shut were a sin,
While her tongue, like a little bird, warbled within.
Her hair, gathered up in a net with much care,
Peeped out from the bars of its prison up there,
Ev'ry wave, ev'ry fold, seeming slily to say—
"Don't you think it's a shame to confine me this way?"
For lightness, her foot was like that of a lamb;
For whiteness, her hand might have borne off the palm;
And kind was the heart that went beating below,
To keep itself warm in her bosom of snow.

The next time I met my dear charmer, thought I,
"I'll disclose to her father the truth, or I die.
Introduce me," said I, "to your worthy old sire,
The grey, spectacled gentleman next to the fire."
She replied with surprise, and a mixture of glee:
"That old gentleman there—is my husband!" says she.

EMERALDS.

AN Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, exhibited a huge scar on his head, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was considered satisfactory.

A STORY is told of a "green hand" on board a coasting vessel, who could not learn to steer by the mariner's compass. It was a clear, starlight night, and the captain told him to head the vessel towards a bright particular star, which he pointed out. This was done, and for a short time all was right; but before long she was veering widely from her true course, and rushing rapidly before the wind. "Ahoy, there! greenhorn at the wheel!" roared the excited commander. "Port your helm! What do you mean? Where's the star?" "Dear captain," timidly replied the devious helmsman, "keep cool, don't get excited—never mind—I lost that star, but found another, brighter and better than the one you showed me!"

A SERVANT who plumed herself upon being employed in a "genteel family," was asked the definition of the term. "Where they have two or three kinds of wine, and the gentleman swears," was the reply.

A LABOURER lately called on one of the local registrars to register the birth of a child. After this was completed he coolly remarked, "The child's very poorly, sir, and I may as well register its death while I am here, to save me the trouble of coming back again."

A POST-BOY having driven a gentleman a long stage through torrents of rain, the gentleman said to Paddy, "Are you not very wet?" "Arrah! I don't care about being wet; but, please your honour, I'm very dry."

AN athletic specimen of the Emerald Isle called on a wharfinger for a job. "The top o' the mornin' to you, Musther P.! I've been told that ye're in want o' help." "I've but little to do," replied P., with mercantile gravity. "I'm the very boy for yees! It's but little I care about doing—it's the money I'm afther, sure!" The naïve reply procured him a situation.

A GENTLEMAN of Cork ordered his man to call him up at six o'clock; but he awakened him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied, "I came to tell you that you had two hours longer to sleep."

A WITNESS was recently asked, at one of the County Courts, what he knew of the prisoner's character for veracity? "Why, in troth, your honour, since iver I've known her, she has kept her house clane and dacent."

AN old Dublin beggar woman asked a lady the other day for a halfpenny. "I've nothing for you," said the lady; "but if you go to the soup-kitchen you'll get a pint of excellent soup." "Soup is it ye mane?" bawled the indignant mendicant; "do you call that stuff soup? Sure and I'll just tell you how they make it! They get a quart of water, and then boil it down to a pint, *to make it strong*."

AN Irishman engaged in fighting a duel insisted, as he was near-sighted, that he should stand six feet nearer to his antagonist than his antagonist did to him. Sheridan used to tell a story of a fat man who was going to fight a thin one, and it was maintained that the figure of the latter ought to be chalked upon the portly person of the former; and if the bullet hit him outside the line it ought to go for nothing.

AN IRISH ABSENTEE.—One of these gentlemen is said to have sent this comforting message to his steward: "Tell the tenants that no threats to shoot you will terrify me."

"SHURE, which is the entrance out?" asked an Irishman at a railway station the other day.

A SAILOR visited a city where, he said, "they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet-lead!"

ONE Patrick Maguire had been appointed to a situation the reverse of a place of all work, and his friends, who called to congratulate him, were very much astonished to see his face lengthen on the receipt of the news. "A sinecure, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Shure I know what a sinecure is: it's a place where there's nothing to do, and they pay you by the piece."

"CAPTAIN, jewel," said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement winter weather, "have ye a almenick on board?" "No, I haven't." "Thin, be jabers," replied Pat, "we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

"MY friend," said a doctor to his Irish patient, "be composed; we must all die once." "An' it's that vexes me," replied Pat. "If it wor more than onst, shure I'd be aisy enough."

AN old Irish officer, after a battle, ordered the dead and the dying to be buried pell-mell. Being told that some were alive and might be saved, "Oh, bedad," said he, "if you were to pay any attention to what they say, not one of them would allow that he was dead."

CROKER, Secretary of the Admiralty, was the *ne plus* of impudent Irishmen. He would pertinaciously insist on setting the Duke of Wellington right as to the battle of Waterloo. The duke shifted the conversation to percussion caps used in the army, upon which Croker was again contradictory. This upset the duke's patience, and he exclaimed, "Come, Croker, I may not know much about Waterloo, but I should know something about copper caps."

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD.

DEAR SIRS:—

I TAKE my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate bliss, and trust these lines will find you injoyin the same blessins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year old steer, and in the futur them boys which calls me "old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard, individooally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "is it not a dream?" & suthin with in to me sez "it air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realitys, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returned from the Summer Campane with my unparaleld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the early part of this munth. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immejitly commenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavurn tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shood cum in bare heded & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he, "Bust me, but its grate doins," & then he larfed as if he'd kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "William, I woodunt be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on to the bunk where the hostler sleeps, and in a still small voice sed, "Twins!" I ashure you gents that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterzens, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voises. I found the house chock full of peple. Thare was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Eben Parsuns, Deakun Simmuns folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsettery, etsettery. Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis Square Baxter was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchin fire, & a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rusht out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

"What upon airth ales the man?" sez Taberthy Ripley. "Sakes alive, what air you doin?" & she grabd me by the coat tales. "What's the matter with you?" she continnered.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her pretty face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the matter with me!"

"Wall put down that air gun, you pesky old fool?" sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" sayin whitch I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed whare I blazed away until Square Baxter's hired man and my son Artemus Juneyer cum and took me down by mane force.

On returnin to the Kitchin I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Dr. Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," said I, "2 eppisodes, waying about 18 pounds jintly."

"A perfeck coop de tat," sed the skoolmaster.

"E pluribus unum, in proprietor persony," sed I, thinking I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did, if I wasn't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentious event," sed young Eben Parsuns, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sed I, "but I spose its all rite."

"We shall soon have Wards enuff," sed the editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislater for a City Charter."

"Good for you, old man!" sed I, "giv that air a conspickius place in the next *Bugle*."

"How redicklus," sed pretty Susan Fletcher, coverin her face with her knittin work & larfin like all possest.

"Wall, for my part," sed Jane Maria Peasley, who is the crossest old made in the world, "I think you all act like a pack of fools."

Sez I, "Mis. Peasly, air you a parent?"

Sez she, "No, I aint."

Sez I, "Mis. Peasly, you never will be."

She left.

We sot there talkin and larfin until "the switchin hour of nite, when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old Bill Shakespire aptlee obsarves in his dramy of John Sheppard, esq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

Muther & children is a doin well; & as Resolushuns is the order of the day I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin—

Whereas, two Eppisodes has happined up to the undersined's house, which is Twins; & Whereas I like this stile, sade twins bein of the male perswashun & both boys; there4 Be it

Resolved, that to them nabers who did the fare thing by sade Eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most hartily thank Engine Ko. No. 17 who, under the impreshun from the fuss at my house on that auspishus nite that thare was a konflagration goin on, kum galyiantly to the spot, but kindly refrained from squirtin.

Resolved, that frum the Bottum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur givin up the idea of Sarahnadin me, both on that grate nite & sinse.

Resolved, that my thanks is doo several members of the Baldinsville meetin house who fur 3 whole daes hain't kalled me a sinful skoffer or intreeted me to mend my wicked wase and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns towards the follerin individoouls, to whit namelee—Mis. Square Baxter, who Jenerusly refoozed to take a sent for a bottle of camfire; lawyer Perkinses wife who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes; the Editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who nobly assisted me in wollupin my Kangeroo, which sagashus little cuss seriusly disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screetchins & kickins up; Mis. Hirum Doolittle, who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time, when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittles at my house; & the Peasleys, Parsunses & Watsunses fur there meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

PROSAIC POETRY.

REASON.

SOME one sagely remarks: "The girls think of Hymen, and can't help sighing—when their lovers forsake them, they can't help crying—they sit at the window, and can't help spying—they screw up their corsets, bring on consumption, and can't help dying."

A TALE OF WOE.

I CLASPED her tiny hand in mine; I clasped her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me, the tears did wildly flow; and with her little lips she said—"You stupid! let me go."

A ROMANCE.

THEY meet in the street, and they sigh, passing by. Meet again, and it's plain that they're both nothing loth man and wife to be for life. "Dear," says he, "you love me?" "Yes, I do. Pray, do you love me too?" "Fondly!" "La! ask mamma!" Off he goes, to propose, and receive mother's leave. Ma says "Yes." You may guess with what joys he employs various trades, by whose aids 'tis his wish to furnish for his spouse a fit house. When that's done, they're made one, by a priest; give a feast; set off soon—honeymoon—blisses, kisses, Mister, Missis—what a tale of true love this is!

MARRY FOR LOVE.

OH, marry the man you love, girls, if he is as rich as Crœsus or poor as Job in his fall. Pray do not marry for pelf, girls; 'twill bring your soul to thrall; but marry the man you love, girls, if he be ever so small. Oh, never marry a fop, girls, whether he be little or tall; he'll make a fool of himself and you—he knows nothing well but to drawl. But marry sober men left on the ball, you'll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married at all.

HYMENEAL.

CHARLES to the altar led the lovely Jane, and to her father's house returned again, where to convey them on their wedding tour, already stood a brilliant coach and four. When lo! the gathering showers at once descend, cloud rolls on cloud, and warring winds contend; this moves him not, but in he hands his bride, and seats himself enraptured by her side; when thus to cheer the fair one he begun: "I hope we soon shall have a little sun." But she to whom the weather gave no pain, who heeded not the blast nor pattering rain, but most about her future state bethought her, replied: "My dear, I'd rather have a daughter!"

CUT OUT.

IT is many years since I fell in love with Jane Jerusha Skeggs, the handsomest country girl by far that ever went on legs. By meadow, creek, and wood, and dell, so often we did walk, and the moonlight smiled on her melting lips, and the night winds learned her talk. Jane Jerusha was all to me, for my heart was young and true, and loved with a double and twisted love, and a love that was honest, too. I roamed all over the neighbours' farms, and I robbed the wild-wood bowers, and tore my trousers and scratched my hands in search of choicest flowers. In my joyous love I brought all these to my Jerusha Jane; but I wouldn't be so foolish now if I were a boy again. A city chap then came along, all dressed up in fine clothes, with a shiny hat, and shiny vest, and a moustache under his nose. He talked to her of singing-schools (for her father owned a farm), and she left me, the country love, and took the new chap's arm. And all that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I loved that girl with fervent love that nought could drive away. I strove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain; the city chap with the hairy lip married Jerusha Jane. And my poor heart was sick and sore until the thought struck me, that just as good fish still remained as ever was caught in the sea. So I went me out for a walk one night, and saw a dark brown curl peeping from under a gipsy hat, and I married that very girl. And many years have passed and gone, and I think my loss my gain; and I often bless that hairy chap that stole Jerusha Jane.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

FROM THE "BAB BALLADS," BY W. S. GILBERT.*

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

"And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midship mite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumpin' quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines of me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.'
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*
While I can—and will—cook *you?*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming broth—
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

"And I never grieve, and I never smile,
And I never larf nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

* By permission of the author.

LEGAL CHANGE.

IRISH magistrates make strange blunders: one, censuring some boys for loitering in the streets, asked, "If everybody were to stand in the streets, how could anybody get by?"

IF you go on in that way, sir," said a prisoner in the dock to his counsel, who was defending him with force and fury, and abusing judge and jury in good set terms —"if you go on in that way, sir, they'll hang me. I know they will." "Never mind, my boy," replied the counsel, an Irish gentleman, carried away by his own eloquence — "never mind, my boy; let them hang you, and I'll make them repent it."

A LITTLE lawyer, appearing as a witness in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic barrister what profession he was of; and having replied he was an attorney, "You a lawyer?" said Briefless. "Why, I can put you in my pocket!" "Very likely you may," rejoined the other; "and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head."

A BARRISTER in a court of justice, examining a female witness, said, "Facts are stubborn things." *Witness:* "Yes, sir, and so are women; and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it." *Barrister:* "You'll be committed for contempt." *Witness:* "Very well, I'll suffer justly; for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

MR. TALBOT, one time a senator from Kentucky, possessed a most extraordinary rapidity of utterance. In a case before the Supreme Court his feelings were personally enlisted, and in a speech of four hours' duration, his words flew with impassioned eloquence and startling velocity. At the adjournment of the court, this extraordinary effort became the topic of conversation, and Judge Washington, with great gravity, declared that "a person of moderate wishes could not desire to live longer than the time it would take him to repeat that four hours' speech of Mr. Talbot."

OLD BAILEY WIT.—A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop-door in Holborn, with which he ran away. *Judge (to shoemaker who had pursued and seized the prisoner):* "What did he say when you caught him?" *Witness:* "My lord, he says he took the boots in joke." *Judge:* "And, pray, how far was he off when you caught him?" *Witness:* "About forty yards, please your lordship." *Judge:* "I am afraid this is carrying the joke too far;" and he condemned the prisoner.

IN a cause tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, the plaintiff being a merchant's widow, and the defendants two medical men who had treated her for *delirium tremens*, and put her under restraint as a lunatic, witnesses were called on the part of the plaintiff to prove that she was not addicted to drinking. One of them, a surgeon, of Sunderland, who had been the lady's medical adviser, was asked whether, during the time he attended her, she seemed like a person addicted to excessive drinking? "No," replied the surgeon, "she never presented the appearance even of a person who drank moderately." A laundress, more skilled in linen than in language, was also called to prove the habitual sobriety of the lady; and, being asked by the counsel, "Was she abstemious?" naïvely replied "I never saw her so." The last witness called by the leading counsel on the part of the plaintiff was Dr. ——, who closed his evidence by describing a case of *delirium tremens* treated by him in which the patient recovered in a single night. "It was," said the witness, "a case of gradual drinking, sipping all day, from morning till night." These words were scarcely uttered, than the counsel who had examined the witness, turning to the Bench, said, amid roars of irrepressible laughter, "My lord, this is my case."

SOME idea of the tautology of the legal formulæ may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," he must set forth his "act and deed" thus: "I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of what kind or nature soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

A WELL-KNOWN Western judge, who was so unfortunate as to stutter somewhat, in effecting the settlement of an account with a parsimonious neighbour, found it impossible to take change within three cents. Some days after, while the judge was on the bench, in the midst of a very important case, the avaricious man, whose brains could not rest while the three cents were absent from his pocket, appeared in the court-room, and unceremoniously desired the judge to grant him an interview. The judge arrested the progress of the case, and addressing the counsel, said apologetically, "St-stop, a f-f-few moments, p-p-please, t-t-till I speak to my neighbour P." He therefore descended from the bench, and accompanied P. to a private room, where, as he expected, he received a demand for the delinquent three cents. He paid it, obtained a receipt, and returned to the court-room, convulsing every one present by the following remark:—"Th-they s-say, that at th-the m-moment any one d-d-dies, another is b-b-born, and th-the s-soul of th-the one th-that d-d-dies gog-gog-goes into th-the b-b-body of th-the one that's b-b-born. Now, when n-neighbour P-P-P-P. was b-b-born, non-non-non-nobody died."

BOG OAK.

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; "the only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman, is *to shut his eyes.*"

Cautious Pat.—A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was prepared to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your honour," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I'm going into a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies."

Pat and his Pig.—A rollicking Hibernian of the light division in the Peninsula was once trudging leisurely along the road with a pig in a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by General Craufurd. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial. "Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?" "What pig, gineral?" exclaimed the culprit, turning round to him with an air of the most innocent surprise. "Why, that pig you have got behind you, you villain." "Well then, I vow and protest, gineral," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard, wanting to get me into trouble, has tied that baste to my cartouch-box!"

An Irish horse-dealer sold a fine blood-mare, warranting her sound, wind and limb, and without fault. The purchaser, on her being sent home, found, upon examination, that the sight of one of her eyes was quite gone. Upon this he waited on the dealer, and desired that she might be taken back and the purchase-money returned, reminding the seller that he declared the mare to be without fault. "To be sure, my dear, I did," replied Paddy; "blindness is not the poor creature's fault, but her misfortune."

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally her for the amusement of her company upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie—"why, Bridget, did you do this? You are quite an artist. How did you do it?" "Indade, it was meself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pretty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

Two gentlemen passing a blackberry bush when the fruit was unripe, one said it was ridiculous to call them black berries, when they were red. "Don't you know,' said his friend, "that blackberries are always red when they are green."

An Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveller, he stopped him with—"Your money or your life!" Seeing that Pat was a novice, he said, "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol." "Agreed." Pat received the money, and handed over the pistol. "Now," said the traveller, "hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out." "Blaze away, my hearty," said Pat; "never a dhrop of powther there's in it."

A young Irishman, placed by his friends as a student at the veterinary college, being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise?" After considering for a moment, "By the Powers," said he, "I should advise the owner to sell as soon as possible."

An Irish Exculpation.—"And it is upon the oaths of thim two witnesses yer honour's going to condimn me?" said Pat, to the judge about to pass sentence upon him. "Certainly," said the judge; "their testimony was ample to convince the jury of your guilt." "Och, murther!" exclaimed Pat, "to condimn me on the oath of two spalpeens who swear they saw me take the goods, when I can bring a hundred who will swear they didn't see me do it."

An Irish king-at-arms waited upon the Bishop of Kilaloe to summon him to Parliament. Being dressed, as the ceremony required, in his heraldic attire, the bishop's servant was so mystified with his appearance that, carrying off but a confused notion of his title, he announced him as "the King of Trumps."

An Irishman, in contending for the antiquity of certain families in his native country, urged, as a proof, that from time immemorial a certain constellation had borne the name of O'Ryan (Orion), adding—"Sure, and iverybody knows that it was a prize-fighter he was, and that's how he came by the belt!"

All the charm of the native is in his simplicity; as in the case of the tipsy reveller, who was harshly condemned by Alderman Porter to six months' imprisonment, with the remark that he might pass the time in cursing whiskey. "Bedad, I will," said the poor fellow, "and in cursing Porter too."

Another illustration of Irish simplicity, not wit, is afforded by the reply of a young candidate for the office of teacher. Archbishop Whately was endeavouring to elicit the candidate's idea on the market value of labour, with reference to demand and supply; but, being baffled, the prelate put a question in this simple form: "If there are in your village two shoemakers, with just sufficient employment to enable them to live tolerably, and no more, what would follow if a third shoemaker set up in the same village?" "What would follow, your grace?" said the candidate—"Why, a fight, to be sure!" Which was likely enough, but it was not the reply the prelate looked for.

A FEDERAL FORCE ON THE MARCH.

CONIC SECTION was to make its great strategic movement, my boy, under Captain Bob Shorty; and, led by that fearless warrior, it set out at twilight. Onward tramped the heroes, according to Hardee, for about an hour, and then they reached a queer-looking little house, with a great deal of piazza and a very little ground-floor. With his cap cocked very much over one eye, Captain Bob Shorty knocked at the door, and was answered by a young maiden of about forty-two. "Hast seen any troops pass here of late?" asked Captain Bob Shorty, with much dignity. The Southern maiden, who was a First Family, sniffed indignantly, and says she, "I reckon not, poor hireling Hessian." "Forward—double-quick—march!" says Captain Bob Shorty, with much vehemence; "that 'ere young woman has been eating onions." Onward, right onward through the darkness, went the Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade, eager to engage the rebel foe, and work out the genius of strategy. Half an hour, and another house was reached. In response to the captain's knock a son of chivalry stuck his head out of a window, and says he, "There's nobody at home." "Peace, ignoramus!" says Captain Bob Shorty, majestically; "the United States of America wishes to know if you have seen any troops go by to-night." "Yes," says the chivalry, "my sister saw a company go by just now, I reckon." "Forward—double-quick—march!" says Captain Bob Shorty; "we can catch the Confederacy alive if we're quick enough." And now, my boy, the march was resumed with new vigour, for it was certain that the enemy was right in front, and might be strategically annihilated. A long time passed, however, without the discovery of a soul, and it was after midnight when the next house was gained. A small black contraband came to the door, and says he, "By gorry, mars'r sogerum, what you hab?" Tell me, young Christy's minstrel," says Captain Bob Shorty, "have any troops passed here to-night?" The contraband turned a somersault, and says he, "Mars'r and missis hab seen two companies dis berry night." "Forward—double-quick—march!" says Captain Bob Shorty. "Two companies is rather heavy for this here band of Spartans, but it is sweet to die for one's country." The march went on, my boy, until we got to the next house, where the inmates refused to appear, but shouted that they had seen three companies go past. At this Captain Bob Shorty was heard to scratch his head in the darkness, and says he, "This here strategy is a good thing at decent odds; but when it's three to one, it's more respectable to have all quiet on the Potomac. Halt, fellow victims, and let us wait." The orb of light was calmly stealing up the east, my boy, when Captain Bob Shorty sprang from his blanket, and observed the house before which the Conic Section was encamped with protruding eyes. "By all that's blue," says Captain Bob Shorty, "if that ain't the werry identical house where we saw the vinegar maiden last night!" And so it was, my boy. The Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade had been going round and round on a private race-course all night, stopping four times at the same judge's stand, and going after their own tails, like so many humorous cats. Strategy, my boy, is a profound science, and don't cost more than two millions a day, while the money lasts.

HUMOURS OF PARTNERSHIPS.

FROM the English directories may be culled some amusing facts with reference to the junction of names in partnerships—as, for example, Bowyer and Fletcher; Carpenter and Wood; Spinage and Lamb; Sage and Gosling; Rumfit and Cutwell, tailors; Pipe and Tabor; Greengoose and Measure, another firm of tailors; Single and Double; Foot and Stocking, hosiers; and Wright—late Read and Wright. Adam and Eve were for some time surgeons in partnership, in Paradise Row, London. In Holborn, Byers and Sellers live in pleasant proximity on opposite sides of the street.

Sometimes the occupations of persons harmonise admirably with their surnames—a fact particularly apparent in the case of London innkeepers. Gin and Ginman are innkeepers; so is Alehouse; Seaman is the landlord of the Ship Hotel, and A. King holds the Crown and Sceptre resort in the City Road. Portwine and Negus are licensed victuallers, one in Westminster, the other in Bishopsgate Street. Corker is a potboy, whose name affords a hopeful omen of his one day rising to the rank of a butler. Mixwell's country inn is a well-known resort.

Again, Pegwell is a shoemaker; so are Fitall and Treadaway, likewise Punch—the latter rather unpromisingly so; another, Tugwell, is a noted dentist, so is Gunn—though he uses none but the ordinary arms in his practice; Bird, an egg merchant; Hemp, a sheriff's officer; Captain Isaac Paddle commands a steamboat; Mr. Punt is a favourite member of the Surrey Wherry Club; Laidman was formerly a noted pugilist; and Smooker, or Smoker, a lime-burner.

MOUNTAIN DEW.

DREADFUL event this, sir, which has happened," said an individual to ———, one of the high functionaries of a certain royal burgh. "Bless me! what is it?" "Why, your neighbour ——— has committed suicide." "Wha on?" anxiously inquired the baillie.

AT the time when Lord Liverpool's retirement from public life occasioned so many revolutions in the Cabinet, a girl at Perth one day expressed great surprise at what she heard regarding the king's dissatisfaction with his ministers. "Dear me!" said she, "canna he just gang to another kirk?"

AN old woman of the name of Gordon, in the north of Scotland, was listening to the account given in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her by a little female grandchild. When the girl came to tell of the thousand camels, which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock, "Eh, lassie," cried the old woman, "a thousand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells (*pronounced Cammils*) are an auld clan, sure eneuch; but look an ye dinna see the Gordons too."

RETURNING from a very invigorating bath at the North Euston Hotel, Fleetwood, a person entered into friendly chat with a native of the "Land o' Cakes," who, along with his wife, was inhaling the pure breeze upon the pier. The subject turned upon the baths, which the Englishman much extolled, and in his exuberance observed that it was worth any one's while to give a shilling to see them, they were so beautifully fitted up. With that characteristic keenness for saving which so much distinguishes his countrymen, the Scotchman asked, "How muckle de ye pay for a bath?" "Sixpence," was the reply. "Man," said he, "ye wad save a saxpence by bathing."

AS a Scotch divine was seated one day on the parapet of the old Stirling Bridge, two young officers from the Castle made up to him. Having resolved to enjoy a joke at his expense, one of them addressed him: "Your occupation's gone, sir. Have you heard the song—

"'Some say the deil's dead,
And buried in Kirkcaldy?'"

"In case it's true," was the response, "let's pray for twa puir fatherless bairns."

THE late Mr. Douglas of Cavers, in Roxburghshire, one day walked into Cavers Churchyard, where he saw a stonemason busily engaged in carving an angel upon a gravestone. Observing that the man was adorning the heavenly spirit, according to the custom of the age, with a grand flowing periwig, Mr. Douglas exclaimed to him, "In the name of wonder, who ever saw an angel with a wig?" "And, in the name of wonder," answered the sculptor, "wha ever saw an angel without ane?"

MANY were the rencontres between Will Speir and the Earl of Eglinton, who condescended to familiarity with him, and in return allowed the same latitude of expression to the wayward Will. The vagrant one day made a demand on his lordship for a bottle of ale. "'Deed, Will, gin ye kent it," replied the earl, "I have not a farthing in my pocket just now; but just gang in there, to Leezie Paterson's, and I'll tell her to gi'e ye't, and I'll return in a few minutes and help you to drink it." The earl, faithful to his promise, returned in a short time, and taking a seat opposite to Will, "Ye may be a proud man this day, Will," said his lordship. "An' for what?" queried the wit. "Sitting drinking wi' an earl." "Hech, hech, man! great cause to be proud, sitting aside an earl that hasna a bodle in his pouch to bless himsel' wi'."

AN old Jacobite gentleman of Aberdeenshire was once reading Gilbert Burnet's "Memoirs of his Own Times," which had just got into his hands for the first time. This was more than a century ago, and soon after the book had come out. He had not read much when he found matter to displease him, and at one passage he pointed his finger emphatically down upon the book, and, with an expressive bend of the person, exclaimed, "That's a lee, Gibbie!" On he read, and presently coming to another passage of the same kind, burst out with, "Ah, Gibbie, there's another!" On he still read, till coming to one much worse than the two former, he cried, with still higher emphasis, "Weel, Gibbie, tha's the worst of a'!" By-and-by he alighted upon a passage of a nature infinitely more heinous than any of the rest, when, altogether losing patience, he cried out, "Now, Gibbie, ye *ken* ye're leein' there; I'll read nae mair o' ye;" and he shut the book.

THE following is an amusing instance of the tenacity with which the Highlanders hold to the honours and antiquity of their kindred:—A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon the never-ending subject. M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more Biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan M'Lean was before the Flood. "Flood! what flood?" said M'Lean. "The flood that you know drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood," said M'Lean, "my clan was afore ta flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark." "Noah's ark," retorted M'Lean in contempt, "who ever heard of a M'Lean that had not a boat of his own?"

SAYINGS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

EBSTER struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers.

SYDNEY SMITH, passing through a by-street behind Saint Paul's, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

SYDNEY SMITH speaks of a man so dry, that if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, sawdust would come out.

IF you masthead a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weathercock a parishioner for refusing to pay tithes?

A CERTAIN authoress interdicts cards and assemblies. No cards, because cards are employed in gaming; no assemblies, because many dissipated persons pass their lives in assemblies. Carry this but a little further, and we must say, no wine, because of drunkenness; no meat, because of gluttony; no use, that there may be no abuse!

A NARROW-MINDED person has not a thought beyond the little sphere of his own vision. "The snail," say the Hindoos, "sees nothing but his own shell, and thinks it the grandest place in the universe."

PULPIT discourses have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading—a practice of itself sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation, and fervour of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text; reading the tropes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardour of his mind; and so affected at a preconcerted line and page, that he is unable to proceed any further?

THERE is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them.

There is the *high official*—the body erect, and a rapid short shake, near the chin.

There is the *mortmain*—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity.

The *digital*—one finger held out—much used by the high clergy.

There is the *shakus rusticus*—when your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the metropolis; but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken.

The next to this is the *retentive shake*—one which, beginning with vigour, pauses as it were to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you.

ON examining some new flowers in the garden, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed—"Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

MARRIAGE resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

OF Thomas Babington Macaulay, Sydney said: "There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; *he is like a book in breeches.*"

TAXES upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride; at bed and board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon which has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

THE Dean of —— deserves to be preached to death by wild curates.

HARROGATE is the most heaven-forgotten country under the sun. When I saw it there were only nine mangy fir-trees there; and even they all leaned away from it.

My living in Yorkshire was so far out of the way, that it was actually twelve miles from a lemon.

Cornelius O'Dowd says that when a friend of his once met Sydney Smith at Brighton, where he had gone to reduce himself, by the use of certain baths in vogue in those days, he was struck by the decrease of Sydney's size, and said, "You are certainly thinner than when I saw you last." "Yes," said he, "I have only been ten days here, but they have scraped enough off me already to make a curate."

He once said, "I remember entering a room with glass all round it at the French embassy, and saw myself reflected on every side. I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted of course."

A lady complaining that she could not sleep, he said, "I can furnish you with a perfect soporific. I have published two volumes of sermons: take them up to bed with you. I recommended them once to Blanco White, and before he got to the third page he was fast asleep!"

Don't you know, as the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen?

The missionaries complain of intolerance. A weasel might as well complain of intolerance when he is throttled for sucking eggs.

Railroad travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching fingers of her conjugating and declining grammar boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the North, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of a hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished.

I used to think a fall from a horse dangerous, but much experience has convinced me to the contrary. I have had six falls in two years, and just behaved like the Three per Cents. when they fall—I got up again, and am not a bit the worse for it, any more than the stock in question.

A LETTER.

EAR Doktor Hirsute:—I reseaved a tin cup ov yure "Hair-purswader," also a bottle ov yure "Bitters," bi express, for which I express my thanks. The greenbak, which yu enklozed, waz the kind ov purswader that we ov the press fully understand. Yur hair greese shall hav a reglar gimnastik puff, jist az soon az i kan find a sparetime. I tried a little ov it on an old counter brush in my offis, this morning, and in 15 minnitts the brussells grew az long az a hosses tale, and i notis this afternoon, the hair begins tew cum up thru, on bak ov the brush; 'tis really wonderful! 'tis almoste Eureka! I rubbed a drop or two on the head ov my cane, which haz bin bald for more than 5 years, and if I don't hav to shave the cane handle, evry day, before I can walk out with it. I hav a verry favrite cat, she iz one ov the Hambletonian breed ov cats, and altho she iz young, and haint bin trained yet, she shows great signs ov speed. I thought I would just rub the corck ov the bottle on the floor, in the corner ov the room whare the cat generally repozes. The consequents waz, sum ov the "purswader" got onto the hair ov the cat's tale. When the cat aroze from her slumbers she caught sight ov her tale, which had growed tew an exalted size; taking one more look at the tale, she started, and sich running; across the yard! over the fence! up wun side ov an apple tree! and down the other! out in the fields, away! away! The laste i saw ov the cat, she waz pretty mutch awl tale. I wouldn't hav took 10 dollars for the cat, with her old tale on her.

In a fu daze, i shall find a sparetime, and then i shall write up for our paper sumthing pyroteknik, which will make the hair grow on the head ov a number 2 mackrel to read it.

Dear Doktor, the fact iz, "sum men are born grate, sum men git grate after they are born, and sum men hav grateness hove upon them." Doctor, you are awl 3 ov these men in one. It waz a happee thought in you, tew call your Bitters a "vegatabel tonicks," although old rye aint one ov the vegatabels, whiskee iz one ov the tonicks. The peopel must hev tonicks, and the more vegatabels you kan git into the gratest amount ov whiskee, the more the peopel will luv you. Thare is nothing the Christian world long for so mutch, just now, as a vegatabel bitter. Sassyfrass is good for a lonesum stummuk, pokeroot is an alteratiff, and Elderberry was known to the anshients, but what! oh tell me what! yee whispring winds, what! are awl these without whiskee? At laste, we hav got a bitter that will tonick a man up. Nothing sinze the good old daze ov Jamaka Rum, and sider Brandee, haz sent sich a thrill ov joy thru the wurld, az "Hirsute's Bitters," sold respektably bi awl druggists, far and near.

Go on, Doctur, manufaktring and selling, let the cod liver men howl out in envy, let pills rant, and plasters rave, you hav got what the wurld wants, and will have, and that iz, an erb bitter, with a broad whiskee basis.

THE TALE OF THE ENGLISH SAILOR.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

"I HAVE an infidel in the courtyard," replied Mustapha, "who telleth of strange things. He hath been caught like a wild beast; it is a Frank Galiongi, who hath travelled as far as that son of Shitan, Huckaback; he was found in the streets, overpowered by the forbidden juice, after having beaten many of your highness's subjects; and the cadi would have administered the bamboo, but he was as a lion, and he scattered the slaves as chaff, until he fell, and could not rise again. I have taken him from the cadi, and brought him here. He speaketh but the Frankish tongue, but the sun who shineth on me knoweth I have been in the Frank country, and Inshallah! please the Lord, I can interpret his meaning."

"What sort of a man may he be, Mustapha?"

"He is a baj baj—a stout man; he is an anhunkher, a swallower of iron. He hath sailed in the war-vessels of the Franks. He holdeth in one hand a bottle of the forbidden liquor, in the other he shakes at those who would examine him a thick stick. He hath a large handful of the precious weed which we use for our pipes in one of his cheeks, and his hair is hanging behind down to his waist, in a rolled-up mass, as thick as the arm of your slave."

"It is well—we will admit him; but let there be armed men at hand. Let me have a full pipe. God is great," continued the pacha, holding out his glass to be filled; "and the bottle is nearly empty. Place the guards, and bring in the infidel."

The guards in a few minutes brought into the presence of the pacha a stout-built English sailor, in the usual dress, and with a tail which hung down behind, below his waist. The sailor did not appear to like his treatment, and every now and then, as they pushed and dragged him in, turned to one side or the other, looking daggers at those who conducted him. He was sober, although his eyes bore testimony to recent intoxication; and his face, which was manly and handsome, was much disfigured by an enormous quid of tobacco in his right cheek, which gave him an appearance of natural deformity. As soon as he was near enough to the pacha the attendants let him go. Jack shook his jacket, hitched up his trousers, and said, looking furiously at them, "Well, you beggars, have you done with me at last?"

Mustapha addressed the sailor in English, telling him that he was in the presence of his highness the pacha.

"What, that old chap muffled up in shawls and furs—is he the pacha? Well, I don't think much o' he;" and the sailor turned his eyes round the room, gaping with astonishment, and perfectly unmindful how very near he was to one who could cut off his head or his tail by a single movement of his hand.

"What sayeth the Frank, Mustapha?" inquired the pacha.

"He is struck dumb with astonishment at the splendour of your majesty, and all that he beholds."

"It is well said, by Allah!"

"I suppose I may just as well come to an anchor," said the sailor, suiting the action to the word, and dropping down on the mats. "There," continued he, folding his legs in imitation of the Turks, "as it's the fashion to have a cross in your hawse in this here country, I can be a bit of a lubber as well as yourselves; I wouldn't mind if I blew a cloud as well as you, old fusty-musty."

"What does the Giaour say? What son of a dog is this, to sit in our presence?" exclaimed the pacha.

"He saith," replied Mustapha, "that in his country no one dare stand in the presence of the Frankish king; and, overcome by his humility, his legs refuse their office, and he sinks to the dust before you. It is even as he sayeth, for I have travelled in their country, and such is the custom of that uncivilised nation. Mashallah! but he lives in awe and trembling."

"By the beard of the prophet, he does not appear to show it outwardly," replied the pacha; "but that may be the custom also."

"Be chesm, on my eyes be it," replied Mustapha, "it is even so. Frank," said Mustapha, "the pacha has sent for you that he may hear an account of all the wonderful things which you have seen. You must tell lies, and you will have gold."

"Tell lies! that is, to spin a yarn; well, I can do that, but my mouth's baked with thirst, and without a drop of something no yarn from me, and so you may tell the old billy-goat perched up there."

"What sayeth the son of Shitan?" demanded the pacha, impatiently.

"The unbeliever declareth that his tongue is glued to his mouth from the terror of your highness's presence. He fainteth after water to restore him, and enable him to speak."

"Let him be fed," rejoined the pacha.

But Mustapha had heard enough to know that the sailor would not be content with the pure element. He therefore continued, "Your slave must tell you that in the country of the Franks they drink nothing but the fire-water, in which the true believers but occasionally venture to indulge."

"Allah acbar! nothing but fire-water? What, then, do they do with common water?"

"They have none but from heaven—the rivers are all of the same strength."

* From "The Pacha of Many Tales." By kind permission of Messrs. Routledge and Sons.

"Mashallah, how wonderful is God! I would we had a river here. Let some be procured, then, for I wish to hear his story."

A bottle of brandy was sent for, and handed to the sailor, who put it to his mouth, and the quantity he took of it before he removed the bottle to recover his breath, fully convinced the pacha that Mustapha's assertions were true.

"Come, that's not so bad," said the sailor, putting the bottle down between his legs; "and now I'll be as good as my word, and I'll spin old Billy a yarn as long as the maintop-bowling."

"What sayeth the Giaour?" interrupted the pacha.

"That he is about to lay at your highness's feet the wonderful events of his life, and trusts that his face will be whitened before he quits your sublime presence. Frank, you may proceed."

"To lie till I'm black in the face—well, since you wish it; but, old chap, my name ar'n't Frank. It happens to be Bill; howsomever, it warn't a bad guess for a Turk.

* * * * * *

"I was born at Shields, and bred to the sea, served my time out of that port, and got a berth on board a small vessel fitted out from Liverpool for the slave trade. We made the coast, unstowed our beads, spirits, and gunpowder, and very soon had a cargo on board; but the day after we sailed for the Havannah, the dysentery broke out among the niggers—no wonder, seeing how they were stowed, poor devils, head and tail, like pilchards in a cask. We opened the hatches and brought part of them on deck, but it was no use, they died like rotten sheep, and we tossed overboard about thirty a day. Many others, who were alive, jumped overboard, and we were followed by a shoal of sharks, splashing and darting, and diving, and tearing the bodies, yet warm, and revelling in the hot and bloody water. At last they were all gone, and we turned back to the coast to get a fresh supply. We were within a day's sail of the land, when we saw two boats on our weather bow; they made signals to us, and we found them to be full of men: we hove-to, and took them on board, and then it was that we discovered that they had belonged to a French schooner, in the same trade, which had started a plank, and had gone down like a shot, with all the niggers in the hold.

"Now give the old gentleman the small change of that, while I just whet my whistle."

Mustapha having interpreted, and the sailor having taken a swig at the bottle, he proceeded.

"We didn't much like having these French beggars on board, and it wasn't without reason, for they were as many as we were. The very first night they were overheard by a negro who belonged to us, and had learnt French, making a plan for overpowering us, and taking possession of the vessel; so when we heard that, their doom was sealed. We mustered ourselves on deck, put the hatches over some o' the French, seized those on deck, and—in half an hour, they all walked the plank."

"I do not understand what you mean," said Mustapha.

"That's 'cause you're a lubber of a landsman. The long and short of walking a plank is just this. We passed a wide plank over the gunnel, greasing it well at the outer end, led the Frenchmen up to it blindfolded, and wished them 'bon voyage' in their own lingo, just out of politeness. They walked on till they toppled into the sea, and the sharks didn't refuse them, though they prefer a nigger to anything else."

"What does he say, Mustapha?" interrupted the pacha. Mustapha interpreted.

"Good! I should like to have seen that," replied the pacha.

"Well, as soon as we were rid of the Frenchmen, we made our port, and soon had another cargo on board, and, after a good run, got safe to the Havannah, where we sold our slaves; but I didn't much like the service, so I cut the schooner, and sailed home in summer, and got safe back to England. There I fell in with Betsy, and, as she proved a regular out-and-outer, I spliced her, and a famous wedding we had of it, as long as the rhino lasted; but that wasn't long, more's the pity; so I went to sea for more. When I came back after my trip I found that Bet hadn't behaved quite so well as she might have done, so I cut my stick, and went away from her altogether."

"Why didn't you put her in a sack?" inquired the pacha, when Mustapha explained.

"Put her head in a bag—no; she wasn't so ugly as all that," replied the sailor. "Howsomever, to coil away: "I joined a privateer brig, and after three cruises I had plenty of money, and determined to have another spell on shore, that I might get rid of it. Then I picked up Sue, and spliced again; but, Lord bless your heart, she turned out a regular-built Tartar—nothing but fight, fight, scratch, scratch, all day long, till I wished her at old Scratch. I was tired of her, and Sue had taken a fancy to another chap; so says she one day, 'As we both be of the same mind, why don't you sell me, and then we may part in a respectable manner.' I agrees, and I puts a halter round her neck, and leads her to the market-place, the chap following to buy her. 'Who bids for this woman?' says I.

"'I do,' says he.

"'What will you give?'

"'Half-a-crown,' says he.

"'Will you throw a glass of grog into the bargain?'

"'Yes,' says he.

"'Then she's yours; and I wish you much joy of your bargain.' So I hands the rope to him, and he leads her off."

"How much do you say he sold his wife for?" said the pacha to Mustapha, when this part of the story was repeated to him.

"A piastre and a drink of the fire-water," replied the vizier.

"Ask him if she was handsome," said the pacha.

"Handsome!" replied the sailor to Mustapha's inquiry; "yes, she was as pretty a craft to look at as you may set your eyes upon."

* * * * * *

"Mashallah! all for a piastre. Ask him, Mustapha, if there are more wives to be sold in that country?"

"More!" replied the sailor, in answer to Mus-

tapha; "you may have a shipful in an hour. There's many a fellow in England who would give a handful of coin to get rid of his wife."

"We will make further inquiry, Mustapha; it must be looked to. Say I not well?"

"It is well said," replied Mustapha. "My heart is burnt as roast meat at the recollection of the women of that country, who are indeed, as he described, houris to the sight. Proceed, Yaha Bibby, my friend, and tell his——"

"Yaw Bibby! I told you my name was Bill, not Bibby; and I never yaws from my course, although I heaves-to sometimes, as I do now, to take in provisions." The sailor took another swig, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and continued—"Now for a good lie.

"I sailed in a brig for the Brazils, and a gale came on, that I never see'd the like of. We were obliged to have three men stationed to hold the captain's hair on his head, and a little boy was blown over the moon, and slid down by two or three of her beams, till he caught the mainstay, and never hurt himself."

"Good!" said Mustapha, who interpreted.

"By the beard of the Prophet, wonderful!" exclaimed the pacha.

"Well, the gale lasted for a week, and at last one night, when I was at the helm, we dashed on the rocks of a desolate island. I was pitched right over the mountains, and fell into the sea on the other side of the island. I swam on shore, and got into a cave, where I fell fast asleep. The next morning I found that there was nothing to eat except rats, and they were plentiful; but they were so quick that I could not catch them. I walked about and at last discovered a great many rats together; they were at a spring of water, the only one, as I afterwards found, on the island. Rats can't do without water, and I thought I should have them there. I filled up the spring, all but a hole, which I sat on the top of. When the rats came again I filled my mouth with water, and held it wide open; they ran up to drink and I caught their heads in my teeth, and thus I took as many as I wished."

"Aferin, excellent!" cried the pacha, as soon as this was explained.

"Well, at last a vessel took me off, and I wasn't sorry for it, for raw rats are not very good eating. I went home again, and I hadn't been on shore more than two hours, when who should I see but my first wife Bet, with a robin-redbreast in tow. 'That's he,' says she. I gave fight, but was nabbed and put into limbo, to be tried for what they call *biggery*, or having a wife too much."

"How does he mean? Desire him to explain," said the pacha, after Mustapha had conveyed the intelligence. Mustapha obeyed.

"In our country one wife is considered a man's allowance; and he is not to take more, that every Jack may have his Jill. I had spliced two, so they tried me, and sent me to Botany Bay for life."

* * * * * *

"Well," rejoined the pacha, "what are they but infidels? They deserve to have no more. Houris are for the faithful. May their fathers' graves be defiled. Let the Giaour proceed."

"Well, I was started for the other side of the water, and got there safe enough, as I hope one day to get to heaven, wind and weather permitting; but I had no idea of working without pay, so one fine morning I slipped away into the woods, where I remained with three or four more for six months. We lived upon kangaroos, and another odd little animal, and got on pretty well."

"What may the dish of kangaroos be composed of?" inquired Mustapha, in obedience to the pacha.

"'Posed of! why, a dish of kangaroos be made of kangaroos, to be sure. But I'll be dished if I talk about anything but the animal, which we had some trouble to kill; for it stands on its big tail, and fights with all four feet. Moreover, it be otherwise a strange beast; for its young ones pop out of its stomach and then pop in again, having a place there on purpose, just like the great hole in the bow of a timber ship: and as for the other little animal, it swims in the ponds, lays eggs, and has a duck's bill, yet still it be covered all over with hair like a beast."

The vizier interpreted. "By the Prophet, but he laughs at our beards!" exclaimed the pacha, angrily. "These are foolish lies."

"You must not tell the pacha such foolish lies. He will be angry," said Mustapha. "Tell lies, but they must be good lies."

* * * * * *

"After I had been there about six months I was tired, and as there was only twenty thousand miles between that country and my own, I determined to swim back."

"Mashallah! swim back!—how many thousand miles?" exclaimed Mustapha.

"Only twenty thousand—a mere nothing.

"So one fine morning I throws a young kangaroo on my shoulder, and off I starts. I swam for three months, night and day, and then feeling a little tired, I laid-to on my back, and then I set off again; but by this time I was so covered with barnacles, that I made but little way. So I stopped at Ascension, scraped and cleaned myself, and then, after feeding for a week on turtle, just to keep the scurvy out of my bones, I set off again; and, as I passed the Gut, I thought I might just as well put in here; and here I arrived, sure enough, yesterday, about three bells in the morning watch, after a voyage of five months and three days."

When Mustapha translated all this to the pacha, the latter was lost in astonishment. "Allah acbar! God is everywhere! Did you ever hear of such a swimmer? Twenty thousand miles—five months and three days. It is a wonderful story! Let his mouth be filled with gold."

Mustapha intimated to the sailor the unexpected compliment about to be conferred on him, just as he had finished the bottle, and rolled it away on one side. "Well, that be a rum way of paying a man. I have heard it said that a fellow *pursed* up his mouth; but I never afore heard of a mouth being a *purse*. Howsomever, all's one for that; only, d'ye see, if you are about to stow it away in bulk, it may be just as well to get rid of the dunnage." The sailor put his thumb and forefinger into his cheek, and pulled out the enormous quid of tobacco. "There now, I'm ready, and don't be afraid of choking me." One of the attendants then thrust several pieces of gold into the sailor's

mouth, who, spitting them all out into his hat, jumped on his legs and made a jerk of his head, with a kick of the leg behind, to the pacha; and, declaring that he was the funniest old beggar he had ever fallen in with, nodded to Mustapha, and hastened out of the divan.

"Mashallah! but he swims well," said the pacha, breaking up the audience.

FINE BROWN STOUT.

BREWER in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down.
The hosts of the surrounding station
Carved its great name upon their mugs,
And painted it on every shutter;
And tho' some envious folks would utter
Hints that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintained 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow,
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brewed,
Till he was stupefied and mellow.
One day, in his top-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid
(Just then with boiling beer supplied),
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reeled, fell in, and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey,

In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat black was now brown stout,
They settled that the rogue had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
Meanwhile, the beer was, day by day,
Drawn into casks and sent away,
Until the lees flowed thick and thicker;
When, lo! outstretched upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done, in liquor.

* * * * *

Next morn a publican, whose tap
Had helped to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply—
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpassed,
Possessing a much richer gusto
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging as a special favour
Some more of the exact same flavour.

"Zounds!" said the brewer, "that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask;
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a black
And boil him down at every brewing?"

"TAKE THE DRY ONE."

CHARLES DICKENS told an American story of a young lady who, being intensely loved by five young men, was advised to "jump overboard, and marry the man who jumped in after her." Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head-foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and four lovers were out again, she says to the captain, "What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" —"Take the *dry one*." And the young lady did, and married him without any further consideration.

FRUITY.

A CELEBRATED comedian once arranged with his greengrocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the greengrocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great warmth, called upon the greengrocer, and, labouring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said, "I say, here's a pretty *mul*, Berry; you have sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it is *due*, Berry. Your father, the *elder* Berry, would not have been such a *goose*, Berry; but you need not look *black*, Berry, for I don't care a *straw*, Berry, and I shant pay you till *Christmas*, Berry."

FROM THE WEST.

AN ABSTRACTED GENT.

"OLD BUMBLEBEE" was the cognomen of Mr. Thoms, of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee, one day, as he was shingling his barn, and, in attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the old fellow, on the same barn. In one of his abstractions, he shingled over his spare hatchet; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set in a wooden pane, as being economical, and not likely to be broken. Uncle Thoms, in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call for help to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on the gate instead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets, with his hands about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.

SHARP.

A GENTLEMAN from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due to him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case; but added that, if it was collectable at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would "worry it out" of the man.

Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wall, square," said he, "'taint much use o' tryin', I guess. I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill monument as to c'lect a debt out of him. But any how, square, what'll you give sposin' I do try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half, if you'll collect it."

"'Greed," replied the collector; "there's no harm in tryin', any way."

Some weeks after the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and in walking Tremont Street encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look here," said he, "square, I had considerable luck with that bill o' your'n. You see I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so 'twan't no use—not a bit. If he was home, he was short; if he wasn't home, I couldn't get no satisfaction. By-and-by, says I, after goin' sixteen times, 'I'll fix you!' says I. So I sat down upon the door-step, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I begun airly next day; but about ten o'clock he gin in. He paid me *my* half, and I gin him up the note."

"NONSENSE."

SOME years ago, when there were slaves in Massachusetts, and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town in Essex county, whom we may call Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favourite servant, by the name of Cuffee.

As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased as anybody else in the house; and he probably entertained a high respect for himself. Cuffee, on the Sabbath, might have been seen in the minister's pew, looking round with a grand air, and, so far as appearance indicated, profiting quite as much by his master's preaching as many others about him.

Cuffee noticed one Sunday morning that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon, and he determined to do the same thing; so, in the afternoon, he brought a sheet of paper, and pen and ink.

The minister, happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity as he saw his negro "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching the paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes, however, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little, about the wonderment of his master.

When the minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting, this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"*You* taking notes!" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said Mr. Cogswell.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper; and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen of spiders, dipped in ink, had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, massa," Cuffee replied, "I tought so all de time you was preaching!"

A COOL FIDDLER.

A SOUTHERN paper relates a story of the snagging of a steamboat, with the owner on board, who was very fond of playing on the violin. The captain, pilot, and engineer were in the cabin playing cards one day, when her bow struck a snag, with a force that knocked a hole in her as big as a hogshead. The shock upset the faro bank and those who were gathered around it, and caused a general confusion and consternation among all except the owner, who, having righted his chair, recommenced his tune where he left off, and went on as though nothing had happened.

"She's a sinking!" shouted an Arkansas man, dressed in a hickory dark coat, who was making his way out of the cabin with a pair of saddle-bags on his arms. "Tomahawk me if she aint sinking, sure!"

The owner heard it, but fiddled away as unconcerned as Nero at the burning of Rome.

"Three feet in the hold! Run the *Buzzard* ashore, if you can!" shouted the captain.

The startling words reached the ear of the owner, but he continued to saw away.

The passengers ran to him and bawled out—

"Do you know the boat is snagged?"

"I suspected something of the kind," coolly answered the owner, as he laid his left ear to the violin, *à la* Ole Bull, and appeared perfectly enchanted with his own strains.

"She'll be lost in five minutes!" continued the passengers.

"She's been a losing concern these five years," replied the owner, as he drew most excruciating tones from his fiddle.

"I can feel her settle," said a passenger.

"I wish she would settle with me for what I have lost by her, before she goes down," was the owner's reply, as his right hand moved backward over the fiddle.

"But why don't you speak to the captain, and give him orders what to do in the emergency?" asked one of the passengers.

"Interfering with the officers of a boat is a very delicate matter," meekly and quietly remarked the owner, as he still sawed away.

The boat careened over, and the next moment the cabin was half full of water.

The *Buzzard*, together with her cargo and machinery, proved a total loss. The officers, crew, and passengers saved themselves by means of a yawl; and the owner swam ashore with his fiddle under his right arm and the bow in his mouth. No insurance.

JOHN BOLIVAR'S VISIT TO A PHRENOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

It's a free institution—filled with "dead heads." Professor wished to feel of my head. Told me to uncover. I told him to feel of it with my hat on. The hat was felt. I then took it off. He examined my wig. . . . . He dwelt a long time on a bump caused by the sidewalk falling against it while I was taking my room-mate home from a primary election. (Room-mate was *very* drunk on that occasion. He thought he was taking *me* home. I had an awful headache next morning. I felt dragged out.) Professor said large bump denoted great inquisitiveness. Said I had a searching mind. Told me to search if I had a quarter in my pocket. Called that experimental phrenology. Professor—after I had mentioned my name—conducted me around the Museum. Showed me all the heads. Some were plaster casts. Said they cast lots. Told him I was opposed to gambling. (He looked bewildered.) Showed me skull of Mulligan. Mulligan was an acrobat. Made his last appearance on a tight rope at the City Prison for the benefit of the public. Broke his neck in the performance. Next, showed me skulls of men killed in wars. Professor observed as a curious fact that those slain in battle were generally aged—having balled heads. In the next row was the skull of a boatman; it was not for sail. It looked oardinary. Poor fellow!—he has run his race. We next paid our attention to the females. They were seemingly old maids—being laid on the shelf, in tiers. I couldn't tell them from the heads of the males. Professor said they had a little more jaw. He did not speak of their sighs. As I was about departing I noticed a curious-shaped skull. I took it up, exclaiming, "How wonderfully are we made!" "Put that down," said the Professor, "it belongs to me." It was marked "Baboon."

A GEOGRAPHICAL EXAMINATION.

"Now then," shouted the red-headed schoolmaster, "the first class in mental geography will group themselves together. Toe the crack—heads up like new yeast, and don't talk through your noses. What is geography?"

"Don't know."

"That's right, Sonny—never tell a lie. What is the surface of the earth?"

"Outside."

"Bully for you, sweet William! Which predominates—that is, which is the largest part—land or water?"

"In the rainy season, water; in times of drought, land."

"What is the big water called?"

"Old Ocean."

"Whom does it benefit?"

"The secretary of the navy, and his relatives in the ship trade."

"How so?"

"They sell rotten ships to the Government for ten times their worth."

"What is a peculiar characteristic of the ocean?"

"It's different from Congress."

"How so, my red-topped student?"

"It never becomes corrupt."

"Very well for an orphan. You may go and kiss the girls, and emulate the ocean. What is a channel?"

"The place a fellow oils up with whiskey just before he makes a political speech."

"Correct; glad to see you in such spirits. What is a cape?"

"A fur thing worn by ladies."

"Observing youth, thou hast won a capable name. What is a cave?"

"The last election in New York."

"Bright-eyed gazelle, I see, but you see more! I'll take half your pie to-day at noon. What are the principal productions of the temperate zones?"

"Ten-pin alleys, the Maine law, and confirmed drunkards."

"Who is the governor of a State?"

"The man who furnishes the most money for the election, or the clerk who has the handsomest wife."

"Steady there! What kind of currency is used in the United States?"

"Pill labels, fine-comb teeth, water-melon seeds, pieces of egg-shells, old buttons, nail-parings, 'bus tickets, knot-holes, and postage stamps."

"What is a volcano?"

"A mountain with a fireplace in it."

"What is a plain?"

"A thing used by the carpenters."

"What kind of cloth is mostly worn by the people of Green Bay?"

"Green baize."

"Here, Gustavus, none of that. First class may emerge hence, if it will keep off the ice."

The class leave the schoolhouse with a yell.

A SUIT OF SABLES.

A BUTCHER, who was afflicted with that obliquity of vision known as strabismus, was about slaughtering a bullock, and he employed a little negro to stand by the bull's neck, grasp his horns, and hold his head steady, so that he (the butcher) would have a certainty of knocking him down. As the butcher poised his axe in the air, he seemed to be looking directly at the negro instead of at the bullock. "Look here, look here, bossy," exclaimed the darkey, with a great deal of nervous trepidation, "is you gwine to strike whar you is lookin'?" "Of course I am, you black scoundrel," was the reply. "Den you git somebody else to hold de bullock," ejaculated the negro; "you isn't gwine to knock dis chile's brains out."

A GENTLEMAN in New Orleans was agreeably surprised the other day to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights, so dis morning I seize him for de rent of de fence."

AN Alabama slave-preacher, named "Old Scarecrow," says: "When I can't 'swade 'em, I frittens 'em—dat is great art, and white preacher don't always understand de nature ob coloured folks. Now, Pompey, dere is one natur of nigger and one natur of Massa Buckra. You can't scare our people by telling 'em dey'll go to berry hot place if dey is sinners, for no place is too hot for dem dat sleep on pillow of hot roasted sand in de boilin' heat ob day, wid dere faces turned up to it like a sunflower. I scare 'em by cold; I talk ob frozen ribbers dat dey must walk on barefoot, and ob snow-drifts, and ob carryin' great chunks of ice on dere bare heads for ebber and ebber, like dischargin' cargoes ob Yankee ice from Boston vessels, which kills more ob dem dan yaller fever. I can't talk book larnin', 'cause I can't read; nor ebberlastin' long words, 'cause I can't pronounce 'em. But I fritten dem to death amost, so dey call me Old Scarecrow."

"JULIUS, s'pose dere are six chickens in de coop, and de man sells three ob 'em, how many is left?" —"What time ob day was it?"—"What time ob day? Why, what was dat to do wid it?" —"Sartin, nigga, if it was dark dar wouldn't be none left—dat is, if you happened to come along dat way!"—"Look 'ey here, nigga, jist stop dem pers'nalities. Ib ye don't, I'll explore yer head wid a pump-handle; I will, sartin as Moses!"

"RUN AWAY.—A nigger named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants much worn."

A NEGRO about dying was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey, against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, sah," he replied, "if I dies I forgive dat nigga; but if I gits well, dat nigga must take care!"

"YOU argers, sare, dat de world is flat and stands on big rock," said Sambo; "now I want you to tole me what dat rock stands on?" "I'se s'prised at your ignorance!" returned Cato; "why, it stands on annurer big rock." "But what does bofe of dem rocks stand on?" said Sambo, confident that he had his opponent cornered. "Why, dar is rocks all de way down," replied Cato, after a moment's hesitation. "My coloured friend," said Sambo, with a pompous air, "I'se sorry to see sich 'splays ob remitigated obscurity in a gemman of your egsalted pertentions; allow me, who has experienced superior opportunities, to correct de wery deroneous repression you has, and inform you dat dis earf is round, and devolves on axles." "I knows how to depreciate de feelins dat promps you to distend to dis gemman de information dat you furnish on de question dat we is at present debatin," returned Cato, "and, wid all reference to s'perior opportunities to which you take occasion to prelude, I must disagree wid you on de freory dat you advances. Kase, if de world was round, and turned on axles, wouldn't de axletrees broke down and spill all de people in the street? Answer me dat." It is unnecessary to add that Sambo was utterly confounded by this overwhelming argument, and forced to "knock under" to the superior intellectual attainments of his opponent.

A NEGRO woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of colour, and among other things she said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies of colour asked her, "Sister, did you see any black folks in heaven?"—"Oh, get out! you s'pose I go in de kitchen when I was dar!" This reminds us of the anecdote of a coloured man, who was so convinced of the lowliness of his position, and that labour was his natural lot, that he was even indifferent as to a future state, believing that "dey'll make nigger work eben if he go to hebben." A clergyman tried to argue him out of this opinion, by representing that this could not be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work for him to do in heaven. His answer was—"Oh, you g'way, massa; I know better. If dare's no work for culled folks up dare, dey'll *make* some fur 'em, and if dere's nuffin better to do, dey'll make 'em *shub the clouds along*. You can't fool dis chile, massa."

"I SAY, Pete, in gwoine roun' de worl', trabblers tell us dat you lose one hole day."—"Dat am n't nuffin, Sam, when you can make 'm up agin." —"How you gwoine to make it up? tell me dat." —"Why, jis turn roun' and go back agin."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MANURING.—"Sambo, what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?"—"I don't know."—"Well, I just tell you: when de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de 'fumery, so it hurries out of de ground, and gets up as high as possible so it can't breathe bad air."

THE TALE OF A PONY.

BY BRET HARTE.

NAME of my heroine, simple "Rose;"
Surname, tolerable only in prose;
Habitat, Paris—that is where
She resided for change of air—
Ætat. xx; complexion fair,
Rich, good-looking, and *débonnaire*,
Smarter than Jersey-lightning—there,
That's her photograph, done with care.

In Paris, whatever they do besides,
EVERY LADY IN FULL DRESS RIDES!
Moiré antiques you never meet
Sweeping the filth of a dirty street;
But every woman's claim to *ton*
Depends upon
The team she drives, whether phaeton,
Landau, or britzka. Hence it's plain
That Rose, who was of her toilet vain,
Should have a team that ought to be
Equal to any in *Paris*.

* * * * * *

'Bring forth a horse!" The *commissaire*
Bowed, and brought Miss Rose a pair
Leading an equipage rich and rare.
Why doth that lovely lady stare?
Why! The tail of the off grey mare
Is bobbed, by all that's good and fair!
Like the shaving-brushes that soldiers wear;
Scarcely showing as much back-hair
As Tam O'Shanter's "Meg," and there,
Lord knows, she'd little enough to spare.
That stare and frown the Frenchman knew,
But did—as well-bred Frenchmen do;
Raised his shoulders above his crown,
Joined his thumbs, with the fingers down,
And said, "Ah Heaven!"—then, "Mademoiselle,
Delay one minute and all is well!"
He went—returned: by what good chance
These things are managed so well in France
I cannot say—but he made the sale,
And the bob-tailed mare had a flowing tail.

All that is false in this world below
Betrays itself in a love of show:
Indignant Nature hides her lash
In the purple-black of a dyed moustache,
The shallowest fop will trip in French,
The would-be critic will misquote Trench;
In short, you're always sure to detect
A sham in the things folks most affect—
Bean-pods are noisiest when dry,
And you always wink with your weakest eye—
And that's the reason the old grey mare
For ever had her tail in the air;
She did some things that you couldn't but feel
She wouldn't have done had her tail been real.

* * * * * *

Champs Elysées: time, past five;
There go the carriages—look alive!
Everything that man can drive,
Or his inventive skill contrive—
Yankee buggy or English "chay;"
Dog-cart, droschky, and smart coupé;
A *désobligeante* quite bulky
(French idea of a Yankee *sulky*);
Band in the distance, playing a march,
Footmen standing as stiff as starch;

* * * * * *

Bless us! what is the row about?
Ah, here comes Roscy's new turn-out!
Smart! You bet your life 'twas that;
Nifty! (short for *magnificat*).
Mulberry panels—heraldic spread—
Ebony wheels picked out with red,
And two grey mares that were thorough-bred;
No wonder that every dandy's head
Was turned by the turn-out—and 'twas said
That Caskowhisky (friend of the Czar),
A very good *whip* (as Russians are),
Was tied to Rosey's triumphal car,
Entranced, the reader will understand,
By "ribbons" that graced her head and hand.

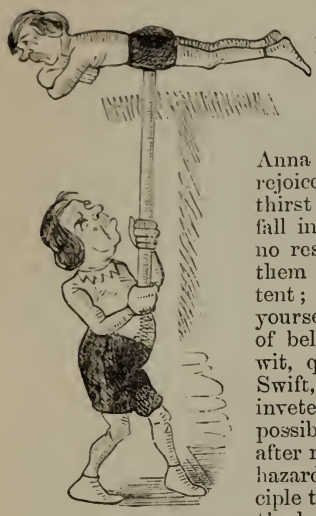
Alas! that the hour you think would crown
Your highest wishes should let you down;
Or Fate should turn, by your own mischance,
Your victor's car to an ambulance;
From cloudless heavens her lightnings glance
(And these things happen, even in France).
And so Miss Rose, as she trotted by—
The cynosure of every eye—
Saw to her horror the off mare shy,
Flourish her tail so exceedingly high
That, disregarding the closest tie,
And without giving a reason why,
She flung that tail so free and frisky
Off in the face of Caskowhisky!

* * * * * *

Excuses, blushes, smiles—in fine,
End of the pony's tail, and mine.

A CHAPTER ON PUNS.

BY THEODORE HOOK.



HERE is one class of people who, with a depravity of appetite not excelled by that of the celebrated Anna Maria Schurman, who rejoiced in eating spiders, thirst after puns. If you fall in with these, you have no resource but to indulge them to their hearts' content; but, in order to rescue yourself from the imputation of believing punning to be wit, quote the definition of Swift, and be, like him, as inveterate a punster as you possibly can, immediately after resting everything, and hazarding all, upon the principle that the worse the pun the better.

In order to be prepared for this sort of *punic* war (for the disorder is provocative and epidemic), the moment any one gentleman or lady has, as they say in Scotland, "let a pun," everybody else in the room who can or cannot do the same sets to work to endeavour to emulate the example. From that period all rational conversation is at an end, and a jargon of nonsense succeeds, which lasts till the announcement of coffee, or supper, or the carriages puts a happy termination to the riot.

Addison says, "One may say of a pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a sound, and nothing but a sound;' and in another place he tells us that "the greatest authors, in their most serious works, make frequent use of puns; the sermons of Bishop Andrews and the tragedies of Shakespeare are full of them. If a sinner was punned into repentance as in the former, nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and grumbling for a dozen lines together." But he also says, "It is, indeed, impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art."

Here is something like a justification of the enormity; and, as the pupil is to mix in all societies, he may as well be prepared.

Puns may be divided into different classes; they may be made in different ways, introduced by passing circumstances, or by references to bygone events; they may be thrown in *anecdotically*, or conundrumwise. It is to be observed that feeling, or pity, or commiseration, or grief, is not to stand in the way of a pun; that personal defects are to be made available; and that sense, so as the sound answers, has nothing to do with the business.

If a man is pathetically describing the funeral of his mother, or sister, or wife, it is quite allowable to call it a black-*burying* party, or to talk of a fit of *coffin;* a weeping relative struggling to conceal his grief may be likened to a commander of *private tears;* throw in a joke about the phrase of "funerals *performed*," and a re-*hearsal;* and wind up with the anagram *real-fun*, funeral.

I give this instance first in order to explain that nothing, however solemn the subject, is to stand in the way of a pun.

It is allowable, when you have run a subject dry in English, to hitch in a bit of any other language which may sound to your liking. For instance, on a fishing party: you say fishing is out of your *line;* yet, if you do not keep *a float*, you would deserve a *rod;* and if anybody affects to find fault with your joke, exclaim "Oh, vous *bête!*" There you have *line*, *rod*, *float*, and *bait* ready to your hand. Call two noodles from the City in a punt, endeavouring to catch small fry, *East Angles;* or, if you please, observe that "the *punters* are losing the fish," "catching nothing but a cold," or that "the fish are too deep for them." Call the Thames a *tidy* river; but say you prefer the *Isis* in hot weather.

Personal deformities or constitutional calamities are always to be laid hold of. If anybody tells you that a dear friend has lost his sight, observe that it will make him more hospitable than ever, since now he would be glad *to see anybody*. If a clergyman breaks his leg, remark that he is no longer a clergyman, but a *lame man*. If a poet is seized with apoplexy, affect to disbelieve it, though you know it to be true, in order to say—"Poeta nascitur non *fit;*" and then, to carry the joke one step further, add that "it is not a *fit* subject for a jest." A man falling into a tan-pit you may call "sinking in the *sub-lime;*" a climbing boy suffocated in a chimney meets with a *sootable* death; and a pretty girl having caught the small-pox is to be much *pitted*. On the subject of the ear and its defects, talk first of something in which *a cow sticks*, and end by telling the story of the man who, having taken great pains to explain something to his companion, at last got into a rage at his apparent stupidity, and exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, don't you comprehend? the thing is as plain as A B C." "I dare say it is," said the other, "but I am D E F."

It may be as well to give the beginner something of a notion of the use he may make of the most ordinary words, for the purposes of quibbleism. For instance, in the way of observation:—The loss of a hat is always *felt;* if you don't like sugar you may *lump* it; a glazier is a *panes*-taking man; candles are burnt because *wick-ed* things always come to *light;* a lady who takes you home from a party is kind in her *carriage*, and you say "nunc est *ridendum*" when you step into it; if it happens to be a chariot, she is a *charitable* person; birds'-nests and king-killing are synonymous, because they are *high trees on;* a Bill for building a bridge should be sanctioned by the Court of

Arches, as well as the House of *Piers*; when a man is dull, he goes to the sea-side to *Brighton*; a Cockney lover, when sentimental, should live in *Heigh Hoburn*; the greatest fibber is the man most to *re-lie* upon; a dean expecting a bishoprie looks *for lawn*; a *sui*cide kills pigs, and not himself; a butcher is a gross man, but a fig-seller is a *grocer*; Joshua never had a father or mother, because he was the son of *Nun*; your grandmother and your great-grandmother were your *aunt's sisters*; a leg of mutton is better than heaven, because nothing is better than heaven, and a leg of mutton is better than nothing.

Races are matters of *course*; an ass can never be a horse, although he may be a *mayor*; the Venerable Bede was the mother of Pearl; a baker makes bread when he *kneads* it; a doctor cannot be a doctor all at once, because he comes to it by *degrees*; a man hanged at Newgate has taken a *drop* too much; the *bridle* day is that on which a man leads a woman to the *halter*. Never mind the aspirate; punning's all fair, as the archbishop said in the dream.

Puns interrogatory are at times serviceable. You meet a man carrying a hare; ask him if it is his own *hare*, or a wig—there you stump him. Why is Parliament Street like a compendium?—Because it goes to *a bridge*. Why is a man murdering his mother in a garret a worthy person?—Because he is above committing a crime. Instances of this kind are innumerable; and if you want to render your question particularly pointed, you are, after asking it once or twice, to say "D'ye give it up?"—then favour your friends with the solution.

Puns scientific are effective whenever scientific men are in company, because, in the first place, they invariably hate puns, especially those which are capable of being twisted into jokes that have no possible relation to the science of which the words to be joked upon are terms; and because, in the next place, dear, laughing girls, who are wise enough not to be sages, will love you for disturbing the self-satisfaction of the philosophers, and raising a laugh or titter at their expense.

Where there are three or four geologists of the party, if they talk of their scientific tours made to collect specimens, call the old ones "ninny-hammers," and the young ones "chips of the old block;" and then inform them that elaret is the best specimen of *quartz* in the world. If you fall in with a botanist who is holding forth, talk of the *quarrels* of flowers as a sequel to the loves of the plants, and say they decide their differences with *pistols*. In short, sacrifice everything to the purpose of punning, and, in course of time, you will acquire such a reputation for waggery that the whole company will burst into an immoderate fit of laughing if you only ask the servants for bread, or say "No" to the offer of a cutlet.

HISTORY, NATURAL AND UNNATURAL.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

PERHAPS not without learning something for our pains, have we all read natural history. It is, however, doubtful whether any among us have seen the following animals in the light here shown by the American author.

ON HORSES.

A REG'LAR long pedigree iz not important for a fast-trotting hoss; if he kan trot fast, never mind the pedigree. Thare iz a grate menny fast men even who aint got no pedigree. Thare aint much art in drivin' a trottin' hoss; jist hold them bak hard, and holler them ahead hard, that's awl. A hoss will trot the fastest downhill, espeshili if the birchin brakes. Kuller is no kriterior. I have seen awful mean hosses of all kullers, except green; I never seed a mean one of this kuller. Hosses live tew an honorabil old age, and I often seen them that appeared fully prepared for deth. Heathins are awlus kind tew hosses; it iz amung Christian people that a hoss haz to trot three-mile heats in a hot day, for 25,900 dollars counterfeit munny.

ON COCHINS.

THE shanghi reuster is a gintile, and ginrally speaks in a forun tung. He is bilt on piles like our Sandy Hill crane. If he had bin bilt with legs he wud resembul the peruvian lama. He is not a game animal, but quite often comes off sekond best in a ruff and tumble fite; like the injins that kant stand civilisation, and are fast disappearing. Tha roost on the ground similar to the mud-turkle. Tha often go to sleep standing, and sum times pitch over, and when they dew they enter the ground like a piekaxe. Their feed consists uv corn in the ear. Tha crow like a jackass troubled with the bronkeesucks. Tha will eat as much tu onst az a district skule master, and generally sit down rite oph tew keep from tipping over. Tha are dreadful unhandy to kook, you have to bile one end uv them to a time, you kant git them awl into a potash kittle tu onst. The female reuster lays an egg as big as a kokeenut, and is sick for a week afterwards, and when she hatches out a litter of young shanghis, she has to brood over them standing, and then kant kiver but 3 uv them; the rest stand around on the outside, like boys around a cirkus tent, giting a peep under the kanvass whenever they kan. The man who fust

brought the breed into this country ought to own them all and be obliged tew feed them on grasshoppers caught bi hand. I never owned but one, and he got choked to death, by a kink in a clothes line, but not till he had swallowed 18 feet ov it. Not enny shanghi for me, if you pleze; I would rather board a travelling colporter, and az for eating one, give me a biled owl rare done, or a turkee buzzard roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair of injun rubber boots, but not enny shanghi for me, not a shanghi!

ON PIGS.

Az the white roze wakens into buty, so duz the white pig cum tew gladden uz. His earz are like the lilac leaf, played upon bi the young zepharz at eventide, hiz silkiness iz the wool of buty, and hiz figger iz the outline ov lovlaness. His food iz white nectar, drawn from the full fountain of affecshun. He waxes fatter and more silky evra da, and hangs from the buzzum of hiz muther like an image ov alabastur. He laffeth at forms and curleth his tale still cluser, az his feast goeth on, then he rizeth with gladness, and wandreth with his kindred beside the still waters. His brothers and sisters are az like him az the flakes ov snow, and all the day long, amung the red klover and beneath the white thorn, he maketh hiz joy and leadeth a life arkadian. His words are low musik, and his language the untutored freshness of natur. His pastime iz the histery ov innersence, and his lezzure is eleganse. He walketh whare the grase leadeth, and gam-blews tew the dallianse ov dewy fragranse. He gathreth straws in hiz mouth, and hasteth awa on errant of gladness. He listeneth tew the reproof of his parent; his ackshuns are the laws of perliteness, and his logick is the power ov instinkt. Hiz datime iz pease, and his evening gentle forgitfulness. Az he taketh on years he loveth cool plases, and delveth in liquids, and stirreth the arth tew a fatness, and painteth hisself in dark cullers a reffuge from flize and the torments ov life. He forgeteth hiz parent and bekumeth hiz own master, and larneth the mistery of food, and groweth hugely. Men gaze at hiz porkyness, and kount his valu bi pounds, and la in wate for him and sacrifise him, and give hiz flesh salt for safety. . . . This is pig life.

ON MULES.

THE mule is haf hoss and haf jackass, and then kums tu a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake. Tha weigh more accordin tu their heft than enny other crecture, except a crowbar. Tha kant heer enny quicker nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enuff fur snow-shoes. You kan trust them with enny one whose life aint worth more than the mule's. The only way tu keep them into a paster is tu turn them into a medder jineing and let them jump out. Tha are reddy for use jest as soon as tha will do to abuse. Tha aint got enny friends, and will live on huckelberry bush, with an akasional chance at Kanada thissels. Tha are a modern invention. Tha sell fur more money than enny other domestic animil. You can't tell their age by looking into their mouth enny more than you could a Mexican cannon. Tha never have no disease that a good club won't heal. If tha ever die tha must come right to life agin, fur I never herd nobody say "ded mule." Tha are like some men, very korrupt at heart. I've known them to be good mules for six month, just to get a good chance to kick somebody. I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is a United States law passed requiring it. The reason why tha are pashunt is bekause they are ashamed of themselves. I have seen educated mules in a sircuss. Tha could kick and bite tremenjis. . . . Enny man who is willing to drive a mule ought to be exempt by law from running for the legislatur. Tha are the strongest creeters on arth, and heaviest according tu their size. I herd of one who fell oph from the tow-path of the Eri canawl, and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept on towing the boat tu the next stashun, breathing through his ears, which was out of the water about two feet six inches. I didn't see this did, but Bill Harding told me of it, and I never knew Bill Harding to lie unless he could make something out of it.

ON DOGS.

Dogs are various in kind, and tha are various in number. Tha are the onla animal ov the brute perswashun who have voluntarily left a wilde state ov natur, and cum in under the flag ov man. Tha are not vagabones bi choise, and luv tew belong tew somebody. This fact endeers them tew us, and I have alwas rated the dog az about the seventh cusin tew the humain specious. Tha kant talk, but tha can lik yure hand; this shows that their harts iz in the plase where other foaks lungs iz! Dogs in the lump are useful, but tha are not alwas proffittable in the lump. The Nufoundlin dog is useful tew saiv children from drowning, but you hav got tew have a pond of water, and children running around kareless, or else the dog aint proffittable. Thare aint nothing made boarding a Nufoundlin dog. Rat Tarriers are useful tew ketch rats, but the rats aint proffittable after yu hav ketched them. The Shepard dog is useful tew drive sheep: but if yu hav tew go and by a flok ov sheep, and pa more than tha are wuth, jist tew keep the dog bissy, the dog aint proffittable, not mutch. Lap dogs are very useful, but if yu don't hold them in yure lap all the time tha aint proffittable at all. Bull dogs are extremely uzeful, but yu have tew keep a bull tew, or else yu kant make ennything on the dog. The Coach dog iz one ov the most usefullest ov dogs i kno ov, but yu have got tew hav a coach (and that aint always pleasant) or yu kant realise from the dog. Thus we see that, while dogs are generally uzeful, thare are times when tha aint generally proffittable. I don't really luv a yaller dog, nor a mad dog; but, with these tew unfortunate excepshuns, it is dredful hard work for me tew say a word agin enny dog. The wag ov their tails is what takes me. Enny man who will abuse a dog will abuse a woman, and any man who will abuse a woman iz thirty-five or forty times meaner than —a pale yaller dog. These are my centiment, and i shant change them until I receave notis that the camil has smoothed down the hump on his back, and the sarpent ceased tew wiggle when he wanders.

SAYINGS OF MRS. PARTINGTON.

DON'T blame Prince Alfred," said Mrs. Partington, "for not wishing to take the throne of Greece; he'd slip off as sure as you live." The old lady never allows a remark to fail of its effect from the want of making it; and in this, like Juliet, she speaks though she says nothing.

On hearing a clergyman remark that "the world was full of change," Mrs. Partington said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

She remarked to us, quite recently, that there were so many intimations of her now-a-days she hardly knew how to indemnify herself.

She prefers the Venus de Medicine to any other statute she knows of.

That Ike, who has just returned from France, "speaks French like a Parishioner."

"Here's Dr. Johnson's Dictionary," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed it to Ike; "study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

"Overland roots from India!" said the old lady, on hearing the Indian news read. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, "those must be the roots they make the Indian meal of!"

"Dear, dear! it's a great pity that men will go to war and cut each other's throats, like a set of naked animals. It would be much better if they would admit their disputes to agitation, as they do in the Divorce Court, instead of setting one regimen to shoot and kill another regimen."

Mrs. Partington is of opinion that Mount Vesuvius should take sarsaparilla to cure itself of eruptions. The old lady thinks it has been vomiting so long, nothing else would stay on its stomach.

Mrs. Partington says that she "intended the concert of the Female Cemetery last evening, and some songs were extracted with touching pythagoras." She declares "the whole thing went off like a Pakenham shot, the young angels sung like syrups, and during the showers of applause, she remembered she had forgot her parasol."

"La me!" said Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're sick!"

"If there is any place where I like to ransack business more than another," said Mrs. Partington, with animation, untying from the corner of her handkerchief a sum of money—"if there is any place better than another, it is a bank. There's no dilly-dalliance and beatin' down and botherin' you with a thousand questions, till you don't know whether your heels are up or your head is down; all you have to do is to put your bill on the counter, and they exonerate it at once without a word."

"I'm not very incredible," said Mrs. Partington, looking up from the paper and glancing over her spees at Ike, who sat making a windmill out of the frame of his slate, "and believe as much as any rational person ought to. I have believed all about the Devonport boys, and the other wonderful things, and all that has been said agin 'em; and the story of a man's climbing a pole and pulling it up arter him, and of the actor that held himself out at arm's length, but it is beyond my belief that a cargo of sugar could 'change hands.'" She passed the paper from her right hand to her left as though it were a hogshead of sugar, and then resumed her reading with a profound idea that the editor, in making the statement, was cheating her.

"He made a few desultory remarks," said the schoolmaster. Mrs. Partington stopped suddenly in the bustle she was making around the table for tea, and gazed over her spees thoughtfully at him. Leaning on a plate edgewise, as if to enforce her views by the support it gave her, "I suppose it was because he was weak," said she, "but Ayers' Pills will cure him. I never knew 'm to fail. They are very solitary in such cases." "Really, madam," replied he, "I cannot guess your meaning." "You said dysentary," said she, laying down the plate and putting a spoon in the preserves. "I said desultory," said he, smiling; "quite a different thing." "No matter," said she, looking up in time to box Ike's ears, who was putting paper down the chimney of the kerosene lamp; "the pills are good for both, I dare say, for they cure almost all the diseases in the cornucopia."

"Intemperance," said Mrs. Partington solemnly, with a rich emotion in her tone, "is like an after-dinner speech;" at the same time bringing her hand, containing the snuff she had just brought from the box, down upon her knee, while Lion, with a violent sneeze, walked away to another part of the room. "Intemperance is a monster with a good many heads, and creeps into the bosoms of families like any conda or an alligator, and destroys its peace and happiness for ever. But, thank Heaven, a new Erie has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrant-headed monster will be overturned! Isn't it strange that men will put enemies into their mouths to steal away their heads?" "Don't you regard taking snuff as a

vice?" we asked innocently. "If it is," she replied, with the same old argument, "it's so small a one that Providence won't take no notice of it; and besides, my oil factories would miss it so!" Ah, kind old heart, it was a drunkard's argument!

"WHAT is the matter with Mrs. Jenks, doctor?" asked Mrs. Partington, as Dr. Bolus passed her house. She had been watching for him half an hour through a chink in the door, and people who detected the end of a nose thrust out of the chink aforesaid, stopped an instant to look at it, strongly inclined to touch it, and see what it was. "She is troubled with varicose veins, mem," replied the doctor blandly. "Do tell!" cried the old lady; "well, that accounts for her very coarse behaviour, then; and it isn't any fault o' her'n, arter all. poor woman, 'cause what is to be will be, and if one has very coarse veins, what can one expect? Ah, we are none of us better than we ought to be!" "Good morning, mem," said Dr. Bolus, as he turned away, and the old lady shut the door. "No better than we ought to be!" What an original remark, and how candid the admission! The little front entry heard it, and the broad stair that led to the chamber heard it, and Ike heard it, as he sat in the kitchen daubing up the old lady's Pembroke table with flour and paste, in an attempt to make a kite out of a choicely saved copy of the *Puritan Recorder*. "We are no better than we ought to be"—generally.

RHYME WITH REASON.

A COMMON AND PROPER NOUN.

SAID Anna's preceptor, "A kiss is a noun:
But tell me if proper or common," he cried;
With cheeks of vermilion, and eyelids cast down,
"'Tis both common and proper," the pupil replied.

ON A DRIVING CLOUD.

"O, GAZE upon the driving cloud,
Rushing o'er hills and plains!"
"But why call that a driving cloud?"
"Because it holds the rains!"

STRIKING.

I LIE in the morning, I doze and I doze,
Till the church clock strikes twelve, and disturbs my repose.
"Do your worst," I exclaim, when the nuisance is o'er,
"There is one thing, old clock! you can't strike any more!"

A SNEEZE.

WHAT a moment! What a doubt!
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
Pyramid rhinocerostic
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it.
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me;
Now with rapturous torment wrings me;
Now says, "Sneeze, you fool; get through it.
Shee—shee—Oh! 'tis most del—ishi—
Ishi—ishi—most del—ishi—
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring.)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

A SNARL.

'NEATH a ragged palmetto a Southerner sat,
A-twisting the band of his Panama hat,
And trying to lighten his mind of a load
By humming the words of the following ode:
"Oh! for a nigger, and oh! for a whip;
Oh! for a cocktail, and oh! for a nip;
Oh! for a shot at old Greeley and Beecher;
Oh! for a crack at a Yankee school teacher;
Oh! for a captain, and oh! for a ship;
Oh! for a cargo of niggers each trip."
And so he kept oh-ing for all he had not,
Not contented with owing for all that he'd got.

QUESTIONS WITH ANSWERS.

WHAT is earth, sexton?—A place to dig graves;
What is earth, rich men?—A place to work slaves,
What is earth, grey-beard?—A place to grow old;
What is earth, miser?—A place to dig gold;
What is earth, school-boy?—A place for my play;
What is earth, maiden?—A place to be gay;
What is earth, seamstress?—A place where I weep;
What is earth, sluggard?—A good place to sleep;
What is earth, soldier?—A place for a battle;
What is earth, herdsman?—A place to raise cattle;
What is earth, widow?—A place of true sorrow;
What is earth, tradesman?—I'll tell you to-morrow;
What is earth, sick man?—'Tis nothing to me;
What is earth, sailor?—My home is the sea;
What is earth, statesman?—A place to win fame;
What is earth, author?—I'll write there my name;
What is earth, monarch?—For my realm 'tis given;
What is earth, Christian?—The gateway of heaven.

FOR THE PEERAGE.

As once the Trades' Unions, by way of a show,
Over Westminster Bridge strutted five in a row,
"I feel for the bridge," whispered Dick, with a shiver;
"Thus tried by the mob, it may sink in the river."
Quoth Tom, a crown lawyer, "Abandon your fears:
As a bridge it can only be tried by its piers."

RECIPE FOR AN EPIGRAM.

TAKE a portion of wit,
And fashion it fit,
Like a needle, with point and with eye;
A point that can wound,
An eye to look round,
And at folly or vice let it fly.

A QUERY.

I WROTE one day a sonnet
Upon a lady's bonnet,
A straw one 'twas, and on it
She wore a ribbon blue.

Now which was straw, the sonnet,
Or was't the lady's bonnet
With ribbon blue upon it?
Can any tell me true?

AN INTERVIEW WITH A PASHA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF EÖTHEN.

THE Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

Dragoman (*to the Traveller*). The Pasha pays you his compliments.

Traveller. Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

Dragoman (*to the Pasha*). His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scorner of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karagholookoldour.

Traveller (*to his Dragoman*). What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say, that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a Deputy-lieutenant if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy if my committee had not been bought? I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

Dragoman—[*is silent*].

Pasha. What says the friendly Lord of London? is there aught that I can grant him within the Pashalik of Karagholookoldour?

Dragoman (*growing sulky and literal*). This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head-purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

Pasha. The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of heaven!

Dragoman (*to the Traveller*). The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

Traveller. About Goldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire; tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman (*to the Pasha*). This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha. Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses! —whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels! —whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (*to the Dragoman*). What does the Pasha mean by the whizzing? he does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman. No, your Excellency; but he says the English talk by wheels and steam.

Traveller. That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection; tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that) that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action, in a few hours.

Dragoman (*recovering his temper and freedom of speech*). His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

Pasha. I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (*to his Dragoman*). I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman, as to the prospects of our English commerce.

Pasha. The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman. The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East-India Company.

Traveller. The Pasha's right about the cutlery (I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel). Well [*to the Dragoman*], tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy; but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. . . . . Oh! and by-

the-by, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

PASHA (*after hearing the Dragoman*). It is true, it is true: through all Feringhistan the English are foremost and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes. and the Italians are the servants of songs, and the French are the sons of newspapers. . . .

DRAGOMAN. The Pasha compliments the English.

TRAVELLER (*rising*). Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha, I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

PASHA (*after hearing the Dragoman, and standing up on his divan*). Proud are the sires and blessed are the dams of the horses that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him; and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—Farewell!

THE BARRISTER AND THE WITNESS.

THERE is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even of tempers will become roused at times.

At an assize held during the past year, both judge and counsel had a deal of trouble to make the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; and it is possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned from the even tenor of its way.

After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied witnesses, there was called into the box a young ostler. who appeared to be simplicity personified.

"Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone that would at any other time have been denounced as vulgarly loud, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak out."

"I hope not, zur," was shouted, or rather bellowed out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and would certainly have alarmed any timid or nervous lady.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" said the counsel.

"Please, zur, I can't speak any louder," said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly.

"Pray, have you been drinking this morning?" shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost the last remnant of his temper.

"Yes, zur," was the reply.

"And what have you been drinking?"

"Corfee, zur."

"And what did you have in your coffee, sir?" shouted the exasperated counsel.

"*A spune, zur!*" innocently bawled the witness, in his highest key, amidst the roars of the whole court—excepting only the now, thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief and rushed out of court.

RATHER SHREWD.

ONE day, in attending to applications for situations in the police force, the mayor it was supposed was about to invest Patrick Murphy with a star, when some of his Irish competitors outside the railings cried out, "Are ye goin' to 'pint Pat, yer honour? He can't write his name, yer honour." "I am only receiving applications to-day; in a fortnight we make appointments," said the mayor, and Pat was told to call on that day two weeks. The friend through whose influence Pat had been induced to apply for the office said to him as they came away from the hall, "Now, Pat, go home, and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I'll set the copy for you." Pat did as directed, and every night for a fortnight was seen moving out his tongue and swaying his head over "Patrick Murphy," "Patrick Murphy," in the style of chirography generally known as "coarse hand." When the day for the appointment came, Pat found himself before the mayor, urging his claim. "Can you write?" said that excellent functionary. "Troth, an' it's meself that jist kin," answered Pat. "Take that pen," said the mayor, "and let us *see* you write. Write your name."

He took the pen as directed, when a sort of exclamatory laugh burst from his surprised competitors who were in attendance—"Howly Paul! d'ye mind that, Mike? Pat's a-writin'—he's got a quill in his fist." "So he has, be jabers!" said Mike. "But small good it will do him; he can't write wid it, man." But Pat *did* write; he had recorded his name in a bold round hand. "That'll do," said the mayor. His foiled rivals looked in each other's faces with undisguised astonishment. A lucky thought struck them. "Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer honour," said two of them in a breath. "That's well thought of," replied the mayor. "Pat, write *my* name." Here was a dilemma; but Pat was equal to it. "*Me* write yer honour's name!" exclaimed he, with a well-dissembled holy horror. "*Me* commit *forgery*, and I agoin' on the pelisse! *I can't do it*, yer honour!"

"HEZ" AND THE LANDLORD.

IN a quiet little Ohio village, many years ago, was a tavern where the stages always changed, and the passengers expected to get breakfast. The landlord of the said hotel was noted for his tricks upon travellers, who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn (after taking his "horn"), and sing out, "Stage ready, gentlemen!"—whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out to take their seats, leaving a scarcely-tasted breakfast behind them, for which, however, they had to fork over fifty cents! One day, when the stage was approaching the house of this obliging landlord, a passenger said that he had often heard of the landlord's trick, and he was afraid they would not be able to eat any breakfast.

"What!—how? No breakfast!" exclaimed the rest.

"Exactly so, gents, and you may as well keep your seats and tin."

"Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

"Oh, yes! they expect you to it, but not to *eat* it. I am under the impression that there is an understanding between the landlord and the driver, that for sundry and various drinks, &c., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"What on airth are you all talking about? Ef you calkelate I'm going to pay four-and-ninepence for my breakfast, and not get the valee on't, yo're mistakin'," said a voice from a back seat, the owner of which was one Hezekiah Spaulding—though "tew hum" they call him "Hez" for short. "I'm goin' to get my breakfast here, and not pay nary red cent till I do."

"Then you'll be left."

"Not as you knows on, I won't."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door, and the landlord, ready "to do the hospitable," says—

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents? Here's water, basins, towels, and soap."

After performing the ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining-room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though Hez took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim—"Stage ready!"

Up rise eight grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All on board, gents?" inquires the host.

"One missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining-room, the host finds Hez very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's hip.

"You'll be left, sir! Stage going to start!"

"Wall, I hain't got nothin' to say agin it," drawls out Hez.

"Can't wait, sir—better take your seat."

"I'll be gall-darned ef I dew, nother, till I've got my breakfast! I paid for it, and I am goin' to get the valee on't; and ef you calkelate I hain't, you are mistakin."

So the stage did start, and left Hez, who continued his attack upon the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, &c., disappeared before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, squire, them there cakes is 'bout eat—fetch on another grist on 'em. You" (to the waiter), "'nother cup of that ere coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise your own pork, squire? This is 'mazin' nice ham. Land 'bout here tolerable cheap, squire? Hain't much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dew right smart trade, squire, I calkelate?" And thus Hez kept quizzing the landlord until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, squire, now I'm 'bout to conclude paying my *devowers* tew this ere table, but jest give us a bowl of bread and milk to top off with, I'd be much ablegeed tew ye."

So out go the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk, and bread, and set them before him.

"Spoon, tew, ef you please."

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say, dew ye? dew ye think them passengers is goin' to pay ye for a breakfuss and not git no *compensashun?*"

"Ah! what? Do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I *think?*" No, I don't think, but I'm sartin'. Ef they are all as green as yew 'bout here, I'm goin' to locate immediately, and tew wonst."

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel, Hez comes out, takes his seat, and says—

"How are yew, gents? I'm rotted glad to see yew."

"Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the landlord.

"Pint him out? Sartinly I ken. Say, squire, I paid yew four-and-ninepence for a breakfuss, and I calkelate *I got the valee on't!* You'll find them spoons in the coffee-pot."

"Go ahead! All aboard, driver."

The landlord stared.

PICKINGS FROM PICKWICK.

MR. WELLER'S VISIT TO THE BANK.—"Wot place is this here?" whispered the mottled-faced gentleman to the elder Mr. Weller. "Counsel's Office," replied the executor in a whisper. "Wot are them gen'men a settin' behind the counters?" asked the hoarse coachman. "Reduced counsels, I s'pose," replied Mr. Weller. "Ain't they the reduced counsels, Samivel?" "Wy, you don't suppose the reduced counsels is alive, do you?" inquired Sam, with some disdain. "How should I know?" retorted Mr. Weller; "I thought they looked wery like it. Wot are they, then?" "Clerks," replied Sam. "Wot are they all a eaten' ham sangwidges for?" inquired his father. "'Cos it's in their dooty, I suppose," replied Sam: "it's a part o' the system, they're always a doin' it here, all day long!"

HOW TO GET ON.—The Apothecary Method.—"Don't you see?" said Bob; "he goes up to a house, rings the area-bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining parlour; master opens it and reads the label, 'Draught to be taken at bed-time—pills as before, —lotion as usual—*the* powder. From Sawyer's, late Nockemorf's—Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared:' and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—*she* reads the label; it goes down to the servants—*they* read the label. Next day the boy calls: 'Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemorf.' The name gets known, and that's the thing, my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart, old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world. We have got one four-ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet."

NOVEL COURTSHIP.—"I courted her under singular circumstances—I won her through a rash vow. Thus: I saw her; I loved her; I proposed; she refused me. 'You love another?'—'Spare my blushes.'—'I know him.'—'You do.'—'Very good, if he remains here I'll skin him.'" "Lord bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick involuntarily. "Did you skin the gentleman, sir?" inquired Mr. Winkle with a very pale face. "I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing. And so it was." "Certainly," interposed Mr. Winkle. "I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in his Majesty's service I was bound to do it. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled. I married her."

PADDY'S DREAM.

I HAVE often laughed at the way an Irish help we had at Barnstaple once fished me for a glass of whiskey. One morning he says to me—"Oh, yer honour," says he, "I had a great drame last night intirely—I dramed I was in Rome, tho' how I got there is more than I can tell; but there I was, sure enough; and as in duty bound, what does I do but go and see the Pope. Well, it was a long journey, and it was late when I got there—too late for the likes of me; and when I got to the palace I saw priests, and bishops, and cardinals, and all the great dignitaries of the Church a coming out; and sais one of them to me, 'How are ye, Pat Moloney?' sais he; 'and that spalpeen yer father, bad luck to him, how is he?' It startled me to hear me own name so suddent, that it came mighty nigh waking me up, it did. Sais I, 'Your riverence, how in the world did ye know that Pat Moloney was me name, let alone that of me father?'—'Why, ye blackguard,' sais he, 'I knew ye since ye was knee-high to a goose, and I knew yer mother afore ye was born.'—'It's good right yer honour has then to know me,' sais I. —'Bad manners to ye,' sais he, "what is it ye are afther doing here at this time o' night?'—'To see his Holiness the Pope,' sais I.—'That's right,' sais he; 'pass on, but leave yer impudence with yer hat and shoes at the door.' Well, I was shown into a mighty fine room where his Holiness was, and down I went on me knees. 'Rise up, Pat Moloney,' sais his Holiness; 'ye're a broth of a boy to come all the way from Ireland to do yer duty to me: and it's dutiful children ye are, every mother's son of ye. What will ye have to drink, Pat?' (The greater a man is, the more of a rael gintleman he is, yer honour, and the more condescending.)—'What will ye have to drink, Pat?' sais he.—'A glass of whiskey, yer Holiness,' sais I, 'if it's all the same to ye.'—'Shall it be hot or cold?' sais he.—'Hot,' sais I, 'if it's all the same, and gives ye no trouble.'—'Hot it shall be,' sais he; 'but as I have dismissed all me servants for the night, I'll just step down below for the tay-kettle;' and wid that he left the room, and was gone for a long time; and jist as he came to the door again he knocked so loud the noise woke me up, and, by jabers! I missed me whiskey entirely! Bedad, if I had only had the sense to say 'Nate, yer Holiness,' I'd a had me whiskey sure enough, and never known it warn't all true, instead of a drame." I knew what he wanted, so I poured him out a glass. "Won't it do as well now, Pat?" said I. "Indeed it will, yer honour," says he, "and my drame will come true, after all. I thought it would, for it was mighty nateral at the time, all but the whiskey."

IRISH DIAMONDS.

An Irish soldier, being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland, replied that he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there.

An Irishman passing through a field of cattle, the other day, said to a friend, "Whenever you see a herd of cows all lying down, and one of them only standing up, that one is sure to be a bull."

"How is coal this morning?" said a purchaser to an Irishman in a coal-yard. "Black as iver," replied Patrick, respectfully taking off the remains of his hat.

An Irish gentleman being asked how he liked Vestris the dancer, replied, "Upon my conscience I think the man handles his legs incomparably well."

An Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned.

Felix M'Carthy, of the Kerry Militia, was generally late on parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always last." "Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply; "surely some one must be last."

An Irishman at a temperance meeting the other night, referring to his standing in society, said that he had been a working man ever since he was born.

Southey, when in Dublin, exported a famous bull. Rickman (said the poet, in a letter to a friend) was in company when a gentleman looked at his watch, and cried, "It is to-morrow morning! I must bid you good night."

A provident Irishman is going to get his life insured, so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world as he once was."

"Pat, if Mr. Jones comes before my return, tell him that I will meet him at two o'clock." "Ay, ay, sir; but what shall I tell him if he don't come?"

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying: "I'm for this country. I've bled for it, and I'll soon be able to say I've died for it."

"Paddy, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the Phæton of a jaunting car. "Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I upset yer honour in a ditch two years ago?"

Dr. O'Connor, in his History of Ireland, says that the Irish are long-lived; that some of them attain to the age of a hundred: "In short," adds the doctor, "they live as long as they can."

"There's two ways of doing it," says Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save me four thousand pounds, I must lay up two hundred pounds a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty pounds a year for two hundred years—now which shall I do?"

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Och," answered he, "sure I've nothing to do but pull the string and wake myself."

A Dublin car-driver hailed a passenger, and asked if he wanted a car. The latter said no, he was able to walk. "May yer honour long be able, but seldom willing," was the sharp but courteous reply.

An Irishman, who had blistered his fingers by endeavouring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed, "I shall never get them on at all, until I wear them a day or two."

A Hexham barber was bragging that he could shave anything, even "the face of Nature." "Faith," said an Irish reaper, who chanced to be in the shop, "what of that? I shave the face of Nature oft enough, I do—with a hook!"

As Pat Hogan sat enjoying his connubial bliss upon the banks of a southern creek, he espied a turtle emerging from the stream. "Och hone!" he exclaimed solemnly, "that iver I should come to America to see a snuff-box walk." "Whist!" said his wife; "don't be afther making fun of the birds."

A lady, in the constant habit of complaining of indisposition without a cause, told her Irish physician that she would leave Britain, and go to Jamaica for the recovery of her health; when he told her, if she would tell him the country where people never died, he would go and end his days there.

An Irishman, in describing America, said, "You might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh-water oceans inside that ye might droun Ould Ireland in; and as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, and ye'd never be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell of whiskey."

A gentleman travelling on horseback, not long ago, came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he; "a herd of cows would starve to death on that land." "And shure, your honour, wasn't I fincing it to keep the poor bastes out iv it?"

An Irishman was going along the road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground (as is the custom of the animal when irritated); whereupon Pat smiling at him said, "If it was not for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think that you had thrown me over this fence on purpose!"

Malony says that Ireland is the only country where people can fight in peace and quietness. In London they jerk you up "with an Act of Parliament," if you only have a taste of a brush in the back yard. At Donnybrook, on the contrary, you

can fight all day, and with as much comfort and respect as if you were going to church.

A GENTLEMAN, one evening walking through Covent-garden, observed two fellows upon the ground, and one of them, who was an Irishman, with his knee upon the other's breast, most unmercifully belabouring him on the face, until he had nearly reduced it to a mummy. The gentleman humanely interfered, and entreated the conqueror to give his opponent fair play, and let him get up and have an equal chance. "Faith, master," replied the fellow, turning up his face with a very significant look; "if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him get up so readily."

A CERTAIN witness, in an action for assault and battery, mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded: "So, yer honour, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog came along, and I hit him again." "Hit the dog?" "No, yer honour, hit Dennis. And then I up wid a stun and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over." "Threw a stone at Dennis?" "At the dog, yer honour; and he got up and hit me again." "The dog?" "No; Dennis. And wid that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off." "Dennis?" "No; the dog. And when he came back at me, he got me down and pounded me, yer honour." "The dog came back at you?" "No; Dennis, yer honour, and he isn't hurt any at all." "Who isn't hurt?" "The dog, yer honour."

THE YANKEE AND THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG.

HIRAM was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow—always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the least utility; yet when he did play any of his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now it happened that one of Hiram's neighbours sold a farm to a tolerably green specimen of a Dutchman—one of the real unintelligent, stupid sort.

Von Vlom Schlopsch had a dog, as Dutchmen often have, who was less unintelligent than his master, and who had, since leaving his "faderland," become sufficiently civilised not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from the neighbours' sheepfold on the same principle.

When Hiram discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he walked over to his new neighbour's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural method in the world.

"Wall, Von, your dog Blitzen's been killing my sheep."

"Ya! dat ish bace—bad—he ish von goot tog—ya! dat ish bad!"

"Sartain, it's bad, and you'll have to stop 'im."

"Ya! dat ish allas goot—but Ich weis nicht?"

"What's that you say? *he was niched?* Wall, now look here, old feller, nickin's no use—crop 'im—cut the tail off close—chock up to his trunk—that'll cure him."

"Vat ish dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features. "Ya, dat ish goot—dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

"Sartain it will, he'll never touch sheep-meat again in this world," said Hiram gravely.

"Den come mit me—he von mity goot tog; all the way from Yarmany; I not take one five dollar—but come mit me and hold his tail, eh? Ich chop him off."

"Sartain," said Hiram, "I'll hold his tail if you want me tew, but you must cut it up close."

"Ya! dat ish right—Ich make 'im von goot tog—there, Blitzen, Blitzen, come right here, you von sheep steal rashcull—I chop your tail in von two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons, and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested him to lay it across a large block of wood.

"Chock up," said Hiram, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya! dat ish right—now, you von tief sheep, I learns you better luck," said Von Vlom Schlopsch, as he raised the axe.

It descended, and as it did so, Hiram, with characteristic presence of mind, gave a sudden jerk, and brought Blitzen's neck over the log, and the head rolled over the other side.

"Wall, I swow!" said Hiram, with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog, "that was a *leetle* too close!"

"Mine cootness!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "*you shust cut 'im off de wrong end!*"

BADGERING A VOTER.

SAMUEL LOVER, in one of his stories, gives an excellent example of the readiness of the lower order Irishman with repartee. The scene is at an election, and the Irishman is being examined by an agent:—

"You're a Roman Catholic?"

"Am I?" said the fellow.

"Are you not?" demanded the agent.

"You say I am," was the answer.

"Come, sir, answer—what's your religion?"

"The true religion."

"What religion is that?"

"My religion."

"And what's *your* religion?"

"My mother's religion."

"And what was your mother's religion?"

"*She tuk whiskey in her tay.*"

"Come, now, I'll find you out, as cunning as you are," said the agent, piqued into an encounter of the wits with this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd.

"You bless yourself, don't you?"

"When I'm done with you I think I ought."

"What place of worship do you go to?"

"The most convaynant."

"But of what persuasion are you?"

"My persuasion is that you won't find it out."

"What is your belief?"

"My belief is that *you're* puzzled."

"Do you confess?"

"Not to you."

"Come! now I have you. Who would you send for if you were likely to die?"

"Doctor Growlin."

"Not for the priest?"

"I must first get a messenger."

"Confound your quibbling!—tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions I mean?"

"They are the same as my landlord's."

"And what are your landlord's opinions?"

"Faix, his opinion is, that I won't pay him the last half-year's rint; and I am of the same opinion myself."

"A roar of laughter followed this answer, and dumbfoundered the agent for a time; but, angered at the successful quibbling of the sturdy and wily fellow before him, he at last declared, with much severity of manner, that he must have a direct reply.

"I insist, sir, on your answering at once—are you a Roman Catholic?"

"I am," said the fellow.

"And could you not say so at once?" repeated the officer.

"You never axed me," returned the other.

"I did," said the officer.

"Indeed, you didn't. You said I was a great many things, but you never *axed* me—you wor dhrivin' *cras* words and *cruked* questions at me, and I gev answers to match them; for sure I thowt it was manners to cut out my *behavor* on your own patthern."

GEMS FROM JERROLD.

THE first time he saw Tom Dibdin, the song-writer said to him, "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes," said Jerrold; "I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

JERROLD went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room, "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

UPON another occasion he and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. The former, telling the story many years after, said, "But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us."

"Do you know," said a friend to him, "that Jones has left the stage and turned wine merchant?" "Oh, yes," Jerrold replied; "and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his whine on it."

A FRIEND seeking subscriptions for a person in trouble asked Jerrold for his mite. "What will put him right?" said Jerrold. "Oh! a one and two noughts," said the other. "Put me down for one of the noughts," said Jerrold.

JERROLD was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that he had expressed his disappointment. *Friend* (to Jerrold): "I heard you said —— was the worst book I ever wrote."—*Jerrold:* "No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

SOME people were talking with him about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendships. "Yes," said Jerrold, "his friendships are so warm, that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again."

JERROLD met Alfred Bunn one day in Jermyn Street. Bunn stopped Jerrold, and said, "What! I suppose you're strolling about, picking up character." "Well, not exactly," said Jerrold; "but there's plenty lost hereabouts."

JERROLD was one day enjoying a drive with a well-known spendthrift. "Well, Jerrold," said the friend, who was driving a very fine pair of greys, "what do you think of my greys?" "To tell you the truth," Jerrold replied, "I was just thinking of your duns."

WHEN Morris had the Haymarket Theatre,

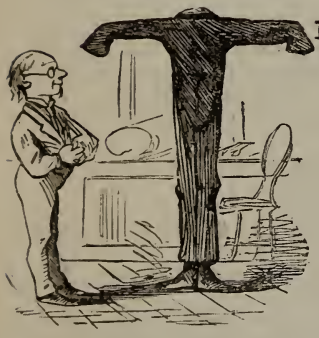
Jerrold, on a certain occasion, had reason to find fault with the company. Morris expostulated, and said, "Why, there's V——, he was bred on these boards!" "He looks," said Jerrold, "as though he'd been cut out of them."

"CALL that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!" "Yes, unremitting kindness," was the reply.

A FRIEND reading to him an account of a case in which a person named Ure was reproached with having suddenly jilted a young lady to whom he was engaged—"Ure seems to have turned out to be a base 'un," said Jerrold.

"GOD has written 'honest man' in his face," said a friend, speaking of a person in whom Jerrold's faith was not altogether blind. "Humph!" Jerrold replied; "then the pen must have been a very bad one."

VERY HARD LYING.



HERE lives in New Hampshire a man called Joe, a fellow noted for the tough lies he can tell. Joe called in at Holton's lately, and found him almost choked with smoke, when he suggested, "You don't know as much about managing smoky chimneys as I do, squire, or you'd cure em." "Ah!" said Holton, "did you ever see a smoky chimney cured?" "Seen it! I think I have. I had the worst in Seaboard county, and I cured it a little too much." "How was that?" asked Holton. "Why, you see, I built a little house out at Wolf Hollow, ten or twelve years ago. Jim Bush, the fellow that built the chimneys, kept blind drunk three-quarters of the time, and crazy drunk the other. I told him I thought he'd have something wrong; but he stuck to it and finished the house. Well, we moved in, and built a fire the next morning to boil the tea-kettle. All the smoke came through the room and went out of the windows; not a bit went up the flues. We tried it for two or three days, and it got worse and worse. By-and-by it came on to rain, and the rain began to come down the chimney. It put the fire out in a minute, and directly it came down by the pailful. We had to get the baby off the floor as soon as we could, or it would have been drowned. In fifteen minutes the water stood knee-deep on the floor. I pretty soon saw what was the matter. The drunken cuss had put the chimney wrong end up, and it drawed downwards. It gathered all the rain within a hundred yards, and poured it down by bucketfuls." "Well, that was unfortunate," remarked Holton; "but what in the world did you do with the house? Surely, you never cured that chimney." "Didn't I, though?" answered old Joe; "yes I did." "How?" asked Holton. "Turned it the other end up," said the incorrigible, "and then you ought to have seen it draw! That was the way I cured it too much." "Drew too much?" asked Holton. "Well, squire, you may judge for yourself," said old Joe. "Pretty soon after we got the chimney down the other end up, I missed one of the chairs out of the room, and directly I see'd another of 'em shooting towards the fireplace. Next the table went, and I see the back log going up. Then I grabbed the old woman under one arm and the baby under t'other, and started; but just as I got to the door I see'd the cat going across the floor backwards, holding on with her claws to the carpet, yelling awfully. It wasn't no use. I just see her going over the top of the chimney, and that was the last of her." "Well, what did you do then?" asked Holton; "of course, you could not live in such a house?" "Couldn't I, though?" said Joe; "but I did. I put a poultice on the jamb of the fireplace, and that drawed t'other way, so we had no more trouble."

THE HUMOURS OF TYPOGRAPHY.

DURING the Mexican war, one of the newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty-seven of his men had been lost in a bottle (battle). Some other paper informed the public not long ago that a man, in a brown surtout, was yesterday brought before the court on a charge of stealing a small ox (box) from a lady's work-bag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat-pocket. A rat (raft), says another paper, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat, and so serious was the injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it. A contemporary once stated that the Russian General Backmoffkowsky was found dead with a long word (sword) in his mouth. It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and the Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy were repulsed with great laughter (slaughter). Again, a gentleman was recently brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) an omnibus conductor for demanding more than his fare. The use of the comma is sometimes important. At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman—without her, man is a brute." It was printed: "Woman, without her man, is a brute."

ESSENCE OF PEAT-MOSS.

ENGAGED," says a traveller, "a chaise at Galway to conduct me some fewmiles into the country, and had not proceeded far when it pulled up at the foot of a hill, and the driver coming to the door opened it. "What are you at, man? This isn't where I ordered you to stop," said I. "Whist! your honour, whist!" ejaculated Paddy; "I'm only desaving the baste. If I bang the door he'll think you're out, and 'll cut up the hill like blazes."

AFTER O'Connell had obtained the acquittal of a horse-stealer, the thief, in the ecstacy of his gratitude, cried out, "Och, counsellor, I've no way *here* to thank your honour; but I wish't I saw you knocked down in me own parish—wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue!"

"RUN away last night, my wife Bridget Coole. She has a tight, neat body, and has lost one leg. She was seen riding behind the priest of the parish, through Fermoy; and as we never was married, I will pay no debt she does not contract. She lisps with one tooth, and is always talking about fairies; and is of no use to any one but to the owner.—PHELIM COOLE, his × mark."

"'TINTION!" exclaimed a sergeant to his platoon; "front face, and 'tind to rowl-call! As many of ye as is presint will say 'Here!' and as many of ye as is not presint will say 'Absent!'"

A CLERGYMAN'S servant, having a strong desire to try his hand at pulpit oratory, managed during the indisposition of his master to get possession of the pulpit. The congregation was very large; so large, indeed, that Pat, who was "unaccustomed to public speaking," stood in the pulpit with his head hung down, and looking as sheepish as possible. Desperation at last inspired him with courage, and he bawled out—"If any of ye has got any consate about preaching, ye had better come up here."

AN Irish officer, not very conversant in law terms, was lately tried for an alleged assault. As the jury were coming to be sworn, the judge, addressing the major, told him that if there were any amongst them to whom he had any objection that was the time to challenge them. "I thank your lordship," said the gallant prisoner, "but, with your lordship's permission, I'll defer that ceremony till after my trial, and if they don't acquit me, by the piper of Leinster, I'll challenge every mother's son of them, and have 'em out too!"

THE following communication has been sent from a remote town in Ireland:—"Sir,—I send you this note to inform you that a person qualified to compose poetry for a newspaper is on the look-out for an office of that description, perhaps you would require a composer should you require one you will send an answer immediately stating salary and whether the composer is required to compose a story underneath the poetry there could be three pieces of poetry sent by one post for your paper I dare say you do not print one every day If you do not require one yourself perhaps you would know some person that would require one the poetry can be in a nice plain handwriting so that it will be easily understood you will please give the address to any one that would require a person of my description Address —— Co Donegall Ireland."

PAT, on arriving at an inn one night, went to bed, and was called up in two or three hours, to renew his journey by coach. "What will you charge," said he, "for the bit of lodging?" "A shilling," was the reply. "Sure," he rejoined, "an' it was lucky I had to rise so airly; for if I'd slept till morning I'd not have had the money to pay the bill."

"ARE you guilty, or not guilty?" asked the clerk of arraigns of a prisoner, the other day. "An' sure now," said Pat, "what are you put there for but to find that out?"

AN Irishman having been told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed, "That is the first time I iver rejoiced at the fall of my bist friend."

AN Irishman, on applying for relief to one of the parish officers of the Bolton Union, being told to work for his living, replied, "If I'd all the work in the world, I couldn't do it."

A SOLDIER pretending to be dumb was discharged. He in a short time afterwards enlisted in another corps, and being recognised by an old comrade, and questioned how he learned to speak, "By St. Patrick," replied Paddy, "ten guineas would make any man spake."

AT a crowded lecture, a young lady standing at the door of the church was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion: "Indade, miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full!"

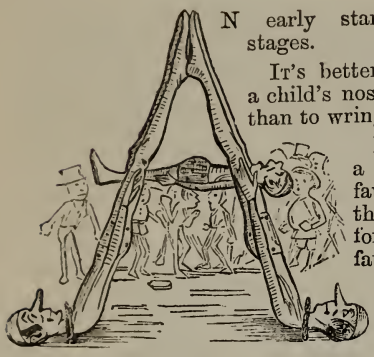
AN Irish gentleman, parting with a lazy servant-woman, was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was what is termed afraid of work. "Oh, not at all," said he, "not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the very side of it."

AN Irishman, referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he had lived high. "Well. I can't say he did," said Terrance, "but he died high. Like the banks in these days, he was suspended."

AN affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the 75th regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the 76th.

SAGE AND ONIONS.

AMERICAN AND SELECT.



N early start makes easy stages.

It's better never to wipe a child's nose at all, I guess, than to wring it off.

I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know.

Politics makes a man as crooked as a pack does a pedlar; not that they are so awful heavy, neither, but it *teaches a man to stoop* in the long run.

When you've too many irons in the fire, some on 'em will get stone cold, and t'other ones will get burnt, so they'll never be no good in natur'.

Now's the time to larn, when you are young. Store your mind well, and the fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. The otter of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.

We can do without any article of luxury we've never had; but when once obtained, it is not in human natur to surrender it voluntarily.

If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says 'tis all owing to the Bank; and if he runs into debt and is sued, why, he says the lawyers are a curse to the country.

Society is something like a barrel of pork. The meat that's at the top is sometimes not as good as that that's a little grain lower down; the upper and lower ends are plaguy apt to have a little taint in 'em, but the middle is always good.

The temple ov fame iz lokated on an exceeding high mountain, and yu have got tew fli or kreep tew get tew it. (N.B.—this proverb has been ced before, and ain't one ov mine, but it iz jist as tru as tho it waz.)

Buty is a short nek suckcess, but while it lastes it iz quite pooty.

Vartue needs awl the enemys she haz got to keep her tools bright and in order.

It taiks 2 tew maik a bargain; it ought to taik 2 tew brake it.

Yu ma differ az much as yu pleaze about the stile of a young lady's figger, but i tell yu konfidenshally, if she haz got 40,000 dollars, the figger iz about az near rite as yu wil git it.

Levvying blank males is undoubtedly a kontraband transackshun.

I often hear affeckshionate husbands kall their wives "Mi duck." I wonder if this aint a sli delusion to their big bils!

Good wine needs no brandy.

The man is not always a thief who steals a march.

'Tis a good wind that blows nobody rheumatism.

'Tis a wise child that knows its New Latin Primer.

None but great musicians can do great shakes.

Ducks lay eggs; geese lay wagers.

Ostentation is a duty which we owe to our neighbour; luxury, a duty which we owe to ourselves.

Honesty is like an isikel, if it onse melts that's the last ov it.

Dew a good turn whenever you can, even if yu hav tew turn someboddy's grinstun tu dew it.

When a man dies the fust thing we talk about iz hiz wealth, the nex thing hiz failings, and the last thing his vartues.

After awl ced and dun, the gran sekret of winning is tew win.

The studdy of human natur iz a good deal like the studdy ov deesekshun; yu finde out a good menny curis things, but it iz a nasty job after awl.

When a man's dog deserts him on akount ov hiz poverty, he kant git enny lower down in this world, not bi land.

Sekrets maik a dungin ov the harte, and a jalor ov its owner.

Don't let us forgit that the higher up we git, the smaller will things look tew us here belo.

It iz true that welth won't make a man vartuous, but i notis there ain't ennyboddy who wants tu be poor jist for the purpiss ov being good.

Luv iz like the meazles, we kant always tel when we ketched it, and ain't ap tew hav it severe but onst, and then it ain't kounted much onless it strikes inly.

Tew be a suckcessful pollytysian, a man shud be buttered on both sides and then keep away from the fire.

Thare iz sum disseazes that kant be kured even bi deth, for we often see them brake out on a man's tombstun more violent than ever.

The burden ov many ov the songs that are written iz the song itself.

If innersense is onla the result of ignoranse, it ain't enny more one ov the vartues than beauty iz; but if it is the effect of eddikashun, it iz the queen of the vartues.

Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a travellin' companion, but he's not the man for your banker.

It's no use talkin'. When you are down, poverty, like snow-shoes, keeps your feet fast, and prevents your rising. A man kant hope agin hope.

THE CONVERSION OF COLONEL QUAGG.*

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

COLONEL QUAGG and his anvil were, one April evening, in fierce dispute about a red-hot horseshoe. The fire roared, the sparks flew up the chimney, and the bellows blew fiercely. The colonel had the advantage of a hammer that Tubal Cain might have wielded when he fashioned the first ploughshare; but the anvil was used to hard knocks, and stood out against the blacksmith bravely. Indeed, if a certain metallic vibration was to be taken into account, the anvil had the best of it; for it had the last word. Only the unfortunate horseshoe came to grief; and, like the man between two stools who came to the ground, was battered into all sorts of shapes between the two disputants. Suddenly, 'Zeek, the bellows-blower, ceased for a moment in his occupation, and remarked—

"One o' them, colonel, top o' the hill. On a hoss. Legs as long as a coulter."

"Twankeydillo! twankeydillo!" sung out Colonel Quagg, in great exultation. "Ile, 'Zeek, and plenty of it; for Jack Strap, the crittur, is getting tarnation rusty."

The fatal strap being "iled" rather more liberally than usual, the colonel grasped it in his mighty hand, and passed out at the smithy door.

He saw, coming towards him down the hill, a long-legged, yellow-faced man in black, with a white neckcloth and a broad-brimmed hat. He bestrode a solemn-looking white horse, with a long tail. He had but one spur (the rider), but it was a very long and rusty spur. In his hand he carried a little dog's-eared book; but, as he rode, he sung quite softly a little hymn. . . . .

Colonel Quagg waited till the verse of the hymn was quite finished, and the horseman had got to within a couple of yards of his door, when he called out in a terrible voice—

"Hold hard!"

"Brother," said the man on the horse, "good evening, and peace."

"For the matter of that," responded Colonel Quagg, "rot! Hold hard, and git out of that hoss."

"Brother?" the other interrogated, as if not quite understanding the command.

"Git out, I tell you," cried the blacksmith. "Legs and feet. Git out, you long-tailed blackbird. Git out, for I'm riz, and snakes will wake! I want to talk to you."

The long man slid rather than got off his horse. It was indeed Brother Zephaniah Sockdolloger: for his face was quincier than ever, and, as he descended from his steed, he shut one eye and expectorated.

"Now," said the blacksmith, seating himself on the horse-block in front of his dwelling, and giving a blow on the ground with his strap that made the pebbles dance. "Where do you hail from?"

"From Punkington City, brother," answered the Reverend Zephaniah.

"And whar are you a goin' tu?"

"To Rapparoarer City."

"And what may you be goin' for to du in that location?"

"Goin' on circuit."

Colonel Quagg shook out the strap to its full length, and passed it through his horny hand.

"There was a brother of yours," he said sententiously, "that went to Rapparoarer City last fall. He passed this edifice, he did. He met this strap close by here. And this strap made him see comets, and dance like a shaking Quaker, and feel uncommon like a bob-tailed bull in fly-time. . . . . And I *du* hope," the colonel continued, "that you, brother, aren't of the same religion as this babe of grace was as met the strap as he was riding. That religion was the Grace-Walking religion, and that religion I always lick."

"Lick, brother?"

"Lick. With the strap. Dreadful."

"Colonel Goliah Quagg," said the minister, "for such, I know, is your name in the flesh, I *am* a preacher of the Grace-Walking connection. Humble, but faithful, I hope."

"Then," returned Colonel Quagg, making an ironical bow, "this *is* the strap with which I am going to lick you into sarse."

"Brother, brother," the other cried, shaking his head, "cast that cruel strap from out of thine hand. Close thine hand, if thou wilt, upon the hammer of thy trade, the coulter of thy plough, upon a pen, the rudder of a ship, the handle of a lantern to light men to peace, and love, and good-will; but close it not upon sword of iron, or bludgeon of wood, or strap of leathern hide. For, from the uplifting and downfalling of those wicked instruments came never good; but rather boiling tears, and bruises and blood, and misery, and death."

"Now look you here," the blacksmith cried, impatiently. "Talk as long as you like; but talk while I am a-licking of you. For time is precious, and must not be thrown away nohow. Lick you I must, and lick you I will—hard."

"But, brother—but, colonel——"

"Rot!" exclaimed the colonel. "Straps is waiting. Stubs and fences! I'll knock you into horseshoes and then into horsenails, if you keep me waiting."

"Have you no merciful feelings?" asked Zephaniah, as if sorely troubled.

"Not a cent of 'm. Air you ready? Will you take it fighting, or will you take it lying down?

* By kind permission of Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

Some takes it fighting; some takes it like lambs, lying down. Only make haste."

"Goliah Quagg," the minister responded, "I am a man of peace, and not one that goes about raging with sword and buckler, like unto Apollyon, or a corporal of the Boston Tigers; and I would rather not take it at all."

"You must," the colonel roared, now fairly infuriated. "Pickled alligators! you must. Hold hard, you coon! Hold hard! for I'm a goin' to begin. Now, once more; is it fighting, or is it quiet, you mean for to take it?"

"Well," said Brother Zephaniah, "you are hard upon me, colonel, and that's true. It's fighting or lying down, isn't it?"

"Ay," returned the colonel, brandishing his strap.

"*Then I'll take it fighting,*" the man of peace said quietly.

Colonel Quagg halted for a moment, as if amazed at the audacity of the Grace-Walker. Then, with a wild halloo, he rushed upon him very much as a bob-tailed bull does rush about under the aggravating influence of flies. His hand was upon the minister's collar; the strap that had done so much execution in its time was swinging high in the air, when—

Stay. Can you imagine the rage, astonishment, and despair of a schoolmaster caned by his pupil; of the Emperor of China sentenced to be bambooed by a Hong Kong coolie; of the beadle of the Burlington Arcade expulsed therefrom by a boy with a basket; of a butler kicked by a footpage; of a Southern planter cowhided by one of his own niggers; of a Broadway dandy jostled by a newly-landed Irish emigrant; of a policeman ordered to move on by an apple-woman; of the Commander-in-chief of the army desired to stand at ease by a drummer; of the Pope of Rome blessed with two fingers by a chorister boy? If you can imagine anything of that sort—but only if you can—you may be able to form some idea of how Colonel Quagg felt when a storm of blows, hard, well-directed, and incessant, began to fall on his head, on his breast, on his face, on his shoulders, on his arms, on his legs—all over his body, so rapidly that he felt as if he was being hit everywhere at once—when he found his strap would hit nowhere on the body of his opponent, but that he himself was hit everywhere.

Sledgehammers! Sledgehammers were nothing to the fists of the Grace-Walking brother. A bob-tailed bull in fly-time was an animal to be envied in comparison to the colonel. He danced with all the vigour of a nigger toeing and heeling a hornpipe. He saw more comets than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ever dreamed of. He felt that he was all nose, and that a horribly swollen one. Then that he had swallowed all his teeth. Then that he had five hundred eyes, and then none at all. Then that his ribs went in and his blood came out. Then his legs failed under him, and he fell down all of a heap; or, perhaps, to speak classically and pugilistically, he hit out wildly, felt groggy, and went down at the ropes. The tall brother went down atop of him, and continued pounding away at his body—not perhaps as hard as he could, but decidedly much harder than the colonel liked—singing all the while the little hymn.

"Hold hard!" gasped the colonel at last, faintly. "You don't mean murder, do you? You won't hit a man when he's down, much more, will you, brother?"

"By no means," answered Zephaniah, bringing down his fist, nevertheless, with a tremendous "bash" upon the colonel's nose, as if there were a fly there, and he wanted to kill it. "But you've took it fighting, colonel; and you may as well now take it like a lamb, lying down."

"But I'm broke, I tell you," groaned the vanquished blacksmith. "I can't do no more. You air so mighty hard, you *air*."

"Oh! you give in, then?"

"Ay," murmured Colonel Quagg, "I cave in."

"Speak louder, I'm hard of hearing."

"Yes!" repeated the colonel, with a groan. "I du cave in. For I'm beat; whittled clean away to the small end o'nothing—chawed up—cornered."

"You must promise me one little thing, Colonel Goliah Quagg," said the Reverend Sockdolloger, without, however, removing his knees from the colonel's chest. "You must promise, before I leave off hammering of your body, never for to ill-treat by word or deed any of our people—ministers, elders, deacons, or brethren."

"I'll promise," replied the colonel; "only let me get up. You're choking me."

"Not to rile, lick, or molest any other peaceable critturs as are coming or going past your way."

"I promise," muttered the colonel, who was now becoming purple in the face.

"Likewise," concluded Zephaniah, playfully knocking away one of his adversary's loose teeth, so as to make his mouth neat and tidy, "you must promise to give up drinking of rum; which is a delusion and a snare, and bad for the innards, besides being on the trunk-line to perdition. And, finally, you must promise to come to our next camp-meeting, clean shaved, and with a contrite heart."

"No," cried the almost expiring colonel, "I won't, not for all the toebacco in Virginny! Nor yet for Martin van Buren or Dan'el Webster! Nor yet for to be postmaster!"

"You won't, brother?" asked Zephaniah, persuasively raising his fist.

"No, I'm darned if I do."

"Then," said the Grace-Walker meekly, "I must sing you another little hymn."

Immediately afterwards Colonel Quagg's tortures recommenced. He struggled, he roared, he entreated, but in vain. All he could see were the long man's arms whirling about like the sails of windmills. All he could feel was the deadly pain of the blows on his already hideously-bruised face and body. All he could hear was the snuffling voice of his tormentor singing, with an occasional stammer, a verse of a little hymn. . . . . He could stand it no longer. He threw out his arms, and groaned, "Spare my life, and I'll promise anything."

"Happy to hear it, colonel," answered Brother Sockdolloger, helping his adversary to rise, and then coolly settling his own white neckcloth and broad-brimmed hat. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to look after my hoss a bit. He cast a shoe just after I left Punkington."

LAMB'S WOOL.

It is told of Lamb, that one afternoon returning from a dinner-party, having taken a seat in a crowded omnibus, a stout gentleman subsequently looked in, and politely asked, "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be with the *other* passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of oyster-pie did the business for *me*."

It being suggested that Lamb would not sit down to a meal with the Italian witnesses at the Queen's trial, he rejected the imputation, asserting that he would sit with anything except a hen or a tailor.

Of brandy and water, Charles Lamb said it spoiled two good things.

"Charles," said Coleridge, one day, to Lamb, "did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," said Lamb.

A sexton in Salisbury Cathedral was telling Charles Lamb that eight people had dined at the top of the spire, upon which Lamb remarked that they must have been very sharp-set.

The regular routine of clerkly business ill suited the literary tastes and the wayward though innocent habits of our essayist. Once, at the India House, one in authority said to him—"I have remarked, Mr. Lamb, that you come very *late* in the morning." "Yes, sir," replied the wit, "but I go away *early* in the afternoon." The oddness of the excuse silenced the reprover, who turned away with a smile.

"Wordsworth," said Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly over-rated. 'There is an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote,' he said, 'and people are taken in by it. Now, if *I* had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare.' So, you see," proceeded Charles Lamb quietly, "it was *only the mind* that was wanting."

On a wet, miserable, foggy London day in autumn, Lamb was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute widow woman, who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling; "so have I; it is a miserable day! Good-bye! good-bye!" It is hardly probable the woman was in good enough spirits to take the joke, but we suppose she took the shilling easily.

"A pun," said Lamb in a letter to Coleridge, in which he eulogised the Odes and Addresses of his friends Hood and Reynolds, "is a thing of too much consequence to be thrown in as a make-weight. You shall read one of the Addresses twice over and miss the puns, and it shall be quite as good, or better, than when you discover them. A pun is a noble thing *per se*. O never bring it in as an accessory! A pun is a sole digest of reflection; it is entire; it fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet—better. It limps ashamed in the train and retinue of humour—it knows it should have an establishment of its own."

A MERMAID YARN.

"Tommy, have you ever seen any of them ere maremaids they tell on?" inquired Dame Nichols of her son, just home from a voyage. "Wal, no, mother; can't say for sartin as I has. But I seen one of the maremen one day."—"You did, Tommy! Where was it? Tell us all about it, my son."—"Wal, ye see, mother, when I was in the old *Orpheus*, homeward bound from Liverpool, we got on the Great Bank in thirty fathoms of water; and as it was a fine, pleasant Sunday morning, almost calm, Captain Cole concluded to let go 'kellock,' and set all hands to fishing for cod. Wal, we'd been fishing 'bout an hour, when there climbed up by a rope that was dangling down overboard, and jumped down on deck, the queerest little chap I ever clapt my two eyes on. He was about four feet high, all covered with sea-weed and barnacles, and had a star-fish shell for a cap, and clam-shells for shoes, and a blue skin and green eyes, and a nose like a spoon. 'Where's the old man?' he piped, as soon as he lit on deck. 'There he is aft,' said Ned Higgins; and with that the little man of the sea clattered away aft on his clam-shells, and going right up to Captain Cole, he scraped and bowed, polite as a dancing-master, and says he to the old man, 'Captain, I beg pardon for troubling you, but I've come up to ask if you'll be so kind as to heave up your anchor? You see, sir, you've dropped it right before our door down there, and my family can't get out to go to church.' 'By all means, my dear sir,' said the captain, shaking hands with the mareman. 'Man the windlass, there, Mr. Transom, and heave up the anchor.' With that Mr. Mareman thanked the old man, clattered away to the side, and slid down that ere rope into the sea; and that's the first and last time I ever seen a mareman, mother."

PAT AND THE OYSTERS.

ONE evening, a red-headed Connaught swell, of no small aristocratic pretensions in his own eyes, sent his servant, whom he had just imported from the long-horned kingdom, in all the rough majesty of a creature fresh from the "wilds," to purchase a hundred of oysters on the City Quay. Paddy stayed so long away, that Squire Trigger got quite impatient and unhappy lest his "body man" might have slipt into the Liffey; however, to his infinite relief, Paddy soon made his appearance, puffing and blowing like a d sabled bellows, but carrying his load seemingly in great triumph. "Well, Pat," cried the master, "what the devil kept you so long?" "Long! ah thin, maybe it 's what you'd have me to come home with half my *arrant?*" says Pat. "Half the oysters?" says the master. "No; but too much of the *fish*," says Pat. "What fish?" says he. "The oysters, to be sure," says Pat. "What do you mean, blockhead?" says he. "I mean," says Pat, "that there was no use in loading myself with more nor was useful." "Will you explain yourself?" says he. "I will," says Pat, laying down his load. "Well, then, you see, plaise your honour, as I was coming home along the quay, mighty peaceable, who should I meet but Shammus Maginus; 'Good morrow, Shamien,' sis I; 'Good morrow, kindly, Paudeen,' sis he; 'What is it you have in the sack?' sis he; 'A hundred of oysters,' sis I; 'Let us look at them,' sis he; 'I will, and welcome,' sis I; 'Arrah! thunder and pratees!' sis he, opening the sack, and examinin them, who *sowld* you these?' 'One Tom Kinahan that keeps a small ship there below,' sis I; 'Musha then, bad luck to that same Tom that *sowld* the likes to you,' sis he; 'Arrah, why, avick?' sis I; 'To make a *bolsour* ov you an give them to you without claning thim,' sis he; 'An arn't they claned, Jim, aroon?' sis I; 'Oh! bad luck to the one of thim,' sis he; 'Musha then,' says I, 'what the dhoul will I do at all, at all? fur the master will be mad;' 'Do!' sis he, 'why I'd rather do the thing for you mysel, nor you should lose your place,' sis he; so wid that he begins to clane them wid his knife, *nate* and *well;* an afeered ov dirtying the flags, begor, he swallowed the insides himself from beginnin to ind, tal he had them as dacent as you see thim here"—dashing down at his master's feet his bag of oyster-shells, to his master's no small amazement.

A SHARK STORY.

"THERE was one shark," said our host, who wore a red skull-cap, and had a habit of bobbing his head as he spoke, so as to put one continually in mind of a gigantic woodpecker—"There was one shark I mind particular. My two boys and me was hauling in the net, and soon as I felt it, says I, 'Boys, here's something more than common.' So we all hauled away, and O my! didn't the water boil when he came up? Such a time! Fortnatly he come up tail first. If he'd come up head first he'd a bit the boat in two at one bite. He was all hooked in, and twisted up with the net. I s'pose he had forty hooks in him; and when he got his head above water he tried to get his head around to bite. If he'd got his head round he'd a bit the boat in two, and we had it right full of fish, for we'd been out all day with hand-lines. He had a nose in front of his gills just like a duck, only it was nigh upon six feet long." "It must have been a shovel-nose shark," said Picton. "That's what a captain of a coaster told me," replied Red-Cap; "he said it have been a shovel-nose. If he'd only got that shovel-nose turned round, he'd a shovelled us into eternity, fish and all." "What prevented him getting his head round?" said Picton. "Why, sir, I took two half-hitches round his tail soon as I see him come up. And I tell ye when I make two half-hitches, they hold; ask Captain there, if I can't make hitches as will hold. What say, Captain?" Captain assented with a confirmatory nod. "What did you do' then?" said Picton. "Did you get him ashore?' "Get him ashore!" muttered Red-Cap, covering his mouth with one broad brown hand to muffle a contemptuous laugh; "get him ashore! why, he was pretty well off shore for such a sail." "You might have rowed him ashore," said Picton. "Rowed him ashore!" echoed Red-Cap, with another contemptuous smile under the brown hand; "rowed him ashore!" The traveller, finding he was in deep water, answered: "Yes, that is if you were not too far out." "A little too far out," replied Red-Cap; "why, if I had been a hundred yards only from shore, it would ha' been too far to row or sail in, with that shovel-nose, without counting the set-nets." "And what did you do?" said Picton, a little nettled. "Why," said Red-Cap, "I had to let him go, but first I cut out his liver, and that I did bring ashore, although it filled my boat pretty well full. You can judge how big it was: after I brought it ashore I lay it out on the beach, and we measured it, Mr. M'Alpin and me, and he'll tell you so too; we laid it out on the beach, that ere liver, and it measured seventeen feet, and then we didn't measure all of it." "What was the reason you didn't measure all of it?" said Picton. "Well," replied Red-Cap, "because we hadn't a measure long enough."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S ERRORS.

THE HELMET.

'Is that a tropic of the Crimea?" said Mrs. Partington, pointing to a Russian helmet that a friend had brought from the East. "That, madam," said we, is a trophy of the Crimea, that fearful battle-ground, and it seems to bear about it the odour of strife in the perilous deadly breaches, and the crash of contending forces." She looked at it attentively. "Yes," responded she; "and not only the breeches, but the rest of the uniform besides." It was evident that she had made a slight mistake.

THE BALLET TROUPE.

"WHEN is the bally troop coming on?" asked Mrs. Partington, after watching the dancers at the theatre about half an hour. "That is the ballet troupe," said Ike, with a smile, pointing to the beautiful sylphs that were fluttering like butterflies about the stage. "Well, I believe in calling things by their true names; I thought it was a troop of horse, like the Anderson cavalry, that took their tower out west. Well," continued the old lady, "if there ever was anybody that needed sympathy, it's them! Worn their dresses right up to their knees by dancing, poor creatures! By-and-by, at this rate, they won't have anything to wear!"

ON WAR.

MRS. PARTINGTON began to get anxious about the consequences of the American war, and asked whether this country may not eventually become involved in hostilities with "our transplanted cousins," as she calls the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. "In that case," said Mrs. Partington, rather anxiously, "would the 'Merrikins come to London?" "Undoubtedly, ma'am," replied her interlocutor, "if they could." "Dear me! how shocking!" Then after a pause, she added, with a placid smile, and lifting up her hands, "Well, well, I'm very thankful *we live so near the barracks!*"

GHOSTS.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mrs. Partington?" was asked of the old lady, somewhat timidly. "To be sure I do," replied she, "as much as I believe that bright fulminary there will rise in the yeast tomorrow morning, if we live, and nothing happens. Two apprehensions have sartingly appeared in our family. Why, I saw my dear Paul, a fortnight before he died, with my own eyes, jest as plain as I see you now, and it turned out arterwards to be a rose-bush with a nightcap on it; I shall always think, to the day of my desolation, that it was a forerunner sent to me. T'other one came in the night when we were asleep, and carried away three candles, and a pint of spirits that we kept in the house for an embarkation. Believe in ghosts, indeed! I guess I do, and he must be a dreadful styptic as doesn't."

ON LONGEVITY.

"I'VE always noticed," remarked Mrs. Partington, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral, "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life has a tendency to make him older, just as a man who goes a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every milestone brings him nearer to where he is going, and farther from where he started. I haven't got the exorbitance of feeling that I had once, and I don't believe I shall ever have it again if I live to the age of Methusaleh, which, Heaven knows, I don't want to. And, speaking of long life, I haven't any desire to live any longer than the breath remains in my body, if it isn't more than eighty years—I wouldn't wish to be a centurion, and the idea of surviving one's factories always gives me a disagreeable sensoriousness. But whatever is to be will be, and there is no knowing how a thing will take place till it turns out."

ON SCHOOLS.

"PEOPLE may say as much as they please about the excellence of the schools," said Mrs. Partington, very terribly, "but for my part, I think they are no better than they ought to be. Why, do you know," continued she, in a big whisper, "that Isaac's teacher has actually been giving him instructions in vulgar fractions." She took off her spectacles and rubbed the glasses, in her excitement putting them on bottom side up. The charge, we admitted, was a just one. "Yes," continued she, brightening up for a new charge, like a slate beneath the action of a wet sponge, "yes, and see what other things they learn, about moods, and pretences, and all sorts of nonsenses Gracious knows we learn moods enough without going to school, and as for pretences, we find enough of them outside. There are too many pretenders in the school and out of 'em, without trying to make any more."

THE FULL STOP.

A SCAFFOLDING, twenty feet high, once gave way
At a house where two lab'rers were working one day;
One of whom by the scaffold-poles held—safe and sound—
While the other poor fellow was dashed to the ground.

"By me conscience, then, Pat, 'twas a long way to drop!
Did your fall hurt you, honey?" said he at the top.
Pat groaned out in answer, "The fall—it be cursed!
'Twas the stopping so suddenly hurt me the worst."

"THAT'S VERY ODD."

"WHEN I was travelling in Russia I was attacked in crossing a forest by a pack of twelve wolves, and from my postchaise window I fired my revolver and killed the first wolf, and, strange to say, his companions stopped and devoured him, and then came on again to the fight. I shot another, and my postillion killed a third, both of which were devoured, and so we went on until only one wolf remained, and I killed him as we were entering the town, and I observed that he was immensely stout. "Dear me!" said the friend, "that's very odd." "Very odd," said the traveller, "but not nearly so odd as that which happened on the following day. I was out shooting antelopes, and fired at one as he stood on the top of a crag; odd to say, the ball passed through his neck, and killed another which was standing on a crag a quarter of a mile off." "That's very odd," said the friend. "Yes, but the odd part of the story is to come. The report of my rifle so alarmed an old he-bear, which happened to be up in a tree, that he fell to the ground, broke his neck, and died on the spot." "Well!" said the friend, "upon my word that's very odd." "Yes, odd," said the traveller, "but not so odd as the sequel to my story. A thunderstorm came on, and I sought refuge in a hollow tree, and, to my horror, I descended into a nest of young bears, where I had not been very long when I heard the she-bear. She ascended the tree, and was descending the hollow. With the rapidity of lightning I seized her by the tail and plunged my hunting knife into her haunches, upon which she started upwards, dragging me with her; and as she went down one side of the tree, I escaped by the other." "Now, really, that's very odd," said the friend, "for it's the first time in my life I ever heard of a bear with a tail." "Yes," replied the traveller, "and it was the only time I ever met with one, and that's very odd."

THE TURBAN HAT.

BY EDWARD IRWIN.

BEAUTIFUL girl in the turban hat!
I lost my heart when you mounted that;
It wandered away 'mid the folds of your hair—
Got tangled—and now lies captive there.

Remember, when combing your locks to-night,
Should some tresses be twisted together tight,
Look out for my heart, and some others you've spurn'd
That strayed from their owners and never returned.

In moments of courage I've been inclined
To give you, dear girl, a piece of my mind;
But now it's too late, for with grief I see,
My peace of mind has deserted me.

Artists may picture and poets praise
The scant-clad Venus of former days;
But lovelier far to my eyes than that
Are the well-draped form and the turban hat.

Beautiful girl, well may you wear;
Never may sorrow whiten one hair
Of the clusters that make my pulse go pat,
As I look at yourself and your turban hat!

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

ONE Alwright went to an auction and bought goods. "What name, sir?" inquired the man with the hammer. "Alwright!" "What name, I say?" was the irritated rejoinder. "Al-wright! I say." "All wrong, you mean." "Al-wright!" said the purchaser. "Yes, all right!" cried the crowd, taking the joke; "all right—go ahead, old Knock-'em-down." The auctioneer now began to lose his temper. "A-l, Al—w-r-i-g-h-t, wright," continued the buyer. "O—h, thunder!" exclaimed Hammer, on whom the laughter of the crowd began to operate; "that's it, is it? Beg pardon! James, put this gentleman's name down. —All right, sir; go ahead."

THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING AGREEABLE.

I WAS once what is called an agreeable man, and the consequences of enjoying such a reputation were as follow:—

I was asked to be a godfather forty-eight times, and my name is recorded on as many silver mugs, value each, £4 10s. 6d.

I gave away fifty-six brides, and as many dressing-cases.

I said "Yes" when I ought to have said "No" six thousand five hundred and forty times.

I paid in the course of fourteen years £375 2s. 6d. for cab-fares, in excess of what I ought to have done.

I lent two hundred and sixty-four umbrellas, and never received them back again.

I gave up my stall at the opera when I wanted to use it myself, on an average, twenty-six times during the season.

I have had three hundred and odd colds, and retain a permanent rheumatism, from consenting to sit in draughts to oblige other people.

I have accepted two hundred and four accommodation bills for friends in Government offices, and I am now going to Basinghall Street to declare myself an insolvent, preparatory to my departure for Australia.

BLACK DIAMONDS.

A GRAND jury in rebeldom ignored a bill against a negro for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the judge bade him stand reprimanded, and he concluded thus: "You may go now, John, but let me warn you never to appear here again." John, with delight beaming in his eyes, and a broad grin displaying a fine row of ivory, replied, "I wouldn't bin here dis time, judge, only de constable fotch me."

"SAM, why am lawyers like fishes?" "I don't meddle wid de subjec', Pomp." "Why, don't ye see, nigga, because dey am so fond ob debate."

"WELL, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "O, berry well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Why, you see, missis biled tree eggs for herself, and gib me de brof."

A SLAVE who ran away from his master in Virginia was set to work by General Butler, and made to keep at it, much to his annoyance, which caused him to exclaim, "Golly, Massa Butler, dis nigger nebber had to do work so hard afore; guess dis chile will secede once moah."

A PAPER down East tells of a negro who proposed to write a book on Natural History. He commenced as follows:—"Man is de first animal in de creation; he spring up like a sparrow-grass, hops about like a hopper-grass, and dies de same as a jackass."

"MASSA says you must sartain pay de bill today," said a negro to a New Orleans shopkeeper. "Why, he isn't afraid I'm a going to run away, is he?" was the reply. "Not e'zactly dat; but look ahee," said the darkey, slily and mysteriously, "he's gwoin to run away heself, and darfor wants to make a big raise."

"I TELL you wat, Julius, I had a monstrous 'spute wid massa dis morning, down in de cotton patch." "You don't ses so, Cæsar; wat, you 'spute wid massa?" "Yes, I tell you for one hour we 'spute togedder down in de cotton patch." "Wa, wa, wat you 'spute about?" "Why, you see, Julius, massa come down da whar I wos hoein', and massa he say squash grow best on sandy ground, an' I say so too; and dar we 'spute about it for more 'n one hour!"

"SAMBO, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, massa fuss-rate farmer—he make two crops in one year." "How is dat, Sambo?" "Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."

"MY young coloured friend," said an army chaplain to a young negro, "can you read?" "Yes, sah!" "Glad to hear it," said the chaplain. "Shall I give you a paper?" "Sartain, massa, if you please." "Very good," continued the chaplain. "What paper would you choose, now?" "Well, massa," said the meditating negro, "if you chews, I'll take a paper o' terbacker."

"SAMBO, w'at am your 'pinion ob rats?" "Wal, I t'ink de one dat has de shortest tail will get in de hole de quickest. E'yah! e'yah! e'yah!"

A MILITIA officer wanted to compliment a negro by drinking with him. "Well, captain," said Cuff, "I'se very dry, so I won't be ugly about it. Some niggars are too proud to drink with a malishy ossifer, but I think a malishy ossifer, when he is sober, is just as good as a nigga, 'specially when the nigga is dry."

A COLOURED firm in Newark, New Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following "notis:"—"De dissolution of coparsnips heretofo resisting twixt me and Mose Jones in the barber perfession, am heretofo resolved. Pussons who ose must pay to de scriber. Dem what de firm ose must call on Jones, as de firm is insolved."

SAID a gentleman the other day to a servant at the hotel where he was stopping—"Bless my soul, Sambo, how black you are! How, in the name of wonder, did you get so black?" "Why, look'a here, massa, de reason am dis—de day dis child was born dere was an eclipse." Ebony received a shilling for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued—"I tell you what it is, massa; dis nigger may be black, but he ain't green, nohow."

"MASSA, you know dem big glass shades, what am aribe last night?" "Well?" said the master. "Well, dey was put in de store-room," continued the boy. "Well?" continued the master, inquiringly. "Well, I was peelin' de apples, when Mr. Johnson told me to bring one of dem out, and——" "Well?" said his master, impatiently. "Well, as I was gwine to do——" "You let it fall, and broke it, you scoundrel!" anticipated the master. "No, I didn't, needer," said the negro, sulkily. "Well, what then?" said the master, recovering. "Why, I struck him again de corner of de shelf, and he brake himself all to pieces!"

ANTHONY ROX, a superb engine-driver on the Ohio river, was asked how he came to get free. "Why, Massa Vincent, my health was berry bad when I was in Kentucky; I couldn't do no kind of work: I was berry feeble; 'twas jes as much as I could do to hoe my own garden and eat de sass; and de missus what owned me see dat I was a mis'able nigger—one of the mis'ablest kind. So I said to her, "Missus, I'm a mis'able nigger, and I an't worth nothing, and I tink you'd better sell me, I'm such a mis'able nigger.' Now, Massa Vincent, I was such a poor nigger that missus 'greed to sell me for a hundred dollars, and I

'greed to try to work and earn de money to pay her; and I did, and my health has been gittin' better ebcr since, and I 'specks I made 'bout nine hundred dollars dat time out of dat nigger."

A GENTLEMAN sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and, taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fishmonger, observing him, and fearing the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed, "Hulloo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" The negro replied, "Me no smell your fish, massa." "What are you doing then, sir?" "Why, me talk to him, massa." "And what do you say to the fish, eh?" "Why, me ask him what news at sea; dat's all, massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says he don't know; he no been dare dese tree weeks."

HAVING an abiding faith in the axiom that nothing was created in vain, we have long sought for some apology for the existence of those wretched little creatures known as poodle dogs, and at last we have found out their uses. A lady who kept one of the curly abominations recently lost her pet, and called upon a policeman to find it. The next day the officer came with the dog, which was very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked forty silly questions; among others, "Where did you find the dear baby?" "Why, marm," replied the officer, "a big nigger up in Sullivan Street had him tied to a pole, and was washing windows with him."

NEGRO conversation, especially when it assumes a serious cast, is very often oddly classic; the pretension to the use of words beyond the power of comprehension, and often beyond the facilities of enunciation, is sometimes, too, very humorous. We overheard the other day a colloquy between a couple of "seeming sages." The subject of discourse appeared to have its origin in the persons of a coloured man and a couple of boys, members of the whitewashing profession, passing up the other side of the street. "How you do, Mester Pindar?" bowing politely. "Ah, Annybull, *is* dat you? Well, how is all de family—considerable, hey? Astonishing circumstruction ob de cosmogrammic nostophere dis evening." "Very 'markable indeed, Mester Pindar. Did you see de Nora Bralis de oder night? Its flectionable sintimation make de stars wink, and de moon to put on her nightcap, as Shakspur de poet sas." "Why, you ain't got dat practice ob koaten po'try?" "Hush! See, yander, dere's poor Gustas Cæsar Jones's boys, and dere uncle, jes quit de daily ambrocations. De boys come in for pretty much ob prop'ty?" "No, not de smallest quantity. See dat boy, de fore un, he name ahter de father; not a cent for him; and de young genulman be'ind, wid de limperments ob his purfesshin in his hand —de bucket and de brush—not a cent for him." "Why, lo-lo-luk heah, Annybull, wha-wh-what you talken about? you don't say dat for factum, doos ye?" "Certendy; I tells ye ne'er a one ob dem boys is" (whispering—)" ne'er a one ob em's born in *padlock;* both ob 'em *legerdemain* children!" Imagine the theatric start which Mr. Pindar affected as he exclaimed, "Oh, my purfettic sole" (turning up his heel), "if I didn't think so. But is *you* sure?" "Didn't he tell me so when he was whitewashin' dat house down dere wid de venson blinds?" "Dat sews me up. Good night, sah." "Good night."

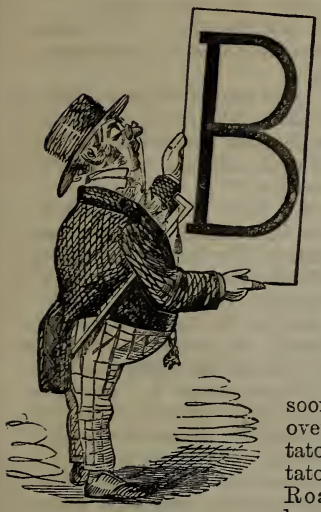
A LAUGHABLE incident occurred at the depôt in Savannah, Georgia. The train from Mobile brought up several barrels of fresh oysters. A number of country negroes stood by, and never having seen oysters before, were somewhat surprised at the appearance of the bivalves. "Where he mouf?" exclaimed one of the most inquisitive. "How um eat! Golly! I think am nothing 'cept gum. Yah! yah!" he continued, laughing at his wit. "I spec sum white man tink nigger a fool when he call that ister." Just then he discovered an open oyster, and seizing it, he eyed it closely. Not satisfied with the examination, he placed it to his nose; but no sooner was that organ inserted between the shells, than they closed. Nigger howled with pain, and called out, "Pull um off! pull um off!" But the more the oyster was pulled the more he would not let go; and as poor Cuffee danced and yelled, his frantic efforts to rid himself of his uncomfortable nasal ornament were both ludicrous and painful. "Hit um wid a stick," suggested a buxom wench; and in a moment the oyster was knocked right and left with a hearty will; but Cuffee's head went with it. "Pinch his tail," cried a little nig, "and he sure to let go!" But there was no tail to pinch, and poor Cuffee seemed doomed to wear the oyster for ever. At this moment an "intelligent contraband" whipped out a knife, and with it soon severed the oyster. Cuffee looked at the shells with amazement, and finding the oyster toothless, threw it away with the remark, "Um got no teeth, but he gum is powerful!"

THE SPREADING OF A REPORT.

THE servant of No. 1 told the servant of No. 2, that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay him a visit at Christmas; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected the Bailies in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from being taken in execution, and that it was killing his poor dear wife; and so it went on increasing and increasing, until it got to No. 33, where it was reported that the detective police had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor dear wife with arsenic, and it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed at Horsemonger Lane Gaol, as the facts of the case were very clear against him.

A TALE OF A LEG.*

BY THOMAS MILLER.



BEN BRUST was driving his sheep from Newark. Ben had a fine leg of Northamptonshire mutton slung over his shoulder, and ever as he drove his sheep along, and got them nicely together, he turned to admire the joint, and by a jerk of his arm brought it at the front. "Hev it boiled," said Ben; "sup of prime broth, but broth fills one so soon. It's prime baked over a lot of nice mealy tatoes, it gives the tatoes sich a flavour. Roasted's better—but, laws! it mecks me so hungry while turning it, and I half fill me we' sops in the pan. I'll call and ax him how he likes it done—I wish th' old landlord was coming to dine too. Laws, I should be happy! But four on us would meck a foul hole in it. Let me see, I could teck about two pounds or so, Gideon ain't so good a hand at it, and the landlord is but so and so, and my wife ain't much. It's a sweet pretty leg, and I dare say there would be plenty." And he again examined it, took hold of the shank and felt its weight, then threw it once more over his shoulder. The fat almost frizzled in the sun, for the morning was unusually hot. "Mind and not go to sleep this time," says Ben, passing the bank where the tinker stole his boots; "catch 'em doing me out of my mutton if they can. How nice it will but eat!—prime red gravy! England's a glorious country! there's no sich legs of mutton in the world beside, there isn't a leg like this in foreign parts abroad. It's a blessed country. But I begin to want my lunch. Or should I stay and make a good dinner at Besthorpe? I think I will, he gives capital shilling dinners. He says he loses two shillings by me every time. I dare say he don't get much. But, laws! everybody don't eat alike; and I dare say, what we' one and another, it pays very well indeed. Who the dickens is yon coming? Why, I declare it's my wife's cousin. Dash him, if he sees this mutton he'll want to fall bones on it! He's sich a fellow for fresh meat."

"Sweet leg of mutton there, Ben," said cousin William, glutting his gaze upon it, as if he would have eaten it with his eyes. "What a nice relish a slice round would but give a pint of ale! I made but a poor breakfast. They were soon tired on me at Fenton; I reckoned on staying a week we' 'em."

"You ha'nt surely eaten 'em up in a day?" said Ben. "Why, they killed a pig about a month back! I never thought you would leave 'em while there was a bit of bacon left."

"They hadn't begun to cut on it yet—they thought it was too new," said cousin William; "and I promised to call as I came back, but they never pressed me. I'm going as far as Winthorpe, to see an old friend as I lived in service we'. He killed two pigs in March, so I hope to be able to stay a fortnight we' him. But we mun hev a bit and a sup afore we part. I never saw a prettier leg than that, Ben."

"It's a real good un," answered Ben, hutching it farther back, "and I mean to hev it done for Sunday's dinner."

"I don't mind going back we' you," said the hungry-looking cousin. "I can as well go to Winthorpe on Monday. I should enjoy a bit of that mutton on Sunday, Ben, that I should."

"It would be all the better for been hung up a day or two longer," said Ben, who had seen cousin William eat once. "And if I should change my mind, and not hev it cooked on Sunday, it would be a disappointment to you."

"Why, for that matter," answered the persevering cousin, "I could stay as long as it would keep good."

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"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Ben: "if you'll pay for th' ale, I'll stand a dinner for you at Besthorpe. They'll credit me a shilling, I know; and if you eat a stone of meat, they charge no more. Butcher Hyde pays for me."

"It's almost too soon," said cousin William, pulling out an old-fashioned watch. "But we can wait an hour or two, and hev a pint and a pipe while dinner-time."

"That we can," replied Ben; "it 'ill do my sheep good to let 'em wind a bit, for they begin to pant. And you'll see how I'll teck the landlord in, and get a quart of ale for a penny. I learnt a trick yesterday of old Nock the nailmaker. He's often grumbled at giving a dinner for a shilling; but we'll sarve him out to-day. Are you in good trim?"

"Capital," said cousin William; "I could eat a jackass and a pair of panniers. I'm good for half-a-crown's worth, anyhow. I'll punish his joint to your heart's content, Ben."

"Then we'll do him, by Jove!" said Ben, rubbing his hands with delight; "for I'm in beautiful order. He shall hev someat to grumble about this time. I think you and I, cousin, can put as much under our jackets as any two men in England?"

"That we can," said cousin William, "if it only be bread and cheese. Put your sheep on a bit faster, Ben, and let's give 'em time to cook plenty of dinner. It's not quite eleven o'clock yet, and we're nearly there. Shall I carry the mutton?"

"No, thank you," said Ben, giving cousin William a peculiar look; "it isn't very heavy."

They soon arrived at Besthorpe, and put up at the old "Black Bell."

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* From "Gideon Giles the Roper." By kind permission of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons.

The sheep were put into a neighbouring paddock, and Ben began to inquire after dinner.

"It's only just down," said the landlord, looking very hard at cousin William's long jaws; for the host had some skill in the physiognomy of a good trencherman, and he wished his guests had travelled a little farther. "It'll be an hour and a half before it's ready. Hadn't you better go on to Newton?—you'll about get there in time."

"No, thank you," said Ben, winking at his cousin, "we can wait till dinner's ready; the sheep want a bit of a rest." Then calling to the servant-girl, he said, "Here, Mary, just hang this leg of mutton up in a cool place until I go."

The girl obeyed; and as the landlord threw his sharp eye upon it, he said, "It's a prime leg that, Ben; but I think we shall have as good a one to-day."

"Roasted?" said Ben.

"Yes; I'll just see how they're getting on with it," said the landlord, and he went into the back kitchen.

"Roast leg of mutton, said Ben, nudging the cousin with his elbow; "my eyes, William, won't we see the bone before we've done we' it! We'll teck him in."

"We will," answered cousin William, his mouth already watering. "I'll astonish you to-day, Ben."

"We'll make him gape," said Ben, "and eat such a meal as he'll niver forget. Only a shilling, my boy! I'm good for three pounds."

"So am I," answered William, "besides bread and potatoes. I wish it was but ready. Laws! this 'ill be as good as if I'd stayed to dine we' you on Sunday."

"A deal better," said Ben, "coss he can afford it; but we'll hev a quart of ale and a pipe, just to put us in better "fettle." What a blessed dinner will I but make!"

* * * * * *

It seemed a long while to wait; but after the first hour there came such a rich smell of roast mutton from the back kitchen, that even Ben and the cousin sat patiently to inhale it, and snuffed up the fragrance with delight, until their appetites rose to "hunger heat."

"Should just like one sop," said Ben. "Laws, what a delicious smell!"

"It would spoil your enjoying the last pound," answered William. "I like to start with a clear course. I think I can eat half of it. Just throw the window up, Ben; if I hev this smell much longer, I shall be rushing into the kitchen and fetching it off the hook."

Ben threw up the window, for cousin William's look grew ravenous, and he kept moving his jaws and licking his lips as if the mutton was already before him. "He'll beat me," thought Ben to himself. "It makes me hungry to look at him. I wish it was but ready."

"Dinner's ready," said the landlord, and Ben and the cousin had well-nigh tumbled over each other, in the hurry to reach the parlour; they had not time to think of time.

It was really a fine leg of mutton, and the dish of new potatoes looked beautiful—the landlord had dug them out of his garden. They would have been sufficient for half-a-dozen ordinary people. A new brown loaf stood in the bread-basket.

"Don't you dine with us, landlord?" said Ben, making a hole in the middle of the leg at the first cut, such as two men, with a fair appetite, might be supposed to leave after they have dined.

"Not to-day, Ben," said the host. "It's almost too early for me—you have it all to yourselves." And he left the room.

"I'm glad of that," said cousin William, cutting off a piece above an inch thick, and weighing at least a pound; then helping himself to an additional slice of fat, and again adding, "I'm rare and glad at that, Ben; ain't you?"

Ben tried to answer "Yes," but his mouth was too full to speak; so he nodded, and ate away. Cousin William devoured the largest mouthfuls, but Ben seemed to make the most progress—to take it easier somehow. He cut his meat in smaller pieces, and ate two to his cousin's one—Ben had excellent teeth. A potato vanished at every mouthful—not one was cut—they seemed to go down whole. "Don't spare it," said Ben, having finished his first huge plateful. "Just the same to pay if we eat it all! Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Ah! quite heavenly," answered the cousin, casting a loving glance at the joint, then helping himself to another tremendous slice, and adding, "Eating's hard work, Ben;" and he took off his neckcloth and smock-frock and threw them on the floor. Ben ate on, and seemed not to put himself out of the way. He was like a man who, being perfectly master of his trade, feels no doubt of finishing his task in a first-rate style, and goes on easily and leisurely; while the cousin, scarcely so perfect a hand, seemed to make a labour of it.

"It looks very queer now," said Ben, laying down his knife and fork, and taking a close survey of the joint, which looked like a bottle with nearly the whole centre gone, and only the bottom and neck left. "He'll not save a fortune out of us, I think."

"Not by this daylight," replied the cousin, thrusting the whole "pope's eye" into his mouth at once. "I think we can polish the bone if we try, yet."

"I'm afraid not," said Ben, now grazing the bone, and cutting much smaller pieces—for the bulk of the meat was devoured. "Laws, I wish we could!—but he'll remember our shilling dinner the longest day he has to live." And Ben glanced at the remainder of the leg and smiled—the sight of it pleased him, for it looked almost all bone. "It weighs six pounds lighter than it did," said Ben, "I'll warrant it;" and his fat sides shook with delight. Then he laughed outright as he thought how they had taken the host in.

"Eating takes away one's appetite after we've swallowed the first two pounds," said William.

"It does," answered Ben. "I think a man, according to his size, eats the least of anything. Look what a truss of hay a horse can get through. Now I think we ought to eat as much accordingly; then a leg of mutton for one man would be a fair meal. Laws, cousin! lay down four or five pounds of meat beside me—then look at my size—why, it seems like nowt!"

"Nor more it don't," replied the cousin.

* * * * * *

Cousin William took up the last potato and cut it in two. It was the first one that had been

halved. He dipped it in salt and gravy, and had difficulty to swallow it. He was full to the very throat. They had eaten liked famished wolves.

"I think if I was to cut off this bit of a knuckle, and teck it we' me," said cousin William, "it would be a nice snack to a can of ale on the road."

"Eat all, if you can, but pocket none," said Ben, who had his own peculiar notions of honour. "A dinner's only a dinner, though we've nearly eaten the whole leg. But he's not bound to supply us we' another meal; I think he's suffered quite enough by us for one day. The next man that dines off it must bring a good sharp knife to meck his dinner."

"Well, then, we'll be jogging on the road," replied William; "and I'll pull the bell, to see what's to pay. The two shillings for dinner you're to stand, Ben. I'll pay for the ale."

"All right," answered Ben, and the landlord entered the room. They both cast down their eyes, for (to do them justice) they felt half-ashamed of looking either at the landlord or the mangled skeleton that lay on the dish.

"I'm glad to see you've made sich a famous dinner," said the landlord, smiling.

"We've done very fairly indeed," replied Ben, now looking up under such encouragement. "What's to pay? The two dinners go down to me; he settles for the drink," said Ben, pointing to his cousin.

"There's nothing to pay, Ben," answered the host; "potatoes, bread, ale, and cooking you're very welcome to, and I'm glad to get off so cheap. The leg of mutton was your own, Ben, and I hope it was done to your liking!"

"What?" said Ben, not fully comprehending the host's meaning; "you don't mean to say that we've been eating that leg of mutton I brought!"

"The very same," answered the host, laughing. "I put it down to roast myself."

Ben stared at the landlord in silence, and, after a long pause, he said, "Why, it cost me six shillings. It's a regular swindle," continued Ben, "and I'll hev an action-at-law against you. Here you pretend to give a man a dinner for a shilling, and set before him his own joint that cost six shillings, which he eats up an' loses five by it; I'll never use your house again. What do I care about your few potatoes, your bit of bread, and drop of ale? I'll have my leg of mutton, if I get it out of your bones."

Cousin William could scarcely keep his seat for laughing, he shook from head to foot, as he exclaimed, "So I've dined off that prime leg after all, wehout waiting till Sunday. Ben, you're done this time. It's come home by you for eating that two pounds seven ounces."

"And so this is all that's left of my prime leg!" said Ben, looking at the fragments; "but don't you mean to give me something for letting cousin William go wacks we' me?"

"I'll stan' a pot of ale," said the landlord, "we' pleasure, for I do think you've saved me half-a-crown through treating him."

"I niver was so tecken in before in my life," said Ben. "Next time I dine anywhere, and hev a joint we' me, I'll keep it tied round my shoulder all the while I eat. Dash your wig, landlord, you've done me this time, but I'll be even we' you!"

The joke had by this time got wind in the tap-room, and rare laughter did it create, when they found Ben and the cousin had nearly eaten up the whole of his own leg of mutton. And one wag after another dropped in to ask Ben how he'd enjoyed his dinner. William was well-nigh suffocated with laughter, so heartily did he relish the joke.

"Wife 'ell be tecken in as well," said the mischievous cousin. "I think I'll on to Winthorpe now. Ben, I never thought this morning I should help to eat that sweet pretty joint so soon—ha! ha! ha! I've dined we' you at last, Ben."

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a sentinel who could tell what building he was keeping guard over?

Did you ever know a cabman or a ticket-porter with any change about him?

Did you ever know a tradesman asking for his account, who had not "a bill to take up on Friday?"

Did you ever know an omnibus cad who would not engage to set you down within a few yards of any place within the bills of mortality?

Did you ever know a turnpike-man who could be roused in less than a quarter of an hour, when it wanted that much of midnight?

Did you ever see a pair of family snuffers which had not a broken spring, a leg deficient, or half an inch of the point knocked off?

Did you ever know an amateur singer without "a horrid bad cold?"

Did you ever know a hatter who was not prepared to sell you as good a hat for ten and sixpence as the one you've got on at five and twenty shillings?

Did you ever know a lodging-house landlady who would own to bugs?

Did you ever know the boots at an inn call you too early for the morning coach?

Did you ever know a dancing-master's daughter who was not to excel Taglioni?

Did you ever know a man who did not think he could poke the fire better than you could?

Did you ever know a Frenchman admire Waterloo Bridge?

Did you ever know a housemaid who, on your discovering a fracture in a valuable china jar, did not tell you it was "done a long time ago;" or that it was "cracked before?"

Did you ever know an author who had not been particularly ill-used by the booksellers?

Did you ever know a red-haired man who had a very clear notion of where scarlet began and auburn terminated?

Did you ever know a man who didn't consider *his* walking-stick a better walking-stick than *your* walking-stick?

SHAMROCKS.

AN Irishman, being at a town in the West of England on a winter night, observed to an inhabitant rather shrewdly, "One thing is clear, that your town is very dark."

Two Irishmen one day meeting: "I am very ill, Pat," said one, rubbing his head. "Then," replied the other, "I hope you may keep so—for fear of being worse."

"I HAVE lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the trencher, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

"WHAT is your opinion of this gentleman's conduct?" said some one to a whiskered Irish captain of dragoons. "I think it highly low," answered he, with a tremendous grin over his stock.

A CORK almanack-maker once informed the public that the principal republics in Europe were Venice, Holland, and America.

A SHIP being in great danger at sea, everybody was observed to be upon his knees but an Irish officer, who being called on to come with the rest to prayers, "Not I," said he, "it is your business to take care of the ship; I'm but a passenger."

AN Irishman, speaking of the rapacity of the clergy in exacting their tithes, said, "Only let a farmer be ever so poor, they won't fail to make him pay their full tenths, whether he can do so or not; nay, they would, instead of a tenth, like a twentieth, if the law permitted them."

AN uninformed Irishman, hearing the Sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a friend, "The Sphinx—who is that, now?" "A monster, man," answered the friend. "A Munster man! I thought he had been from Connaught," replied the Irishman, determined not to seem totally unacquainted with the family.

A POOR son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunk, who told him he should employ no more Irishmen, "for the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my charge." "Ah, yer honour!" said Pat, brightening up, "an' is that all? Then you'll give me the place; for shure, I can get a certificate that I niver died in the employ of any masther I ever served."

SOME soldiers once fell upon a watchman in a small town of Ireland, in a lonely street, and took away his money and coat. He immediately repaired to their captain, to complain of his misfortune. The captain asked him whether he had on the waistcoat he then wore, when he was robbed by the soldiers. "Yes, sir," replied the poor fellow. "Then, my friend," rejoined the captain, "I can assure you they do not belong to my company, otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat nor shirt."

AN Hibernian officer being once in company with several belonging to the same corps, one of them, by way of jest, said he would lay a dozen of claret that the Irishman made a bull before the evening was over. "Done," said Terence. The wager was laid, and, by way of puzzling him, he was asked how many bulls there were in that town. "Five," said he. "How do you make them out?" said the other. "Faith," said he, "there is the Black Bull in the market place, and the Red Bull over the way; then there is the Pied Bull just by the bridge, and the White Bull at the corner." "They are but four," said the other. "Why, arrah," said he, "there is the Dun Cow in the Butcher Row." "That's a bull," said the other. "Arrah thin," said he, "I have won my wager, and you have made the *bull*, and not me."

AN Irish sailor was sent up to the rigging, and, not being expert enough in handling the ropes, was very soon ordered by the captain to come down again. The Irishman, however, anxious to escape this affront, persevered in his efforts to perform the piece of duty he had been sent up to execute, sometimes unloosing ropes, sometimes fastening, but always entangling them. Another more peremptory order to descend was equally disregarded; at last the captain, losing all patience, called to him, in a voice of thunder, "Come down, you lubber, and I'll give you two dozen." The Irishman was a wiser man than to comply, and shouted back, "I will not, indeed, your honour; I would not come down for four dozen!"

A TRAVELLING Irishman, who had gone the whole round of the Continent, was returning home satiated with having "seen nothing," when, in a field by the road, he saw a fight; he stopped his carriage, hurried to the scene of action, took his side, with small reference to the question at issue, obtained his due amount of blinding bruises, and groped back to his carriage, exclaiming, "By Jove, this is the first bit of pleasure I have had since I have been from home!"

A MAGISTRATE in Ireland not long ago fined a man twenty pounds, for having an illicit still at work for manufacturing whiskey. To the surprise of the court, Pat paid the fine at the next petty sessions day. Some time afterwards the worthy magistrate met Pat in the road, and stopped him. "Now tell me," said he, "how did you manage to pay the fine so quickly?" "Oh! your honour, if you won't inform, I'll tell you," said Pat. "Indeed, you may trust me," said the magistrate; "out with it." "Well, as your honour will know, I'll tell you," said Pat. "Why, sure, after I left you in court that day I started another still, and that's the whole truth, your honour."

An Irishman at Philadelphia was watching the conscription wheel, when, on a sudden, losing all control of himself, he burst out, "Whirl it round! whirl it round! rouse it, will ye!" "What's the matter with you?" said the Provost-Marshal. "Oh, be jabers! turn it round a dozen times, for the man that you drawed last is my next-door neighbour."

An Irish gentleman being in company with a number of ladies in the rooms at Bath, a little deformed miss, who was of the party, was very severe on his country, and among other things, asked him how long he had left it. "Faith, madam," replied he, "I am just come from Dublin to Bath." "Sir," replied she, "then, considering how short a time you have been in this more genial clime, you must be very apt at learning, for you speak tolerably plain English already." "Thank you, madam," said he; "may I ask you from whence you came?" "Oh yes, sir," replied miss; "I came *straight* from London." "Did you indeed?" added he; "then faith, madam, you must have been confoundedly warped by the way; but I suppose the sun of this more genial clime must have been burning hot." "Hot as it is," replied she, "it has neither burnt up your Hibernian impudence, nor ripened your Irish wit." "Faith, madam," returned he, "that is rather harsh; I was in hopes that I could have checked your abuse of me and my country, but, upon my conscience, I see that, say what I will, you are *bent* upon it."

OFF THE BOARDS.

The famous Tony Lee, a player in King Charles the Second's reign, being killed in a tragedy—having a violent cold—could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the stage; which occasioning a good deal of laughing and noise in the house, he lifted up his head and, speaking to the audience, said, "This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me; for she would often say that *I should cough in my grave, because I used to drink in my porridge.*" This set the house in such good humour that it produced a thundering clap, and made every one very readily pardon the solecism he had before committed.

When O'Neill's company played at Dundalk, an influential patroness commanded *Pizarro*, and the manager was compelled to engage a "Rolla" from Dublin for the occasion. He did not think it necessary to make the "star" aware that the state both of treasury and wardrobe forbade the employment of the usual force of supernumeraries; so, when the representative of Ataliba's army appeared on the scene, Rolla was paralysed with astonishment, and stopped short in his invocation. Quickly recovering himself, however, he exclaimed: "What! all slain but thee? Come, then, my brave associate," &c.—a piece of gag pardonable under the circumstances. Hardly so excusable was that perpetrated by Emery in the same play at Drury Lane. The rising of the curtain had been delayed beyond the usual time; the audience grew impatient, and Kemble, in no very good temper, informed the house that they were only waiting Mr. Emery's arrival to go on with the performances—he being the Sentinel of the evening. At length the tardy actor came, and easily made his peace by explaining that he had been detained at home by an interesting domestic event. The well-known prison scene came, and the following colloquy took place between Rolla and the soldier: "Hast thou a wife?"—"I have."—"Hast thou children?"—"I had two this morning. I have got three now!" Exit Rolla in a passion, amid loud and prolonged laughter. For that night Emery was the hero of the play.

A traveller once witnessed a scene not in the bills, while visiting a country theatre somewhere in Wisconsin. The play was *Romeo and Juliet*, and the character of Romeo was fairly enacted and loudly applauded. The very model of the lover was before the tomb of the Capulets, gazing upon the motionless form of her who had so attracted his soul, and meditating upon committing an act which would send his spirit to that undiscovered country where he supposed Juliet had gone. Just as he exclaimed, "Here's to my love!" and at the same time raised the phial which contained the poison to his lips, a stalwart young countryman jumped upon the stage, seized him, dashed the phial from his hand, crushing it to atoms, and yelled out—"Yer great fool, she ain't dead! Only been taking a little sleepin' medicine. Didn't yer get the parson's letter?" "Sirrah!" growled out the enraged tragedian, while the house fairly shook with laughter. "Why, yer gal ain't dead, I tell yer! The way it was, they wanted to make Julie marry the chap thar," pointing to Paris, "whose business you have just settled, but I tell you Julie war true—she got her back right up, and vowed she wouldn't do it, even if while she war lying in the vault the ghost of the other fellow whom you kilt should dash her brains out with the bones of some of her dead cousins. Wal, her dander war up, and she took the stuff the parson fixed, so she could pay the possum till you got hum. That's the way it war," replied the countryman, giving the desperate lover a tremendous poke in the ribs with his elbow, and at the same time loosing his hold. "Curses on the fellow!" muttered the raving tragedian, as he stalked behind the scenes. "Wal, now," said the countryman, fronting the audience, "if that ain't a leetle the meanest cuss I ever did see, I hope to be swowed! That's all the thanks I get for stoppin' him from pizenin' hisself. Hope to be tarn'ly swashed, if ever I go to interfere ag'in when a feller wants to murder hisself!" he continued, as he clambered back to his seat, just in time to prevent his upper storey from coming in contact with the curtain as it descended.

BILLINGS' ANIMAL LORE.

THE MONKEY.

MONKEYS iz only valuable tew look at, and wonder what in thunder he iz a going tew do next. He haz not got a Webster head, but hiz face iz a biled down dew-drop ov malishus cunning. He resembles the skye terrier in the bild ov hiz features, and skratches hiz head az natral as the school-boy. They are sumtimes kept az pets, but if enny boddy should pet me with a monkey, i should send him right back bi the same person who brought him.

THE THOUGHTFUL FOX.

THE fox is a literary bird; he waz a genius long before akedemick honours flourished; he waz a poet, skoller, and sage, before the days ov Homer and Herodotus; and in our times he iz the Ben Butler ov diplomacy, and the Brigham Yung ov matrimonial ethicks. The fox haz no moral honesty, but he haz got a grate supply ov *politikal honesty.* If another fox in hiz parish wants a good phatt goose, he will work hard tew git him the goose; and having cleaned the meat all oph from the subburbs of the goose, giv hiz politikal friend the bones, telling him, with a smile in hiz eye, "*that everything iz lovely, and the goose hangs hi.*"

THE NATRAL HORNET.

THE hornet iz a red-hot child ov natur, ov sudden impreshuns, and a sharp konklusion. The hornets alwus fites at short range, and never argy a case, they settle all ov their disputes bi letting their javelin fly, and are az certain an az anxious tew hit az a mule iz. Hornets bild their nest wherever they take a noshun to, and seldum are asked to move; for what good is it tew murder 99 hornets, and have the one hundred one hit yu with hiz javelin? I kan't tell you jist tew a day how long a hornet kan live, but I kno.from experience that every bug, be he hornet or sumboddy else, who iz mad all the time, and stings every good chance he kan git, generally outlives all ov his nabors.

THE PROMISCUSS COCKROACH.

THE cockroach iz one ov the luxurys ov civilizashun. The cockroach iz born on the fust of May and the fust ov November semi-annually, and iz reddy for use in fifteen days from date. They are born four from each egg, and consequently they are all twins; there iz no sich thing in the annals ov natur az a single cockroach. Their food seems to consist not so mutch ov what they eat az what they kan git into; and often finding them ded in the soup, at mi boarding house, I have cum tew the painful conclushun that the cockroach kan't swim, but that he kan float for a long time.

THE UNIVERSAL SWINE.

THE swine (almost always) hav four legs, tho thare iz sum remarkable exceptshuns to this rule. Swine are good quiet boarders; they alwus eat what is sot before them, and don't ask enny phoolish questions. The swine kan be larnt a great menny amusing things, sich az highsting the front gate oph from the hinges, and finding a hole in the fence to git into the cornfield; but it iz dreadful hard work for them tew find the same hole tew git out at, espeshily if yu are in a hurry to hav them. This haz never bin fully explained, but speaks vollums for the swine. Swine can all root well; a swine that kant root well iz a poor job.

THE BELLICOSE GOAT.

THE goat iz a coarse wollen sheep, with a cracked voice and a sanguine digestion. They had rather steal a rotten turnip out ov a garbage barrell than cum honestly bi a peck of oats. They strike from the hed insted ov the shoulder, and are az likely tew hit the mark az a bumblebee iz. They are faithfull kritters in the hour ov adversity, and will stick tew a man az long az he lives in a shanty. They kan klimb evrything but a greased pole, and are alwus poor in the boddy. What they eat seems tew all go tew appetight. A phatt goat would be a literary curiosity.

THE MELODIUS CAT.

THE cat hath been called a domestik animile, but i never could tell whyfore. All thare iz domestix about a cat iz, yu kant loze one; they are az tuff to loze az a bad reputashun iz. Yu may send one out ov the state done up neatly in a meal-bag, and the next morning yu will find him alongside ov the kitchen stove, reddy tew be stepped on. Thare iz only one thing about a cat that i like, and that iz, they are very reasonable; a little money, well put, will go a grate way in cats. Cats are very plenty in this world just now. I counted 18 from mi boarding house windo one moon lite nite last summer; and it want the best kind ov a nite for cats neither.

THE BRINY CODFISH.

THE codfish iz the fruit ov the oshun, which accounts for their being so salt. They are good eating for a wet day; they are better than an umbreller to keep a man dry. They want a good deal ov freshning before they are eaten, and want freshning a good deal afterwards. If i can have plenty ov codfish for breakfast, i can generally manage tew make the other two meals out of cold water.

THE FREQUENT FLY.

THE fly iz not only a domestik critter, but a friendly one. How they git born i don't kno, but i hav thought they didn't wait tew be born, but come just az they am. Menny ov them are cut off in the flower of their youth and usefulness. Sum loze their lives by lighting too near the rim ov a

toad's mouth, and fall in when the toad gaps. Thousands find a watery grave, bi gitting drowned in milk-cans. Flys morally considered are like other human beings; they wont light on a good helthy spot in a man, not if they can find a place that iz a little raw. I beleave they are ov temprate habits, and altho they hang around grocerys a good deal, i never see a fly the wuss for liquor, but i hav often seen liquor that waz a good deal the wuss for flys.

THE READDY ROOSTER.

ROOSTERS are the pugilists among birds, and having no suitable shoulder tew strike from, they strike from the heel. When a rooster gits whipped the hens all march off with the other rooster, if he aint haff so big, or so hansum. It is pluck that wins a hen. Roosters az a class wont do enny household work; yu kant git a rooster tew pay enny attenshun tew a yungone. They spend most ov their time in crowing and strutting; and once in a while they find a worm, which they make a grate fuss over, calling their wives up from a distance, apparently tew treat them, but jist az the hens git thare this elegant cuss bends over and gobbles up the worm.

SCRAPS.

"WILL you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?" "Yes, sir." Stranger goes in, gets his drink, comes out, and finds his horse missing. "Where is my horse, boy?" "He's runn'd away, sir." "Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?" "No, sir; you told me to keep my eye on him, and I did, till he got clear out of sight."

AT a cattle show recently, a fellow who was making himself ridiculously conspicuous at last broke forth:—"Call these here prize cattle! Why, they ain't nothin' to what our folks raised. My father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts." "Don't doubt it," remarked a by-stander—"and the noisiest."

A GENTLEMAN being at church, had his pocket picked of a watch; and, complaining of it to a friend of his, he replied, "Had you watched as well as prayed, your watch had been secure. But the next watch you carry about you, remember these lines:

> "He who a watch would keep two things must do,
> Pocket his watch and watch his pocket too."

A TALL Western girl, named Short, long loved a certain big Mr. Little, while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long; and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcomings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Little, in a short time, to marry Long. Query—Did tall Short love big Little less because Little loved Long?"

THE CONTRADICTORY COUPLE.

"I DO believe," he says, taking the spoon out of his glass and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate, positive, wrong-headed creatures that ever were born, you are the most so, Charlotte."

"Certainly, certainly; have it your own way, pray. You see how much *I* contradict you," rejoins the lady.

"Of course, you didn't contradict me at dinner-time—oh no, not you!" says the gentleman.

"Yes, I did," says the lady.

"Oh, you did!" cries the gentleman; "you admit that?"

"If you call that contradiction, I do," the lady answers; "and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave."

"Not my slave!" repeats the gentleman, bitterly; "and you still mean to say that in the Blackburns' new house there are not more than fourteen doors, including the door of the wine-cellar!"

"I mean to say," retorts the lady, beating time with her hair-brush on the palm of her hand, "that in that house there are fourteen doors, and no more."

"Well, then," cries the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides, "this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad!"

By-and-by the gentleman comes-to a little, and, passing his hand gloomily across his forehead, reseats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins.

"I appealed to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa in the drawing-room, during tea."

"Morgan, you surely mean," interrupts the gentleman.

"I do not mean anything of the kind," answers the lady.

"Now, by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear," cries the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking upwards in agony, "sho is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins."

"Do you take me for a perfect fool?" exclaims the lady, "do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know that the man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?"

"Jenkins in a blue coat!" cries the gentleman, with a groan; "Jenkins in a blue coat!—a man who would suffer death rather than wear anything but brown!"

"Do you dare to charge me with telling an untruth?" demands the lady, bursting into tears.

"I charge you, ma'am," retorts the gentleman, starting up, "with being a monster of contradiction, a monster of aggravation, a—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat!—what have I done, that I should be doomed to hear such statements?"

THINGS WHICH NO YOUNG LADY EVER DOES IF SHE CAN HELP IT.

NEVER knew her to be the first down in the morning, and not the last up at night.

Keep an account-book in the place of an album.

Consent to sit down to the piano on anything under the dozenth time of asking.

Pay a morning call in her last year's bonnet.

Do plain needlework instead of fancy collar stitching.

Return from the morning service without bringing home an inventory (exact to a ribbon) of all the new toilettes which have been displayed there.

Practise "Cramer's Exercise" in the place of a polka.

Wear shoes of any other than most wafer-like construction, especially when the snow is on the ground.

Condescend to learn an English song instead of an Italian one.

Leave out of conversation: "La!" "You don't say so!" "Dear me!" and "Well, I never!"

Mend her own "things," and also her younger brother's.

Travel twenty miles without nineteen packages, seventeen of which she might easily dispense with.

Be seen to eat more at dinner than a couple of canaries could.

And, finally, take less than forty minutes to "run and put her bonnet on!"

THE MODEL BOARDER.

HE is quite a gentleman. A smile permanently settles on his clean face. He wipes his boots on a mat before he walks up-stairs. He pays high rent and has but few friends. He leaves his drawers open. He has a cellar of coal at a time. He takes a newspaper, and is not in a hurry for it in the morning. He is never out later than ten. He shaves with cold water. He never adds up a bill. He is fond of children. He likes to buy them sweatmeats, and to take one occasionally to the theatre. He never dines at home, except on Sundays, and that rarely. The landlady orders his dinner; it is generally a very large joint, with plenty of vegetables, a very large pie, and a very large slice of cheese. He never inquires for the joint, or the pie, or anything the next day. He lends his books cheerfully. He is in doubt about the exact number of his shirts. He rarely rings the bell. He pays for extras without a murmur. Rather likes music. Does not object to a piano and a flute playing different tunes at the same time. He is never in arrears with his board; if it is not paid the very day it becomes due, the reason is because he has paid it the day before. The Model Boarder is sheepish, rich, and contented.

THE AGED STRANGER.

BY BRET HARTE.

"I WAS with Grant——" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant——" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy—my soldier-boy
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar."

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant——" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more;

"He fell in battle—I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er—
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF BEEF.

"Charged me with a pike of bread."—*See p.* 81.

TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF BEEF.*

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE first beef I tried in my last campaign was the evening I dined at His Lordship's. Don't be alarmed, my democratic friend. I am not upon Lord Cowley's visiting list, nor are any coroneted cards ever left at my door on the sixth storey. I did not receive a card from the British Embassy on the occasion of the last ball at the Hôtel de Ville; and I am ashamed to confess that, so anxious was I to partake of the hospitality of the Prefect of the Seine (the toilettes and the iced punch are perfect at his balls) that I was mean enough to forswear temporarily my nationality, and to avail myself of the card of Colonel Waterton Privilege, of Harshellopolis, Ga.; said colonel being at that time, and in all probability exceedingly sick, in his state-room of the United States steamer *Forked Lightning*, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. But by His Lordship's I mean an Anglo-French restaurant—named after a defunct English City eating-house—situate near the Place de la Concorde, and where I heard that real English roast beef was to be obtained at all hours, in first-rate condition.

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His Lordship's mansion I found unpretending, even to obscurity. There was no *porte-cochère*, no courtyard, no gilt railings, nor green verandahs. His Lordship's hotel was, in fact, only a little slice of a shop, with one dining-room over it; for which, I was told, he paid an enormous rent—some thousands of francs a year. In his window were displayed certain English viands pleasant to the sight: a mighty beef-steak pie just cut; the kidney end of a loin of veal, with real English stuffing, palpable to sight; some sausages that might have been pork, and of Epping; some potatoes, in their homely brown jackets, just out at elbows, as your well-done potatoes should be, with their flannel under-garments peeping through; and a spherical mass, something of the size and shape of a bombshell, dark in colour, speckled black and white, and which my beating heart told me was a plum-pudding. A prodigious Cheshire cheese, rugged as Helvellyn, craggy as Criffell, filled up the background like a range of yellow mountains. At the base there were dark forests of bottles branded with the names of Allsopp, and Bass, and Guinness, and there were cheering announcements framed and glazed, respecting Pale Ale on draught, L.L. Whiskey, and Genuine Old Tom. I rubbed my hands in glee. "Ha! ha!" I said, internally; "nothing like our British aristocracy, after all. The true stock, sir. May His Lordship's shadow never diminish!"

Now appeared a gaunt, ossified waiter, with blue-black hair, jaws so closely shaven that they gave him an unpleasant resemblance to the grand inquisitor of the Holy Office in disguise, seeking for heretics in a cook-shop, and who was, besides, in a perpetual cold perspiration of anger against an irate man in a shooting-jacket below, and carried on fierce verbal warfare with him down the staircase. This waiter rose up against me, rather than addressed me, and charged me with a pike of bread, cutting the usual immense slice from it. I mildly suggested roast beef, wincing, it must be owned, under the eye of the cadaverous waiter; who looked as if he were accustomed to duplicity, and did not believe a word that I was saying.

Ah! rosbif!" he echoed; *"bien saignant, n'est-ce pas?"*

Now, so far from liking my meat *bien saignant*, I cannot even abide the sight of it rare, and I told him so. But he repeated *"bien saignant,"* and vanished.

He came again, though; or, rather, his pallid face protruded itself over the top of the box where I sat (there were boxes at His Lordship's), and asked—

"Paint portare? p'lale? ole' ale?"

I was nettled, and told him sharply that I would try the wine, if he could recommend it. Whereupon there was silence, and then I heard a voice crying down a pipe, "Paint portare!"

He brought me my dinner, and I didn't like it. It was *bien saignant*, but it wasn't beef, and it swam in a dead sea of gravy that was not to my taste; fat from strange animals seemed to have been grafted on to the lean. I did not get on better with the potatoes, which were full of promise, like a park hack, and unsatisfactory in the performance. I tried some plum-pudding afterwards; but, if the proof of the pudding be in the eating, that pudding remains unproved to this day; for when I tried to fix my fork in it, it rebounded away across the room, and hit a black man on the leg. I would rather not say anything about the porter, if you please; and perhaps it is well to be brief on the subject of the glass of hot hollands-and-water which I tried afterwards, in a despairing attempt to be convivial; for it smelt of the midnight lamp like an erudite book, and of the midnight oil-can, and had the flavour of the commercial turpentine rather than of the odoriferous juniper. I consoled myself with some Cheshire cheese, and asked the waiter if he had the *Presse*.

"Ze *Time* is 'gage," he answered,

"I did not want the *Times*. I wanted the *Presse*."

"Sare," he repeated wrathfully, "ze *Time* is 'gage. *Le journal anglais* (he accentuated this spitefully) is 'gage."

He would have no further commerce with me after this; and, doubtlessly, thinking that an Englishman who couldn't eat his beef under-done, or indeed at all, and preferred the *Presse* to the *Times* newspaper, was an outcast and a renegade, abandoned me to my evil devices, and contented

* By kind permission of Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

himself with crying "*Voilà!*" from the murky distance, without coming when I called. He even declined to attend to receive payment, and handed me over for that purpose to a long French boy in a blouse, whose feet had evidently not long been emancipated from the pastoral *sabots*, whose hair was cropped close to his head (in the manner suggesting county gaol at home, and ignorance of small-tooth combs abroad), and who had quite a flux of French words, and tried to persuade me to eat *civet de lièvre* that was to be served up at half-past seven of the clock.

But I would have borne half a hundred disappointments similar to this dinner for the sake of the black man. Legs and feet! he was a character! He sat opposite to me, calm, contented, magnificent, proud. He was as black as my boot, and as shiny. His woolly head, crisped by our bounteous mother Nature, had unmistakably received a recent touch of the barber's tongs. He was perfumed; he was oiled; he had moustachios (as I live!) twisted out into long rats' tails by means of *pommade hongroise*. He had a tip. He had a scarlet Turkish cap with a long blue tassel. He had military stripes down his pantaloons. He had patent leather boots. He had shirt-studs of large circumference, pins, gold waistcoat buttons, and a gorgeous watch-chain. I believe he had a crimson under-waistcoat. He had the whitest of cambric handkerchiefs, a ring on his fore-finger, and a stick with an overpowering gold knob. He was the wonderfullest nigger that the eye ever beheld.

He had a pretty little English wife—it is a fact, madam—with long auburn ringlets, who it was plain to see was desperately in love with, and desperately afraid of him. It was marvellous to behold the rapt, fond gaze with which she contemplated him as he leaned back in his chair after dinner, and touched up his glistening ivories with a toothpick. Equally marvellous was the condescension with which he permitted her to eat her dinner in his august presence, and suffered her to tie round his neck a great emblazoned shawl like a flag.

Who could he have been? The father of the African twins; the Black Malibran's brother; Baron Pompey; King Mousalakatzic of the Orange River; Prince Bobo; some other sable dignitary of the empire of Hayti; or the renowned Soulouque himself incognito? Yet, though affable to his spouse, he was a fierce man to the waiter. The old blood of Ashantee, the ancient lineage of Dahomey, could ill brook the shortcomings of that cadaverous servitor. There was an item in the reckoning that displeased him.

"Wass this, sa?" he cried, in a terrible voice, "Wass this, sa? Fesh your mas'r, sa!"

The waiter cringed and fled, and I laughed.

REJECTED POETRY.

"I DON'T know how it is," remarked a person who was fond of writing poetry for the journals, but whose productions always met with a rejection, "I have written a great deal—but as yet, my pieces have never been published." "Perhaps," replied his friend, "there were faults you were not aware of, but easily detected by the hawk-eyed editor." "Well," rejoined the poet, "I can always write the first line well enough, but I am perplexed about the second, thus:—

"Tread lightly, stranger, o'er this hallowed dust;
At some future period there is some probability that if you
don't mend your ways—lay like me you must."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the critic, "that's bad measure." "Why, man," replied the poet, "you're mistaken, it's more than is required!"

ICI ON PARLE ANGLAIS.

"SHON," said a Dutchman, "you may say what you please pout pad neighbours; I have had te vorst neighbours as never was. Mine pigs and mine hens come home wit dere ears split, and todder day two of them come home missing."

A DUTCHMAN thus describes an accident: "Vonce a long vile ago, I vent intos mine abble orchard, to climb a bear tree to get some peaches to make vrow a plumb-budding mit: and when I gets on the tobermost branch, I vall from the lowermost limb, mit von leg on both sides of the fence, and like to stove my outside in."

A FRENCHMAN upon the road on a "Fast Day" told a boy to hold his horse "swift." "Fast, you mean, don't you, sir?" interrogated the lad. "Vel, fast, den," said the Frenchman. "Mais, be gar," I no understand dis!" "There goes a fast horse!" exclaimed a bystander, as a lively trotting nag passed by. "How is zat?" nervously inquired the astonished Frenchman; "zare is von horse fast, and he goes like zunder all de time; zare is my horse, he is fast too, and he no move."

"This is a Fast Day in reality, by the appearance of the road," said another. "Oh, I see den," said monsieur, "vy dis is fast day; everything is fast; ze horse zat goes is fast, ze horse zat is tied is fast, and ze folks zat eat nothing and eat it slow is fast. Be gar, vot a countrie!"

IT is said that a country tradesman took back with him, on his return from an Exhibition trip, a card bearing the words "*Ici on parle Français*," which he duly displayed in his shop window, after the fashion of his metropolitan brethren. A wag, having wagered on the success of his movement, entered the shop one day, and requested that he might be permitted to inspect the "*Ici on parle Français*," when the good man blandly informed him that, "from the great demand for them in London, he had not been able to get a parcel down, but expected some fine ones in a few days."

"ANYT'ING bite you dar?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. "No, not'ing at all." "Vell!" returned the other, "not'ing pite me, too."

NEW WORLDLY.

TRAVELLER called at an hotel in Albany, and asked the waiter for a bootjack. "What for?" said the astonished waiter. "To take off my boots." "Jabers, what a fut!" the waiter remarked, as he surveyed the monstrosity, for the man had an enormous foot. At length, we may say at full length, he gave it as his opinion that there wasn't a bootjack in all creation of any use for a "fut" like that, and if the traveller wanted "them are" boots off he would have to go back to the fork in the roads to do it.

"Have you seed a fox go by here?" "Wal, yes." "Have you seed a dog go by here?" "Wal, yes; they wos a runnin' along like blazes." "How wos they?" "Wal, about nip and tuck—*dog a little ahead.*" Bob sloped, and gave the dog up for a hard one.

"Don't stand there loafing," said the master of a grammar-school, to three students standing where they shouldn't. "We're not loafing," said one of them, "there are only three of us, and it takes 'leaven to make a loaf."

A bar-keeper in Virginia city, Nevada, posts up the following "regulations" by his bar:—"Drink plain drinks; buy them at this bar; eat a light lunch; pay coin for what you get; drink light but often; ask all your friends to drink; don't beg tooth-picks; don't try to spar the bar-keeper; keep six-shooters uncocked; don't steal the daily papers; be virtuous and you'll be happy."

An American was once teaching English to a German, and, on being asked if there were no irregular verbs in English, replied by giving the following solitary example:—"I go, thou wentest, he departed, we made tracks, you cut sticks, they skedaddled." But, on asking for a repetition of it, the German found that it varied every time, and he had at last to give it up in despair.

In describing his journey from California, Artemus Ward says:—"The driver with whom I sat outside, as we slowly rolled down the fearful mountain road, which looks down on either side into an appalling ravine, informed me that he has met accidents in his time which cost the California Stage Company a great deal of money; 'because,' said he. 'juries is agin us on principle, and every man who sues us is sure to recover. But it will never be so agin, not with me, you bet!' 'How is that?' I said. It was frightfully dark. It was snowing, withal; and, notwithstanding the breaks were kept hard down, the coach slewed wildly, often fairly touching the brink of the black precipice. 'How is that?' I said. 'Why, you see,' he replied, 'that corpses never sue for damages, but maimed people do. And the next time I have an overturn, I shall go round and keerfully examine the passengers. Them as is dead, I shall let alone; but them as is mutilated, I shall finish with the king-bolt! Dead folks don't sue. They ain't on it.' Thus, with anecdote, did this driver cheer me up."

An American paper says this is certainly the age of progress. Farmer Simpson, having manured his wheat-fields with "baking powder," his crops shot up luxuriantly, and were reaped in harvest-time in the shape of shilling loaves, all ready buttered: a result only paralleled by the success of Mrs. Simpson with the "washing powder," which she sprinkled at night over the fine linen, and in the morning it was all mangled and ironed in the drawers!

Have you heard of the Bowery-boy, who, being cut short in a hard life by a sore disease which quickly brought him to death's door, was informed by his physician that medicine could do nothing for him. "What's my chances, doctor?" "Not worth speaking of." "One in twenty?" "Oh, no." "In thirty?" "No." "Fifty?" "I think not." "A hundred?" Well, perhaps there may be one in a hundred." "I say, then, doctor," pulling him close down, and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "just go in like all thunder on that one chance." The doctor "went in," and the patient recovered.

We came by the way of Orange, Lemon, and Alexandria Railroad, and would say to persons who are tired of life and in a hurry to get through, try this line. You leave Washington in the evening, and, as a general thing, will reach your grave or Richmond the next day. Each train is provided with a surgeon, undertaker, amputating table, and other luxuries; besides these, it has some of the finest coffins I ever expect to see. Hospitals are established along the entire route, and in case of accident the bodies of strangers are immediately embalmed. The arrangements are so perfect and accidents so sure on this road, that many persons have their limbs amputated and get embalmed before starting, to avoid delay while on the car.

One of the American newspapers observes of a member of Congress for a certain district of Illinois, that "he is so tall that, when he addresses the people, instead of mounting a stump, as is usual in the West, they have to dig a hole for him to stand in!" Another paper, which goes the whole ticket against the said member, politely observes that "they dig a hole for him, not because he is tall, but because he never feels at home except when he is up to his chin in dirt."

MY VENGEANCE.*

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

I ALWAYS get my bit o' mid-day sustenance at the opposition shop now—Absalom J. Runt's—for I ain't been to Slobbs's for months. If you'd like ter know why, wal, whether or no, I'll tell you. It's because some of our boys have mort'lly grand idee of Derringers and Bowies, and they don't take kyindly yet to the sheriff and the committee of vigi*lance*. We're a rising city, though, at West Paraira; and what we shall be in a few years there ain't no tellin' at all, but it'll be a sight, stranger; and if you of the rotten old country don't gnaw your teeth with en*vy*, why, my name ain't Hiram.

You see the great P'cific line goes through us clean, and we've been risin' ever since it started. There ain't a city out west with more bars where you can have a smile or a morning painter; if there is, tell me on it. Then see what institootions we've got rising fast, from Nathan D. Anson's store, right down to the Paraira Solid Milk and Butter Company in Cross Street, number ten underd an' eight. Slobbs's is in Cross Street, number nine, as p'r'aps you know; Absalom J. Runt's is in Straight Street, and there's a mortal enmity between them two. It's the steam does it, I think.

I left off going to Slobbs's because I thought it was good for me, bein' a very mild, inoffensive sort of a fellow. You see there was a waiter at Slobbs's as had a sort of spite agen me, and he'd always give me the worst cuts of the beef and the fattest of the mutton; while as to gravy, I get more gravy at Runt's in one day than them Slobbses let me have in a week. Then I allus had the wettest salt and the stalest bread, and the dirtiest bit of the table-cloth; and if there *was* a knife as had broke loose and turned round in the haft, that knife was put for me.

We didn't like one another—me and the waiter didn't—and we got more and more ene*mies* every day, till I see very plain as there must be a bust soon. I kep' it in, though, for I thought as something might turn up, so as to let me serve Mr. Waiter out by depitty.

There was another thing, too, as I didn't like at Slobbs's, only it wasn't a thing, it was a great ugly customer as always sot on me—mettyphorically, of course, I mean; for he was allus mocking like of my humble ways; and if ever I ordered my glass of anythink, he'd roar instanter for the waiter, and call for a bottle. He made hisself very onpleasant to me, he did, and snubbed me on politicks more than a few; but I let it all wait. I saved it up, as you may suppose, thinking how much I should like to have it out with him; but I never seemed to get no chance till about a week after Slobbses came out strong with a new set of J. Puddick's Alabama 'Lecterer Plate, warranted to wear better than solid silver. Them spoons and forks just did shine so as it seemed a pity to put 'em in the soup, or to get 'em greasy, for you could see your face in 'em, so as you never got tired of vooing the expression of your features.

But even the sight o' them spoons didn't settle me, and I wasn't going to be tempted into stopping, when Runt's had their doors open to have me, and there was gravy and welkum.

This citizen as allus sot on me was washed in with the name of Shimei—Shimei B. Parsons was his total—and his people made some cuss of a mistake or another over his name, I bet, or else they'd never ha' took to this one.

We got to the climax at last, we did; and I left without a word, after serving 'em both out pleasant-like. It was like this. I'd had a bit of the toughest old steak I ever did stick teeth in since I chawed caoutchouc at school, and got leathered for it; and after I'd been puzzling my teeth with that bit o' steak for half an hour, who should come in but Shimei; and the fust thing he does is to hang his greatcoat over the rail where I was sitting, knock down my felt hat, and then laugh, fleering-like, at me. I never says nothing; but that there was tougher than the steak, and I couldn't swaller it a bit; but there I sits with that coat touching of me, and the waiter half-grinning at me to see me so uncomfortable. "I reckon I'd like to chaw the couple on yer up," I thinks to myself; and then, somehow, while I was a-balancin' one of J. Puddick's Alabama 'Lecterer Plate Spoons on my finger, I let it slip into one o' my friend opposite's coat-pockets; when, thinking as the poor thing might be cold all alone there by itself, I slips in another, to keep it company. "I shouldn't wonder if that there coat was to hang lop-sided after that," thinks I to myself; and while my neighbour was a-running his eye down the columns of the *West Paraira Triboon*, I just slips a couple of forks into the other pocket, and then waits a little while till my fren the waiter condescends to take the bill; after which I waits a bit longer, for decency sake, and then I gets up to go.

I finds my fren' the waiter just outside the swing-doors, lookin' at me very soopercilyus like, and I says to him: "Nice sorter gent that in box No. 7."

"Very," he says, shortly.

"Very true," I says. "Them's a nice set of J. Puddick's Alabama 'Lecterer Plate, too."

"Yes," he says, looking at me quite curus, as much as to say: "What's up the tree now?"

"Shall you charge them forks and spoons in his bill?" I says.

"Charge what forks and spoons in whose bill?" he says, savage-like.

"Oh, I don't know—don't ask me," I says; "only I thought he might pay for them as is in his pocket."

I knowed what he'd do as well as could be, and I stopped outside that swing glass-door, peeping and listening.

First thing my fren' the waiter does is to swing his hand by accident up against the coat-pocket, and then I see him jump; when he goes straight up to the owner of that there coat, and he says quite fierce and loud, so as everybody began to look:

"This won't do, you sir!"

* By kind permission of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers.

"What won't do?" says the other.

"This," says the waiter; and he puts his hand in the pocket on one side of the coat, and brings out two J. Puddicks. Then he does the same on the other side, and lays all four on the table; when, without a word, the gent leaps up, throws out one of his arms sudden, as if he wanted to get rid of it, and the waiter being right in the way, it hit him on his nose, and down he went, but only to come up again like so much indy-rubber; when at it he goes, and catches my other fren' wherever he could hit; and for about five minutes they were at it hard, till them as looked on thought it time to pull 'em away from one another, for fear there shouldn't be no waiter left, nor no reg'lar customer for him to wait on; and then I come away.

You see that was doing it fillersophickly. I wanted to larrup the waiter for stopping my gravy, and giving me sarse instead; and I wanted to larrup my stout friend for sitting on me; and I reckon I did it butiful, without so much as taking a bit o' skin off my knuckles. But I ain't, as I said afore, been to Slobbs's since.

AN AUCTION SCENE.

STROLLING through the City, we chanced to drop into an auction room to see what bargains we could make. The auctioneer was upon the stand, with a piece of calico.

"Fourpence a yard!—who says sixpence?"

"I'll give you sixpence," says an old lady's voice.

"Going at sixpence! Going!—gone! Yours, madam; walk in and settle."

"I didn't bid it," exclaimed the old lady, advancing.

"We'll thank persons not to bid, if they don't want an article," said the auctioneer. Going, then, at fourpence!—who says more than fourpence?"

"Fivepence," says an old gentleman opposite to us.

"Fivepence! fivepence!—who says sixpence? Going at fivepence! going! gone! Yours, sir. Cash takes it at fivepence."

"I didn't bid," said the old gentleman. "I don't want it—wouldn't give you twopence for the whole piece."

[Auctioneer getting angry.] "If any one bids again they will have to take the article or get into trouble"—throwing down fiercely the piece of calico. "Give me something else. Ah! gentlemen, here is a fine piece of diaper. What can I get for this? What do I hear?—anything you please!"

"I'll start at fivepence." "Tenpence," says another. "Shilling and a halfpenny," says a third. "Thirteen-pence!" cries an old lady—"Fourteen!"—"Fifteen!" several voices.

"Fifteen-pence I am offered! fifteen!—done at fifteen-pence, can't wait—going! g-o-i-n-g!—GONE! Yours, sir. Step up, whoever bid."

No one came up. All eyes staring in various parts of the room.

"Going, then, at fourteen-pence! Yours, sir; walk up."

But the bidder could not be made to walk up.

"Thirteen-pence, then, madam; you can have it at your bid."

"I didn't bid; what do you think I want of that article?" said the old lady indignantly.

"Here, I'll take it at a shilling and a halfpenny," exclaimed a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction, but no claimant came forward.

"Who says they'll take it at thirteen-pence?"

"I do," said an old farmer.

"I'm afraid it's stolen goods!" says the bidder.

The auctioneer, now quite mad, sprang down, and was about collaring the old man, when a person right behind cried—

"Don't strike him! it was I that said you stole it!"

The auctioneer turned round, when a big dog, apparently right at his heels, snuffed and barked most furiously. With a sudden spring upon his counter, he ordered the crowd to leave. An acquaintance at our elbow, no longer able to contain himself, burst into a loud laugh, as a genteel little man passed out at the door, who he told us was a *ventriloquist.*

SUNDRY.

A STAID and demure Quaker lady entered a dry goods establishment with the intention of making purchases. The salesman commenced praising his own goods at the expense of his neighbours', stating, at the same time, what great saving in expense she would make by purchasing of him. She heard him silently for a time, and finished the conversation by quietly saying, "Friend C., what a pity it is that it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary in thy business!"

A COCKNEY at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the falls, replied, "They're handsome—quite so; but they don't quite answer my hexpectations; besides, I got thoroughly vetted, and lost me 'at. I prefer to look at em in an hingraving, in 'ot weather, and in the 'ouse."

A COUNTRY gentleman while strolling out with a Cockney friend—a genuine Cockney—approached a meadow, in which was standing a crop of hay. The Cockney gazed at it wonderingly. It wasn't grass—it wasn't wheat—it wasn't turnip-tops. "Vy, vatever does you call this stuff?" said he to his companion. "That—why, hay, to be sure!" was the reply. "'Ay! he, he! come, that's cutting it a little too thick! If that's 'ay, just show me the 'ay-corns—come, now!"

FOOTE NOTES.

THE late Lord Kelly had a very red face. "Pray, my lord," said Foote to him, "come and look over my garden-wall—my cucumbers are very backward."

FOOTE expressed his conviction that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eyes if he could manage to sell the timber.

MAJOR B—, a great gambler, once said to Foote, "Since I last saw you, I have lost an eye." "I am very sorry for it," said Foote; "pray at what game?"

FOOTE praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at Cork. "No, sir," replied Foote; "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

AN author, after reading a play to Foote, was told that it would not do, by any means. "I wish, sir," said the writer, "you could advise me what is best to do with it." "That I can," said the manager: "blot out one half and burn the other."

COUNT TRACEY complaining to Foote that a man had ruined his character, "So much the better," replied the wit; "it was a bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed the more to your advantage."

FOOTE was once met by a friend in town with a young man who was flashing away very brilliantly, while Foote seemed grave. "Why, Foote," said his friend, "you are flat to-day; you don't seem to relish wit!" "Why," said Foote, "you have not tried me yet, sir."

A MERCANTILE man of Foote's acquaintance had written a poem, and exacted a promise that Foote would listen to it, but he dropped off before the end of the first pompous line, "Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!" "Pray, pray, be attentive, Mr. Foote!" "I am," said Foote. "Nine and one are ten: go on!"

QUIN could overthrow even Foote. At one time they had had a quarrel and were reconciled, but Foote was still a little piqued. "Jemmy," said he, "you should not have said that I had but one shirt, and that I lay in bed while it was washed." "Sammy," replied the actor, "I could not have said so, for I never knew that you had a shirt to wash."

FOOTE dining one day with Lord Townshend, who had recently fought a duel, and finding that the wine was bad and the dinner vilely cooked, remarked that he was surprised his lordship had called his antagonist out, when he could have disposed of him in a much easier way. "How?" asked Lord Townshend. "Why," replied Foote, "you should have given him a dinner like this, and poisoned him."

FOOTE was one day invited to dinner at Merchant Taylors' Hall; and so well pleased was he with the entertainment, that he sat till the chief part of the company had left the hall. At length, rising, he said, "Gentlemen, I wish you both very good night." "Both!" exclaimed one of the company; "why, you must be crazy, Foote; here are twenty of us—" "I have been counting you, and there are just eighteen; and as nine tailors make a man, I'm right—I wish you both very good night."

FOOTE was talking away, one evening at the dinner-table, of a man of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories, one of the party interrupted him suddenly, with an air of most considerate apology, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it; "you know the company better than I do," and finished his joke.

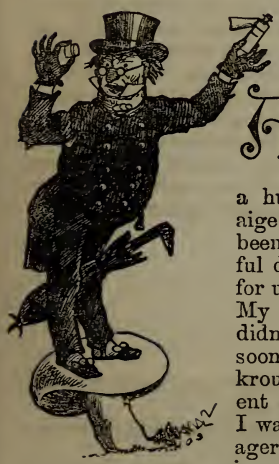
FOOTE being at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, which, after magnifying its good qualities, and in particular its age, he sent round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimbleful. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting, and smacking his lips. "Is it not very curious?" says his lordship. "Perfectly so, indeed," says the other; "I do not remember to have seen anything so little of its age in my life before."

FOOTE, having been invited to dine with the Duke of Leinster, at Dublin, gave the following account of his entertainment:—"As to the splendour, so far as it went, I admit it, there was a very fine sideboard of plate; and if a man could have

swallowed a silversmith's shop, there was enough to satisfy him; but as to all the rest, his mutton was white, his veal was red, the fish was kept too long, the venison not kept long enough: to sum up all, everything was cold, except his ice; everything sour, except his vinegar."

FOOTE, when travelling in the far west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed the landlord asked him how he liked his fare. "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except Mr. Mayor," cried the landlord. "I do not except anybody whatever," said he. "But you must," bawled the host. "I won't." "You must." At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town, for a great number of years, always to except the mayor, and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except Mr. Mayor.

SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS.



A MODEL PILL CERTIFICATE.

AWLL hale, benny facter of mankind. Your pills have made a new man of me. I shall be a hundred and atey years of aige next fust of April. I have been suffering from that dreadful dizeeze called informashun for upward of a hundred years. My doctor tohl me that ef I didn't hev sumthin dun for it soon, that it would get to be krounik, and then nuthin woodent kure it. Part of the time I was insane, so great was my agerny. Sumetimes I would be in sech pane that I koodent be moved without hairnessing on two yoke of ocksen. For three years I koodent neither lay nor set, so I was obleeged to roost. One day you cum along this way with a little green chist in yure hand and a blue cotton umbrella under yure left arm. You looked greener than your chist, so I thort you might still be honest. Sez I to you, "Strainger, ken you give me sumthin that'll kure me or kill me?" Sez you to me (handin out a little tin box), "Take them akkording to the direkshuns; if they don't kure you, they will kill you, sure; they never labor in vane. One dollar, ef you pleze." I felt jest as thow I'd jest as lieve be killed as not, so I took the box, and you took the money. Wal, I swallered the pills, but it was the tuffest job I ever done. It went agin the grain as much as paying the rent does. But in two weeks I was a new man. I've been a new man ever since. The informashun has all gone into my brane, and I have seris thorts of studyin for the law. I think I could praktis at the bar. May the blessings of the widder and the fatherless follow you wherever you go, for you doctored their husbands and fathers! Yourn till death,

JOHN SMITH.

BIG GENIUS.

A BIG genius is generally a phool; he knows how to do one or two things so much, that he aint fit for ennything else; he iz like a grahound, good for running fast, that's all. Yu kant larn him nothing, enny more than you kan an eagle; he knows how to fill up and look at the sun without winking, bekause he was born so, and when he gets up on the peak ov the mountain and gets well lit, you kant git tew him, nor he won't cum tew you, but thare he sits till the dinner-bell rings. After dinner he flize oph agin, and you won't see him till supper-time. They are like mumys, verry curis critters, and keep a long time without spileing. If tha only had common sense, so that yu kould make taylers or shumakers ov them, thare would be some sense ov having the breed more plenty, but one or two iz aul that is proffitable tew hav on hand tew onst, and tha are enough to keep ennybody uneazy about what they are going tew dew next. Tha live about forty years ahead of the times, and when the world ketches up with the last one, another iz born, who spends most of his time in digging up the old bones that the last one buried. About the only thing they sho enny common sense in iz, that tha moste alwus die in det tew every bodey. The moste unfortunate thing about having a big genius on hand iz, that so many try tew imitate them, but they don't generally get any further up than their vices, and thus one big genius suckles a thousand phools. They don't generally liv happy, bekause they aint bilt right to fit things as they find them. They ought to have a grate place tew stop in, whare thare aint nothing but big generalitys to dew, and whare they kan play tost and ketch with the stars, and krack nuts with mountains. They are curious critters. They aint afraid tew straddle a hurry cane without enny bridle on, and stick in the spurs; but a mice nibbling in the wanescut will drive them barheaded into the streets. They kan plant, but they won't kultivate nor reap. If I waz a woman, I would az soon marry a porcupine as a big genius; they are either az hot az the stove in a skoolhouse, or as kold and unfeeling az the shoes on a ded omnibus hoss. A geniuz iz like a big comet, they appear onse in about so often, and makes everybody nervous, and then disappear; and tho we may not at the time be able to put our fingers on the individual good they have done us, still their visit is a big one, and the grate reser-

voys are pumped up fuller, and we poor men, the rest ov us, when we stick our little fountains, find that the waters have been sweetened and freshened by sumbody.

"PAY AS YU GO."

THIS little maxim haz bin modestly at the sarviss ov the wurld for ages, supported by no pertickler pretenshuns tew rheterick, cadense, or pompus period, but brimfull and running over with praktikal philosophee and plebeian sense, adapted tew the latitude and longtitude of every humin kritter. It kontanes within its fore blessid monasilliables an analasis ov welth; it is fortin's steppin stone, and a letter ov credit nun kan distrust wherever it goas. It iz the right bower of ekonomee and maid ov honnur tew plezzure—fillz the day hours with kwiet and drives the baliff from the nite dreem. "Pay az yu go," and yu wil kno how fast yure a going, how fur yu have gone, and when it is time tew stop. Tradesmen will bow when they meet yu, and det with its hungry wolf tred will starve on yure trail. "Pay az yu go" temperz luxury and chastens want, adds dignity tew the poor man, and grase tew the ritch man, wrongs nun and iz justiss tew all. Here iz an antidote for much that iz the philosopher's stone; here iz a motto for manhood; here iz a leaven for enny sized lump. Yung man, pay az yu go, and whin yu gits old yu will not depart from it; other vartues will sartinly cluster about yu; and whin natur hands in her last bill yu will be awl the better prepared to "pay az yu go."

JOSH BILLINGS' ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

DEAR girls—Keep cool. A blessed futer await yu, enny how. Take lessons in the piannas at onst; piannas are getting skase. By awl means larn to pla the nu song that has jist come out, "when John Brown is over we are comming with this kruel war several strong." This stanza tuk the fust premium at the stat fair. Don't be afrade tew git married; your ma want afrade. Larn how tew knit pudding bags tu put yure haire in. Be vartuous and pretty. Eat slat pensils; tha will make yu spri at figgers. Let yure pettykoats drag on the sidewalks, and if enny man steps on them and tares oph the rim, slap his face at once. If yu have got a small feet, keep 'em hid; small feet has got out ov fashun. Studdy travels; Tom Moores and Byrons and Gullivers iz awl fust-rate. If yu can spare the time, be luvly and sweet. Remember one thing—thar ain't nothing in this life worth living for but a rich husband; if yu don't believe me, ask yure ma. If yu have got red hair yu had better exchange it for blak; blak hair tha tell me is going to be worn muchly next year. Don't hav anything tew du with the boys, unless tha mean bissiness.

MUSSEL PEARLS.

IT iz highly important, when a man makes up hiz minde tew bekum a raskall, that he shud examine hizself clusly, and see if he aint better konstrukted for a phool.

I argy in this way, if a man iz right, he kant be too radikal; if he iz rong, he kant be too consarvatiff.

If yu don't beleav in "total depravity," buy a quart ov gin, and study it.

Their iz one advantage in a plurality of wives; tha fite each other, instead ov their hustbands.

It iz a verry delikate job tew forgive a man without lowering him in hiz own estimashun, and yures too.

Az a gineral thing, when a woman wares the britches she haz a good rite tew them.

It iz admitted now bi everyboddy, that the man who kan git fat on berlony sassage, haz got a good deal of dorg in him.

I am poor, and i am glad that i am, for i find that wealth makes more people mean than it duz genrous.

Wooman's inflooense iz powerful—espeshila when she wants ennything.

Sticking up yure noze don't prove ennything, for a sope-biler, when he iz away from hiz hum, smells everything.

No man luvs tew git beat, but it iz better tew git beat than to be rong.

Awl kind ov bores are a nusance, but it is better tew be bored with a two-inch orger than a gimblet.

"Be sure you are rite, then go ahed;" but in kase ov dout go ahed enny wa.

Men aint apt tew git kicked out ov good society for being ritch.

The rode to Ruin iz always kept in good repair, and the travellers pa the expense ov it.

If a man begins life bi being a fust lutenant in hiz familee, he never need tew look for promoshun.

The onla proffit thare is in keeping more than one dorg, iz what you kan make on the board.

I haven't got az mutch munny az sum folks, but I have got az much impudense az enny ov them, and that iz the next thing tew munny.

It aint often that a man's reputashun outlasts hiz munny.

Don't mistake arroganse for wisdum: menny people hav thought tha waz wize, when tha waz onla windy.

The man who kant git ahed without pulling others back, iz a limited cuss.

Woman will sumtimes confess her sins, but i never knu one tew confess her faults.

Oh! what a wurld this iz tew live in, for the soul that iz afrade ov dirt and deviltree!

Young man, studdy defference; it iz the best kard in the pack.

Honesta iz the poor man's pork, and the rich man's pudding.

Thare iz a luxury in sometimes feeling lonesum.

Lastly—i am violently oppozed tew arden speerits az a bevridge, but for manufaktering purposes i think a leetle of it tastes good.

PROVINCIAL PROVERBS.

FROM YORKSHIRE.

SUM wimmin are fond of tellin what rubs thave gien their nabor: egshacktly — an wot a thing it ud be if ther chairs cud say t'same be them!

Sum wimmin are fond of publishin ther huzband's folts; but forget at thare printin ther awn at same time.

Sum wimmin are fond of tellin hah little ther hause costs em; but taks care not ta say a wurd wot their backs costs their huzbands.

If yer wife iz upstairs, an yo call to hur, sho sez, "commin in a minnit," tack a two mile wauk, an when yo get back agean, yo may calkelate at shool just hev cum daan.

If yer wife gets aght a bed ill-tempered at weshin mornin, yo may calkelate a bein miserable all t'day.

If yer wife, after yov cum'd off on a journey, begins a axin if thear wor owt new ta be seen t'draper shop windaz, yo may calkelate at sho expected yo bringin hur summat.

If yer wife sez at there hed better be two keys tut aght-door, yo may calkelate at sho duzant approve on yo stoppin aght late at neets.

If yer wife begins a sendin hur caps an frills aght ta be wesh't, yo may calkelate at shoze gettin extravagant, az weel as laizy.

If yer wife ligs yo aght a clean shirt, an yo cumplain abaght thear bein sum buttons off, yo may calkelate on hur sayin at sho wor sure at thay wor all on reight enif when it whent ta be wesht.

If yer wife chainges hur sarvants az many times az thear iz munths in a year, yo may calkelate at theaze more folt we hur than wit lasses, an at shooze noan a good temperd an.

"It goaz agean t'grain," az t'farmur sed wen e saw t'weathur wer clearin up, an likely ta set in fur bein fine at market-daay.

"Aw sal nivvir hav t'gout e thee, that's won blessin," az owd Dot-an-carry-Won sed wen e lewk'd daan at hiz wooden leg.

"They du az they like we t'little uns," az t'owd cat sed wen shoo saw hur kittens takken t'backwaay intut sossige-shop.

Luv's like cobbler's wax: t'moar yo meddle wit an t'bigger mess yo mak, an t'cloaser it sticks tul yo.

"Cut, an cum agean," az t'sarvant lass sed tut Bobby when shoo heeard her missus comin daan t'stairs.

"That's wat aw call laaying it on thick," az t'lad sed wen hiz fatthur wallop't him wit cloaze-prop.

"Ther's a baandary ta all things," az t'chap sed wen e ran hiz heead agea a brick wall.

"Smooth an thin, an takken in," az t'shopkeeper sed wen e lewk'd at t'bad shillin.

"Aw'm varry partial ta tender joints," az t'rumatick sed tut chap's leg.

"Noa moar, thank yo," az t'cat sed when it saw t'ammonia bottle.

REMARKABLE NEETS.—That, when t'man ran home, freetand aght ov hiz sensas at seein t'dead haar at neet.

That, when t'watchman distinctly heard a *hallo* raand t'mooin.

That, when t'dog star wor seen ta bite a piece aght at northern leets.

That, when t'owd womman heard t'breik a day.

That, when t'lad wackand hizsen we *fallin* asleep.

RECIPES.

HAH TA CURE KNOCK-KNEES.—Sit astride ov a barrel abaght three haars a day fur a munth, an then tee yer feet tagethur afore yo goa ta bed, an sleep we a moderate sized turnup between yer knees fur six neets. Iv that wean't cure yo, aw doan't naw wat will.

CURE FOR GOSSIPPIN.—Gooid strong elbow-grease applied daily tut furnitur, an a general cleear aght ov idlebacks.

PURE SYMPATHY.—Tellin a chap at pashunce iz a rare vartue wen ecz varry neer crazed wit tooithwark.

A BIT OF QUIET CHAFF.—Axin a chap wat time it iz wen yo naw his watch iz off tul hiz uncle's.

SPENDIN HIZ STRENGTH FUR NOWT.—A bowegg'd fellah tryin ta stop a pig e a hentry.

T'WUNDERS A KIMISTRY.—Makkin "Bear's Grease" aght ov hog's lard.

A CUTTIN REMARK.—T'butcher sayin it's time at t'pig wer kill'd.

HAH TA KEEP PRESERVES.—Lock em up, an swallow t'key.

LABOR E VAIN.—Tryin ta leet yer pipe at t'taan pump.

WET AN FOGGY.—A drukken cab-chap aat et rain.

TA CURE TONGUES.—Tack yer tongue, if it be a longan, an keep it nicely within yer teeth for two full calender munths. After that tack it to where theaze a tea drinkin, an if yo find, when yo want ta uze it, at its not shorter wit pickle, go home direcktly, an tack it between yer teeth (nah mind, this iz varry important); that bein dun, let sumady fetch yo a good saand rap ovver't top at head we a rowlin pin, an if't tongue end bleeds, or flies off, it's a sign it's cured.

ODD UNIONS.

FOGG AND MIST were china dealers in Warwick Street; the firm afterwards became Fogg and Son, on which it was naturally enough remarked that "the sun had driven away the mist." Going and Gonne was the style of a well-known banking house in Ireland, and on their failure in business some one wrote:—

"Going and Gonne are now both one,
For Gonne is going, and Going's gone."

Two millers at Manchester were named Bone, and, of course, furnished abundant material for joke and sarcasm.

But this is hardly so good as an entry in the Custom-House books of Edinburgh, where it appears that "A." (meaning Alexander)—"A. Gunn was the other day discharged for making a false report."

The late Mr. I. Came, the wealthy shoemaker of Liverpool, who left his immense property to public charities, opened his first shop on the opposite side of the street to that in which he had been a servant, and inscribed its front with "I CAME from over the way."

IMPORTANT FROM THE GOLD REGIONS.

Sackrymento Diggins, Oct. 20th.

To TIM FLAHERTY,—Arrah thin, Tim, as soon as you read this bit of a note come out at wonst. Rite forenenst me where I sit composing this letther there's a fortune to be got for the mere sifthing. The sands is all goold powder. Och! if you could only see how beautiful it shines in the sun. An' thin the depth of it. It goes clane down to the centre ov the world. The mountains, Tim, has vains, and ivvery vain is full of the circulatin' majium. Wouldn't you like to bleed them vains, ould boy? We've no horses here, 'cepting mules, and as soon as one ov the boys gets a load he puts it on the back ov the donkey and carries it to the *ass sayers*. The ass sayers, ye see, is the jintlemen as informs ye whether the goold's the rale stuff, or only iron pitaties. You see there's a desavin' kind o' goold they call pitaties. It's an invenshun ov the ould sarpint, and iv you put it in the fire it vanishes in a thick shmoke wid an horrible smell ov sulfir.

It's a fine healthy rejin is the Sackrymento. There's no disease 'cept the shaking ager; and the fits come on first rate whin there's any sifthing to be done. As soon as one o' the boys gets the shake on him he just puts the sifther in his fists, and he'll make a small fortin afore the trimble's off ov him.

We're all rale demmicrats out here, Tim. While I'm writing ov this letther on the side ov my hat —bad luck to the crown there's to it—I can see one of the captins ov the New York melisha washing the goold in the Sackrymento with hardly a rag on him, savin' your presence. Even the mishinaries dig like bogthrotters all the week, and deliver mighty improvin' discoorses to the haythen on the unrighteousness of mammon on a Sunday. The Injuns is incensed in this way wid the sinfulness of riches, and sells it chape to save their sowls.

Remember me to Biddy, the darlin', an' tell her if she'll put on the jacket and throusers, she can make hapes of money here, for she knows how to use a spade, an' it's easier diggin' the goold than cutting turf in Kilkenny.

Intendin' to address you agin shortly on the state of picayunary affairs in this country,

I remain, yer affeckshynit couzen,
TERRENCE MAHONY.

A MYSTERY.

"MURPHY, what's the meaning of mystery? Faith, I was reading the paper, and it said 'twas a mystery how it was done."

"Well," said Murphy, "Pat, I'll tache ye. Ye see, when I lived with my father, a little gossoon, they gave me a parthy, and me mother wint to market to buy somethin' for the parthy to ate, and among the lot of things she bot a half-barrel of pork, ye see. Well, she put it down in the cellar, bless her sowl! for safe keeping, till the parthy come on, do ye see. Well, when the parthy come on, me mother sint me down to the cellar to get some of the pork, do ye see; well, I wint down to the barrel and opened it, and fished about, but not a bit of pork could I find; so I looked around the barrel to see where the pork was, and found a rat-hole in the bottom of the barrel, where the pork had all run out and left the brine standing, do ye see."

"Hould on, Murphy! wait a bit; now tell me how could all the pork get out ov the barrel, and lave the brine standing?"

"Well, Pat," said Murphy, "that's what I'd like to know myself, do ye see; there's the mystery."

WORN'T IT THE TAIL?*

IT was no use for me, bein' a poor man, to go on grumblin' at our governor, for he'd only have said what he said before. "There's the keb," he says, "and there's the 'oss," he says; "and if you don't like 'em you can leave 'em. I don't ast you," he says, "to bring in so much by two shillin' as I do your mates; and if you don't like to drive number three thousin' eight hundered and noughty-nine, there's plenty more as will be glad to; so no more bones about it." Well, you see that's how it was; and from drivin' a shabby keb and a knacker of a 'oss, I got into the habit of goin' shabby myself, and always got all the shabby jobs as came to the Knightsbridge stand; takin' sarvants to the parly trains—boxy jobs, as I calls 'em, linendrapers' gals with parcels of things to show at gentlefolkses houses; all the wust-paid fares there was, and too glad to get 'em.

For you see mine was a shabby turn-out, quite a reg'lar sight, you know; old yaller keb with a coat-of-arms on it, and bloo linins, 'cept the cushins, which is all odd uns, stuffed with all sorts; and allus, no matter how I smoke or air that 'ere inside, smellin offle o' mushrooms, so as you might think some old woman had broke a bottle o' ketchup inside; when it aint nothin', bless you, but the damp. The paint had got wery shabby, 'specially about the tires; and the spokes o' them wheels would rattle in dry weather most as bad as did the windies in wet.

For you see the glasses used to be all up in wet weather, while people was glad enough to keep 'em down in dry, becos of the smell; and them windies was about the most aggrawatinest part about that keb, since you never had no control over them, for they shet up when they liked, and shet down when they liked; and them all the while of sech thin glass, as you didn't dare show fight, for fear of their goin' all to smash, and your havin' to pay up.

I said as them windies was about the most aggrawatinest things about that keb; but they worn't, for all that: the 'oss was the wust by a long chalk. He was a disappynted sort of a 'oss, as took everythin' contrairy; and though I drove him a matter o' ten year, I never once got anythin' like understandin' his charakter. You see he was a low-spereted animal, one as had seen better days, as you might know by the way he hugged the left 'and sharp, as if it had bin a pole—showin' as he'd once run in pairs, p'raps alongside o' some lovely creetur of a mare as died, and so broke his 'art, makin' him to come down in the world, and take no pride in hisself. For though I did all man could do to make him look decent, he never would, not a bit of it. If I bore him up tight, to make him arch his neck, he only arched it wrong ways—pyntin' that nose of his at the sky, and goin' along like a camel as was in wants of water in a great desert. If I putt a couple o' bits o' laylock on each side of his blinkers, to cheer him up a bit, he'd do nothin' but shake his head, mournful like, jest as if he was a-sayin', "This here's a wale of tears;" and then, ten to one if he didn't have a fit o' megrims—bad uns too. He'd got the roughest coat as ever a 'oss had, one as never shined ony when it was wet; while, where his mane ought to have bin, was all a stubbly, scuffy ridge, like a worn-out brush. As for his tail—there, it worn't no wonder as he used to keep it tucked wery close in between his legs, for that was the only redeemin' pynt in his charakter: he were ashamed of that there tail. You never saw his old spavined hocks, nor his broken knees, nor his rough coat, nor nothin' else when that tail was visible; for it took up your whole attention, so as you couldn't see nothin' else. I believe I might have got on a bit better at first, same as I did towards the last, if it hadn't bin for that tail; for you see it was enough to ruin any turn-out, even if it had been a lord mayor's carridge. You couldn't help that tail wherrittin' you, do what you would; for though it was all wery well so long as the 'oss—*Solomon* I called him, cos he was such a long-headed un—was down in the mouth, and kep his tail outer sight, yet there was times as he'd stick it straight out, 'specially if he'd got a bearin'-rein on, and then, do all I would to keep my temper, I used to be obliged to hit that 'ere tail with the butt end of the whip, to make him keep it outer sight.

Now, I'll jest tell you what that tail was like. It was jest eighteen inches long; and, beginnin' at the top, there was jest twelve inches all smooth as smooth, and then there was seven 'airs; after which you travelled over six more smooth inches, right to the pynt, and then there was twenty-three more long uns. Now, jest let me ask anybody as knows anythin' about 'osses if that worn't a tail as would break any man's 'art. Thirty 'airs there was altogether in that there tail, for I counted 'em often, to see if any more was a-comin'; but, no, not a blessed 'air more would come, no matter how I coaxed 'em. Fancy a tail with only thirty 'airs in, flourished about in your face when you was a-drivin', and jest see if you was tied down to it, if you wouldn't soon get to look as shabby as your 'oss and keb. I took my missus into consultation about that tail, which I s'pose came bald from grief; and she says as stimmylusses was the best thing to make 'air grow; so I got a tin pot fitted in the bottom of *Solomon's* nose-bag; and many's the half-pint of porter he's sucked up; but never a 'air came of that. Then my missus explained as it was stimmylusses applied to the part itself, so I tried liquid blister and solid blister; but they never did nothin' but make the old 'oss kick; while as to rubbin' on Spanish-fly pomatum, it worn't no more use than nothin'.

"I can't stand that there tail no longer," I says to my wife one night when I'd come home quite low-spereted; "it's enough to break a man's 'art, that it is. Here's three days runnin' I've ony took in twelve shillins."

* By kind permission of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers.

"'Taint the tail; it's the whole turn-out," says my wife.

But I knew better, and I'd made my mind up what I'd do. Next day, I makes-believe to be ill, and sends word to the yard as I worn't a-comin', knowin' as it would be a rest for the old 'oss, as nobody else wouldn't drive; and off I goes to the knacker's yard in Maiden Lane, King's Cross, outs with my money, and comes back with the skin and 'air of as pretty a tail as ever you see in all your born days.

It took me all that day to dress and do that bit o' leather into shape; but I did it, and stuck on straps; and next mornin' I fitted it on to *Solomon*, and drove out o' the yard with him holdin' it up for every one to see, and our chaps a-laughin' like mad. But I didn't care for that: the public wouldn't know, and they didn't neither; for though I never could expect to do much with such a turn-out, with that tail improved and set right, my takins rose a pound a week, and I says to the missus, quite triumphant-like: "Now," I says, "worn't it the tail?"

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I LOVE thee, Mary, and thou lovest me—
Our mutual flame is like th' affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies:
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.
'Tis little that the holy marriage vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.
O, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,
A living acid; thou an alkali
Endowed with human sense, that, brought together,
We both might coalesce into one salt,
One homogeneous crystal. Oh! that thou
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen;
We would unite to form olefiant gas,
Or common coal, or naphtha—would to heaven
That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime!
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret.
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,
So that thou might be Soda; in that case
We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Magnesia
Instead, we'd form that's named from Epsom.
Couldst thou Potassa be, I Aqua-fortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.
And thus our several natures sweetly blent,
We'd live and love together, until death
Should decompose the fleshly *tertium quid*,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?
We will! The day, the happy day is nigh,
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine.

Punch.

DON'T BELIEVE IT.

"I HAVE said that the Captain was a crack shot, as sure perhaps as myself, but slower. This I had often remarked in shooting with him. He invariably fired after the word "two," or, if he attempted to pull trigger sooner, always shot wide. Upon this rested my whole chance of safety. Having determined upon my plan, desperate as it appeared, I felt sure of success. Should Geyer fire before his usual time, I was confident he would miss me, and I should fire in the air. But otherwise (and I did not think he would pull too soon, for he knew his "point" as well as I, and was cool and full of nerve) I had but one chance, and eye and hand were to carry me through—they never had failed me before, why should they then? So there we stood, the ground stepped, ten paces, pistols lowered, waiting the signal. It was given. I raised my weapon a fraction of a second quicker than Geyer—a pause of a couple of heart-beats—Geyer would *not* fire hurriedly—I saw my only chance—flash!—both triggers pulled at the same instant of time, as I intended—a single double report—the smoke cleared away, and there we both stood untouched! I had done it!" "Done what?" exclaimed every one at the table, with eager voice, as Symmes paused a moment, while his eyes once more gleamed merrily. "Simply stopped the Captain's bullet," said Symmes quietly. "I took advantage of Geyer's slower aim, fired directly at the mouth of his pistol, taking care to pull trigger exactly when he did, and consequently my ball met his half-way, and saved my life."

NEVER MIND.

THERE must be something very comprehensive in this phrase of "Never mind," for we do not recollect to have ever witnessed a quarrel in the street, at a theatre, or elsewhere, in which it has not been the standard reply to all belligerent inquiries.

"Do you call yourself a gentleman, sir?"

"Never mind, sir."

"Did I offer to say anything to the young woman, sir?"

"Never mind, sir."

"Do you want your head knocked up against that wall, sir?"

"Never mind, sir."

It is observable, too, that there would appear to be some hidden taunt in this universal "Never mind," which rouses more indignation in the bosom of the individual addressed than the most lavish abuse could possibly awaken.

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

AS to my visit, it is now goin on2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes of Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N.B. This is rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found), which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Raven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarves.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull amung the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed—

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latterday Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I might show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward, I sertinly am marrid."

He then set to and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck and Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordingly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

* * * * * *

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretooul wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shood git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats call him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. Thay allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite amung theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of 'em get into a row he has 'em turnd loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. . . . . "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to.

ELASTIC CLOTH.

OUR Uncle Ezra is sometimes in the habit of "stretching the truth" a little—a vicious sort of propensity, from which the rest of the family are singularly free. We heard him tell Snooks a severe tale one day last week, which we have concluded to give to the world:—"When I lived in Maine," said he, "I helped to break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we began ploughing on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get

forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did, faith—and I held that plough more'n a week—I thought I should die. Why, one day I was hold'n, and the plough hit a stump which measured just nine feet and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump when I happened to think it might snap together again; so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done this, than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the tail of my coat. Of course I was tight, but I held on to the plough-handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my clothes, or cause me to let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull altogether, and the old stump came out about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots, too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them clothes, and I haven't worn any other kind since."

DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.

"I ASK you to pay me this bill," said a tailor in Charles Street to a waggish debtor.

"Do you owe anybody anything?" asked the wag.

"No, sir," replied the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait;" and off he walked.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not "at his wit's end;" so, turning to his creditor, he said—

"Are you in debt to anybody?"

"Yes, sir, I am sorry to say I am."

"Well, why don't you pay?"

"I haven't got the money," replied the tailor, with a woebegone countenance.

"That's just my case, my dear sir. I am glad to perceive that you can appreciate my position. I always respected your judgment, sir. Give us your hand, sir."

Not altogether unlike a case recorded of San Francisco, in the opening year of the golden harvest.

An unsuccessful adventurer in the auriferous region, having stayed for a long time at an expensive hotel in the city without having paid a "red cent" for board, although his bill had often been presented by the landlord, was one day waited upon by that personage, with a very determined aspect, when the following conversation ensued:—

"I have brought you your bill again this morning, Mr. ——, and I want the money. I have sent it to you by the book-keeper several times before, but you have paid no attention whatever to it. Now what I wish to say is that I shall wait no longer. For everything that *I* buy, I am obliged to pay, and pay, too, in cash down. Everything is at a high figure, and I can't afford to keep an hotel in San Francisco unless I collect all my bills."

"Can't *af-ford* it!" exclaimed the delinquent boarder; "then why don't you sell out to somebody that *can* afford it? That's the best thing you can do."

DOWN-EAST QUESTIONING.

"WHAT kind of a country do you live in?"

"Mixed and extensive. It is made up principally of land and water."

"What kind of weather?"

"Long spells of weather are frequent. Our sunshine comes off principally during the daytime."

"Have you plenty of water, and how got?"

"A good deal of water scattered about, and generally got in pails and whiskey."

"Is it hard?"

"Rather so, when you have to go half a mile, and wade in mud knee-deep to get at it."

"What kind of buildings?"

"Allegoric, Ionic, Anti-Caloric, Log, and Slabs. The buildings are chiefly out-doors, and so low between joints that the chimneys all stick out through the roof."

"What kind of society?"

"Good, bad, hateful, indifferent, and mixed."

"Any aristocracy?"

"*Nary one.*"

"What do your people do for a living mostly?"

"Some work, some laze round, one's a shrewd business manager, and several of them also drink whiskey."

"Is it cheap living there?"

"Only five cents a glass, and water thrown in."

"Any taste for music?"

"Strong. Buzz and buck saws in the daytime, and wolf-howling and cat-fighting nights."

"Any pianos there?"

"No, but we have several cow-bells and a tin pan in every family."

"What could a genteel family in moderate circumstances do there for a living?"

"Work, shave notes, fish, hunt, steal, or, if hard pinched, buy and sell town property."

"Are your people intelligent?"

"Some know everything that happens and some things that do not."

Dear friend, your questions are answered. Bring all your family with you, and make your home with us.

JOKES OF SHERIDAN.

IT was Sheridan who said to the tailor that asked him at least for the interest of his bill, "It is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest."

SHERIDAN made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots; these attracting the notice of some of his friends, "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots." Many *probable* guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan, "no, you've not hit it, nor ever will—I bought them, and paid for them!"

IN a large party, one evening, the conversation turned upon young men's allowance at college. Tom Sheridan lamented the ill-judging parsimony of many parents in that respect. "I am sure, Tom," said his father, "you need not complain; I always allowed you eight hundred a year." "Yes, father, I must confess you *allowed* it; but then it was never paid."

TOM bought a gallon of gin to take home; and, by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. Sheridan coming along, and observing the jug, quietly remarked, "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!" "Why?" said Tom. "Because some one might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

SHERIDAN, being on a Parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the other members were seated, and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and, looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?"

BEING asked whether he thought Mr. O'Brien was right in his assertion that many thousands of the electors of Westminster would vote for the Duke of Northumberland's porter, were he put up, Sheridan coolly replied: "No, my friend; O'Brien is wrong; but they might for Mr. Whitbread's porter."

SHERIDAN was down at Brighton one summer, when Fox, the manager, desirous of showing him some civility, took him all over the theatre, and exhibited its beauties. "There, Mr. Sheridan!" said Fox, who combined twenty occupations without being clever in one, "I built and painted all these boxes, and I painted all these scenes." "Did you," said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly; "well, I should not, I am sure, have known you were a Fox by your brush."

SHERIDAN was very desirous that his son Tom should marry a young woman of large fortune, but knew that Miss Callander had won his son's heart. Sheridan, expatiating on the folly of his son, at length exclaimed, "Tom, if you marry Caroline Callander, I'll cut you off with a shilling!" Tom could not resist the opportunity of replying, and, looking archly at his father, said, "Then, sir, you must borrow it." Sheridan was tickled at the wit, and dropped the subject.

SHERIDAN, when charged with inconsistency, retorted that the accusation reminded him of the reasoning of the entertainer of a convivial party, who, hearing his friends observe that it was time to take leave, as the watchman was crying "Past three," said, "Why, you don't mind that fellow, do you? He's the most inconsistent fellow out. Why, he changes his story every half-hour."

THE LOVE-KNOT.

BY NORA PERRY.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-coloured face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a colour bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, chillier still—
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?—
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Oh, Ellery Vane! you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

YANKEE PROGRESS.

A PATENT has been taken out in Boston, for cleaning fish by giving them snuff. When they sneeze their scales fly off.

IT is said that a baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs but eight ounces.

A GENIUS has invented a butter-churn that is worked by a locomotive. He sends off his new milk by the railway train, and it arrives at market worked into butter.

A MAN out West has just patented a machine for making chestnuts out of sweet potatoes. He is a brother of the old gentleman who put handles to prickly pears, and then sold them for curry-combs.

A YANKEE proposes to build an establishment which he may drive a sheep into at one end, and have it come out at the other as four quarters of mutton, a felt hat, a pair of drawers, a woollen coat, trousers, and waistcoat.

ONE of the boys tells of a scarecrow made by Uncle Ben. It not only scared off every crow that saw it, but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he had stolen three days before.

A GENIUS from the land of wooden nutmegs says he has invented a machine which will (when set in motion—but that's the difficulty) chase a hog over a ten-acre lot, catch, yoke, and ring him; or, by a slight change of gearing, it will chop him into sausages, work his bristles into shoe-brushes, and manufacture his tail into a corkscrew.

A CONVENTION for reorganising the human family, correcting the abuses that have been creeping into it for 6,000 years, and preparing it for a new and better start on the march of existence, is in session in one town-hall.

IN Cincinnati almost every portion of the hog is put to some use. A distinguished philosopher of that city is now trying some method of turning the squeal to account.

SOME Yankee has invented a new kind of ink, called "love-letter ink." It is a sure preventive against all cases of "breach of promise," as the ink fades away and leaves the sheet blank, in about four weeks after being written upon.

WHAT will the London brewers say when they hear that at Rhode Island the beer is brewed so strong, that it requires three men to blow the head off a pot of porter, and they must be tolerably long-winded?

THEY say there is a saw-mill down East, which saws so easy, that a young man who was sitting on a log while the saw was running through, was sawed in halves, and did not discover it until the overseer told him to roll off.

A YANKEE has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Who says this is not an age of improvement?

IN a discussion at an agricultural club, a wag recommended the farmers to put snuff on their corn, so as to make the crows sneeze, and then to shoot the sneezing ones as the rogues.

A CORRESPONDENT writes an account of a new iron safe, which was exposed to a heat that completely destroyed its competitor, and from which was taken, after the trial, a live rooster and a lump of stamped butter. The butter was harder than when it was put in, the stamp remaining perfect, and the rooster came out alive and well, only suffering from the cold, and almost frozen by the low temperature to which he had been exposed.

THE report that a Yankee had invented a machine to take the noise out of thunder has been contradicted.

A YANKEE has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of the boarders mesmerises the rest, and then eats a hearty meal; the mesmerised being satisfied from sympathy.

AN eminent artist is about getting up a "panorama of a law-suit." It opens in the year One, and closes with Doomsday.

A NEW mode of dispersing mobs has been discovered, said to supersede the necessity of a military force—it is, to pass round a contribution box.

A YANKEE has invented a new kind of brace, that contracts on your approach to water; and the moment you come to a puddle it lifts you over and drops you on the other side.

SOME wicked rascal says that he has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a very profound secret.

A YANKEE has invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements. Some of them are never seen after entering the machine, as only the truth comes out.

THE newest Yankee notion is a new stove for the comfort of railway travellers; it is to be put under the feet, with a mustard plaister on the head, which draws the heat through the whole body.

IT is said that there is a pump on Long Island possessing the surprising power of converting one quart of milk into three pints. We don't believe a word of it.

THE DUELO.

BY J. F. WALLER.

"MAGDALENA, dearest, hear me,"
Sighed I, as I seized her hand——
"Hola! Senor," very near me,
Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart Caballero
Comes upon me with a stride.
On his head a slouched sombrero,
A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa
With a stately Spanish air
(On the whole, he looked the chap a
Man to slight would scarcely dare).

"Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady's hand."
"Senor," I replied, "this rudeness
I am not prepared to stand."

"Magdaléna, say" —— the maiden,
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish Caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me.

"Senor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y"——"No more, sir:
'Tis as good as twenty score, sir,"

Said I to him, with a frown:
"Mucha bulla para nada,
No palabras, draw your 'spada;
If you're up for a duelo
You will find I'm just your fellow—
Senor, I am PETER BROWN!"

By the river's bank that night,
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light
A fight of death or life;
Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,
With the pain I grew the bolder,
Close and closer still I pressed;
Fortune favoured me at last,
I broke his guard, my weapon passed
Through the Caballero's breast—
Down to the earth went Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y—— One groan,
And he lay motionless as stone.
The man of many names went down,
Pierced by the sword of PETER BROWN!

Kneeling down, I raised his head;
The Caballero faintly said,
"Signor Inglés, fly from Spain
With all spced, for you have slain
A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y"—— He swooned
With the bleeding from his wound.
If he be living still or dead
I never knew, I ne'er shall know;
That night from Spain in haste I fled,
Years and years ago.

From Revelations of Peter Brown.

SALAD.

To make this condiment, your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen-sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl.
And, half-suspected, animate the whole.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon.
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
And lastly o'er the flavoured compound toss
A magic soup-spoon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl;
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day!"

"GET OUT!"

TWO gentlemen travelling through Canada in the winter of 1839, after a long day's ride, stopped at a road-side inn called the "Lion Tavern," where the late occupants of the stage-coach, numbering some nine persons, soon gathered around the cheerful fire.

Among the occupants of the room was an ill-looking cur, that had shown its wit by taking up its quarters in so comfortable an apartment. After a few minutes the landlord entered, and, observing the dog, remarked—

"Fine dog, that; is he yours, sir?" appealing to one of the passengers.

"No, sir."

"Beautiful dog! Yours, sir?" addressing himself to a second.

"*No*," was the blunt reply.

"Come here, pup! Perhaps he is yours, sir?"

"No," was again the reply.

"Very sagacious animal! Belongs to you, I suppose, sir?"

"No, he doesn't,"

"Then he is yours, and you have a treasure in him, sir," at the same throwing the animal a cracker.

"No, sir, he is not."

"Oh!" (with a smile) "he belongs to you, as a matter of course, then?" addressing the last passenger.

"Me! I wouldn't have him as a gift."

"Then you dirty, mean, contemptible whelp, get out!" And with that the host gave him such a kick as sent him howling into the street.

There was *one* honest dog in that company, but the two-legged specimen was a little "too sweet to be wholesome."

A HARD PULL.

ABOUT thirty miles above Wilmington, North Carolina, lived three fellows, named respectively Barham, Stone, and Gray, on the banks of the North East River. They came down to Wilmington in a small row-boat, and made fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city, but for fear they would be dry before getting home, they procured a jug of whiskey, and after dark, on a black night too, they embarked in their boat, expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all the energy that three half-tipsy fellows could muster, keeping up their spirits in the darkness by pouring the spirits down. At break of day they thought they must be near home, and seeing through the dim grey of the morning a house on the river-side, Stone said—

"Well, Barham, we've got to your place at last."

"If this is my house," said Barham, "somebody has been putting up a lot of out-houses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about, and see where we are, if you'll hold her to."

Barham disembarks, takes observation, and soon comes stumbling back, and says—

"Well, I'll be whipped if we ain't at Wilmington here yet; and, what's more, the boat has been hitched to the wharf all night!"

It was a fact, and they had been rowing away for dear life without knowing it.

A MAN OF FEW WORDS.

A YOUNG man some time since arrived at a certain inn, and, after alighting from his horse, went into the travellers' room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some time, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell; and, upon the waiter's appearance, gave his order, as follows:—"Waiter!" The waiter replied, "Sir?" "I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell, and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say." The waiter again replied, "Yes, sir." "In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water (cold) with a little sugar, and also a tea-spoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep down the hearth; bring me in a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little sealing-wax, and let me know what time the post goes out: tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he's ready to feed; order the chamber-maid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, a clean night-cap, and a glass of water in the room; send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned, and brought into the room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning; ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort; desire your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town." The waiter answered, "Yes, sir," and then went to the landlord and told him a gentleman in the parlour wanted a great many things, and, amongst the rest, he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

SAYINGS OF THE SAGE.

A THICK-HEADED squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming, "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove, I'd make him a parson." "Very probably," replied Sydney; "but I see your father was of a different mind."

AN eccentric old gentleman, being waited upon with his surgeon's bill, cogitated some time over its contents, and then desired the man who called with it to tell his master that the medicine he would certainly pay for; but as for the visits, he should return them.

A NEWSPAPER tells of a man meeting two attorneys, one of whom he did not know, but asked his friend to be introduced to his brother-in-law.

LORD NORBURY, on a special commission to try the culprits in one of the Irish rebellions, had in the course of a sitting convicted a great many. "You are going on swimmingly here, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his lordship significantly; "seven knots an hour."

PETER MACNALLY, a lame Dublin attorney, wanted to be enrolled in a volunteer corps. "You'd never do, Peter," said the officer to whom he applied for admission; "the more we told you to march, the more you'd halt."

A JUDGE, on passing sentence of death upon an Irishman, said, as usual, "I have nothing now to do but to pass the dreadful sentence of the law upon you." "Oh, don't trouble yourself on my account," interrupted Pat. "I must do my duty," resumed the judge. "You must go from hence to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck till you are dead; and the Lord have mercy on your soul!" "I am much obliged to you," says the prisoner, "but I never heard of any one thriving after your prayers."

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I will bet five to one that, if you should bait a steel trap with a new threepenny-piece, and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul."

LORD MANSFIELD, being willing to save a man that had stolen a watch, directed the jury to bring it in value tenpence. "Tenpence, my lord!" says the prosecutor; "why, the very fashion of it cost me fifty shillings." "Perhaps so," replied his lordship, "but we must not hang a man for fashion sake."

LAWYER B—— was concerned for the defendant in the action of ejectment of Barley *v.* Stiffler. The land in dispute was a tract of excellent land adjoining Barley's piece, and had been farmed for fifty years by Stiffler, who lived upon a contiguous tract; but, although he had taken out a warrant for it, he had never had his survey returned. This neglect, Barley supposed, would be fatal to Stiffler's title, and he got out another warrant, had his survey made and regularly returned. The sympathy of the court, bar, and audience was with honest old Stiffler, and B—— made one of his best speeches to the jury. In the course of his remarks he described Barley standing in his own door, viewing and coveting the land. "He saw, gentlemen of the jury," said B——, "that it was good for rye, good for corn, good for wheat, and he thought that it would be good for *barley* too." The right chord was struck, and a burst of applause followed which the court did not appear very anxious to restrain. A verdict was returned for Stiffler, and his heirs hold the land "even unto this day."

A MAN named Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:—"May it please your honour, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt, for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it." The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair said, "If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three who did, I discharge the prisoner."

A DECEASED chief justice in America once addressed a jury in the following model speech:—"Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible; the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

A MAN brought before a justice of the peace, charged with some petty offence, pleaded in extenuation a natural infirmity. "I should have made a considerable figure in the world, my lord," said he to the judge, "if I hadn't been a fool; it's a dreadful pull-back to a man."

A BLACKSMITH who fancied himself sick would often tease a neighbouring physician to give him relief. The physician knew that he was perfectly well; but being unwilling to offend him, told him he must be careful of his diet, and not eat anything heavy or windy. The blacksmith went off satisfied; but on revolving in his own mind what kind of food was heavy or windy, returned to the doctor, who having lost temper with his patient, said, "Don't you know what things are heavy and windy?" "No," said the blacksmith. "Why, then, I'll tell you," says the doctor: "your anvil is heavy, and your bellows are windy; don't eat either of these, and you will do well."

JOURNALISM IN TENNESSEE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

"THAT is the way to write," said the chief editor, "peppery and to the point. Mush-and-milk journalism gives me the fantods."

About this time a brick came through the window with a splintering of a crash, and gave me a considerable of a jolt in the back. I moved out of range—I began to feel in the way.

The chief said, "That was the Colonel, likely. I've been expecting him for two days. He will be up, now, right away."

He was correct. The Colonel appeared in the door a moment afterward with a dragoon revolver in his hand.

He said, "Sir, I have the honour of addressing the poltroon who edits this mangy sheet?"

"You have. Be seated, sir. Be careful of the chair, one of its legs is gone. I believe I have the honour of addressing the blatant scoundrel Col. Blatherskite Tecumseh?"

"That's me. I have a little account to settle with you. If you are at leisure we will begin."

"I have an article on the 'Encouraging Progress of Moral and Intellectual Development in America' to finish, but there is no hurry. Begin."

Both pistols rang out their fierce clamour at the same instant. The chief lost a lock of his hair, and the Colonel's bullet ended its career in the fleshy part of my thigh. The Colonel's left shoulder was clipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share, a shot in the arm. At the third fire both gentlemen were wounded slightly, and I had a knuckle chipped. I then said, I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private matter, and I had a delicacy about participating in it further. But both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat, and assured me that I was not in the way. I had thought differently up to this time.

They then talked about the elections and the crops a while, and I fell to tying up my wounds. But presently they opened fire again with animation, and every shot took effect—but it is proper to remark that five out of the six fell to my share. The sixth one mortally wounded the Colonel, who remarked, with fine humour, that he would have to say good morning now, as he had business up town. He then inquired the way to the undertaker's, and left.

The chief turned to me and said, "I am expecting company to dinner, and shall have to get ready. It will be a favour to me if you will read proof and attend to the customers."

I winced a little at the idea of attending to the customers, but I was too bewildered by the fusillade that was still ringing in my ears to think of anything to say.

He continued, "Jones will be here at three—cowhide him. Gillespie will call earlier, perhaps—throw him out of the window. Ferguson will be along about four—kill him. That is all for to-day, I believe. If you have any odd time, you may write a blistering article on the police—give the Chief Inspector rats. The cowhides are under the table—weapons in the drawer—ammunition there in the corner—lint and bandages up there in the pigeon-holes. In case of accident, go to Lancet, the surgeon, down-stairs. He advertises—we take it out in trade."

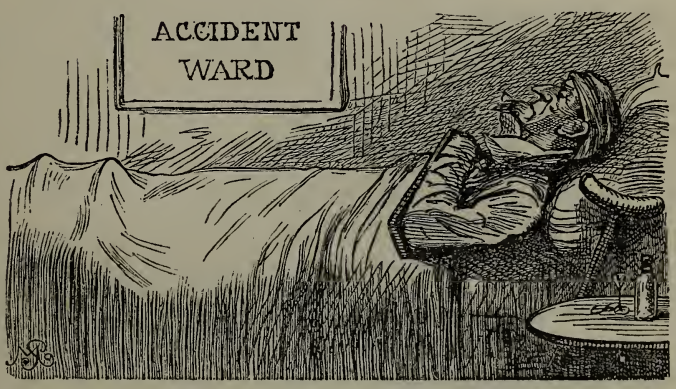
He was gone. I shuddered. At the end of the next three hours I had been through perils so awful, that all peace of mind and all cheerfulness

had gone from me. Gillespie had called and thrown me out of the window. Jones arrived promptly, and when I got ready to do the cowhiding he took the job off my hands. In an encounter with a stranger, not in the bill of fare, I

had lost my scalp. Another stranger, by the name of Thompson, left me a mere wreck and ruin of chaotic rags. And at last, at bay in the corner, and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, blacklegs, politicians, and desperadoes, who raved and swore and flourished their weapons about my head till the air shimmered with glancing flashes of steel, I was in the act of resigning my berth on the paper when the chief arrived, and with him a rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends. Then ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen, or steel one either, could describe. People were shot, probed, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window. There was a brief tornado of roaring rage, with a confused and frantic war-dance glimmering through it, and then all was over. In five minutes there was silence, and the gory chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruin that strewed the floor around us.

He said, "You'll like this place when you get used to it."

I said, "I'll have to get you to excuse me, I think. May be, I might write to suit you after a while; as soon as I had had some practice and learned the language, I am confident I could. But, to speak the plain truth, that sort of energy of expression has its inconveniences, and a man is liable to interruption. You see that yourself. Vigorous writing is calculated to elevate the public, no doubt, but then I do not like to attract so much attention as it calls forth. I can't write with comfort when I am interrupted so much as I have been to-day. I like this berth well enough, but I don't like to be left here to wait on the customers. The experiences are novel, I grant you, and entertaining too, after a fashion, but they are not judiciously distributed. A gentleman shoots at you through the window and cripples *me;* a bomb-shell comes down the stove pipe for your gratification, and sends the stove door down *my* throat; a friend drops in to swap compliments with you, and freckles *me* with bullet-holes till my skin won't hold my principles; you go to dinner, and Jones comes with his cowhide; Gillespie throws me out of the window, Thompson tears all my clothes off, and an entire stranger takes my scalp with the easy freedom of an old acquaintance; and in less than five minutes all the blackguards in the country arrive in their war-paint, and proceed to scare the rest of me to death with their tomahawks. Take it altogether, I never had such a spirited time in all my life as I have had to-day. No; I like you, and I like your calm unruffled way of explaining things to the customers, but you see I am not used to it. The Southern heart is too impulsive, Southern hospitality is too lavish with the stranger. The paragraphs which I have written to-day, and into whose cold sentences your masterly hand has infused the fervent spirit of Tennesseean journalism, will wake up another nest of hornets. All that mob of editors will come—and they will come hungry, too, and want somebody for breakfast. I shall have to bid you adieu. I decline to be present at these festivities. I came South for my health, I will go back on the same errand, and suddenly. Tennessee journalism is too stirring for me."



After which we parted with mutual regret, and I took apartments at the hospital.

THE GREY MARE.

A GENTLEMAN, who had seen the world, one day gave his eldest son a pair of horses, a chariot, and a basket of eggs. "Do you," said he to the boy, "travel upon the high road until you come to the first house in which there is a married couple. If you find that the husband is the master there, give him one of the horses. If, on the contrary, the wife is ruler, give her an egg. Return at once if you part with a horse, but do not come back so long as you keep both horses, and there is an egg remaining." Away went the boy full of his mission, and just beyond the borders of his father's estate, lo! a modest cottage. He alighted from his chariot, and knocked at the door. The good-wife opened it for him and curtsied. "Is your husband at home?" "No," but she would call him from the hay-field. In he came, wiping his brows. The young man told them his errand. "Why," said the wife, bridling and rolling the corner of her apron, "I always do as John wants me to do; he is my master—aren't you, John?" To which John replied, "Yes." "Then," said the boy," "I am to give you a horse; which will you take?" "I think," said John, "we'll have that bay gelding. "If we have a choice, husband," said the wife, "I think the grey mare will suit us best." "No," replied John, "the bay for me; he is more square in front, and his legs are better." "Now," said the wife, "I don't think so; the grey mare is the better horse, and I shall never be contented unless I get that one." "Well," said John, "if your mind is sot on it, I'll give up; we'll take the grey mare." "Thank you," said the boy; "allow me to give you an egg from this basket."

THE SMALL TAIL MOVEMENT.

SOON after the Harrison campaign, an eloquent orator in the western part of the state of Virginia was holding forth to an immense assemblage in favour of the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler too. Especially the speaker was expatiating upon General Harrison's courage, tact, and success as a military commander. While in the midst of his discourse, a tall gaunt man, probably a school-master in those parts, arose from the crowd, and said, in a voice which penetrated the whole assembly—

"Mister—mister, I want to ax you a question."

The speaker paused, and begged him to propound.

"We are told," the man went on, "fellow-citizens, that General Harrison is a mighty great general; but I say he is one of the very meanest sort of generals. We are told here to-night that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs; but I tell you that on that occasion he was guilty of the *Small Tail Movement*, and I challenge the orator here to deny it."

The orator declared his utter ignorance of what the man meant by the "Small Tail Movement," and asked him to explain himself.

"I'll tell you," said the man. "I've got it here in black and white. Here is Grimshaw's History of the United States"—holding up the book—"and I'll read what it says—this it is: '*At this critical moment General Harrison executed a* NOVEL *movement.*' Does the gentleman deny that?"

"No, no; go on."

"Well, he executed a *novel* movement. Now, here's "Johnson's Dictionary"—(taking the book out of his pocket and holding it up)—"and here it says 'NOVEL, *a small tale.*' . . . . A man who, in the face of an enemy, is guilty of a *Small Tail Movement* is not fit to be President of the United States, and he sha'nt have my vote."

The orator of the evening could make no head against such an argument, and gave it up in despair.

DRAWING BLANK.

SOME years since, when all the world was mad upon lotteries, the Irish cook of a middle-aged single gentleman drew from his hands her earnings and savings of some years. Her employer was anxious to know the cause, and she told him that, having repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize, she had bought the whole ticket. He called her a fool for her pains, and never lost a chance to tease her on the subject. She seemed to take his taunts in good-humour, saying it would all turn out right by-and-by. One morning he opened his paper at breakfast, and saw it announced that the very number which Bridget had dreamed and bought, had drawn the great prize, 100,000 dollars!

Bridget was summoned, and the wily gentleman proceeded to inform her that he had long valued her as a friend, and being desirous to settle himself for life, he would be willing to make her his wife if she had no objection. Bridget had always thought him a dear, good man, and would be glad to do anything to please him. So he finished his breakfast, told Bridget to put on her best things, the parson was sent for, and made them one that very morning.

After it was all over, the cautious husband said to his bride, "Well, Bridget, you have made two good hits to-day; you have got a good husband, and now bring me the lottery ticket you and I have laughed so much about."

"Please don't laugh any more about that; I knew there was nothing in them dreams, and I sold it to the butcher a month ago!"

Didn't the old fellow draw a blank, and look so when Bridget did that tale unfold!

SENSELESS WEIGHTS AND MADDENING MEASURES.

A GALLON isn't a gallon. It's a wine gallon, or one of three different sorts of ale gallon, or a corn gallon, or a gallon of oil; and the gallon of oil means seven and a half pounds for train oil, and eight pounds for some other oils. If you buy a pipe of wine, how much do you get? Ninety-three gallons if the wine be Marsala, ninety-two if Madeira, a hundred and seventeen if Bucellas, a hundred and three if Port, a hundred if Teneriffe. What is a stone? Fourteen pounds of a living man, eight of a slaughtered bullock, sixteen of cheese, five of glass, thirty-two of hemp, sixteen and three-quarters of flax at Belfast, four-and-twenty of flax at Downpatrick. It is fourteen pounds of wool as sold by the growers, fifteen pounds of wool as sold by the wool-staplers to each other. There are seven measures in use to define an acre. A hundredweight may contain a hundred, a hundred and twelve, or a hundred and twenty pounds. A hundredweight of pork is eight pounds heavier at Belfast than at Cork. A man might live by selling coal at a less price per ton than he paid for it at the pit-mouth. A ton of coal at the pit-mouth varies from twenty-two to twenty-eight hundredweight of a hundred and twenty pounds each; a ton to the householder means twenty hundredweight of a hundred and twelve pounds each. Of cheese, thirty-two cloves (of eight pounds each) make a wey in Essex, forty-two in Suffolk. We walk in this United Kingdom by the measure of four sorts of miles, an English mile being two hundred and seventeen yards shorter than a Scotch mile, and four hundred and eighty yards shorter than an Irish mile, and the geographical mile being another measure differing from all three. Our very sailors do not mean the same thing when they talk of fathoms. On board a man-of-war it means six feet, on board a merchantman five feet and a half, on board a fishing-vessel five feet.

ESSENCE.

FROM GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA'S "DIARY IN AMERICA."*

THE PEEP.

"PEEP" is a very abject and idiotic little bird found in New England. He is to the feathered what the "Scallywag" is to the finny creation. Occasionally when he is caught the housewives will condescend to put him into pies, but in general he is contemned, and "left out in the cold." He is weak on the wing, and weaker on his legs; and when the miserable little object alights on earth, he is given to staggering about in an imbecile and helpless manner, suggesting the idea of extreme intoxication. The sharp New England mind, ever on the look-out for similes, has long since indorsed the locution "as tight as a peep," to express an utter state of tipsification. One of the best Yankee stories I ever heard is told, "in this connection," of Mr. Macready, the actor. Once when the great tragedian was starring at Boston, at the Howard Athenæum I think, there happened to be in the stalls a gentleman who, like Roger the Monk, had got "excessively drunk." His behaviour at last became so scandalous that he was forcibly expelled the theatre, not, however, before he had completely spoiled the effect of the "dagger" soliloquy in *Macbeth*. Mr. Macready was furious; and, the moment the act drop had descended, indignantly demanded who was the wretched man who had thus marred the performance. "Don't distress yourself, Mr. Macready," explained the manager, "it is but an untoward accident. A little too much wine, and that sort of thing. The fact is, the gentleman was 'as tight as a peep.'" "Titus A. Peep!" scornfully echoed the tragedian. "I'll tell you what it is, sir. *If Mr. Titus A. Peep had misconducted himself in this gross manner in any English theatre, he would have passed the night in the station-house.*" Mr. Macready's error was excusable. He had been introduced to so many gentlemen with strings of initials to their names, that he had taken the bird meant by the management to be the name of a human being; and it must be confessed that "Titus A. Peep" *sounds* very human and very American.

NOT CLASSICAL.

I KNEW an old lady in Liverpool once who kept an alehouse, not for profit, for she had plenty of money, but in order to enjoy the conversation of a select few. For all bar there was her little front parlour, and, but for a beer-engine in one corner, and a row of bottles and glasses on a shelf, you might have imagined the room to be a boudoir. A stranger, say, would enter, and call for a "gill o' ale" in a tone which, somehow, displeased the old lady. "Yill!" she would thunder, "Thee gits na' yill heer! *Thee's nit classical. I'se nowt but classical foak here.* Git oot wi' thee!" If you were classical the gill of ale was brought to you by one of her pretty daughters, and the old lady did not much care whether you paid for it or not. Indeed, there was one specially ragged and unclean person a frequenter of the little ale-house in Button Street, who went, if I remember right, by the name of "Lily-white Muffins," who was incurably drunken and dissipated, but who was a famous Latin and Greek scholar, had been a fellow of a college at Oxford, and whose conversation was still charming. "Lily-white Muffins," the old lady would cry, "thee's gude for nowt; but thee's classical. Sally, gi' t' auld wretch a gill o' yill." And many a gill of Welsh ale did that deboshed scholar consume at the old lady's expense.

"HOW'S THE BABY?"

A SATURNINE grin stole over his countenance, and he remarked that, liquor laws notwithstanding, he would back Vermont for a show of drunken men against any other State in the Union. "You get the stuff on the sly," he said. I had heard of the so-called show of the "striped pig" as one illicit method of obtaining alcohol in Maine; but in Vermont it would seem that when you have the "office" given you, and enter the "right place," you ask "how the baby is?" The keeper of the drug, or fruit, or a grocery store, whichever it may be, winks, and says "Bully." You go downstairs into a cellar or a back yard, and find, in a remote corner, a cupboard full of whiskey, brandy, or rum bottles. You fill for yourself, drink, replace the bottle, and on going out present the proprietor of the "baby" with ten or fifteen cents, wherewith to purchase, I presume, a coral for the infant. The health of "the baby" in Vermont is asked after with much solicitude.

MY HORSE.

ON the previous day I had been most courteously offered a mount from half-a-dozen different quarters. I had politely declined the honour. I urged that I didn't ride, and that I couldn't ride; but nobody seemed able to realise the fact in its naked verity. The tallest captain of artillery I ever beheld informed me that he had heard literary men were generally "poor horsemen," but that he would bring over for me, in the morning, a pony that was "as quiet as a lamb." I grinned a ghastly smile of gratitude; but how devoutly did I wish that tall captain of artillery, and his pony to boot, at the bottom of the River Rappahannock! "Depend upon it," the fair-bearded "war-artist" told me, at the Third Corps Assembly, overnight, "you'll have to get across a horse to-morrow. The ladies are death on riding; and, besides, from Culpepper,

* By kind permission of Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

to the mountain the ground is impassable for wheeled carriages. You don't know how to ride? Well, you can have an orderly to lead your horse. Only take my advice. You know what the M'Clellan saddle is. *You* have a blanket put on the saddle, or you'll suffer." I remembered Mr. William Russell's advice to the senator at the battle of Bull Run, about whiskey poured into melted tallow, and well rubbed in. I remembered it and groaned.

We had scarcely got clear of the main-guard, when the tall captain of artillery came galloping up, reining in the pony that was as quiet as a lamb, the which, with many apologies for keeping me waiting, he tendered to me. The pony that was as quiet as a lamb, was a long, low-bodied, brown brute, very shaggy, and with stumpy legs, like an old-fashioned spinet that had been rubbed with macassar oil, and so grown hairy. Suddenly he began to rear and to kick, and to show his teeth, and to assume generally the similitude of a roaring lion. I told the tall captain of artillery that I would have nothing to do with the lamb-like pony, and thanking fortune for spring-waggons, we jogged away.

AT NIAGARA.

I FOUND a wretched little place open, half tavern and half Indian curiosity shop, but on the roof it had a belvedere. I was permitted to ascend to this, and a civil negro serving-man volunteered to accompany me. There was a good view from the belvedere, and I remained staring at the Falls for another half-hour, the negro remaining silent by my side. I asked him, almost mechanically, whether the water was continually rushing over at that rate. I had spoken like a fool, and he answered me according to my folly. "I 'spect, massa," he said, "they goes on for ebber and ebber." Remarks as absurd and incongruous as mine have become historical among the *ana* of Niagara. A Swiss watchmaker observed that he was very glad "de beautiful ting was going." He looked upon it as some kind of clockwork arrangement, which would run down and be wound up again. Everybody knows the story of the 'cute Yankee who called it "an almighty water-privilege." It *is* one, and would turn all the mill-wheels in the world. And quoth another, "I guess this hyar suckles the ocean-sea considerable."

We thus wandered about, talking very little, until early in the afternoon, when my friend suggested lunch. We had ascended to the river-bank on the Canada side by this time, and in the highway, close to Table Rock, found to our great joy that Mr. Sol Davis's well-known establishment was open. . . . Mr. Sol Davis sells cigars, and stereoscopic slides of the Falls; and Mr. Sol Davis has, to sum up his wealth of accommodation for tourists, a bar in the rear of his premises, where exciseable articles are retailed. Mrs. Sol Davis is a very comely and affable matron, with a sharp eye to business; and Miss Sol Davis is very beautiful, but haughty.

Mr. Sol Davis, junior, the fourth in this worthy quartette, is a character. Said he to me, when he became better acquainted with me—

"What might be your business now?"

Wishing to keep within the limits of the truth, and at the same time not to be too communicative, I replied that paper-staining was my business.

"Ah! paper-staining. Do pretty well at it?" continued Mr. Sol Davis, junior.

I said that I did do pretty well, considering.

"Ah!" pursued my interlocutor, "you should go in for felt hats. My brother-in-law went out to San Francisco a year and seven months ago, and he's made a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all out of felt hats. Think of that!"

I did think that, in case the paper-staining business came to grief, I would follow the friendly advice of Mr. Sol Davis, junior, and go in for felt hats.

We lunched at Mr. Sol Davis's, in a very cosy little back parlour, and an admirable roast fowl and a capital bottle of Médoc we had. Then my friend took a nap, and then, feeling somewhat relieved, with a fragrant "planter" from Mr. Sol Davis's private box between my lips, I strolled out to have another view of the Falls. It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon. I stood on the brink of Table Rock, and gazed once more on the great, dreary, colour less expanse of water, foam, and spray. And this was Niagara, and there was nothing more.

Nothing? With a burst like the sound of a trumpet, the sudden Sun came out. God bless him! there he was; and there, too, in the midst of the foaming waters was set the Everlasting Bow. The rainbow shone out upon the cataract; the sky turned blue; the bright clarion had served to call all Nature to arms; the very birds, that had been flapping dully over the spray throughout the morning, began to sing; and, looking around me, I saw that the whole scene had become glorified. There was light and colour everywhere. The river ran a stream of liquid gold. The dark hills glistened. The boulders of ice sparkled like gems. The snow was all bathed in iris tints—crimson, and yellow, and blue, and green, and orange, and violet. The white houses and belvederes started up against the azure like the mosques and minarets of Stamboul; and, soaring high behind the Bow, was the great pillar of spray, glancing and flashing like an obelisk of diamonds. And it was then I began, as many men have begun, perchance, to wonder at and to love Niagara.

MY DRIVER.

I WAS enabled to secure a little ramshackle "one-horse shay" of a curricle, with a horse not much bigger than an Exmoor pony, and such a very tall and stout Irishman for a driver, that I expected every moment, with my superabundant weight, that the springs would break, and the entire concern go to irremediable "pi." The Irish driver was jocular and loquacious, but appeared somewhat disgusted with the world in general, and Niagara in particular. To every remark he made he added the observation that it was "a divil of a place." I asked if there were any tourists here just now. "Begorra, there's nobody," he replied. I asked which was the best hotel. "Begorra, there's none," he responded; "they're all shut up. It's a divil of a place." I was somewhat disconsolate at the receipt of this information, so I asked him if he knew where we could get some breakfast. "Divil a bit of breakfast is there for love or money. It's a divil of a place;" but he added, with a glance of that sly humour for which his countrymen are unrivalled, "the Falls are in illigant condition, *and you may see them all the year round for nothing.*"

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side;
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide.
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman—"O what was that, my daughter?"
"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."

"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman—"Now bring me my harpoon!
Ill get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb;
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-weed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

ON A TEAR.

Nay, fond one! I will ne'er reveal
Whence flowed that sudden tear:
The truth 'twere kindness to conceal
From thy too anxious ear,

How often, when some hidden spring
Of recollected grief
Is rudely touched, a tear will bring
The bursting breast relief!

Yet 'twas no anguish of the soul,
No memory of woes,
Bade that one lonely tearlet roll
Adown my chiselled nose:

But, ah! interrogation's note
Still twinkles in thine eye;
Know then that I have burnt my throat
With this confounded pie!

A TABLOWS IN 4 ACKS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

CK FUST.—Enter a lap dorg, carrying a boarding-skool miss in his arms, about 16 hands high; it makes the dorg puff—the dorg lays down the boarding-skool miss, and orders mint juleks for 2, with the usual suckshun. The dorg begins tew loll, the boarding - skool miss tells him "tew git owt" (in French), and the dorg sez "he be hanged if he will" (in Dorg). [Grate sensashun among the awjence, with cries, "put him out!"] Finally a compromize is affected, the boarding-skool miss kisses the dorg, with tears in his eyes. Konlusion—Lap dorg diskovers a wicked flee at work on his tale—pursues him—round and round tha go—dorg a leettle ahead—somebody hollers out, "mad dorg!"—boarding skool girl faints standing—the curtin drops.

Ack number 2.—Curtin highsts—sevral blind men in the distanse, looking thru a key whole—one ov them sez "he don't see it!" A shanghi ruseter cums out, with epaulets on, and crows Yankee Doodle—musik bi the band. Curtin falls agin.

Ack number 3.—Curtin rizes sloly—big bolona sarsage on a tabel—bolona sarsage lifts up her hed, and begins tew bark—band plays "Old Dorg Tray." Cat cums in—cat's tail begins to swell bad—bolona sarsage and cat haz a fite—tha fite 14 rounds—the stage iz covered with cats and dorgs. Konlusion—tha awl jine hands, and walk tew the foot lights—band plays—a bell rings, and the curtin drops.

Ack number 4.—A scene on the Eri kanall—a terribel storm rages—the kanall acks bad—several line botes go down hed fust, with awl their boarders on board—kant make a lee shore—tha drag their ankers—some ov the kaptins tri tew pra, but moste ov them hav the best luck at swareing—the water iz strewd with pots and kittles—sevral of the cook maids swim ashore, with their cook stoves in their teeth—tha hav tew draw oph the kanal tew stop the storm. Konlusion—men are seen along on the banks of the kanall—spearing ded hosses and eels—band plays "a life on the oshun wave." Amid tremduous applauze the curtin falls, and the awjence disperce, single file.

JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.

I KUM to the conclusion, lately, that life was so onsartin, that the only wa for me tu stand a fair chance with other folks was to git my life insured, and so i kalled on the Agent of the "Garden Angel life insurance Co.," and answered the following questions, which waz put tu me over the top of a pair of goold specs, by a slik little fat old feller, with a little round grey head:—

QUESTIONS.

1st—Are yu mail or femail? If so, Pleze state how long you have been so.

2d—Are yu subjec tu fits, and if so, do yu hav more than one at a time?

3d—What is yure precise fiteing weight?

4th—Did yu ever have enny ancestors, and if so, how much?

5th—Du yu ever have enny nite mares.

6th—Are you married and single, or are yu a Bachelor?

7th—What are yure private sentiments about a rush ov rats tu the head; can it be did successfully?

8th—Hav yu ever committed suicide? and if so, how did it seem to affect yu?

After answering the above questions, like a man in the confirmatif, the slik little fat old fellow, with goold specks on, ced I was insured for life, and proberly would remain so for a term ov years. I thanked him, and smiled one ov my most pensive smiles.

THE JESTER'S SERMON.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

THE jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair
The pages laughed, the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;
The falcon whistled, stag-hounds bayed, the lap-dog barked without,
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown, the cook railed at the lout;
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall,
And why? because the jester rose to say grace in the hall!

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain,
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they turned red,
But still the jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head;
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,
And waving hand, struck on the desk, then frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapour at the best.
In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce of love;
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove.
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well;
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the belle.

"Let no man halloo he is safe till he is through the wood;
He who will not when he may, must tarry when he should.
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight;
O he who once has won a name may lie a-bed till eight.
Make haste to purchase house and land, be very slow to wed;
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief—the pudding in his sleeve.
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by your leave.
To travel well—an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs;
He does not care a pin for thieves who limps about and begs.
Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray;
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.

"When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's not much for the clerk;
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up—the storm grows dark."
Then loud they laughed, the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan;
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can;
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed—
And why? because the motley fool so wise a sermon made!

"STEAEK OR TRYAIPE."

BY G. A. SALA.

THE presence of style at the Tremont House, however perfect it might have been, failed perhaps to compensate for the absence of suppers. There was, permeating through the ill-ventilated place, a powerfully meaty smell in this refectory, recalling the odour of an engine factory next door to a cookshop. For a long time there was nothing else. At last one attendant Hebe appeared with cheese and crackers—stylish to look at, but undeniably mouldy. This Hebe was Irish; she was a stout but uncombed young person. Soon afterwards another waitress entered. This nymph was tall and gaunt and American. She bore a huge pitcher of iced water—a most wholesome beverage, but somewhat cold comfort for Christmas. I should have preferred egg-hot. I thought when I saw the Vermontese nymph's apron and bib, and her hair screwed off her temples in butterfly bows, with a high comb behind, that I beheld the versatile Mrs. Barney Williams in her admired personification of the "Yankee gall." For the nonce I elected to be "Pesky Ike," and expected every moment to be addressed as "Keemo kimo," and asked whether I would have "my high, my low," or "my right fol iddle diddle" for supper. The female Vermonter was a Phillis, but not neat-handed. In a nasal mezzo-contralto, to which the grossest caricature of the American dialect I ever heard on our stage was perfectly tame, she asked me if I would have "steaek or tryaipe." A taste for tripe is among the few human vices to which I am not addicted; and my brief experience of American beef had not led me to look upon steak as a very dainty viand. I asked, failing offal, if I could have anything else. "No," curtly replied Mrs. Barney Williams, "yeou kyant; ain't that eneough?" I bowed, and said I would take steak. She brought me, on a cold plate, a curled-up flap of something hard and greasy and cartilaginous, which looked unpleasantly like a piece of an Ethiop's ear, fried. I asked if I could have anything to drink with my supper—some beer, some cider, or some wine. "This is not A bar," said Mrs. Barney Williams, severely; "guess there's water and tea, and that's all." Upon which I made some rather uncomplimentary allusions to Mr. Neil Dow and the Maine Liquor Law. This brought in the landlord, who, with sedate affability, whispered that he could "fix" me anything I wanted "quietly." I declined, however, to be supplied surreptitiously, and as a favour, with that to which I conceived that, as a peaceable, *bonâ fide* traveller, I had a right; and as I couldn't get on with the fried Ethiop's ear after the first mouthful, I retired from the "hall" sulky and supperless.

SHOTS WITH THE LONG BOW.

A WESTERN hunter and his brother spent a year in and about the Rocky Mountains. They had two rifles, one bullet, and one keg of powder. With these, they say, they killed on an average twenty-seven head of buffaloes a-day. The fact that they did all this with one bullet led to the following cross-question: — "How did you kill all these buffaloes with only one bullet?" "Well, we shot a buffalo; I stood on one side, and my brother on the other. Brother fired; the ball passed into the barrel of my rifle. The next time I fired, and brother caught my ball in his rifle. We kept up the hunt for twelve months, killing nearly two hundred buffaloes per week, and yet brought home the same ball we started with."

DURING the summer of '49, says *Knickerbocker*, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having worn threadbare the hospitality of his generous neighbours by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of justice to bury him. Accordingly, he was carried to the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens the following conversation took place:—"Hallo! what have you there?" "Poor old Mr. S." "What are you going to do with him?" "Bury him." "What! is he dead? I hadn't heard of his death!" "No, he is not dead, but might as well be; for he has no corn, and is too lazy to work for any." "That is too cruel for civilised people. I'll give two bushels of corn myself rather than see him buried alive." Mr. S. raised the cover, and asked, in a dragging tone, "Is it shelled?" "No, but you can shell it." "Drive on, boys!"

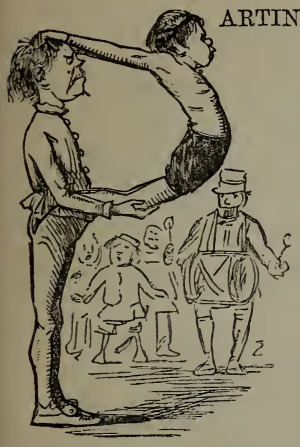
AN old fellow who never yielded the palm to any one in reeling a knotty yarn, was put to his trumps at hearing a traveller state that he once saw a brick house placed upon runners and drawn up a hill to a more favourable location some half a mile distant. "What do you think of that, Uncle Ethiel?" said the bystanders. "Oh, fudge!" said the man; "I once saw a two-storey stone house, down East, drawn by oxen three miles." A dead silence ensued; the old man evidently had the worst end of it, and he saw it. Gathering his energies, he bit off a huge piece of pigtail by way of gaining time for thought; "they drawed the stone house," said the old man (ejecting a quantity of tobacco-juice towards the fireplace), "but that warn't the worst of the job; arter they'd done that, they went back and drawed the cellar." The stranger gave in.

A TRAVELLER says—"I spent the summer in the Eastern States for the purpose of studying Yankee character, and picking up such peculiarities of dialect and expression as I could, from constant communication with the 'critters' themselves. At Boston I was thus invited by a countryman to visit the town in which he lived. 'Wal, stranger, can't you come down our way, and give us a show?' 'Where do you live?' inquired I. 'Oh, about half-way between this ere and sunrise.' 'Oh yes,' said I, adopting at once the style of the countryman, 'I know: where the trees grow underground, and gals weigh two hundred pounds; where some on 'em are so fat they grease the cart-wheels with their shadow; and some on 'em are so thin, you're obliged to look at 'em twice afore you can see 'em at all.' 'Wal, I guess you've been there,' says he; saying which, the countryman departed."

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

I HOLD that a man haz just az much rite tew spell a word az it iz pronounsed, az he haz tew pronounse it the way it ain't spelt. Earthli glory iz sum like potatoze on very ritch sile—top plenty—tater skarse. It ain't so much trouble tew git rich az it iz to tell when whe have got rich. The most bitter sarkasm sleeps in silent words. Hope is everybody's handmaid; she iz a sli coquette, and promises menny favors, but grants only a fu, and them are badly diskounted. If you want tew git at the circumference ov a man, examine him amung men; but if you want tew get at hiz aktual diameter, meazure him at hiz fireside. There iz nothing so difficult tew hide az our follys. There iz but few men who have karakter enuff tew lead a life ov idleness. Tru love iz spelt jist the same in Chocktaw az it iz in English. Buty that don't make a woman vain makes her very butiful. A puppy plays with every pup he meets, but old doggs have but fu associates. He who buys what he kant want, will, ear long, want what he kant buy. It kosts a good deal tew be wise, but it don't cost enny tew be happy. Necessity begot Invenshun, Invenshun begot Convenience, Convenience begot Pleasure, Pleasure begot Luxury, Luxury begot Riot and Disease, who between them begot Poverty, and Poverty begot Necessity again—this iz the Revolushen of man, and iz about awl he brags on. There iz no such thing az flattery. If commendashun iz deserved it iz not flattery, but truth; if commendashun iz not deserved, it iz not flattery, but slander. "The luxury ov grief!"—this, i take it, means tew have yure old unkle die and leave yu 9,000 dollars, and yu cry.

CREAM FROM MRS. PARTINGTON'S JUG.



ARTINGTON PATRIOTIC.—"Hurra! Hurra!" said Ike, as he read the fact in the papers, "here's O-regon admitted to the Union." "A furriner, I should judge," remarked Mrs. Partington, looking very wisely at the steam that rose from the tea-cups and formed in one cloud near the ceiling, "but I'm glad they've let him come in to enjoy our political rights and lefts and other perogatives. There's room enough, and the rear of our institutions should be extended. I don't believe a man should be cut off because he wasn't born in this country for twenty-one years, which of course wasn't any fault of his, for everybody would be born here if they could have their own auction consulted." "It means," said Ike, "a new State." "Well, child," replied she, "the odds is only the difference—States or men, 'tis all the same. Let 'em come into our grand consternation, where the eagle shall spread its broad opinions over 'em, and make 'em happy in an unlimited bondage of brotherhood, like the Siamese twins." She had not taken her eyes from the steam that rose from the cups, and joined in one cloud, that seemed to represent the Union she was depicting. Ike had a better illustration, for he took the five preserved peaches on the plate and put them all into one.

Mrs. Partington's Idea of a City.—The old lady came up to town to select a guardian for her precocious Ike, and remarked as follows:—"How the world has turned about, to be sure!" said she; "'tis nothing but change, change! Only yesterday, as it were, I was in the country, smelling the odious flowers; to-day I am in this big city, my oilfactories breathing the impure execrations of coal-smoke that are so dilatory to health. Instead of the singing of birds, the humbler busses almost deprive me of conscientiousness. Dear me! Well, I hope I shall be restrained through it all. They say that the moral turpentine of this city is frightful; but it isn't any use to anticipate trouble beforehand: he may escape all harmonious influences that would have a tenderness to hurt him; and, as the minister of our parish said, with judicial training he may become a useful membrane of society; though training is bad generally, and is apt to make the young run to feathers like cropple-crowned hens. But he has genius—[looking at him]—it comes natural to him, like the measles, and every day it is enveloping itself more and more."

"I'm shore I'm grateful for sich favours," said Mrs. Partington, when assured of the success of her book. "I've always observed that a book sells in jest the proportion that there's people to buy it; and though this of mine mayn't be as brilliant as a gas meteor, or as voluminous as the northern lights, it seems to please people full as well as a book of sermons or a bilious track." "Do you know, grandma," queried Ike, "why your book is like St. Paul's?" "I don't," said she, trying very hard to think. "Why," said he, "it is because a great many people go buy it." The old lady smiled, and gave Ike a penny for what she fancied a new joke.

Market Reports.—Mrs. Partington says she can't understand these 'ere market reports. She can understand how cheese can be lively, and pork can be active, and feathers drooping—that is, if it's raining; but how whiskey can be steady, or hops quiet, or spirits dull, she can't see: neither how lard can be firm in warm weather, nor iron unsettled, nor potatoes depressed, nor flour rising—lest there had been yeast put in it—sometimes it would not rise then.

"Lawks!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "what monsters these master builders must be! I am told some on 'em have as many as a hundred hands."

"Here's Webster on a bridge," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed to Ike a new unabridged dictionary. "Study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

Mrs. Partington thinks that *Polly*-tics, from the "queer turns" they appear to take, should be named *Ann*-tics.

Mrs. Partington told Bemus the other day, in confidence, that a young man had committed infanticide by blowing his brains up in a state of delirium tremendous, and the coroner was holding a conquest over his remains.

The "Stout" House.—Mrs. Partington's maiden sister, Miss Prudence Quicksight, passing down Oxford Street the other day, read in large letters over the door of a tavern, "Original Stout House." Seizing Ike (who accompanied her) by the arm, she exclaimed, "Laws a mercy! what is the world coming to? Call *that* a *stout* house, indeed? Why, it ain't a morsel bigger than our cottage at home!" Thus having given vent to her indignation, she drew her veil closer and walked on.

Mrs. Partington's Opinion.—"Your neighbour Smith, Mrs. Partington, is something of a connoisseur, is he not?" asked the doctor, as he looked in. It was a stiffener of a word. "I don't like to express myself disperishing against anybody," said she, "but I should say, by the way he swills down the wine, that he comes as near a common sewer as anything." "Connoisseur—connoisseur—my dear madam," he said, checking her. "Well," replied she, "what's said is said, and the least said is soonest mended. For my part, I find it the best way to say nothing against nobody."

"Six feet in his boots! What will the impertence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—Mrs. Partington is so universally respected that her very blunders possess considerable value. It is amusing to observe her fondness for long and foreign-looking words, and her wonderful facility in putting odd meanings of her own into them. Chatelherault she calls "Shuttle Row," and the delicate French "bouquet" becomes a substantial English "bucket." It came out in the course of conversation with Professor M'Star, that she supposed the Roman Calendar to be the place where Catholic merchants sent their goods to be packed. She confessed to the professor, in a moment of confidence, that somehow the idea of an eclipse was always associated in her mind with a pair of scissors. In a letter to a friend she says, "I am very much at sea about the poems of Ocean." She said there was such a difference between playing and working, that she did not think Shakespeare's plays should be called Shakespeare's works. She is great in the classics, and talks glibly of Harry Dottus, Harry Stottel, and Harry Studs, Alsobeads, Archy Meadows, Horris, Sawney Fun, Sawney Kay, Soscartus, and Pithyhoggars. Her last saying was: "Owing to the defective nature of its natural sight, Edinburgh is better adapted than any other place for showing off to advantage any great hallucination."

"BREECHES of faith!" screamed Mrs. Partington, as she heard the term applied to Mexican violations of the armistice. "Well, I wonder what they will have next. I have heard tell of cloaks of hypocrisy and robes of purity, but I never heard of breeches of faith before. I hope they're made of something that won't change and wear out, as old Deacon Cudgin's faith did, for his was always changing. He went from believing that nobody would be saved, to believing that all would be, and at last turned out a phrenolager, and didn't believe in nothing. I wonder if it's as strong as cassimere!" and she bit off her thread and prepared a new needleful.

MRS. PARTINGTON, upon being told by a young lawyer that in the country where he resided they held court four times a year, exclaimed, "La me! why, you ain't half up to the business—the young fellows here come a-courting three times a week."

"THE summer is no time to try the strength of affection," said Mrs. Partington; "though it is pretty well to sing love songs beneath a window at midnight in a rain-storm, or stand billing and cooing on the door-step till two o'clock in the morning. The winter season is the time. Many's the time my poor Paul has rid five miles to see me, the coldest weather; and often the dear cretur has been found in the morning fast asleep in the middle of the cow-yard, with the saddle on his own shoulders, from fatigue of courting me and riding a hard-trotting horse. There was devotion! I never see a cow without thinking of poor Paul;" saying which the old lady hobbled to bed.

"I'D have you to know that my uncle was a bannister of the law." "A fig for your bannister!" retorted Mrs. Partington, turning up her nose; "haven't I a cousin as is a corridor in the navy?"

MRS. PARTINGTON says one is obliged to walk very circumscrumptiously in these slippery times.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON EDUCATION.—"For my part I can't deceive what on airth eddication is commin' to. When I was young, if a gal only understood the rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing, and the common denominator, and knew all about the rivers and their obituaries, the covenants and their dormitories, the provinces and the umpires, they had eddication enough. But now they have to study bottomy, algerbay, and have to demonstrate suppositions about the sycophants of circusstangents and diagonies of parallelograms, to say nothing of oxhides, asheads, cowsticks, and abstruse triangles;" and here the old lady was so confused with the technical names that she was forced to stop.

MRS. PARTINGTON, speaking of the rapid manner in which deeds are perpetrated, said that it only required two *seconds* to fight a duel.

"POOR old General Debility!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "it is surprising how long he lives, and what excitement he creates; the papers are full of remedies for him."

"OUR prospects is very dark," said Bread, the baker, on the occasion of a rise in flour. "Yes," said Mrs. Partington, "and so is your bread; but," said that estimable lady, looking benignantly at him through her specs, "your loaves are light enough."

DE REASON WHY.

A DEMOCRATIC speaker was addressing a large audience, and descanting with great vehemence upon the prospective tenets of Know-Nothingism with regard to foreigners, when his eye fell upon a little German Jew, a pedlar of ready-made clothing, who seemed to be very much impressed with the argument of the orator, and greedily swallowing everything he uttered. This was too good an opportunity not to be made the most of. Looking the little pedlar in the eye, he exclaimed—

"Furriner, didn't you come to this country to escape from tyrannical, down-trodden, and oppressed Europe? Didn't you flee to these happy shores to live in a land of freedom, where the great right of suffrage is guaranteed to all? Didn't you, furriner?"

He paused for a reply, when the little pedlar squeaked out—

"No, sur; I comes to dis country to sell sheap ready-made clothes."

The astonishment of the orator, the shouts and roars of the multitude, cannot be described. The speech was finished, and the orator quitted the rostrum, cursing all foreigners generally, and clothes-pedlars in particular.

THE COUPLE WHO CODDLE THEMSELVES.

MRS. MERRYWINKLE'S maiden name was Chopper. She was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Chopper. Her father died when she was, as the play-books express it, "yet an infant;" and so old Mrs. Chopper, when her daughter married, made the house of her son-in-law her home from that time henceforth, and set up her staff of rest with Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle are a couple who coddle themselves; and the venerable Mrs. Chopper is an aider and abettor in the same.

Mr. Merrywinkle is a rather stout and short-necked gentleman, middle-aged and middle-sized, and usually troubled with a cold in the head. Mrs. Merrywinkle is a plump-looking lady, with very light hair, and is exceedingly subject to the same unpleasant disorder. The venerable Mrs. Chopper—who is strictly entitled to the appellation, her daughter not being very young, otherwise than by courtesy, at the time of her marriage, which was some years ago—is a mysterious old lady who lurks behind a pair of spectacles, and is afflicted with a chronic disease, respecting which she has taken a vast deal of medical advice, and referred to a vast number of medical books, without meeting any definition of symptoms that at all suits her, or enables her to say, "That's my complaint." Indeed, the absence of authentic information upon the subject of this complaint would seem to be Mrs. Chopper's greatest ill, as in all other respects she is an uncommonly hale and hearty woman.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle wear an extraordinary quantity of flannel, and have a habit of putting their feet in hot water to an unnatural extent. They likewise indulge in camomile tea and such-like compounds, and rub themselves on the slightest provocation with camphorated spirits and other lotions applicable to mumps, sore-throat, rheumatism, or lumbago.

Mr. Merrywinkle's leaving home to go to business on a damp or wet morning is a very elaborate affair. He puts on wash-leather socks over his stockings, and India-rubber shoes above his boots, and wears under his waistcoat a cuirass of hare-skin. Besides these precautions, he winds a thick shawl round his throat, and blocks up his mouth with a large silk handkerchief. Thus accoutred, and furnished besides with a great-coat and umbrella, he braves the dangers of the streets; travelling in severe weather at a gentle trot, the better to preserve the circulation, and bringing his mouth to the surface to take breath but very seldom, and with the utmost caution. His office door opened, he shoots past his clerk at the same pace, and diving into his own private room, closes the door, examines the window fastenings, and gradually unrobes himself; hanging his pocket-handkerchief on the fender to air, and determining to write to the newspapers about the fog, which he says "has really got to that pitch that it is quite unbearable."

But Mr. Merrywinkle comes home to dinner. He is received by Mrs. Merrywinkle and Mrs. Chopper, who, on his remarking that he thinks his feet are damp, turn pale as ashes and drag him up-stairs, imploring him to have them rubbed directly with a dry coarse towel. Rubbed they are, one by Mrs. Merrywinkle and one by Mrs. Chopper, until the friction causes Mr. Merrywinkle to make horrible faces, and look as if he had been smelling very powerful onions; when they desist, and the patient, provided for his better security with thick worsted stockings and list slippers, is borne down-stairs to dinner. Now the dinner is always a good one, the appetites of the diners being delicate, and requiring a little of what Mrs. Merrywinkle calls "tittivation," the secret of which is understood to lie in good cookery and tasteful spices, and which process is so successfully performed in the present instance that both Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle eat a remarkably good dinner, and even the afflicted Mrs. Chopper wields her knife and fork with much of the spirit and elasticity of youth. But Mr. Merrywinkle, in his desire to gratify his appetite, is not unmindful of his health, for he has a bottle of carbonate of soda with which to qualify his porter, and a little pair of scales in which to weigh it out.

Either from eating and drinking so much, or from being the victim of this constitutional infirmity, among others, Mr. Merrywinkle, after two or three glasses of wine, falls fast asleep; and he has scarcely closed his eyes when Mrs. Merrywinkle and Mrs. Chopper fall asleep likewise. It is on awakening at tea-time that their most alarming symptoms prevail; for then Mr. Merrywinkle feels as if his temples were tightly bound round with the chain of the street-door, and Mrs. Merrywinkle as if she had made a hearty dinner of half-hundredweights, and Mrs. Chopper as if cold water were running down her back, and oyster-knives with sharp points were plunging of their own accord into her ribs. Symptoms like these are enough to make people peevish, and no wonder they remain so until supper-time, doing little more than doze and complain, unless Mr. Merrywinkle calls out very loudly to a servant to "keep that draught out," or rushes into the passage to flourish his fist in the countenance of the postman, for daring to give such a knock.

Supper, coming after dinner, should consist of some gentle provocative; and therefore the tittivating art is again in requisition, and again done honour to by Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle, still comforted and abetted by Mrs. Chopper. After supper, it is ten to one but the last-named old lady becomes worse, and is led off to bed with the chronic complaint in full vigour. Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle, having administered to her a warm cordial, which is something of the strongest, they repair to their own room, where Mr. Merrywinkle, with his legs and feet in hot water, superintends the mulling of some wine which he is to drink at the very moment he plunges into bed; while Mrs. Merrywinkle, in

garments whose nature is unknown to and unimagined by all but married men, takes four small pills, with a spasmodic look between each, and finally comes to something hot and fragrant out of another little saucepan, which serves as her composing draught for the night.

MODELS.

A MODEL SON.

DRESSES in black, with a white neckcloth. He never goes to the theatre. He is not fond of cards, though he takes a hand occasionally at whist to please his old father; but then it is only for penny points. He has no talent for running in debt, or any genius for smoking. He does not flirt, or read light publications, or have noisy friends to call upon him. He pays ready money for everything, and insists upon discount. He has a small sum in a particular safe bank, somewhere. He dances but seldom, and then only with young ladies with a very certain income. He does not care much for beauty, and has a soul above pins and rings. He never keeps the servants up, and has a horror of reading in bed. He decants the wines, and compliments his father adroitly upon his "tawny old port." He carves without spilling any of the gravy at table, and is very obliging in executing all paternal errands and commissions. There is rarely more than one model son in each family; but he does duty enough for half-a-dozen, as he is continually being held up to the other sons, who bear him no very violent love in consequence, as the very model of perfection.

A MODEL FRIEND.

HE borrows money, of course, and pleases himself about returning it. Your house is his house—your property just as much his property. He invades your library at all hours, and smuggles what books he likes, and lends them to whom he chooses. He rides your horses, and buys Havannah cigars, and eau-de-Cologne, and all sorts of bargains for you, no matter whether you want them or not. He has a patent for giving advice and speaking his mind very freely at all times. He must be consulted in any step you undertake, from the purchase of a poodle to the choice of a wife. He wears your collars, your gloves, and does not mind putting on your great-coat, or even, at a stretch, wearing your polished leather boots and walking off with them. He will stop with you a month, if you ask him for a week, and will bring one or two especial friends—"capital fellows" he calls them—if you ask him to dinner. In return, he is obliging, obsequious, has a wonderful capacity for drinking and smoking; tells a good story, and sings a good song; wins your money at *écarté* with the best grace in the world; will get you to accept a bill, and almost persuade you he is doing you a favour; and, if you should be penniless to-morrow, he will meet you in the street, and, as a model friend, cut you.

NAUTICAL FACTS FOR LANDSMEN.

THE stern post is not paper. The berths on board do not necessarily add to the census. The hatchways are not hen-nests. The way of the ship is not the extent of her avoirdupois. The boatswain does not pipe all hands with a meerschaum. The ship does not have a wake over a dead calm. The swell of a ship's side is not caused by dropsy, nor is the taper of the bowsprit a tallow candle. The deck is not a pack of cards. The hold is not a vessel's grip. The trough of the sea is not dug out of the ship's log. The crest of the wave is not an indication of its rank. The buoy is not the captain's son. The men are not beat to quarters with a club. Ships are never boarded at hotels. When a vessel is buried in a wave, she is not wrapped in her shrouds, and when she is hogged she is not necessarily laden with pork. The bow of a ship is not an evidence of politeness. A sailor's stockings are never manufactured from a yarn of his own spinning. The cat-o'-nine-tails is not a *lusus naturæ* of the feline species. The sails of a ship are not made by an auctioneer, nor are the stays constructed by a milliner.

"WHAT A NOSE!"

NOT many years ago, in the village of Eatonton, Georgia, a man made his appearance and stopped at the tavern. He was possessed of a most remarkable *nose*, one which almost monopolised his entire face—red, Roman, enormous; it was such a nose as is only seen in a lifetime. So great a show was it, that it attracted universal attention. The glances cast at it and the remarks made about it had rendered its owner somewhat sensitive upon the subject. A half-grown negro boy was summoned by the proprietor to carry his baggage to his room. Cuffee was much taken with the nose. As he came out of the room, unable to contain himself longer, he exclaimed, "Golly, *what* a nose!"

Our traveller overheard him, and went to his master with a demand for his punishment.

Cuffee was called up, and, at the suggestion of some bystanders, was let off on condition that he would apologise to the offended gentleman.

Walking to the room where our traveller was, and touching his hat and humbly bowing, he said, "*Massa, you ain't got no nose at all!*"

HELPING A LAME DOG OVER A STILE.

BY FRANK SMEDLEY.

ONE of the most humorous of Frank Smedley's many bright passages, is contained in "Frank Fairlegh," where Freddy Coleman takes upon himself to help GeorgeLawless in making a lady an offer.

"I shall not disturb you, Lawless," said I, taking down a book. "I am only going to read law for an hour or two."

"Eh? disturb me?" was the reply; "I'm uncommon glad to be disturbed, I can tell you, for hang me if I can make head or tail of it! Here have I been for the last three hours trying to write an offer to your sister, and actually have not contrived to make a fair start of it yet. I wish you would lend me a hand, there's a good fellow—I know you are up to all the right dodges—just give one a sort of notion, eh? don't you see?"

"What! write an offer to my own sister? Well, of all the quaint ideas I ever heard, that's the oddest—really, you must excuse me."

"*Very* odd, is it?" inquired Coleman, opening the door in time to overhear the last sentence. "Pray let me hear about it then, for I like to know of odd things particularly; but perhaps I'm intruding?"

"Eh?—no; come along here, Coleman," cried Lawless, "you are just the very boy I want—I am going to be married—that is, I want to be, don't you see, if she'll have me, but there's the rub; Frank Fairlegh is all right, and the old lady says she's agreeable, so everything depends on the young woman herself—if she will but say 'Yes,' we shall go a-head in style; but, unfortunately, before she is likely to say anything one way or the other, you understand, I've got to pop the question, as they call it. Now, I've about as much notion of making an offer, as a cow has of dancing a hornpipe—so I want you to help us a bit—eh?"

"Certainly," replied Freddy, courteously; "I shall be only too happy, and as delays are dangerous, I had perhaps better be off at once—where is the young lady?"

"Eh?—hold hard there! don't go quite so fast, young man," exclaimed Lawless, aghast; "if you bolt away at that pace you'll never see the end of the run; why, you don't suppose I want you to go and talk to her—pop the question *vivâ voce*, do you? You'll be advising me to be married by deputy, I suppose, next. No, no; I'm going to do the trick by letter—something like a valentine, or rather more so, eh? but I can't exactly manage to write it properly. If it was but the warranty of a horse, now, I'd knock it off in no time; but this is a sort of thing, you see, I'm not used to; one doesn't get married as easily as one sells a horse, nor as often, eh? and it's rather a nervous piece of business—a good deal depends upon the letter."

"You've been trying your hand at it already, I see," observed Coleman, seating himself at the table; "pretty consumption of paper! I wonder what my governor would say if I were to set about drawing a deed in this style; why, the stationer's bill would run away with all the profits."

"Never mind the profits, you avaricious Jew," replied Lawless. "Yes, I've been trying effects, as the painters call it—putting down two or three beginnings to find out which looks the most like the time of day—you understand?"

"Two or three?" repeated Coleman, "six or seven rather; *voyons*. 'Mr. Lawless presents his affections to Miss Fairlegh, and requests the hon . . . .' Not a bad idea, an offer in the third person—the only case in which a third person would not be *de trop* in such an affair."

"Eh? yes, I did the respectful when I first started, you know, but I soon dropped that sort of thing when I got warm; you'll see, I stepped out no end afterwards."

"'Honoured Miss,' continued Coleman, reading, "'My sentiments, that is, your perfections, your splendid action, your high breeding, and the many slap-up points that may be discerned in you by any man that has an eye for a horse . . . .'"

"Ah! that was where I spoiled it," sighed Lawless.

"Here's a very pretty one," resumed Freddy. "'Adorable and adored Miss Fairlegh, seeing you as I do with the eyes' (Why, she would not think you saw her with your nose, would she?) 'of fond affection, probably would induce me to overlook any unsoundness or disposition to vice . . .'"

"That one did not turn out civilly, you see," said Lawless, "or else it wasn't such a bad beginning."

"Here's a better," rejoined Coleman. "'Exquisitely beautiful Fanny, fairest of that lovely sex which, to distinguish it from us rough and ready fox-hunters, who, when we get our heads at any of the fences of life, go at it, never mind how stiff it may be (matrimony has always appeared to me one of the stiffest), and generally contrive to find ourselves on the other side, with our hind legs well under us; a sex, I say, which, to distinguish it from our own, is called the fair sex, a stock of which I never used to think any great things, reckoning them only fit to canter round the parks with, until I saw you brought out, when I at once

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perceived that your condition—that is, my feelings—were so inexpressible that . . . !"

"Ah!" interposed Lawless, "that's where I got bogged, sank in over the fetlocks, and had to give it up as a bad job."

"In fact, your feelings became too many for you," returned Coleman; "but what have we here? —verses, by all that's glorious!"

"No, no! I'm not going to let you read them," exclaimed Lawless, attempting to wrest the paper out of his hand.

"Be quiet, Lawless," rejoined Coleman, holding him off; "sit down directly, sir, or I won't write a word for you: I *must* see what your ideas are, in order to get some notion of what you want to say; besides, I've no doubt they'll be very original.

I.

'Sweet Fanny, there are moments
When the heart is not one's own,
When we fain would clip its wild wings' tip,
But we find the bird has flown.'

—Why, you never wrote those, Lawless?"

"Didn't I?" returned Lawless, but I know I did, though—copied them out of an old book I found up there, and wrote some more to 'em, because I thought there wasn't enough for the money, besides putting Fanny's name instead of—what do you think?—Phillis!—there's a name for you; the fellow must have been a fool. Why, I would not give a dog such an ill name for fear somebody should hang him; but go on."

"Ah, now we come to the original matter," returned Coleman, "and very original it seems.

IV.

'Dear Fanny, there are moments
When love gets you in a fix.
Takes the bit in his jaws, and without any pause,
Bolts away with you like bricks.

V.

'Yes, Fanny, there are moments
When affection knows no bounds,
When I'd rather be talking with you out a-walking
Than rattling after the hounds.

VI.

'Dear Fanny, there are moments
When one feels that one's inspired,
And . . . . and . . . . .'

—It does not seem to have been one of those moments with you just then," continued Freddy, "for the poem comes to an abrupt and untimely conclusion, unless three blots, and something that looks like a horse's head, may be a hieroglyphic mode of recording your inspirations, which I am not learned enough to decipher."

"Eh?—no; I broke down there," replied Lawless; "the muse deserted me, and went off in a canter for—where was it those young women used to hang out?—the '*Gradus ad*' place, you know."

"The tuneful Nine, whom you barbarously designate young women," returned Coleman, "are popularly supposed to have resided on Mount Parnassus, which acclivity I have always imagined of a triangular or sugar-loaf form, with Apollo seated on the apex or extreme point, his attention divided between preserving his equilibrium and keeping up his playing, which latter necessity he provided for by executing difficult passages on a golden (or more probably silver-gilt) lyre."

"Eh?—nonsense," rejoined Lawless; "now do be serious for five minutes, and go a-head with this letter, there's a good fellow; for 'pon my word, I'm in a wretched state of mind—I am indeed. It's a fact, I'm nearly half a stone lighter than I was when I came here; I know I am, for there was an old fellow weighing a defunct pig down at the farm yesterday, and I made him let me get into the scales when he took piggy out. I tell you what, if I'm not married soon I shall make a job for the sexton; such incessant wear and tear of the sensibilities is enough to kill a prize-fighter in full training, let alone a man that has been leading such a molly-coddle life as I have of late, lounging about drawing-rooms like a lap-dog."

"Well, then, let us begin at once," said Freddy, seizing a pen; "now, what am I to say?"

"Eh! why, you don't expect me to know, do you?" exclaimed Lawless, aghast; "I might just as well write it myself as have to tell you; no, no, you must help me, or else I'd better give the whole thing up at once."

"I'll help you, man, never fear," rejoined Freddy, "but you must give me something to work upon; why, it's all plain sailing enough; begin by describing your feelings."

"Feelings, eh?" said Lawless, rubbing his ear violently, as if to arouse his dormant faculties; "that's easier said than done. Well, here goes for a start:—'My dear Miss Fairlegh.'"

"'My dear Miss Fairlegh,'" repeated Coleman, writing rapidly—"yes."

"Have you written that?" continued Lawless; "ar—let me think—'I have felt for some time past very peculiar sensations, and have become, in many respects, quite an altered man.'"

"'Altered man,'" murmured Freddy, still writing.

"'I have given up hunting,'" resumed Lawless, "'which no longer possesses any interest in my eyes, though I think you'd have said, if you had been with us the last time we were out, that you never saw a prettier run in your life; the meet was at Chorley Bottom, and we got away in less than ten minutes after the hounds had been in cover, with as plucky a fox as ever puzzled a pack——'"

"Hold hard there!" interrupted Coleman, "I can't put all that in; nobody ever wrote an account of a fox-hunt in a love-letter—no; 'You've given up hunting, which no longer possesses any interest in your eyes;' now go on."

"My eyes," repeated Lawless, reflectively: "yes; 'I am become indifferent to everything; I take no pleasure in the new dog-cart, King in Long Acre is building for me, with cane sides, and wheels larger, and the seat, if possible, still higher than the last, and which, if I am not very much out in my reckoning, will follow so light——'"

"I can't write all that trash about a dog-cart," interrupted Freddy, crossly; "that's worse than the fox-hunting; stick to your feelings, man, can't you?"

"Ah, you little know the effect such feelings produce," sighed Lawless.

"That's the style," resumed Coleman, with delight; that will come in beautifully;—'such feelings produce:' now, go on."

"'At night my slumbers are rendered distracting, by visions of you—as—as——'"

"'The bride of another,'" suggested Coleman.

"Exactly," resumed Lawless; "or, 'sleep refusing to visit my——'"

"'Aching eye-balls,'" put in Freddy.

"'I lie tossing restlessly from side to side, as if bitten by——'"

"'The gnawing tooth of Remorse;'—that will do famously," added his scribe; "now tell her that she is the cause of it."

"'All these unpleasantnesses are owing to you,'" began Lawless.

"Oh! that won't do," said Coleman; "no—'These tender griefs' (that's the term, I think) 'are some of the effects, goods, and chattels'—psha! I was thinking of drawing a will—'the effects produced upon me by——'"

"'The wonderful way in which you stuck to your saddle when the mare bolted with you,'" rejoined Lawless, enthusiastically;—"what, won't that do either?"

"No; be quiet, I've got it all beautifully now, if you don't interrupt me: 'your many perfections of mind and person—perfections which have led me to centre my ideas of happiness solely in the fond hope of one day calling you my own.'"

"That's very pretty indeed," said Lawless; "go on."

"'Should I be fortunate enough,'" continued Coleman, "'to succeed in winning your affection, it will be the study of my future life to prevent your every wish——'"

"Eh! what do you mean? not let her have her own way?—Oh! that will never pay; why, the little I know of women, I'm sure that, if you want to come over them, you must flatter 'em up with the idea that you mean to give 'em their heads on all occasions—let 'em do just what they like. Tell a woman she should not go up the chimney, it's my belief you'd see her nose peep out of the top before ten minutes were over. Oh! that'll never do!"

"Nonsense," interrupted Freddy; "'prevent' means to forestall in that sense; however, I'll put it 'forestall' if you like it better."

"I think it will be safest," replied Lawless, shaking his head solemnly

"'In everything your will shall be law,'" continued Coleman writing.

"Oh! I say, that's coming it rather strong, though," interposed Lawless, "query about that."

"All right," rejoined Coleman; "it's always customary to say so in these cases, but it means nothing; as to the real question of mastery, that is a matter to be decided post-nuptially; you'll be enlightened on the subject before long in a series of midnight discourses, commonly known under the title of curtain-lectures."

"Pleasant, eh?" returned Lawless; "well, I bet two to one on the grey mare, for I never could stand being preached to, and shall consent to anything for the sake of a quiet life—so move on."

"'If this offer of my heart and hand should be favourably received by the loveliest of her sex,'" continued Coleman, "'a line, a word, a smile, a——'"

"'Wink,'" suggested Lawless.

"'Will be sufficient to acquaint me with my happiness.'"

"Tell her to look sharp about sending an answer," exclaimed Lawless; "if she keeps me waiting long after that letter's sent, I shall go off pop, like a bottle of ginger-beer; I know I shall—string won't hold me, nor wire either."

"'When once this letter is dispatched, I shall enjoy no respite from the tortures of suspense till the answer arrives, which shall exalt to the highest pinnacle of happiness, or plunge into the lowest abysses of despair, one who lives but in the sunshine of your smile, and who now, with the liveliest affection, tempered by the most profound respect, ventures to sign himself, Your devotedly attached——'"

"'And love-lorn,'" interposed Lawless, in a sharp, quick tone.

"Love-lorn!" repeated Coleman, looking up with an air of surprise; "sentimental and ridiculous in the extreme! I shall not write any such thing."

"I believe, Mr. Coleman, that letter is intended to express my feelings, and not yours?" questioned Lawless, in a tone of stern investigation.

"Yes, of course it is——" began Coleman.

"Then write as I desire, sir," contunied Lawless, authoritatively; "I ought to know my own feelings best, I imagine; I feel love-lorn, and 'love-lorn' it shall be."

"Oh, certainly," replied Coleman, slightly offended—"anything you please. 'Your devotedly attached and love-lorn admirer'—here, sign it yourself, 'George Lawless.'"

"Bravo!" said Lawless, relapsing into his accustomed good-humour the moment the knotty point of the insertion of "love-lorn" had been carried; "if that isn't first-rate, I'm a Dutchman; why, Freddy, boy, where did you learn it? how does it all come into your head?"

"Native talent," replied Coleman, "combined with a strong and lively appreciation of the sublime and beautiful, chiefly derived from my maternal grandmother, whose name was Burke."

CORN COBS.

SAY, mister, did you see a dog come by here that looked as if he were a year, or a year and a half, or two years old?" said a Yankee to a countryman at the roadside. "Yes," said the countryman, thinking himself quizzed. "He passed about an hour, or an hour and a half, or two hours ago; and is now a mile, or a mile and a half, or two miles ahead; and he had a tail about an inch, or an inch and a half, or two inches long." "That'll do," said the Yankee.

IN Connecticut a justice was called to the gaol to liberate a worthless debtor, by receiving his oath that he was not worth twenty dollars. "Well, Johnny," said the justice, on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and never will be?" "Why," answered the other, "I can swear that I am not worth the amount at present." "Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear to the rest; so go along, Johnny."

PRENTICE says of a rebel editor who "smelt a rat," that if he did, and the rat smelt him, the poor rat had the worst of it.

WILLIAM PENN and Thomas Story once sheltered themselves from a shower of rain in a tobacconist's, the cross-grained owner of which said to them, "You enter here without leave. Do you know who I am? I am a justice of the peace." To which Story replied, "My friend, here, makes such things as thee—he is Governor of Pennsylvania."

A DACOTAH chap thinks he has found an Eden; hear him:—"No income tax; no internal revenue; no spies to see if you treat a friend on Sunday; no special police; no dog tax; no poll tax, school tax, or bounty fund. And, to end with, the Indians and half-breeds can't tell one greenback from another, so all our ones are tens."

A LAND speculator in America, in describing a lake on an estate in Cumberland county, says it is so clear and so deep, that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

AN American traveller lately, describing a tropical shower, wrote to a friend in the following words:—"The rain-drops were extremely large, varying in size from a shilling to eightenpence."

MEDDLING with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a certain church once made "bad worse." A young fellow entered the church, and took his seat with his hat on. An elder, noticing it, stepped up and requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he came to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted it off, when, to his chagrin, out rolled a quart of hickory nuts, making more noise than was consistent with decorum. "Man," quietly said the youth, "see what you have done!"

A YOUNG lady was sweeping the streets with a trail two yards long. A young man stepped upon it, partly tearing it from the waist. She turned slowly upon him, and said, "Sir, you are a rowdy." He retorted, "Madam, you are a dowdy." "If I were a man I would thrash you," said she. "If you were pretty I would kiss you," said he. "This is insufferable," said the lady, gathering up her calico and turning away. "That is true," he replied, "whether your remark applies to yourself, your dress, or the weather."

IN the settlements of the far West, where as yet there are but few women, lucky suitors find that they cannot be too watchful. What a picture of anxious love defending its object against a siege of importunities is brought before the mind by the following advertisement, taken from a Western paper:—"Engaged—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth, and for ever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attentions."

A LEARNED and compassionate judge in Texas, on passing sentence upon John Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks as follows:—"The fact is, Jones, that the court did not intend to order you to be executed before next spring, but the weather is very cold; our gaol, unfortunately, is in a very bad condition; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartments comfortable; besides, owing to the great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; to sleep sound and comfortable, therefore, is out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of its humane compassion, hereby orders you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the sheriff and agreeable to you."

EDITORIAL.

A SCHENECTADY editor, describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says:—"When the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft heeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

THE local editor of the *Buffalo Commercial* (who is a physician, by the way) is advocating the publication of births in the papers. He considers them of more importance than deaths, for the reason that when a man is dead he is done with, but when he is born he is only begun with.

THE editor of the *AmericanMechanic* has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Just hearken to his wailings:—"Owing to the fact that our paper-maker disappointed us, the failure of the mails deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch pedlar stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the devils went to the circus, while the editor was at home tending the baby, our paper is unavoidably postponed beyond the period of its publication."

"How seldom it happens," remarked one friend to another, "that we find editors bred to the business!" "Quite as seldom," replied the other, "that we find the business *bread* to the editors."

AN American paper says, "We are anxious to collect the autographs of all our subscribers, and therefore request all, whether in city or country, to enclose the amount due in a letter, with their several signatures."

AN American writer calls the ceremony of young ladies kissing each other, "a dreadful waste of the raw material."

A COUNTRY editor thinks that Richelieu, who declared that "the pen is mightier than the sword," ought to have spoken a good word for the scissors.

I BLOWS, I sows, I reaps, I mows, I cuts up wood for winter. I digs, I hoes, I taters grows, and for aught I knows I owes the printer. I do suppose all knowledge flows right from the printer's press; so off I goes in these ere clothes, to settle up—I guess.

PLEASURES OF AN EDITOR.—Editing a paper is a very pleasant business. If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it; if it contains too little, they won't have it. If the type is small, they can't read it. If we publish telegraph reports, folks say they are nothing but lies; if we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect. If we have in a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but a rattlehead; if we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter, they blame us for not giving selections; if we publish selections, folks say that we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have read in some other paper. If we give a public man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial; if we do not, all hands say we are an uncouth bear. If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, men become jealous; if we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in their house. If we attend church, they say it is only for effect; if we do not, they denounce us as deceitful and terribly wicked. If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows; if we go out, they say we never attend to business. If we do not pay our bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted; if we do pay promptly, they say we stole the money.

"SLOSHING ABOUT."

IN Pike county there was a trial for a general row, and a witness testified that one Saltonstall *jest kept sloshin' about*. As this remark regarding the conduct of the chivalrous Saltonstall was frequently repeated, said the lawyer for "the defence"—

"Come, witness, say over again what it was that Mr. Saltonstall had to do with this affair."

"Saltonstall? Why, I've told you several times; the rest on 'em clinched and paired off, but *Saltonstall he kept jest sloshin' about*."

"Ah! my good fellow," exclaimed the lawyer, testily, "we want to know what that is. It isn't exactly legal evidence in the shape you put it. Tell us what you mean by *sloshin' about*."

"Well," answered the witness, very deliberately, "I'll try. You see, John Brewer and Sykes, they clinched and fout. That's in a legle form, ain't it?"

"Oh, yes; go on."

"Abney and Blackman then pitched into one another, and Blackman bit off a piece of Abney's lip—that's legle too, ain't it?"

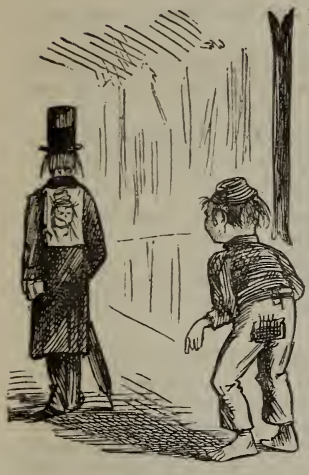
"Proceed."

"Simpson and Bill Stones and Murray was all together on the ground, a bitin', gougin', and kickin' one another—that's legle too, is it?"

"Very; but go on."

"And Saltonstall made it his business to walk backward and forward through the crowd, with a big stick in his hand, and knock down every loose man in the crowd as fast as he came to 'em. That's what I call SLOSHIN' ABOUT."

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.



IN the Irish Bank Bill, passed in 1808, there is a clause providing that the profits shall be equally divided, and that the residue shall go to the governor.

"PRAY, my good man," said a judge to an Irishman who was a witness on a trial, "what did pass between you and the prisoner?" "Och, thin, plase your worship," says Pat, "sure I sees Phalim on top of a wall. "Paddy," says he—'What?' says I—'Here,' says he—'Where?' says I—'Whist!' says he—'Hush!' says I; and this is all I know about it, plase your worship." Paddy was dismissed.

A BEGGAR in Dublin had been a long time besieging an old, testy, gouty, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with much irritability; on which the mendicant said, "Ah, plaze your honour, I wish your heart was as tender as your toes."

AT a dinner-party in France a toast was given, "The land we live in." "With all my soul," responded an Irishman; "here's to poor auld Ireland!"

PAT MILLIGAN says he never strikes a man first, unless he first strikes him.

A PROVIDENT Irishman is going to get his life insured, "so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world as he once was."

TWO young Irishmen, wishing to live cheaply and to divide their expenses, agreed the one to board and the other to lodge.

AN Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly said, "By the powers, my young friend, you spoke too late!"

AN Irishman charged with an assault, in America, was asked by the judge whether he was guilty or not. "How can I tell," was the reply, "till I have heard the evidence?"

A YOUNG gentleman, having set foot for the first time on the "Imerald Oile," repaired to a promising hotel for something to eat, and was accommodated with a roast fowl. He was proceeding to devour it when his plate divided with a sharp crack, and the wing, which he had just taken to himself, flew up to the ceiling. Presently afterwards an excited waiter rushed into the room, crying, "He's safe, he's safe!" "*Who's* safe?" inquired the bewildered traveller. "Mister O'Musgrave, sir," said the waiter in explanation; "the captain *fired in the air!*" It thus became apparent to the visitor that a duel had been fought in the room beneath, and, without stopping to finish his repast, he ordered his luggage to be packed, and left Ireland immediately.

AN Irishman, in describing America, said, "You might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh-water oceans inside that ye might droun Ould Ireland in; and as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, and ye'd never be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell of whiskey."

AN Irishman complained to his physician, that he stuffed him so much with drugs, that he was sick a long time after he got well.

SIR C. MORGAN asked Tom Gannon what he thought of Kean's acting? "I like his dying scenes best," replied Tom; "he acts the dead man to the very life."

"TEDDY, my boy, jist guess how many cheeses there are in this bag, an' faith I'll give you the whole five." "Five, to be sure." "Arrah, bad luck to the man that tould ye!"

SIR BOYLE ROCHE said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

AN Irishman, who had a pig in his possession, was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to repletion one day and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied, "Och, sure, and isn't it that I like to have bacon with a strake o' fat and a strake o' lane aqually, one after t'other?"

DURING the war an Irish peasant, who was posted with a musket on duty, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an officer with, "What are you here for?" "Faith, your honour," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good-humour, "they tell me I'm here for a century."

A GENTLEMAN threatening to beat a dog which barked intolerably, "Why," exclaimed an Irishman who was present, "would you beat the poor dumb animal for making a noise?"

TWO Irishmen one day meeting, "I'm very ill, Pat," said one, rubbing his head. "Then," replied the other, "I hope you may keep so—for fear of being worse."

HOW TO BUY YOUNG GEESE.

A GENTLEMAN who paid the best prices for his provisions, and who liked to live as well as did his neighbours, was once deceived by his poulterer in the age of some poultry he bought. Meeting him a few days afterwards, he walked up to his wagon and stammered out (for he was affected, like poor Charles Lamb, in his speech)—

"G-gu-gu-got any geese, to-day?"

"Oh, yes," said the poulterer. "A fine lot."

"How ma-ma-ny have you got?"

"A dozen—nice ones."

The customer turned them over, and then added—

"N-now you see, I've got a pe-pe-pesky set o' fellows at my house, an' they eat a great deal of poultry. Hain't you gu-gu-got any tu-tu-tough ones?"

"Wal—yaas," said the poulterer, picking them over. "There's one—two—here! four, five of 'em."

"Is them *all* the tu-tu-tough ones you've got?"

"Yes—yes; that's all," said the seller, separating them.

"We-we-well, then, I reck-reck'n, on the whole," concluded the buyer, with a leer, "I'll ta-ta-take the other lot!"

The feelings of the poulterer, at this unexpected reply, may be more easily imagined than described.

PULPIT GLEANINGS.

OLD Dr. Strong, of Hartford, whose name is still a praise in the churches, had an unfortunate habit of saying amusing things when he did not mean it. As when he was presiding in a meeting of ministers, and wishing to call on one of them to come forward and offer prayer, he said —

"Brother Colton,
Of Bolton,
Will you step this way,
And pray?"

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered, without intending to perpetrate anything of the same sort—

"My dear brother Strong,
You do very wrong
To be making a rhyme
At such a solemn time."

And then Dr. Strong added—

"I'm very sorry to see
That you're just like me."

The good men would not for the world have made jests on such an occasion; but they could plead the same excuse for their rhymes that the boy did for whistling in school: "I didn't whistle, sir; it whistled itself."

OF the same divine it is said that, by stipulation with his people, he was to receive annually so many cords of good hard wood. On one occasion, a parishioner brought a load about which he raised a question if there was not some soft wood in the load; to which the other replied, "And do we not sometimes have soft preaching?"

AN African preacher, speaking from "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" mentioned among other things, that they lost their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. "Many people," said he, "attend meeting, hear the sermon, and when it is over they proceed to divide it among the congregation—this part was for that man, and that part for that woman; such denunciations for such persons, these threats for you sinners—and so," continued the shrewd African, "they give away the whole sermon, and keep none for themselves."

AT a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call for a minister, as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning, and took for his text, "*Adam*, where art thou?" He made a very excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the afternoon, Mr. Adam preached upon these words: "*Lo*, here am I." The impromptu and the sermon gained him the appointment.

A CLERGYMAN was driving his gig, in which he was accompanied by his daughter, Grace. The gig came in contact with a large stone, and was in danger of being overturned. The father, anxious for the safety of his child, threw her out upon a plot of grass, and she escaped unhurt; but, in attempting to jump out himself, his great-coat became entangled with the wheel of the carriage, by which he received considerable injury. His friend, observing him halt, asked him if he had met with an accident? "I got myself severely injured," says he, "by saving Grace." "It is the first time," replied the punster, "I ever heard of saving grace hurting anybody, especially a clergyman of the Church of Scotland."

THE MONARCH OF THE MOULD.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.*

SING, poet divine,
Of your sparkling wine
Of Catawba, the luscious nectar;
While my humbler lays
Shall rise in praise
Of a king on whose fame I'll hector.

But your lips don't shoot,
For my king's but fruit,
And your brows don't frown with scorning;
For if to an end
Came my noble friend,
The nation would go into mourning.

'Tis that fruit of earth
That the West gave birth,
Introduced to our good Queen Bessy;
For its glorious savour
Has a sweeter flavour
Than an epicure's *entrée* messy.

Potato, potato,
My heart's elate, oh!
When you smile on my table brightly;
With an epidermis
That so far from firm is,
That it cracks when I grasp you tightly.

For a roast, bake, boil,
Stew or fry in oil,
No fruit can be called thy equal;
For carrot or turnip
Might him or her nip,
And cause an unpleasant sequel.

But thou, free from guile,
Indigestion—bile—
Brought home to thy charge were never:
For thy soft white meal
Is the dinner leal
Of Great Britain's sons for ever.

To say the least,
For a Christmas feast,
'Twould be quite an act of folly,
And far less shirky
To leave goose or turkey,
Than a bowl of potatoes jolly.

Why, the old king's friend
Sir Loin to attend,
Would surely ne'er brown if he knew it;
And the very ale
Turn beadless—pale,
While the beef turn'd cold in its suet.

The firmest friend
Mother earth could send
To her children when pots were minus;
Of a pan not the ghost,
But they still could roast
The old king whereon still we dine us.

By disease tried sore—
May it come no more!
Why, what should we do without him?
For Jamaica yam
Is a sorry flam,
And an artichoke—There, pray scout him!

Or who'd think nice
Soppy plain-boil'd rice,
Or parsnips or chestnuts toasted?
Earth has no fruit
As a substitute
For the 'tater, plain boil'd or roasted.

So waxy and prime
In the summer time,
When new, with your lamb and gravy,
And your young sweet peas,
Devour'd with ease—
Of that you may make "affidavy."

Or in autumn glowing
To crown the sowing,
I love to gaze on the furrows
And ridges tumid
Where, moistly humid,
The jolly old nubbly burrows.

O vegetable!
Long as we're able
Our gardens shall smile with your flower;
As in long straight rows
This old friend grows
So humbly where others tower.

A cabbage to cut
Is all right, but
Where is its strength and stamina?
Though right with ham on
Your table, or gammon,
At best 'tis a watery gammoner.

* By kind permission of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons.

You may go, if you list,
Where you like—'tis miss'd
Before any *entrée* or other
Grand preparation
Of a French cook's nation,
And naught can the great want smother.

Feast on, grandee!
From your board I'll flee
To my honest old friend in his jacket;
For 'twill sit but light,
Though you may feel tight
If you too indiscreetly attack it.

And, glorious thought!
It can be bought—
This gem of whose wealth I've boasted—
For a bronze to be got,
In our streets "all hot,"
Half cooked by steam and half roasted.

Who wouldn't be poor
(Not I, I'm sure),
To enjoy such a feast for a copper?
Split open—butter'd—
Oh, joy ne'er utter'd!
And pepper'd — and — "what a whopper!"

Just look at the steam,
At the can's bright gleam,
And look at the vendor cheery;
And hark to his cry,
Now low, now high,
Speaking feasts for the traveller weary.

Go pick yourself,
And spend your pelf;

Three pound for twopence—they ask it
With eyes full winking;
And while you're thinking,
The scale's tipp'd into your basket.

And you who'd wive,
Pray just look alive,
And before you declare each feeling,
Watch your little mouse
On her way through the house,
And catch her potato-peeling.

You know of the cheese,
And Pimlico's ease,
When he pick'd out a wife by the paring;
But a better plan
For an every-day man—
Though an innovation most daring—

Is to watch the play
Of the knife, and the way
That the coat of potato's falling;
Then look out for waste,
And beware of haste,
For thrift's not the meanest calling.

Kidney, regent, fluke,
Fit for earl or duke,
Or a banquet for Queen Victoria;
Own'd I but lyre,
I'd never tire
Of singing to thy praise a "Gloria."

May you mealy wax,
Never tried by tax,
Ever free from *Aphis vastator*.
Of fruits the king,
Its praise we'll sing,
Potent, pot-boy, "potater!"

THE RASE KOARSE.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

"Great rase! at Sulphur Flat trotting Park, on Thursda, April 9th, for a puss ov 13 dollars and a bulls-eye watch, free for awl hosses, mares, geldings, mules, and Jackasses!"

SEEING the above anounsement, pasted up on a gide board, at "Jamaka rum four corners," and having never saw a hoss trot on a well regulated rase koarse, for the improvement ov the breed ov hosses i agreed i wud go, jist tew encourage the breeding ov good hosses. I found the village of Sulphur Flats located in a lot, and well watered bi a griss-mill and 2 tannerys. The prinsipal buildings seem tu consiss ov a tavern stand, 3 groserys, an insurance offiss, and anuther tavern stand, awl condukted on strik whiskee prinsiples. I found the inhabitants a good deal tired in their religus views, and I thought the opening wud admit 3 or 4 missionarys abreast.

The moste principal bizness ov the peopil waz pealing bark in the winter, and pitchin cents az soon az warm wether sot in. I asked a gentleman present, who ced he waz a reporter, if he knew what the poplashun ov the place definitely waz, and he ced he definitely didn't, but if I would set out a pail ov whiskee, with a dipper into it, on the top ov a hemlock stump that grew in front ov the tavern, it wouldn't be 60 minnits before I cud count the whole ov them, and then we both ov us smiled, az it were, tew onst. Having asked sum uther inquirys ov a mexed natur, I santered down tu where the rase koarse waz.

THE TRACK.

I found the track was about a mild in circumferense, and ov a sandy disposishun, fensed in by a kranbury mash on one side, and a brush fense on tuther, and in jist about 3 minnet condishun. The judge's stand waz an ox cart surrounded on the sides by a ha rigging, and the reporters was invited tew git intu the cart.

THE HOSSES

Waz a gra mare, about the usual stature, not verry fat, and laboring under a spring halt, which tha ced she had caught of anuther hoss, about 10 days ago. Tha ced she had trotted tu a kamp-meeting last fall inside ov a verry short time, and that her back bone was awl game. I found out bi inquirin that her name was "Frying-Pan." The other hoss waz a red hoss, rather hastily konstructed, with a spare tale on him, which tha ced waz kaused by his trotting so fast, in a windy day; i shud think he waz about 5 feet and a haf in hite, and ov a kickin natur. Tha ced he waz a stranger in theze parts, and that his rite name was "Juise Harp."

FUST HEAT.

The hosses both cum up tew the skore in the immejiate visinity ov each uther, and got the wurd to go, the fust time. The gra mare waz druve bi "Dave Larkin," and the hoss was handled bi "Ligh Turner." Tha trotted sublimely, az clus as the Siamese twins; the mare with her hed hi up and her nose full ov winde; the hoss was stretched out tite, like a chalk line; tha passed the haf mile pole simultaneously, time, 2 minnits. Now the kontest becum exsiting, "Dave" hollered and "Ligh" yelled—on tha kum, the mare gru higher and the hoss gru longer—tha make the last turn tew onst—tha look like a dubble team—the exsitement grows more intensely—the crowd sways to and fro—the ox cart trembles—tha cum! tha cum! sich shouting, sich yelling, sich swearing, sich chawing terbacker, waz never heard before; the mare iz ahed!—no, the hoss iz ahead! 'tis even, 'tis a ded hete, tha pass the ox-cart—the hoss wins bi 3 quarters ov an inch, time 4 minnits lacking 2 sekunds.

REMARKS.

The hosses ar surrounded bi a crowd ov men, wimmin, and children. Each party are sanguinary ov suckces. The bettin is 2 quarts ov whiskee to anything on the red hoss. At this junkture the gentleman, reporter for the Young Man's Gide, proposed to bet 75 cents that the mare wud win the nex heat; i tuk the proposishun forthwithly, and the steaks, bi mutual consent, was placed in mi hat and sot under the kart, and here let me stait, before i forget it, that I aint saw the steaks nor the hat sinse.

SEKUND HEAT.

The hosses both sho signs ov distress. The gra mare's ears hang down the side ov her hed, like two wet rags, and the hoss rests his tale on the ground. Tha go slola bak tew the distanse pole, and cum up agin tew the skore, as tho tha waz yoked together. Awa tha go; the hoss a leetle ahed. The hoss leads to the haf mild pole in 2.30. On the bak stretch, "Dave" went at the mare with hiz long perswader; she trots like litening, she passes the hoss! no! befour "Dave" cud flatten her down tew her work, she broke from the trak and trotted clean up to her hips in the krambery mash. The hoss cum in awl alone, trotting fast, and so clus down that 2 feet ov his tale dragged on the ground. Time ov this heat not fur from 5 minnits, "Juise Harp" winning, by a quarter ov a mild. Thus ended the great rase at Sulphur Flats. I immejiately started on foot for "Jamaka rum four corners," bare-headed, but fully impressed that, tho men, and even whiskee mite deteryorate, the breed ov hosses must begin tew improve in that seckshun ov the kuntry in a fu dais.

THE TABLES TURNED.

AT the Donegal Assizes, the following humorous cross-examination of a witness occasioned much merriment in court:—Mr. Doherty—"What business do you follow?"

"I am a schoolmaster."

"Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?"

"I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions."

"Are you a great favourite with your pupils?"

"Ay, troth am I, a much greater favourite than you are with the public."

"Where were you, sir, this night?"

"This night!" said the witness; "there is a learned man—this night is not yet come; I suppose you mean that night" (here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye as if in triumph).

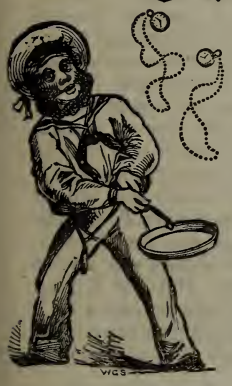
"I presume the 'schoolmaster was abroad" that night, doing nothing?"

"Define 'nothing,'" said the witness. Mr. Doherty did not comply. "Well," said the learned schoolmaster, "I will define it—it is a footless stocking without a leg" (roars of laughter, in which his lordship joined).

"You may go down, sir."

"Faith, I believe you're tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them."

OLD FRIENDS.



LET me have a pound of oysters, my good man, will you?" said a sailor spending his time and money ashore. "Pound, sir! we don't sell them by weight, we sell them by measure." "Then let me have a yard."

A DANDY remarked of a gentlemanly planter who was passing, that it would be a fine speculation to buy that man for what he *was* worth, and sell him for what he *thought* he was worth.

"YOU have left your bow behind you, miss," said the conductor of an omnibus to a damsel who was stepping out of his vehicle, and from whose bonnet a small portion of the ribbon had fallen. "I am aware of it," was the innocent reply; "he has gone a-fishing."

A GENTLEMAN at an eating-house asked the person next to him if he would please to pass the mustard. "Sir," said the man, "do you mistake me for a waiter?" "Oh, no, sir," was the reply, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

A GENTLEMAN complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are as plump as a partridge." "At first," replied the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually making game of me."

A YOUNG lady remarked to a fop the other day that his penknife, in one respect, resembled him. The ladies in the room commenced guessing in what way it could be. At last a smart-looking little boy, who until now sat in one corner silent, was asked to guess. After examining the knife closely, he turned round, and in a cunning manner said, "Well, I don't know, unless because it's dull."

A GENTLEMAN at an inn, seeing that the lights were so dim as only to render the darkness visible, called out, "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of decent candles, to see how these others burn."

A NOTORIOUS miser, having heard a very eloquent charity sermon, exclaimed, "This sermon strongly proves the necessity of alms. I have almost a mind to turn beggar."

OLD Fuller, the writer of the "English Worthies," tells a quaint story of himself and a Justice Woodcock, with whom, saith he, "I one evening walked in the fields, when we did hear an owl. 'What pretty bird can that be?' saith he; 'is it the nightingale?' 'Nay,' sayeth I, 'it is a *woodcock*. 'No,' retorteth he sharply, 'it is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over.'"

"NOW, gentlemen," said Sheridan to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other. Are we to drink like men or beasts?" Somewhat indignant, the guests exclaimed, "Like men, of course." "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

THE best description of weakness we have ever heard is contained in the wag's prayer to his wife, when she gave him some thin chicken broth, if she would not try to coax that chicken just to wade through the soup once more.

POPE, the celebrated poet, is said to have been once severely retorted upon. A question arose in company respecting the reading of a passage with or without a note of interrogation. Pope rather arrogantly asked one gentleman if he knew what a note of interrogation was. "Yes, sir: it is *a little crooked thing that asks questions.*"

Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembled only the "effigy of a man,"—said the stout gentleman, "Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you had been at dinner ever since."

FAMILY JARS.

"EXCUSE me, but what a very extraordinary thing it is that you *will* contradict, Charlotte!" "*I* contradict!" cries the lady; "but that's just like you." "What's like me?" says the gentleman sharply. "Saying that I contradict you," replies the lady. "Do you mean to say that you do *not* contradict me?" retorts the gentleman; "do you mean to say that you have not been contradicting me the whole of this day? Do you mean to tell me, now, that you have not?" "I mean to tell you nothing of the kind," replies the lady quietly; "when you are wrong, of course I shall contradict you."

During this dialogue the gentleman has been taking his brandy-and-water on one side of the fire, and the lady, with her dressing-case on the table, has been curling her hair on the other. She now lets down her back hair, and proceeds to brush it; preserving at the same time an air of conscious rectitude and suffering virtue, which is intended to exasperate the gentleman, and does so.

* * * * * *

If this amiable couple are blessed with children, they are not the less contradictory on that account. Master James and Miss Charlotte present themselves after dinner, and being in perfect good-humour, and finding their parents in the same amiable state, augur from these appearances half a glass of wine apiece and other extraordinary indulgences. But, unfortunately, Master James, growing talkative upon such prospects, asks his mamma how tall Mrs. Parsons is, and whether she is not six feet high; to which his mamma replies, "Yes, she should think she was, for Mrs. Parsons is a very tall lady indeed—quite a giantess." "For heaven's sake, Charlotte," cries her husband, "do not tell the child such preposterous nonsense! Six feet high!" "Well," replies the lady, "surely I may be permitted to have an opinion; my opinion is that she is six feet high—at least six feet." "Now, you know, Charlotte," retorts the gentleman sternly, "that is *not* your opinion—that you have no such idea—and that you only say this for the sake of contradiction." "You are exceedingly polite," his wife replies. "To be wrong about such a paltry question as anybody's height would be no great crime; but I say again that I believe Mrs. Parsons to be six feet—more than six feet; nay, I believe you know her to be full six feet, and only say she is not because I say she is." This taunt disposes the gentleman to become violent, but he checks himself, and is content to mutter, in a haughty tone, "Six feet—ha! ha! Mrs. Parsons six feet!" and the lady answers, "Yes, six feet. I am sure I am glad you are amused, and I'll say it again—six feet." Thus the subject gradually drops off, and the contradiction begins to be forgotten, when Master James, with some undefined notion of making himself agreeable, and putting things to rights again, unfortunately asks his mamma what the moon's made of. This gives her occasion to say that he had better not ask her, for she is always wrong, and never can be right; that he only exposes her to contradiction by asking any question of her; and that he had better ask his papa, who is infallible, and never can be wrong. Papa, smarting under this attack, gives a terrible pull at the bell, and says that if the conversation is to proceed in this way the children had better be removed. Removed they are, after a few tears and many struggles; and Pa having looked at Ma sideways for a minute or two with a baleful eye, draws his pocket-handkerchief over his face, and composes himself for his after-dinner nap.

A FRAGMENT.

His eye was stern and wild—his cheek was pale and cold as clay;
Upon his tightened lip a smile of fearful meaning lay.
He mused awhile—but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was there;
It was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair.
Once more he looked upon the scroll—once more its words he read—
Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.
I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue-cold gleaming steel,
And grimly try the tempered edge he was so soon to feel!
A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head—
I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumbed and dead;
Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.

* * * * * *

Again I looked: a fearful change across his face had passed—
He seemed to rave—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast;
He raised on high the glittering blade—then first I found a tongue—
"Hold, madman! stay thy frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprung;
He heard me, but he heeded not; one glance around he gave,
And ere I could arrest his hand, he had—begun to *shave!*

A MODERN PEST.*

CONCERNING one of the plagues of America, Mr. Sala says:—It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. I had been kneeling, metaphorically speaking, in the court-yard of a caravanserai at Smyrna any time during six months, meekly bowing the hump to the remorselessly accumulated load. I had borne it all; raw silk, figs, dates, flax, hemp, myrrh, ambergris, opium, rhubarb, and magnesia—insult, obloquy, reproach, misrepresentation. I had endured quietly. I knew that I was a camel, and that it was my lot to be a carrier and not to grumble. I cherished the hope of rising anon, and, hearing the tinkling caravan bells, and, after plodding for many a weary rood through hot sand, finding myself at Mecca—I mean at home. I could have borne more burdens even, had they been adjusted with tolerable decency to this patient back. The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, the ferocity of hack-drivers, the sulkiness of railway conductors, the assaults of rowdies, the boys who sell "fig and gum drops" in the cars, the infernal hotel gong, the hardness of the times, gloves at three dollars twenty-five cents a pair, champagne at seven dollars a bottle, cigars at sixty cents a piece, the young lady next door who was perpetually hammering at the valse from *Faust* and always breaking down over the first bar, anything, in fine, you please to mention—anything but this. But there is a limit to human sufferance. There is a point beyond which it is perilous to pile up the agony of mortal man. I didn't bargain for *this*. I never contracted to undergo the whole seven plagues of Egypt concentrated into one hideous and abominable nuisance. You will naturally wish to know what the terrible infliction I denounce is like. Stay but a moment and you shall hear.

I was taking my walks abroad in Fifth Avenue, one summer's morn, meaning harm to no man, and with my heart full of sweet and placid feelings towards the United States. I loved *pro tem.* the Loyal League, admired the Cabinet, and adhered to the Monroe doctrine. Suddenly I saw, advancing towards me with fierce and rapid strides, an old lady. Now I am not afraid of ladies. In youth I was wont to be alarmed at them all, the young and the old; but I can bear a great deal of woman by this time. She has ceased to appal the subscriber; she wouldn't have anything to do with him when he yearned for sympathy; but now, when she has nothing to give, or he, the rather, nothing to accept, she is kind. This was, nevertheless, a very fearsome old lady to look upon, She was tall, and wore no crinoline, and was crowned with a coal-scuttle bonnet. She had spectacles, also, and a very hard hickory-looking face beneath them. "This is an old lady from New England," I mused. "I see it all. She is from the State of Massachusetts. . . . . This is the old lady who is a great hand at broiling shad, preserving cranberries, scrubbing floors, and making apple pasties and berry pies. Her father was a Deacon; her uncle a Select Man; she has two sons, Zeke and Ike, whom she switches frightfully, and her grandmother, one of the 'hunky girls' of the '76, broke her china teapot after the last family Souchong had been thrown into Boston Harbour, and took never another cup of the refreshing beverage until the evacuation of New York by the Britishers." I drew aside to allow this respectable but formidable female to pass; but to pass me was apparently not her aim. She meant mischief. Her eyes were inflamed with ire. Her lips moved as though in wrath. She held in one woollen-gloved hand a monstrous gingham umbrella; and with it she made as though to strike me down. She brandished this weapon of offence, this gingham Excalibur, above her head. She swung it to the right and the left. She brought it down, in the "St. George," with such a force and precision which, had I been stricken, must have cloven me from the nave to the chaps.

She delivered the carte, and the tierce, and the reason demonstrative. She was clearly cunning of fence; and I thought I would see her blessed ere I fought with her. Her umbrella was, at last, within an inch of my nose. The hair of my flesh stood up. This old lady had evidently sworn to have my blood. Conscience makes cowards of us all. But who was she? A Woman's Rights Convention delegate? a Black Republican? a manufacturer of chewing tobacco? a spiritualist medium? or an abolitionist lecturer? I had made up my mind for the worst, and was preparing either to fly or cast myself at the feet of the vengeful old lady and sue for mercy. "Transatlantic female," I was on the point of saying, "spare me. I am very sorry for it. I cave in. I am not young, nor tender; but I am an orphan, and penitent. Spare me for the sake of your Banner in the Sky—of the Lone Star which shines above the statue of the Father of his Country in Union Square—of that great American eagle who, with untarnished wings, is flapping out the blear and bloodshot eye of treason and rebellion all over this vast continent, from the dusty turnpikes of Todd's Tavern to the swampy shores of Bayou Sara. Spare me for the sake of our common blood, our common language, our common creed; for the sweet sake of Shakespeare, who was our common grandmother—of Spenser, who was our mutual cousin-german, only ninety-nine times removed—of Milton, who, it is well known, came of a reputable family down to Salem, Mass., and was educated at Harvard, and who was the common uncle of us all. Spare me for the sake of civilisation, humanity,

* By kind permission of Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

and the brotherhood and sisterhood of nations." I was rehearsing this little speech, the tropes and flourishes in which are, I am free to confess, culled from the vocabulary of Orator Pop, when the old lady rushed by me, still wildly waving her umbrella, but, with singular clemency, forbearing to knock my head off. And, looking back, I beheld her still urging on her career down Fifth Avenue, towards Tenth Street, brandishing her gingham all the way. Was she mad? Was she in a spiritual ecstasy, and speeding from a Revival? No: a hasty remark she made as she passed me at once explained the mystery of her proceedings. In a tone of dolorous agony she cried, "Oh, them worms!"

Yes, those worms. They are the Seven Plagues of Egypt to which I adverted anon. They are the bane, the scourge, the nuisance which, in the merry month of June, make a man's life a torment to him. The side-walks of the streets of New York, faithful to their Dutch origin, are bordered with trees, principally limes and elms. In joyous June, when they are in full leaf, and their verdure has not been burnt up by the white heat of the summer sun, they are refreshingly umbrageous, and look very pretty. But these trees are, one and all, infested by a horrible little reptile, known commonly as the "measuring worm," the "canker worm," or the "pace-maggot;" but which, according to scientific authorities, has quite as much right to be called the "geometer," the "arpenteur," or the "hindrometer." It is a dusky olive in hue, with a tawny head and a pea-green tail. It is about as long as a bit of string, and as big as a piece of chalk —stay, the length of the middle joint of your little finger affords an apter measurement. I don't know whether it has any eyes; but, when touched, a hideous green matter exudes from it. This worm swings by an almost imperceptible cord or filament from the branches of the highest trees, as of the lowliest shrubs. As you walk along the street, myriads of these worms are hanging motionless in the air. Suddenly they bob against your nose, they slide down your shirt collar, they enter your eye and sit on your lid. Open your mouth, and a worm slides down your throat. They light on your hands and your feet. A lady comes home from walking with her parasol tasseled, and the hem of her dress fringed, by these beastly worms. When they have munched their fill of the young leaves of the trees, they spin out of their own depraved bodies a slack rope of gluten; and down this aërial bridge they slide till they are within a distance of five feet from the earth. There they ruminate till, gorged with vegetable dirt, these green leeches tumble down on the pavement, where they wriggle and wallow, and after a time, I trust, die. The flagstones are so speckled with surfeited worms that on the finest and most cloudless afternoon you may fancy it is just beginning to rain. As I have said, they specially affect to perform their Blondin and Leotard performances on a level with the faces of human beings walking erect; and the only way to prevent their choking or blinding you is to arm yourself with a stick or an umbrella, and slash them away as you travel. The old lady I had met was evidently, and of old, aware of the worms, and of the means to combat them. Hence her violent and apparently hostile demonstrations with the umbrella.

"WHAT'S THE LAWIN', LASS?"

THE following dialogue occurred recently in a little country inn:—

TOURIST: Come here, if you please.

JENNY (the waitress): I was just coming ben to you, sir.

TOURIST: Well, now, mistress.

JENNY: I'm no the mistress; I'm only the lass, and I'm no married.

TOURIST: Very well, then, miss.

JENNY: I'm no a miss; I'm only a man's dochter.

TOURIST: A man's daughter!

JENNY: Hoot, ay, sir; didna ye see a farm as ye came up yestreen, just three parks aff?

TOURIST: It is very possible, I do not remember.

JENNY: Weel, ony way, it's my faither's.

TOURIST: Indeed! Will you let me see your bill?

JENNY: Our Bill? Ou, ay, Wully we ca' him, but I ken wha' you mean—he's no in e'en now.

TOURIST: Wully! What I want is my account—how much I have to pay.

JENNY: Did ony ane ever hear the like o' that? —Ye mean the lawin', man! But we keep nae accounts here; na, na, we hae ower muckle to do.

TOURIST: Just so—well, will you give me the lawin', as I am going?

JENNY: Oh, sir, ye're jokin' noo! It's you maun gie me the lawin'—the lawin's the siller.

TOURIST: Oh, indeed! I beg your pardon; how much is it?

JENNY: That's just what I was coming ben to tell you, sir. If ye had asket me first, or waited till I tell't ye, I wadna hae keepit ye a minute. We're no blate at askin' the lawin', although some folk are unco slow at payin' o't. It's just four-and-six.

TOURIST: That is very moderate; there are five shillings.

JENNY: Thank you, sir; I hope we hae a sixpence in the house, for I wadna like to gie bawbees to a gentleman.

TOURIST: No, no—the sixpence is for yourself.

JENNY: Oh, sir, it's ower muckle.

TOURIST: What, do you object to take it?

JENNY: Na, na, sir. But I'll gie ye a bit o' advice for't. When ye're in a hurry, dinna be fashin' yoursel' wi' mistresses, and misses, and bills, but just say, "What's the lawin', lass?"

SCOTCH PEBBLES.

"HEY, Tonald, sleepin'?" said a Highlander to a drowsy acquaintance, who was ruminating on the grass in a horizontal position. "No, Tuncan," was the ready answer. "Then, Tonald, would you lend me ten-and-twenty shilling?" was the next question. "Ough, ough," was the response, with a heavy snore; "I'm sleepin' noo, Tuncan, my lad."

A GENTLEMAN, in company with a lady who carried a white muff, called upon an old lady on a winter morning. The latter, observing some of the down off the muff adhering to the sleeve of the gentleman's coat, said, "There's some woo' on your coat." "No wonder, ma'am," replied the swain, "for I hae been wooing a' morning."

"BIG SAM," a noted character in the Sutherland Fencibles, happened one night to be placed as sentry over a piece of ordnance, which, on account of its weight, would have required three or four ordinary men to move. He had not been long at his post, however, when his comrades, who were enjoying themselves at the guard-room fire, were astonished at his entrance with the huge instrument of warfare on his shoulder. On being asked what he meant by deserting his post, Sam replied, "Why, what's the use, lads, of standing out there in such a cold night, watching that bit of airn, when I can watch it in here as well?"

DR. JAMES GREGORY was a member of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, in 1793; but although he was a very good physician, he was very awkward as a soldier, and experienced great difficulty in going through the drill and other military discipline to which he was subjected. On one occasion the drill-sergeant, out of all patience with the awkwardness and inquisitiveness of his learned recruit, exclaimed in a rage: "Hold your tongue, sir! I would rather drill ten clowns than one philosopher!"

A VENERABLE matron of the old school, in the whaling burgh of Peterhead, hearing that a comet would appear, and perhaps destroy the world, uttered the following lamentation: "Fat will the peer things that's awa tee Greenland dee, fan they come hame frae the fishin', and fin' that there's nae warlde till come tee?"

A MAN observing a carter, a friend of his, shedding tears, said to him, "What's the matter, John?" "Oh, Sandy, man! my mither's dead," sobbed the carter. "Is that a'?" rejoined the friend; "I was feared it had been your horse!"

ONE day Lord Cockburn went into the Second Division of the Court of Session, but came out again very hurriedly, meeting Lord Jeffrey at the door. "Do you see ony paleness about my face?" asked Cockburn. "No," replied Jeffrey, "I hope you're weel enough?" "I don't know," said the other; "I just heard Bolus (Lord Justice Clerk Boyle) say: 'I for one am of opinion that this case is founded on the fundamental basis of a quadrilateral contract, the four sides of which are agglutinated by adhesion!'" "I think," said Jeffrey, "that your lordship had better go home."

"YE'RE unco short the day, Saunders, surely," said an under-sized student to a Glasgow bookseller, one day when the latter was in an irritable mood. "Od, man," was the retort, "ye may haud your tongue, ye're no sae lang yersel'."

Two knights of the shuttle, and their spouses, made up their minds to walk down to the "Water Neb," as they call the port of Renfrew, and go on board the steamer for Arran to enjoy a little fresh air. After passing Greenock, the two lords of creation gravitated towards the steward's cabin, and as they disappeared below the deck level, one of them called out to his wife, "Maggie, just stand where ye are, and gies a bit caa up when the scenery begins."

"WHAT do I think o' Lunnon, ask ye?" said old John Wilson, a Stirling worthy, on being asked his opinion of the great metropolis, "what do I think o't? It's just a lump o' gude ground spoilt wi' stane and lime."

THE Laird of M'Nab, of whom there are many jokes current, went into a jeweller's shop in Edinburgh, to order a ring similar to one worn by a friend of his, which had taken his fancy, and which was set either with the hair of Prince Charles Edward or some member of the Stuart family; this circumstance, of course, constituting the chief value of the ring. "But how soon," said the jeweller, whom he was binding down to a day for the completion of the work, "will you send me the hair?" "The hair, sir!" replied M'Nab fiercely; "cootness, sir, you must give me the hair to the pargain!"

IN an Edinburgh newspaper dated July, 1796, appeared the following paragraph:—"An indictment has been preferred before the sheriff against a breeches maker, for a violent assault on *three* of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers."

SELLING OFF AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

A POETICAL CATALOGUE.

THE First, The well-known Village, with bridge, and church, and green,
Of half a score *divertissements* the well-remembered scene,
Including six substantial planks, forming the eight-inch ridge
On which the happy peasantry came dancing down the bridge.
Lot Two, A Sheet of Thunder. Lot Three, A Box of Peas
Employed in sending storms of hail to rattle through the trees.
Lot Four, A Canvas Mossy Bank for Cupids to repose.
Lot Five, The old Stage Watering-pot complete—except the nose.
Lot Six, The favourite Water-mill, used for *Amina's* dream,
Complete, with practicable wheel, and painted canvas stream.
Lots Seven to Twelve, Some Sundries—A Pair of Sylphide's Wings;
Three dozen Druids' Dresses (one of them wanting strings).
Lots Thirteen, Fourteen, Fifteen—Three Services of Plate
In real *papier-mâché*—all in a decent state;
One of these services includes—its value to increase—
A full dessert, each plate of fruit forming a single piece.
Lot Seventeen, The Gilded Cup from which *Genarro* quaffed,
'Mid loud applause, night after night, *Lucrezia's* poisoned draught.
Lots Eighteen, Nineteen, Twenty, Three rich White Satin Skirts.
Lot Twenty-one, A Set of six Swiss Peasants' Cotton Shirts.
Lot Twenty-two, The Sheet that backed *Masaniello's* tent.
Lot Twenty-three, The Long White Wig—in wool—of *Bide-the-Bent.*
Lots Twenty-three to Forty, The Fish—Soles, Cod, and Dace—
For pelting the Vice-regal Guard in Naples' Market-place.
Lot Forty-one, Vesuvius, rather the worse for wear.
Lots Forty-two to Fifty, Priests' Leggings—at per pair.
Lot Fifty-one, The well-known Throne, with canopy and seat,
And plank in front, for courtiers to kneel at Sovereigns' feet.
Lot Fifty-two, A Royal Robe of Flannel, nearly white,
Warranted equal to Cashmere—upon the stage at night—
With handsome ermine collar thrown most elegantly back;
The tails of twisted worsted—pale yellow, tipped with black.
Lots Fifty-three to Sixty, Some Jewellery rare—
The Crown of *Semiramide*—complete, with false back hair;
The Order worn by *Ferdinand*, when he proceeds to fling
His sword and medals at the feet of the astonished king.
Lot Sixty-one, the Bellows used in *Cinderella's* song.
Lot Sixty-two, A Document. Lot Sixty-three, a Gong.
Lots Sixty-four to Eighty, Of Wigs a large array,
Beginning at the Druids, down to the present day.
Lot Eighty-one, The Bedstead on which *Amina* falls.
Lots Eighty-two to Ninety, Some Sets of Outer Walls.
Lot Ninety-one, The Furniture of a Grand Ducal Room,

Including chair and table. Lot Ninety-two, A Tomb.
Lot Ninety-three, A set of Kilts. Lot Ninety-four, A Rill.
Lot Ninety-five, A Scroll, to form death-warrant, deed, or will.
Lot Ninety-six, An ample fall of best White Paper Snow.
Lot Ninety-seven, A Drinking-cup, brimmed with stout extra tow.
Lot Ninety-eight, A Set of Clouds, a Moon, to work on flat;
Water with practicable boat. Lot Ninety-nine, A Hat.
Lot Hundred, Massive Chandelier. Hundred and one, A Bower.
Hundred and two, A Canvas Grove. Hundred and three, A Tower.
Hundred and four, A Fountain. Hundred and five, Some Rocks.
Hundred and six, The Hood that hides the Prompter in his box.

AN ETON LETTER.

FROM "HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP," BY FRANK SMEDLEY.*

DEAR TIPSBY,—If this blessed hot weather does not make dripping of a fellow prematurely, you will have an opportunity of weeping on the affectionate bussim of 'Yours, truly,' by the 5 p.m. train on Monday next. The cause of my shirking a week is not, as you impertinently insinuate, my having 'overgooseberried myself,' but the no less alarming fact that my eldest sister has been and gone and committed matrimony, and I have waited to see her turned off. The 'shocking event' arrived at a climax (that's grammar, aint it?) yesterday. I rose with the lark (*i.e.* Arthur, my big brother, came and dragged me out of bed at seven o'clock), and dressed myself. Yes, I should think I did—rather! Kerseymere sit-upons, made precious loose in the leg, and with a large pink check on a lavender ground—stunnin'! satin vest, colours to sympathise; silk necktie, pink ground, lavender pattern, once round—ends at least a quarter of a yard long, and such a bow!—there's high art for you, my boy!—and last, not least, real Oxford bang-tail coatee (none of your blackguard boys' jackets), bright blue, with only two buttons and buttonholes about it, and all sorts of jolly pockets in original places; but don't fret, you shall see it. Well, to return to our mutton, as the French say: very few showed at early breakfast, sensibilities superseding appetites in a general way, though I can't say I perceived much difference as regarded number one: yet, when I come to think of it, I recollect I only ate three eggs; but then the ham was a real brick. Nothing particular occurred till we were to go to church; but when the traps came round, you may fancy there was something to look at. My brother-in-law, Coverdale—oh, Tips, he really *is* a fine fellow, as handsome as fun—can ride anything you like to put him across—a dead shot—A1 with his fists ('gad, I should be sorry to get even a left-hander from him), and as good-tempered and jolly as a cock; but you shall see him some day: well, he came up with his own horses, a pair of blood bays—he gave £350 for 'em, and they're dirt cheap at the money; he is a first-rate judge of a horse; but I'll tell you all about the traps when we meet. Then down came the girls; Ally (that's my eldest sister) was smothered with veils, and flounces, and pearls, and that sort of nonsense; and looked precious pale and interesting, and like to blub; so we bundled her into the family coach, and Coverdale jumped into his own trap, and away we all scuttled to church. We've got a good, sharp parson, that can go the pace slap up when he likes; and, knowing that the Champagne was waiting for him, he put the harness on 'em in no time; and the women did the water-cart business in style—where all their tears come from I can't think, but they laid the dust beautifully. Then there was signing names in the vestry, and a lot of chaff about kissing the bride, which so upset that muff, Lambkin, the parson's apprentice (curate, I suppose, is what they call the chap), that he fairly turned tail and bolted. Next, we all bundled home again—Alice in Coverdale's trap this time (and precious handsome he looked, as he handed her in, I can tell you); and then came the 'crowning mercy' (as Lambkin said in his sermon last Sunday), the wedding breakfast. The governor had done the thing well for once in his life, I will say that for the old boy. There were all the delicacies of all the four seasons (one only wished one had four stomachs, like a camel, to pay them proper attention; though I didn't do badly, in spite of my monostomachic conformation). Then the Champagne;—my dear Tips, I am not using a mere figure of rhetoric when I say the supply was unlimited;—how much I drank I literally *cannot* tell, but, in mentioning the affair to inquiring friends, you had better restrict your statement to half-a-dozen bottles—as a general rule, a gentleman should not take more on such occasions—it is not every man who possesses my strength of head and self-control. I sat next to one of the bridesmaids. . . . . At first my modesty prevented my getting on with her quite as fast as I could have wished; in fact, till after my fourth glass of Champagne, I had not gone beyond asking if she liked roast chicken, and saying 'Bless you' when she sneezed; which I have since thought might not be quite etiquette, for she certainly looked surprised. However, *in vino jollitas*, as Cicero says; after imbibing the 'rosy,' I went ahead like beans, and I flatter myself—ahem!—made a very considerable impression; but then recollect the expense with which I was got up! the woman who could look on that bang-tail coatee with indifference must be a heartless tigress. At all events, Juliana Georgina (sweet, poetical name! aint it, Tips?) didn't; and if my mother invites her here during the Christmas holidays—which, betwixt you and me and the post, is not impossible—I should not be surprised if the affair were to assume quite a serious complexion. It is some time since I have experienced what the mounseers call a *grande passion*. When the party generally had pitched into grub till the powers of nature were forced to cry 'Hold, enough!' (though, for my part, I don't think one's bread-basket does by any means hold enough on such

* By kind permission of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons.

occasions), everybody drank everybody's health, and everybody returned thanks. My brother-in-law, Coverdale, made a stunnin' speech, the best that was made, by long odds: though Master Arthur didn't disgrace his profession in the jawing line either. The governor did the pathetic and paternal; but it was precious slow, and all his jokes old ones. Mr. Crane (he's a rich old buffer that was nibbling after Ally, but it wasn't likely she'd have anything to say to him when she'd a chance of taking such a trump-card as my brother-in-law, Coverdale, into her hand) followed in the benevolent and philanthropic line; but he made a regular mull of it, worse than the daddy; and when they'd done making fools of themselves, the sitting broke up, and my brother-in-law and Alice started for the Continent. And the last thing before they were off, Coverdale, while he was waiting in the hall for his wife (women are always too late for everything), tipped me a flimsy to the tune of ten pounds, and told me not to forget I was to come to the Park in the hunting season, and he'd take care to find me a good mount. But if ever there was a real brick, my brother-in-law Coverdale is the identical article, and no mistake. And that is a full, true, and particular account of this wonderful wedding, sayeth and attesteth,

"Yours, in the bonds of jollity,
"TOM HAZLEHURST.

"P.S. — Advice to cricketers! Mind your batting, old fellow; for I've been put up to some first-rate bowling dodges by my brother-in-law, Coverdale (he's one of the top-sawyers at Lord's), that will send your stumps flying about your ears, if you don't mind your eye. *Verbum sat slow-coachici!*"

SEA-SIDE NOTIONS.

SEEN IN FULL DEVELOPMENT AT VARIOUS PLACES.

THAT it is necessary to wear oilskin hats.

That a swaggering roll is a highly effective gait.

That it is a fine thing to hang sea-weed in rooms.

That to hum the "Bay of Biscay," hitch up your waistband, expectorate frequently, and be very learned on the rig of the harbour smacks and tugs, vindicates your claim to a yachtsman's title.

That paddling after shrimps is successful.

That bazaar raffles are fun.

That to stare fixedly through a telescope is indispensable.

That to do the same at ladies bathing is more so.

That lunching at open windows is a new sensation.

That, being a passer, to stare slowly at said luncheons is ditto.

That walking on the pier is vigorous sea exercise.

That in talking to a boatman the use of the word "craft" insures respect, especially if coupled with "smart."

That to lie on the beach and whistle is lively.

That to go out rowing needs a smart pea-jacket, with gilt buttons, and a blue guernsey.

That everything is cheaper than in London.

That you are leading a bracing, unconventional life.

That if you see a celebrity *incog.*, to follow, and gaze vacuously at him, gratifies the individual.

That every ship is a man of war.

That anybody can catch sea-fish easily.

That talking loudly, and shouting out of window to your friends, shows your freedom from London thraldom.

SYMPTOMS.

Symptom 1. When you meet a friend about five o'clock near his own house, and he stands gossiping with you at the street door, without knocking, take it as a symptom you are not wanted to dinner.

Symptom 2. When you drop in for half-an-hour's chat at a friend's house in the evening, and your friend looks at his watch after you have been there two hours, while his wife packs up her needlework with a yawn, observing, "Well, I think it is time to give over for to-night," it is an infallible symptom that you are a bore, and that the sooner you export yourself the better.

Symptom 3. If at a party you are selected to make one at a rubber at whist, it is a symptom there are younger persons in the room whom the ladies cannot spare so well as yourself.

Symptom 4. If you are travelling outside a stage-coach, and when you stop for dinner the porter brings a ladder for you to descend, consider his civility as a decided symptom (whatever you may think of yourself) that he thinks you a gentleman who has arrived at a time of life not favourable to agility.

Symptom 5. When a Jew boy importunately offers to sell you a pair of spectacles as a bargain, you may conclude it is a symptom there is something in your appearance which denotes the father of a family, in spite of whatever the tailor may have done to dress you like your youngest son.

Symptom 6. If you meet a gentleman and lady, the gentleman looking vacantly serious, as if thinking of nothing—the lady placidly careless, as if perfectly satisfied—depend upon it these are symptoms of their being man and wife, and that the husband has consented to a walk, though he would rather leave it alone, while the wife is pleased to find he is as attentive as ever. But when you meet a lady and gentleman in very earnest discourse, the gentleman talking much, the lady listening with downcast eyes, it is the symptom of an affair in progress which will probably end in going to church.

SMALL STORIES.

THE NEW SERVANT.

JANE was the name of the cook whom a lady, not long since, engaged in New York, and in due time the damsel presented herself, with the newspaper parcel containing her wardrobe, for the week of trial. Before proceeding to lay off her bonnet, she turned to the lady and said—

"Now, Mrs. B—I always like to have a good old-fashioned talk with the lady I lives with, before I begins. I'm awful tempered, but I'm dreadful forgiving. Have you Hecker's flour, Beebe's range, hot and cold water, stationary tubs, oilcloth on the kitchen floor, and dumb waiter?"

Then follows her self-planned programme for the week.

"Monday I washes; I'se to be let alone *that* day. Tuesday I irons; nobody's to come near me *that* day. Wednesday I bakes; I'se to be let alone *that* day. Thursday I picks up the house; nobody's to come near me *that* day. Friday I goes to the city; nobody's to come near me *that* day. Saturday I bakes, and Saturday afternoon my beau comes to see me; nobody's to come near me *that* day. Sunday I has to myself."

Rising, she asked for a look into her sub-parlour. One hasty glance—"No oilcloth on kitchen floor? I can't work here," and off she flounced, in a huff.

A CROOKED STORY.

"You are rather a crooked character, Mr. Jones." "Rather, sir. But not quite so crooked as a tree I once knew. It was the tallest butternut I ever saw. Standing close to it one day in a thunderstorm, I saw a squirrel on one of its topmost branches. The lightning struck the same branch about three feet above him, and the squirrel started. The lightning had to follow the grain, of course, and the squirrel went straight down. So crooked was that tree, sir, that the squirrel, by my watch, got to the bottom precisely three minutes before the lightning." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the landlord. "A lie!—true as any story ever was. I afterwards saw that tree cut down, and made into rails for a hog pasture. The hogs would crawl through twenty times a day, and so crooked were them rails, that every time the hogs got out they found themselves back in the pasture again!

A TRUE STORY.

"Shon, mine son," said a worthy German father to his hopeful heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language—"Shon, mine son, come here, and I vill dell you a liddle stories. Now, mine son, shall it be a drue stcries, or a makesbleeve?"

"Oh, a true story, of course," answered John.

"Ferry fell den. Tere vas vonce a goot, nice oldt shentleman (shoost like me). Andt von day he heard his son shwearing, like a young fillain as he vas. So he vent to the winkle (corner), and dook out a cowhides, shoost as I am toing now, and he took ter liddle blackguard by de collar (dis way, you see), and volloped him shoost so! Andt den, mine tear son, he bull his ears dis vay, and smack his face dat vay, and dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vill do dis efening."

A NICE MAN.

"Wal, stranger," said a backwoodsman to a man whom the landlord of the hotel, where both stopped, had prevailed to sleep with him—"Wal, stranger, I've no objection to you sleeping with me, none in the least; but it seems to me the bed's rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considering how I dream. You see I'm an old trapper, and ginerally dream of shooting and scalping Injuns. Where I stopped night afore last they charged me five dollars extra 'cause I happened to whittle up the head-board in the night. But you can come, stranger, if you like; I feel kinder peaceable now."

THE WAY A YANKEE MADE A DOZEN CHICKENS.

One of those peculiarly slab-sided, gaunt Yankees, which the prolific soil down East produces in abundance, lately emigrated and settled down in the vicinity of Chestnut Hill. He was the very picture of a mean, shifty Yankee; but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbours willingly lent him a hand. After he got everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerful fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbour, and accosted him with, "Wal, I reckon you haint go no old hen nor nothin' you would lend me for a few weeks?" "I will lend you one with pleasure," replied his neighbour, picking out one of the finest in the coops. The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbour and borrowed a dozen of eggs. He set the hen on the eggs, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen of chickens. The Yankee was again puzzled—he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea—and who ever saw a Yankee without one?—came to his relief; he would keep the hen until she laid a dozen eggs. He then returned the hen and the eggs to their respective owners, remarking as he did so, "Wal, I guess I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther."

CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

IN overhaulin one of my old trunks the tother day, I found the follerin jernal of a vyge on the starnch canawl bote, Polly Ann, which happend to the subscriber when I was a young man (in the Bright Lexington of yooth, when thar aint no sich word as fale) on the Wabash Canawl:

(Monday 2 P.M.) Got under wa. Hosses not remarkably frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under 'em before they'd start. Started at larst very suddent, causing the bote for to lurch vilently and knockin me orf from my pins. (Sailor frase.) Sevral passenjers on bored. Parst threw deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin korn and other projuce in the fields. Surblime scenery. Large red-heded gal reclinin on the banks of the Canawl, bathin her feet.

Turned in at 15 minits parst eleving.

Toosdy—Riz at 5 and went up on the poop deck. Took a grown person's dose of licker with a member of the Injianny legislater, which he urbanely insisted on allowin me to pay for. Bote tearin threu the briny waters at the rate of 2 Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hoss shoutid,

"Sale hoe!"

"Whar away?" hollered the capting, clearin his glass (a empty black bottle, with the bottom knockt out) and bringing it to his Eagle eye.

"Bout four rods to the starbud," screamed the boy.

"Jes so," screeched the capting. "What wessel's that air?"

"Kickin Warier of Terry Hawt."

"I, I Sir!" hollered our capting. "Reef your arft hoss, splice your main jib-boom, and hail your chambermaid! What's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" sed the capting of the Warier.

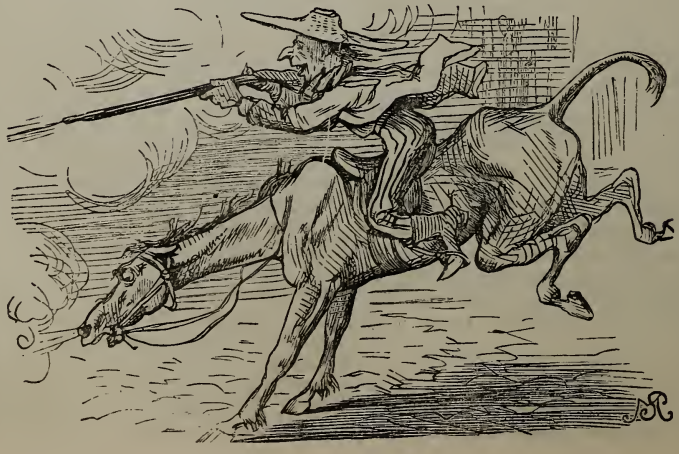
"Wall, I reckin. He can eat more fried pork nor any man of his heft on the Wabash. He's a ornament to his sex!"

"Wall," continued the capting of the Kickin Warier. "Wilyim got a little owly the tother day, and got to prancin around town on that old white mare of his'n, and bein in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court us whar old Judge Perkins was a holdin Court, and let drive his rifle at him. The bullet didn't hit the Judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d'ye spose the old despot did? Why, he actooally fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court! What do you think of that?" axed the capting of the Warier, as he parst a long black bottle over to our capting.

"The country is indeed in danger!" sed our capting, raisin the bottle to his lips. The wessels parted. No other incidents that day. Retired to my chased couch at 5 minits parst 10.

(Wensdy.) Riz arly. Wind blowin N. W. E. Hevy sea on and ship rollin wildly in consekents of pepper-corns havin bin fastened to the forrerd hoss's tale. "Heave two!" roared the capting to the man at the rudder, as the Polly giv a friteful toss. I was sorry I'd cum.

The hosses became dosile eventually, and I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splender, disregardless of expense, and lovely Natur put in her best licks. We parst the beautiful village of Limy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, Institoots of learnin, and other evijences of civillizashun, incloodin a party of bald-heded cullered men who was playing 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tavern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," sed the Capting, shovin a bottle tords my plate. "It's whiskey. A few quarts



allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent tonic!" I declined the seductive flooid.

(Thursdy.) Didn't rest well last night on account of a uprore made by the capting, who stopt the Bote to go ashore and smash in the windows of a grosery. He was brought back in about a hour, with his hed dun up in a red handkercher, his eyes bein swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was bro't aboard on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passenjers all risin up in their births, pushin the red curtains aside & lookin out to see what the matter was. "Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseemly style, my misgided friend?" sed a sollum lookin man in a red flannel nitecap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the field?"

"Wall, the fack is," sed the capting, risin hisself on the shutter, "I've bin a little prejoodiced agin that grosery for some time. But I made it lively for the boys, Deacon' Bet yer life!" He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passenjers, sed "Bless you! bless you!" and fell into a sweet sleep.

Eventually we reached our jerny's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hoss was foaled. This was be4 steembotes was goin round bustin their bilers & sendin peple higher nor a kite. Them was happy days when pepl was intelligent & wax figgers & livin wild beests wasn't scoffed at.

"O dase of my boyhood,
I'm dreamin on ye now!"

(Poeckry.) A. W.

SEASONING.

BY SAM SLICK.

TAKE your daily bread, and be thankful; but don't pray to lay up for you the loaves for years to come, to make you rich. Many a man has died about the time his great baking of bread came out of his oven.

EVERY donkey thinks itself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she could keep house better than her mother; but thoughts are not facts, for the sprat thought itself a herring, but the fisherman knew better.

WHEN grasshoppers are so plenty as to make the pastures poor, gobblers grow fat. Hard times is what you thrive in; when the ponds dry up, the pokes get the pollywogs.

THE natur of matrimony is one thing, and the natur of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife; a great talker likes a silent woman—for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic gal—for he can leave her at home to nuss children and make pap, while he is enjoyin' of himself at parties. A man that aint any music in him, likes it in his spouse, and so on. It chimes beautiful, for they aint in each other's way. Now, friendship is the other way; you must like the same things, to like each other and be friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits, and recreations (what they call congenial souls); a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter for a prize-fighter—and so on. Matrimony likes contrasts; friendship seeks its own counterparts.

THINKS I to myself, a man may be a president, and no great shakes either; for, after all, he is only the lead horse of a team. He has got the go in him, and that's all; but he can't hold back, which is a great matter, both in statesmen and horses. For if he slacks up, he is rid over by those behind him, and gets his neck broke—he must go or die. Work: airn your own pork, and see how sweet it will be. Work, and see how well you will be. Work, and see how cheerful you will be. Work, and see how independent you will be. Work, and see how happy your family will be. Work, and see how religious you will be; for, before you know where you are, instead of repining at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy. "Punctuality," sais I, "my lord, is the soul of business. There is an old sayin', 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' Now, take care of the minutes," sais I, "and the hours will take care of themselves. Pounds is made up of pence, and hours of minutes Attention to one earns money for me, and the other saves it. These two rules will make any man rich; and, in fact, my lord, they have made me considerable well-to-do in this world, as times go." Them that have more than their share of one thing, commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength, there aint apt to be much gumption. A handsome man in a gineral way aint much of a man. A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them that has genius have no common sense. A feller with one idea grows rich, while he who calls him a fool dies poor. The world is like a baked meat-pie; the upper crust is rich, dry, and puffy; the lower crust is heavy, doughy, and underdone; the middle is not bad generally; but the smallest part of all is that which flavours the whole.

BLACK JOKES.

A DANDY Darkie said to another, "Pomp, was yer ever drunk?" "No; I was intoxicated wid ardent spirits once, and dat's nuff for dis darkie. Why, dah! bless you, Cæsar, my head felt as if it was an outhouse, while all de diggers in de world appeared to be splittin' wood in it."

"CATO, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes towards the south in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de 'clemency of de norf, and so am 'bliged to go to de souf, where he 'speriences warmer longitude," was the philosophic reply.

"WHAT'S the matter?" inquired a passer-by, observing a crowd collected around a black fellow, whom an officer was attempting to secure, to put on board an outward bound whale ship, from which he had deserted. "Matter! matter enough," exclaimed the delinquent, "pressing a poor negro to get oil."

"SAY, Sambo, where did de Mexicans suffer de most?" "Why, in *de feet* (defeat), to be sure. What you ask such silly questions for, Peter?"

"MASSA, one ob your oxen's dead—todder too; 'fraid to tell you ob 'em bof at once, 'fraid you couldn't bore it."

THE old darkey's definition of "parsewerance" was not a bad one, and will do for a life motto. Here it is: "Cotch—hold—hold fast—and nebber leave go."

"CUFF, you see dem two ladies ob colour, cross de street dare?" "Yes, I see de dear angels, Pompey." "Well, don't dey look 'mazing like one another?" "Dat berry true; I gibbs you credit for your nice demonstration; dey do 'mazingly 'zemble one anoder, 'specially de one on dis side."

"JULIUS, was you ever in business?" "In course I was." "What business?" "A sugar planter." "When was dat, my coloured friend?" Der day I buried dat old sweet-heart of mine."

"SAM, did you see Mr. Jenkins, the new overseer?" "Yes, massa, I meet him down by the cotton-gin." "He's a good-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good-looking man—he made a bow, dat's all he said."

"SAY, Pomp, you nigger, where you get dat new hat?" asked Cæsar. "Why, at de shop, of course." "What is de price of such an article as dat?" "I don't know, nigger, I don't know—*de shopkeeper wasn't dar!*"

A DISTINGUISHED Southern gentleman, dining at a New York hotel, was annoyed at a negro servant continually waiting upon him, and desired him one day at dinner to retire. "Excuse me, sah," said Cuffy, drawing himself up, "but I'se 'sponsible for de silver."

"WHO go dar?" "Friend," said Colonel Macnab. "'Vance, frien', and give de countersign." The colonel and his companion looked at each other, half-amused and half-perplexed. "Look here," said he, "I haven't got it." "I no got him nider, massa," said the sentry gravely; "tink I got him from you. Pass on, all's well."

A NEGRO about dying, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, sah," he replied, "if I dies I forgive dat nigga; but if I gits well, dat nigga must take care?"

TWO sable philosophers took shelter under the same tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complained that he felt the rain. "Neber mind," replied the other, "dere's plenty of trees; when dis 'un is wet through we'll go to de oder."

A NEGRO passing under a scaffolding where some repairs were going on, a brick fell from above on his head, and was broken in two by the fall; Sambo very coolly raised his head and exclaimed, "Hallo, you white man up dar! if you don't want your bricks brok just keep 'em off my head!"

THAT was not a bad story Bones told recently on the "hard times" then prevailing in the city. He called on his bootmaker with whom he had left a pair of boots to repair, and finding the door shut, knocked loudly for admittance. The son of Crispin put his head out of the window and remarked, "You hab no use knocking dere; I'se closed." "Then hand me out my boots," retorted Bones. The bootmaker retired, and in a moment one of Bones's boots was thrown out of the window. The other, however, was not forthcoming, and to Bones's inquiry as to the cause of the delay, the bootmaker very coolly replied, "Dat's all you can hab now, Mr. Bones; I'se only paying fifty per cent."

"JULIUS, is you better dis morning?" "No; I was better yesterday, but ise got ober dat." "Am dere no hopes ob your discobery?" "Discobery of what?" "Your discobery from de convalescence what am fetching you on your back." "Dat depends, sah, altogeddah on de prognostification which implies de disease; should dey continuate fatually, de doctor thinks Ise a gone coon. Should dey not continuate fatually, he hopes dis cullud individual won't die dis time. But, as I said afore, dat all depends on de prognostics; and till dese come to a head, dere am no telling wedder dis pusson will come to a discontinuation or odderwise."

"CÆSAR," said a planter to his negro, "climb up that tree and thin out the branches." The negro

showed no disposition to comply; and being pressed for a reason answered, "Well, look heah, massa. If I go up dar and fall down and broke my neck, dat'll be a tousand dollars out o' your pocket. Now, why don't you hire an Irishman to go up? and den if he falls and kills hissef dar won't be no loss to nobody."

AT a recent discussion meeting, held by negroes, the question of the evening was, "Which am de mudder of de chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?" The question was warmly debated, and many reasons *pro* and *con.* were urged and combated, when a shrewd fellow put the case thus: "S'pose dat you set one dozen ducks' eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder—de duck or de hen?" This was a poser, but the chairman extricated them from the difficulty. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: "Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule de ducks out;" and so he did, to the complete overthrow of those who held a different opinion.

A TRAVELLER, domiciling at an American hotel, exclaimed one morning to the waiter—"What are you about, you black rascal? you have roused me twice from my sleep, by telling me breakfast is ready, and now you are attempting to strip off the bedclothes. What do you mean?" "Why," replied Pompey, "if you isn't goin' to git up, I must hab de sheet anyhow, 'cause dey'r waitin' for de big white table clof."

"POMPEY," said a good-natured gentleman to his coloured man, "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, massa?" replied Pompey; "I know'd it at de time."

PROF. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, who preaches for the New York Picayune, devoted his last discourse to the consideration of the duck. We extract his "4thly:"—"De duck hab de'wantage ob de ladies in de splendor of deir shape; de simetary ob de duck's neck am bewteful in de 'xtreme, and de swell am graceful wen deir crop's full, and hence dey nebber hab to resort to pads and skoop network (which am 'xposed in de winders ob a shop in Broadway for sale) to make up deir figor."

A SOUTHERN Adonis, not particularly celebrated for his personal attractions, on completing a somewhat protracted toilet one morning, turned to his servant and inquired—"How do I look, Cæsar?" "'Plendid, massa—'plendid!" was Ebony's delightful answer. "Do you think I'll *do*, Cæsar?" he asked, surveying himself in a glass, and giving Cæsar a piece of silver. "Guy! massa, neber see you look so fierce in all my life. You look jist as bold as a lion!" "A lion? why, what do you know about a lion? You never *saw* one, Cæsar." "Neber see a *lion*, massa! Guy! I see Massa Peyton's Jim ride one ober to de mill ebery day." "Why, you fool, that's a donkey!" "Can't help *dat*, massa," said Cæsar, "*you look jis like him!*" The "coloured compliment" was not improved by the amendment.

CATEGORICAL COURTSHIP.

I SAT one night beside a blue-eyed girl—
  The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother;
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
  Making faint shadows, blending in each other:
'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November;
She had a shawl on, also, I remember.

Well, I had been to see her every night
  For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
To pop the question, thinking all was right,
  And once or twice had made an awkward motion
To take her hand, and stammer'd, cough'd, and stutter'd,
But, somehow, nothing to the point had utter'd.

I thought this chance too good now to be lost;
  I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I cross'd,
  Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her:
She looked as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her feet upon the floor was drumming.

I didn't know how to begin, or where—
  I couldn't speak—the words were always choking;
I scarce could move—I seem'd tied to the chair—
  I hardly breathed—'twas awfully provoking!
The perspiration from each pore came oozing,
My heart, and brain, and limbs their power seem'd losing.

At length I saw a brindle tabby cat
  Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her;
An idea came, electric-like, at that—
  My doubts, like summer clouds, began to scatter,
I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
And said, "Come, Puss, ask Mary if she'll have me."

'Twas done at once—the murder now was out;
  The thing was all explain'd in half a minute.
She blush'd, and, turning pussy-cat about,
  Said, "Pussy, tell him 'yes;'" her foot was in it!
The cat had thus saved me my category,
And here's the catastrophe of my story.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

YE, bye, baby!" A woman in Ohio put it into the washing-tub, and its dirty frock and petticoat into the cradle, and set her little boy to rock it. She did not discover her mistake until the baby cried out when she pinned its left leg to the line, as she hung it out in the yard to dry.

A GENTLEMAN addicted to taking snuff, let fall his handkerchief; stooping to pick it up, he seized hold of a lady's dress, wiped his nose with it, and commenced stuffing it into his coat pocket. He did not discover his mistake till a somewhat irascible gentleman kicked him out of the house.

THE other day a man in Baltimore, intending to wind up his watch, through a sudden attack of absence of mind, wound up himself. He did not perceive his mistake until his creditors refused to allow him to go upon *tick* any longer.

AN American paper informs us of the following case of absence of mind, which took place in the person of an old lady, who, after stirring the fire with her knitting needle, proceeded to knit with the poker, and did not discover her error till she commenced scratching her head with it.

PEOPLE in love are very apt to forget themselves, instance the following:—A lady, having written, folded, and sealed a *billet-doux*, tripped away to the post-office at Baltimore. Her mind being engrossed in imagining the delight the fond object she had addressed would experience in receiving her communication, caused her to make a slight mistake; she dropped the letter unconsciously on the footpath, and posted herself! nor did she discover her error until the postmaster asked, when about to stamp her, whether she was double or single.

WE learn from the *Nashville Banner* that a land agent down there, having to ride out in great haste one day last week, actually clapped the saddle upon his own back instead of his mare's, and never found out the mistake till he was quite fatigued with vainly trying to get upon himself.

THE latest case of absence of mind is that of a young lady who, on returning from a walk with her lover, the other evening, rapped him on the face, and bade good-night to the door.

AN absent-minded gentleman, on retiring at night, put his dog to bed, and kicked himself down-stairs. He did not discover his mistake until he began to yelp and the dog tried to snore.

A GENTLEMAN from the West informs us of an instance of absence of mind, where a Yankee speculator, while engaged in speculation, fell to whittling his fingers instead of a stick, and did not discover his mistake till he had whittled off his two first fingers, and sharpened the third to a point. This is beaten by a farrier, who, in making horse-shoe nails, instead of taking a nail-rod, deliberately put his own hand into the fire, heating it red-hot, hammered each of his fingers into nails, and the thumb into a toe-calk, and did not discover his mistake till the horse was shod and gone.

THE following instance exceeds even that of the attorney who, in a fit of abstraction, paid his tradesman's bill on first presentation:—"A correspondent apprises us of the decease of Mr. Isaac Slocum, of S——, postmaster of that place, formerly of Boston, in consequence of a severe cold. He was distinguished for his wondrous alienation of mind, which was a source of great annoyance to him. In addition to holding an egg in his hand and boiling his watch five minutes, and many others, the last instance known of his absence of mind is supposed to be the cause of his death. One night lately he retired to his chamber, and, after undressing, placed his clothes carefully between the sheets and threw himself across the back of a chair, in which situation he remained during the night."

A MAN in Lowell, in attempting to hang himself, forgot to put the rope round his neck, and jumped off the barrel into a mud-hole. He did not discover his mistake until he attempted to kick.

A MAN thinking he was at home, a few evenings since, lay down on the common, and put his boots outside the gate, to be blackened in the morning. Another person, after getting home one rainy night, put his umbrella in bed, and leaned up in the corner himself.

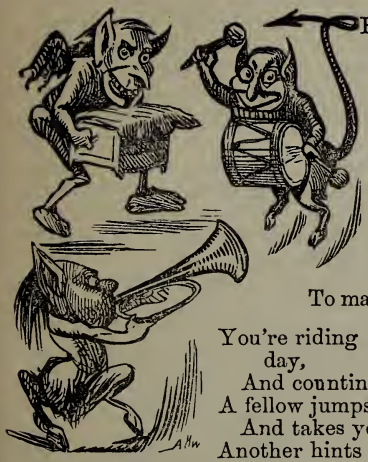
A DOCTOR, on calling upon a gentleman who had been some time ailing, put a fee into the patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man; he was not made sensible of his error till he found himself turning ill and the patient getting better.

THE most recent case of absence of mind, is that of an editor who lately copied from a hostile paper one of his own articles, and headed it, "Wretched attempt at wit."

AN absent-minded professor, in going out of the gateway of his college, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment, he raised his hat and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after, he stumbled against a lady in the street. In sudden recollection of his former mishap, he called out, "Is that you again, you brute?"

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



THERE are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine—
Some filthy creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread;
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice
And something like a drum;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home," should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your "auld acquaintance," all at once,
Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be—it is, it is—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or if you cannot make a speech
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!

STAGE JESTS, CUT AND DRY.

AN actor named Priest was playing at one of the principal theatres. Some one remarked at the Garrick Club that there were a great many men in the pit. "Probably clerks, who have taken Priest's orders," said Mr. Poole, one of the best punsters, as well as one of the cleverest comic satirists of the day.

A GENTLEMAN praising the personal charms of a very plain woman in the presence of Foote, the latter said, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Every right by the law of nations," replied Foote; "every right, as the first discoverer."

GEORGE COLMAN, getting out of a hackney-coach one night, gave the driver a shilling. "This is a bad shilling," said the driver. "Then it is all right," said George, with his inimitable chuckle; "it is all right—yours is a bad coach."

COLMAN, himself no giant, was singularly fond of quizzing persons of short stature. Liston, and pretty *little* Mrs. Liston, were dining with him, and towards evening, when preparing to leave their host, Liston said, "Come, Mrs. L., let us be going." "Mrs. L. (Ell) indeed!" exclaimed Colman: "Mrs. Inch you mean."

A YOUNG gentleman being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, observed testily that they were wanting to make a butt of him. "No, my good sir," said Mr. Colman, who was present; "we only want to get a stave out of you."

"I LIVE in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a stye in them when I saw her last."

THE same gentleman was once in a company of grave antiquaries, when the conversation turned on the origin of popular sayings. A gentleman present said nothing had puzzled him so much as to ascertain the origin of the saying, "I'll give you a cheque on Aldgate pump." Colman, who had been very silent during the whole of the dry discussions of the evening, immediately remarked that he supposed "it was because they used to take draughts (drafts) there."

THE first time that Henderson the player rehearsed a part at Drury Lane, George Garrick came into the boxes, saying as he entered, "I only come as a spectator." Soon after, he made some objection to Henderson's playing, and the new actor retorted, "Sir, I thought you were to be only a *Spectator;* you are turning *Tatler.*" "Never mind him, sir," said David Garrick, "never mind him; let him be what he will, I will be the *Guardian.*"

THE following address was delivered by the manager of a small theatre in Ireland, there being only three persons in the house:—"Ladies and Gentleman,—As there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performances of this night will not be performed, but they will be *repeated* to-morrow evening."

WELLS, the prompter, who was useful on the stage, happened one evening to play the Duke in the tragedy of *Othello*, having previously given directions to a girl-of-all-work who attended on the wardrobe, to bring him a gill of the best whiskey. Not wishing to go out, as the evening was wet, the girl employed a little boy who happened to be standing about, to execute the commission, and the little fellow (no person being present to stop him), without considering the impropriety of such an act, coolly walked on to the stage and delivered his message—the state of affairs at this ridiculous juncture being exactly as follows: the Senate was assembled, and the speaker was—

Brabantio. So did I yours: good your grace, pardon me:
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature.
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Here the little boy walked on to the stage, with a pewter gill stoup, and thus delivered himself—"It's just the whusky, Mr. Walls; and I couldna get ony at fourpence, so yer awn the landlord a penny; and he says it's time you was payin' what's doon i' the book."

ONE evening a great tragedian being on the stage, it was Mr. Walsh's duty to come on, attired in plush, and say, "My lord, the coach is at the door." This being all that was laid down for him, he said it; but, directly afterwards, advancing to the footlights and addressing the gallery, he continued, with much animation, "And allow me to add that the man who lifts his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of a Briton." This sentiment brought down a tornado of applause, but on retiring from the stage the actor was pounced upon by the great tragedian and asked how he had dared to overstep the limits assigned to him. "I'm very sorry," quoth Mr. Walsh, "but it's my benefit next Monday, and I've got to conciliate the audience as well as you, Mr. Macready."

THE following letter was found among some old family papers. It is addressed to Liston, and is made up of the names of plays which were popular in the last century:—"Friend Liston, Better Late than Never. You are All in the Wrong to make yourself such a Busybody about acting; but Every Man in his Humour. I'll tell you what, He Would if he Could be a Critic, a very Peeping Tom; such things are the rage. All's Well that Ends Well. I scorn to play the Hypocrite, and wish we

were Next-door Neighbours; then we could have the School for Scandal, a Quarter of an Hour before Dinner, or Half an Hour after Supper; talk of Ways and Means, the Wheel of Fortune, the Follies of a Day, Humours of an Election, and make quite a Family Party; be all in Good Humour, and never have the Blue Devils; but may you and your lady always prove the Constant Couple. Pray, how is Miss in her Teens? By-and-by she will be sighing Heigho for a Husband. I hope he will not prove a Deaf Lover, but may they possess Love for Love. You are a Married Man, and know How to Rule a Wife, and Mrs. L., I have no doubt, understands The Way to Keep Him; may she prove a Grandmother, and be happy in her Son-in-law. Now as to the letter, What d'ye Call it? Believe me, in this Romance of an Hour, I do not mean Cross Purposes, but rather hope it will be the Agreeable Surprise. You may wonder, but the author is the Child of Nature, whose whole life has been a Chapter of Accidents and Much Ado about Nothing, who endeavours to keep up his vivacity Abroad and at Home, has Two Strings to his Bow, and is no Liar when he says he is yours, truly.—Aug. 8th, Sunday, Sevenoaks, Kent."

THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

DONKEY whose talent for burden was wondrous,
So much that you'd swear he rejoiced in a load,
One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous
That—down the poor donkey fell, smack on the road.

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze—
What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,
So easy to drive through the dirtiest ways,
For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hailed" as a "brother")
Had just been proclaiming his donkey's renown,
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other—
When, lo! 'mid his praises, the donkey came down.

But, how to upraise him?—one shouts, t'other whistles,
While Jenky the conjurer, wisest of all,
Declared that an "over-production of thistles"
(Here Ned gave a stare) was the cause of his fall.

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes—
"There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease;
The beast has been fighting with other jackasses,
And this is his mode of *transition to peace.*"

Some looked at his hoofs, and with learned grimaces
Pronounced that too long without shoes he had gone—
"Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal basis*
(The wiseacres said), and he's sure to jog on."

But others, who gabbled a jargon half Gaelic,
Exclaimed, "Hoot awa, mon! you're a' gane astray"—
And declared that, "whoe'er might prefer the metallic,
They'd shoe their own donkeys with *papier-mâché.*"

Meanwhile the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,
Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan,
And what was still dolefuller—lending an ear
To advisers whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far
As to see others' folly, roared out as he passed—
"Quick—off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,
Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last!"

HOW TO OPEN OYSTERS.

"Talk of opening oysters!" said old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's how?" inquired Starlight.

"Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sententiously—"Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico—sometimes a legend of his loves—sometimes a marvellous stock operation in Wall Street. As he proceeds, the 'natives' get interested—one by one they gape with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth; and as they gape, my friend whips 'em out, peppers 'em, and swallows 'em."

"That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. "I wish we had a bushel of them here now—they'd open easy."

A WINTER SONG.

WHEN the dawn wears a cloak, and the wind has a cough,
And spitefully carries the last bluebell off;
When the sunniest prospect is dark at the rim,
And the gold in the woods looks unburnished and dim:

Don't sulk of an evening, ill-tempered and blue;
Bad weather for one is good weather for two:
Go visit your Popsy, and pass her your cup;
She'll butter the muffins, and coddle you up.

How nice for you both, while the servant below
Sits biting her nails, feeling envious and slow,
Brooding over her chance to tell Miss by-an'-by
That her back hair's untidy, her collar awry!

Little dear! (not the servant, your Popsy I mean)—
While she treats you so kindly your heart should keep green;
Dullest weather should find you the best human dog,
Or else you deserve to be choked in the fog,

When the dawn wears a cloak, and the wind has a cough,
And spitefully carries the last bluebell off,
When the sunniest prospect is dark at the rim,
And the gold of the woods looks unburnished and dim!

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

THE Mr. Barkum thus addressed—a jolly old trader—replied with a grin, "What shall I tell you, miss?" "I don't know. As we are on the sea, tell us a story of shipwreck—but not a melancholy one." "Never told one in my life, miss!" "But you have been shipwrecked, have you not?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Barkum, "sure-ly yes, miss, sure-ly. Why, I was shipwrecked here," with a broad wave of the arm which included the whole Atlantic. "You don't say so, Mr. Barkum. Do tell us all about it. What did you do?" "Well," said that gentleman, "we was tossed here and we was tossed there for three days and three nights, and then we took to the boats. And after we took to the boats we was tossed here and we was tossed there for three days and three nights more—and wery cold and wery wet we were. Then the victuals fell short; and for three days and three nights we had nothin' to eat nor nothin' to drink, and wery hungry and wery thirsty we were." Here Mr. Barkum made a long pause. Miss Graham said, "And was there no vessel to pick you up, Mr. Barkum? How did you manage?" "Well, miss. we burnt priming, and made a fire in the dripping pan that the black cook would not leave behind. Then we cast lots, and the lot fell on the steward; so we stewed——" "Good Heavens, Mr. Barkum!" "Yes, miss, we did indeed. We stewed his boots—Wellingtons. The tops was the tenderest. Then we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the black cook; so we stewed his pumps; but they was uneatable, though the soup kept us alive ten days. After that we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the captain; and we stewed his water-boots; but they was tremendous tough, sure-ly." At this point Mr. Barkum was interrupted by a general shout of remonstrance. "Well," says he, "when a lady tells a man she wants a story of a shipwreck, what's he to do? I told the wery best I could."

ELOQUENCE.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a Kentucky advocate, in defending his client, who was charged with stealing a hank of yarn, "do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, of Muddy Creek and Mississippi, would be guilty o' stealin' a hank o' cotting yarn? Gentlemen of the jury, I reckon not—I s'pose not. By no means, gentlemen, not at all. He are not guilty. Tom Flinn! Good heavens! gentlemen, you all know Tom Flinn; and on honour, now, gentlemen—do you think he'd do it? No, gentlemen, I s'pose not—I reckon not. Thomas Flinn! Why, great snakes and alligators! Tom's a whole team on Muddy Creek, and hose to let. And do you think he'd sneak off with a miserable hank o' cotting yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. When the wolves was a howlin', gentlemen, on the mountains o' Kentucky, and Napoleon were a fightin' the battles o' Europe—do you think, gentlemen, that my client, Mr. Thomas Flinn, gentlemen, could be guilty o' hookin'—yes, hookin', gentlemen—that pitiful, low, mean, hank o' cotting yarn? Onpossible! Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. Tom Flinn! Gentlemen, I reckon I know my client, Thomas Flinn! He's got the fastest nag and purtiest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy Creek and Mississippi. That, gentlemen, are a fact. Yes, gentlemen, that are a fact. You kin bet on that, gentlemen. Yes, gentlemen, you kin bet your bones on that! Now, 'pon my honour, gentlemen, do you think he are guilty? Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. Why, gentlemen of this jury, my client, Thomas Flinn, am no more guilty o' stealin' that are hank o' cotting yarn than a toad are got a tail—yes, a tail, gentlemen! Than a toad are got a tail!" Verdict for defendant—case dismissed. Court adjourned.

A GREAT FISH STORY.

It is not known who wrote the following wonderful narrative, but the author is certainly a man of rare faculties. It is said to have been taken from the logbook of a vessel which arrived in New York:—

In the course of the voyage, that dreadful disease, ship fever, broke out among the crew. One of the sailors, among the first victims, was accompanied by his son, a lad of fourteen years, who was strongly attached to his father, and remained with him day and night, and never could be persuaded to leave his sick father for a moment.

A large shark was seen every day following the vessel, evidently for the purpose of devouring any one who should die and be committed to the deep.

After lingering a few days, the sailor died. As was the custom at sea, he was sewed up in a blanket, and for the purpose of sinking him an old grindstone and a carpenter's axe were put in with him. The very impressive service of the Episcopal Church was then read, and the body committed to the deep.

The poor boy, who had watched the proceedings closely, plunged in after his father, when the enormous shark swallowed them both. The second day after this dreadful scene, as the shark continued to follow the vessel—for there were others sick in the ship—one of the sailors proposed, as they had a shark-hook on board, to make an effort to take him.

They fastened the hook to a long rope, and baited it with a piece of pork, threw it into the sea, and the shark instantly swallowed it. Having thus hooked him, by means of a windlass they hoisted him on board. After he was dead they prepared to open him, when one of the sailors, stooping down for that purpose, suddenly paused, and after listening a few moments, declared most solemnly he heard a low guttural sound, which appeared to proceed from the shark. The sailors, after enjoying a hearty laugh at his expense, proceeded to listen for themselves, when they were compelled to admit they heard a similar sound. They then set about opening the shark, when the mystery was at once explained.

It appears the sailor was not dead, but in a trance; and his son, upon making this discovery when inside the shark, had, by means of a knife, ripped open the blanket. Having thus liberated his father, they both went to work and righted up the old grindstone—the boy was turning, the father was holding on to the old ship carpenter's axe, sharpening it for the purpose of cutting their way out of their unnatural prison, which occasioned the noise heard by the sailor. As it was the hottest season of the year, and very little air stirring where they were at work, they were both perspiring tremendously.

TALKING SHOP.

Shopping is the amusement of spending money at shops. It is to a lady what sporting is to a gentleman; somewhat productive, and very changeable. Sport, however, involves the payment of one's own shot; shopping may be managed by getting it paid for. Ride all the way till you come to the shopping ground—in a coach, if you can; in an omnibus, if you must—lest you should be tired when you get there. If you are a lady of fashion, do not get out of your carriage; and when you stop before your milliner's, particularly if it is a cold, wet day, make one of the young women come out to you, and without a bonnet, in her thin shoes, stand on the curb-stone in the damp and mud. The best places for shopping are fashionable streets, bazaars, and the like. Street-shopping principally relates to hosiery, drapery, and jewellery of the richer sort. Bazaar and arcade shopping, to fancy articles, nick-nacks, and perfumery. In street-shopping, walk leisurely along, keeping a sharp look-out on the windows. In bazaar-shopping, beat each stall separately. Many patterns, colours, novelties, conveniences, and other articles will thus strike your eye, which you would otherwise have never wanted or dreamt of. When you have marked down some dress or riband, for instance, that you would like, go and inquire the price of it; haggle, demur, examine, and, lastly, buy. You will then be asked "whether there is any other article to-day?" Whether there is or not, let the shopman show you what wares he pleases; you will very likely desire one or more of them. Whatever you think very cheap, that buy, without reference to your need of it; it is a bargain. You will find too, as you go on, that one thing suggests another; as bonnets—ribands for trimming, or flowers; and handkerchiefs—perfumery. In considering what more you want, try and recollect what your acquaintances have got that you have not; or what you have seen worn by strangers in going along. See if there is anything before you superior in any respect to a similar thing which you have already; if so, get it instantly, not reflecting whether your own will do well enough. Married ladies are recommended to show their thoughtfulness by purchasing some little trifle for their husbands, who, of course, will have to pay for it in the end.

YORKSHIRE LORE.

WOT'S CHRESAMAS CHEER.

EGLAR hamper cum creakin into yer door-stan, wi a turkey or a gooise in it, an a few uther matters ta keep t'poor things company, i' t'shap a sparib, poark-pies, sassages, or owt else at can be squeaz'd in nicely, sent throo a friend, a real friend; wun at hezzant a moative in it, or expecks az much or more i return for it—That's cheerin.

Ta see a warm-hearted benefacktor enter a poor man's cottage, when snaw lays thick at hiz door-stan, an hickles, wi ther coud, icy look, grinin upa t'strawthackt eves, an summat more than a shack a t'hand, or "Ha do yo do?" iz heard ta saand—That's cheerin.

Ta see a goodly number a relashans an friends met tagether before a well-spred table, at t'owd haase at hoame—That's cheerin.

Ta hear t'favrit owd "Christians awake," chanted be little cherry-cheekt urchins, at foaks' doors at's willin ta hoppan it, an stop ther maaths wi some good thick shives a spice cake, and summat beside for ther pockit—That's cheerin.

Ta see t'bauk in a wurkin-man's haase nicely ornamented wi flicks a hoame-fed bacon, an hiz pantry-shelves bendin like bows wi au soarts a good substanshal fare, an a barril a good home-brew'd, wi it spickit-an-fawcit, cronkt in a corner—That's cheerin.

EXPLENASHON OV A FEW DICK-SHONERRY WORDS.

Accident—Fallin aht wi a kind friend, an breikin off hiz acquaintance.

Blush—A colour at owt to cum i sum foaks' faices offancer then it duz do.

Crust—Wot sum foaks dispises an thraws away, but ar glad ta get it befoar thay dee.

Dispair—A womman livin till shooze fifty, withaht havin hed an offer.

Evergreen—Foaks at's fond a flattery, an nivver can see when thare made gam on.

Fast—A man at ovverruns hiz incum.

Ghoast—A hollow turnap stuck at t'end ov a besom shaft, wi a bit a leetad canal in it.

Hint—Stoppin late at a friend's hahce, an he keeps pullin his watch aht ta see wot time it iz.

Imprisonment—Mackin a yung womman stop i t'hahce, at's gottan a new bonnit.

Jepordy—Pairtridge legs an wings, when t'cat iz lockt up i t'pantry all t'neet.

Keen—A hard landlord, an a miser's wish for gain.

Lancet—A slanderer's tongue.

Mask—Wot sum yung laidiz put on at times, when thay caan't just hev ther awn way.

Noa—What nivver a womman i t'wurld yit wor heard ta say, when shoo wor axt ta be wed.

Odd—Owd batchillors.

Paishance—Goin a waukin wi yer wife, an waitin wal shooze gettin ready for startin.

Queer—Owd maids.

Redickalas—A womman wi a gaan az far rahnd az a turn-table, an a bonnit na bigger then a skimin dish.

Stupid—Foaks at will hev it at ther awn way's t'best, an weant beleeve at two heads ar better then wun.

Twist—A thing at's offance ta be noatist at club dinners.

Ugly—A laidy at sixty-wun, wi turned-up hat an feathers.

Venom—A man doin wi hiz tongue what he'd do wi hiz hands, if he durst.

Whip—A instrument ta mack horses ta goa, an asses ta feel.

Yarn—A tale spun be foaks at likes ta hear t'rattle a ther awn tawk.

Zigzag—T'road hoame ov a drunkard.

HAH TO HEV A "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

DON'T grind ginger for ivvery little snubby-noaz'd dissapointment at may cum i yer way; but hev a heigher sperrit, an grind for noan but upgrown ans.

Doant meet trubbles hauf way, for thare not wurth t'compliment.

Turn a deaf ear ta tale-bearers, an turn them neck an crop aght a yer company at t'same time.

Keep yer tongue within yer teeth, an them at hez noan let em bind ther lips ovver ta keep t'peace.

Live az far away throo a gossaper az yo weel can; an when onny do cum ta see yo, begin a sweeping t'hause floor, or hev all t'chair bottoms aght in a jiffy.

Goa to bed sooin ov a night, and look sooin when yo get up in a mornin.

Avoid kickin up a dust wi yer nabors; for it's stuff at nivver sattles daan, ardly, but hings like a claad raand yer doorstan.

Hev a wife at al allas see at theaze buttons sew'd a yer shert-neck or risbans, wi summat stronger than t'threed ov a arran-web—if yo can.

Court maids an widdazs, but no man's favours.

Hoppan yer minds, an thraw aght az far az yo can skew em—malice, hatred, revenge, deceat, hypocrisy, jealousy, covetousness, an ivverything else at objeckts ta yo doin az yod be dun by.

Hook yer wife's gaan when shoo axes yo, but avoid rufflin hur temper at onny time.

Mind yer awn biznass, an hev a mind aboon envyin uther foaks's.

Goa ta cherch wi a nice young womman, an get t'parson ta put on hiz white gaan, an rub t'musty title ov "owd batchillor" off an yo.

Avoid goin ta relashans for help; if yo do, yol find at thave noan.

Doant meddle wi onnyboddiz else bairns but yer awn; if yo do, yo may hev a medly a musick abaght yer ears at al not varry sooin subside.

MAKING DULL A DIAMOND.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE gentleman with the *diamond*, the Koh-i-noor, as we called him, asked in a very unpleasant sort of way, how the old boy was likely to cut up—meaning what money our friend was going to leave behind.

The young fellow John spoke up, to the effect that this was a diabolish snobby question, when a man was dying and not dead. To this the Koh-i-noor replied, by asking if the other meant to insult him. Whereto the young man John rejoined that he had no particul'r intentions one way or t'other. The Koh-i-noor then suggested the young man's stepping out into the yard, that he, the speaker, might "slap his chops." "Let 'em alone," said young Maryland—"it'll soon be over, and they won't hurt each other much." So they went out.

The Koh-i-noor entertained the very common idea that, when one quarrels with another, the simple thing to do is to knock the man down, and there is the end of it. Now those who have watched such encounters are aware of two things—first, that it is not so easy to knock a man down as it is to talk about it; secondly, that if you do happen to knock a man down, there is a very good chance that he will be angry, and get up and give you a thrashing.

So the Koh-i-noor thought he would begin, as soon as they got into the yard, by knocking his man down, and with this intention swung his arm round after the fashion of rustics and those unskilled in the noble art, expecting the young fellow John to drop when his fist, having completed a quarter of a circle, should come in contact with the side of that young man's head. Unfortunately for this theory, it happens that a blow struck out straight is as much shorter, and therefore as much quicker than the rustic's swinging blow, as the radius is shorter than the quarter of a circle. The mathematical and mechanical corollary was, that the Koh-i-noor felt something hard bring up suddenly against his right eye, which something he could have sworn was a paving-stone, judging by his sensations; and as this threw his person somewhat backwards, and the young man John jerked his own head back a little, the swinging blow had nothing to stop it; and as the Jewel staggered between the hit he got and the blow he missed, he tripped and "went to grass," so far as the back yard of our boarding house was provided with that vegetable. It was a signal illustration of that fatal mistake, so frequent in young and ardent natures with inconspicuous calves and negative pectorals, that they can settle most little quarrels on the spot by "knocking the man down."

We are in the habit of handling our faces so carefully, that a heavy blow, taking effect on that portion of the surface, produces a most unpleasant surprise, which is accompanied with odd sensations, as of seeing sparks, and a kind of electrical or ozone-like odour, half sulphurous in character, and which has given rise to a very vulgar and profane threat sometimes heard from the lips of bullies. A person not used to pugilistic gestures does not instantly recover from this surprise. The Koh-i-noor, exasperated by his failure, and still a little confused by the smart hit he had received, but furious, and confident of victory over a young fellow a good deal lighter than himself, made a desperate rush to bear down all before him and finish the contest at once. That is the way all angry greenhorns and incompetent persons attempt to settle matters. It doesn't do, if the other fellow is only cool, moderately quick, and has a very little science. It didn't do this time; for as the assailant rushed in with his arms flying everywhere, like the vans of a windmill, he ran a prominent feature of his face against a fist which was travelling in the other direction, and immediately after struck the knuckles of the young man's other fist a severe blow with the part of his person known as the *epigastrium* to one branch of science and the *bread-basket* to another. This second round closed the battle. The Koh-i-noor had got enough, which in such cases is more than as good as a feast. The young fellow asked him if he was satisfied, and held out his hand. But the other sulked, and muttered something about revenge. "Jest as y' like," said the young man John. "Clap a slice o' raw beefsteak on to that mouse o' yours, 'n' 't'll take down the swellin'" (*mouse* is a technical term for a bluish, oblong, rounded elevation occasioned by running one's forehead or eyebrow against another's knuckles). The young fellow was particularly pleased that he had had an opportunity of trying his proficiency in the art of self-defence without the gloves. The Koh-i-noor did not favour us with his company for a day or two, being confined to his chamber, it was said, by a slight feverish attack.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

VERY fair, this. "Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Humph!" returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"

"SAM," said a lady to a milk-boy, "I guess, from the looks of your milk, that your mother put dirty water in it." "No, she didn't, nother," replied the boy; "for I seed her draw it clean out of the well 'fore she put it in."

SOME stolen apples having been found in his pocket, Jack was called up by the schoolmaster to account for his possession of them. His defence showed the future "great lawyer." "The apples," said he, "were Tom's, and I don't know how he got them; and now they're mine, and he doesn't know how I got them."

"JOSEPH," said a pedagogue to a boy who came late one day, "where have you been for the last hour?" "Nowhere," meekly replied Joe. "Nowhere!" fiercely echoed the teacher, who was wont to swagger about his little kingdom like a Gulliver in Lilliput—"where is that?" "I don't know," replied Joe, as he scratched his head and looked down upon the floor—"I guess it aint anywhere." "And what were you doing there?" demanded the pedagogue, again scowling, still more fiercely. "I wasn't doing anything. I had nothing to do, and so I went nowhere!"

"OUR LITTLE BOBBY," of four years, had been lectured by his aunt on the evil of disobedience to parents, and the example was shown him of a boy who disobeyed his mother, and went to the river and got drowned. "Did he die?" said Bobby, who had given the story all due attention. "Yes," was the serious reply. "What did they do with him?" asked Bobby, after a moment's reflection. "Carried him home," replied the monitor, with due solemnity. After turning the matter over in his mind, as it was hoped profitably, he looked up and closed the conversation by asking, "Why didn't they chuck him in again?"

A SUB-COMMITTEE of a school committee, not a thousand miles from the City, were examining a class in a proprietary school. One of the members undertook to sharpen up their wits by propounding the following question:—"If I had a mincepie and should give two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should keep half of the pie for myself, what would there be left?" There was a profound study among the boys, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. "Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loudly so that all can hear," said the committee-man. "The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow. The committee-man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. That boy was excused from answering any more questions.

A CERTAIN Sunday-school teacher was in the habit of making a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects every Sunday; and this box received stores of pennies which might otherwise have found their way to the drawers of the confectioner and toy-man. He was not a little surprised, one Sunday, to find a country note crushed in among the weight of copper coin. He was not long in finding it to be on a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was soon pointed out to him by his mates, who had seen him deposit it, and thought it a very benevolent gift. "Didn't you know that this note was good for nothing?" "Yes," answered the boy." "Then what did you put it in the box for?" "I didn't suppose the little heathen would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them."

A BOY'S LETTER.—"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for the cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school, to help in agriculture. We like farming very much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a-fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly, to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon, when we can catch him; but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither name nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you—run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasps' nest, and everything that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him, without his knowing of it; but be sure anyhow to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid ours by firing it off."

SIR GUY THE CRUSADER.*

BY W. S. GILBERT.

SIR GUY was a doughty crusader,
A muscular knight,
Ever ready to fight,
A very determined invader,
And Dickey de Lion's delight.

Lenore was a Saracen maiden,
Brunette, statuesque,
The reverse of grotesque;
Her pa was a bagman from Aden,
Her mother she played in burlesque.

A *coryphée*, pretty and loyal,
In amber and red,
The ballet she led;
Her mother performed at the Royal,
Lenore at the Saracen's Head.

Of face and of figure majestic,
She dazzled the cits—
Ecstaticised pits;—
Her troubles were only domestic,
But drove her half out of her wits.

Her father incessantly lashed her,
On water and bread
She was grudgingly fed;
Whenever her father he thrashed her,
Her mother sat down on her head.

Guy saw her, and loved her, with reason,
For beauty so bright
Sent him mad with delight;
He purchased a stall for the season
And sat in it every night.

His views were exceedingly proper,
He wanted to wed,
So he called at her shed
And saw her progenitor whop her—
Her mother sit down on her head.

"So pretty," said he, "and so trusting!
You brute of a dad,
You unprincipled cad,
Your conduct is really disgusting,
Come, come, now admit it's too bad!

"You're a turbaned old Turk, and malignant—
Your daughter Lenore
I intensely adore,
And I cannot help feeling indignant,
A fact that I hinted before;

To see a fond father employing
A deuce of a knout
For to bang her about,
To a sensitive lover's annoying."
Said the bagman, "Crusader, get out."

Says Guy, "Shall a warrior laden
With a big spiky knob
Sit in peace on his cob,
While a beautiful Saracen maiden
Is whipped by a Saracen snob?

"To London I'll go from my charmer."
Which he did, with his loot
(Seven hats and a flute),
And was nabbed for his Sydenham armour
At Mr. Ben-Samuel's suit.

Sir Guy he was lodged in the Compter;
Her pa, in a rage,
Died (don't know his age);
His daughter she married the prompter,
Grew bulky and quitted the stage.

* From the "Bab Ballads."

THREE SKETCHES.*

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

A FIFTY-CENT DINNER.

THERE was an ordinary down town once, where, for the sum of fifty cents, you were entitled to sit down at a table groaning with substantial viands, and eat as long and as much as ever you chose. A gaunt man from Maine, a Solon Shingle kind of individual, entered this ordinary one day, and proceeded to cram his fifty cents' worth. He went in for the beef, and he went in for the mutton, and he went in for the turkey and cranberry sass. He was death on squash. He devoured stewed tomatoes until you might have thought he was Eve's brother-in-law. He was a whale at sweet potatoes. He punished the quash, the celery, and the cold slaugh awfully. He roamed like a bee from flower to flower—from beefsteak to huckleberry pie, from Vanilla ice-cream to pork and beans, from succotash to meringues, from Phipps's ham to Indian pudding. He ate like Gargantua, like Bernard Kavanagh, the Fasting Man (when there was nobody looking); like Ben Brust, in "Gideon Giles the Roper;" like Dr. Johnson at Streatham, when the veal pie and plums were to his liking, and there was plenty of capillaire to pour into his chocolate, and good store of anchovy sauce wherewith to souse his plum pudding. He ate until the guests regarded him with affright, and the waiters gathered round him and scanned him with minatory looks. He finished up with a fish-ball or two, and a couple of cobs of hot corn with plenty of fresh butter, drank a mighty draught of cold water, ordered a tooth-pick, and tendered fifty cents in payment for his inordinate feed. The "boss," or master of the establishment, folded his arms and, with knitted brow and quivering lips, replied, "Don't see it, stranger; I guess it's a quarter more." "Why," expostulated the gaunt man from Maine, pointing to a printed notice on the wall, "I guess that paper says 'Dinner fifty cents.'" "Yes," rejoined the "boss," "*but when a man eats as if there was no hereafter, we charge him seventy-five cents!*"

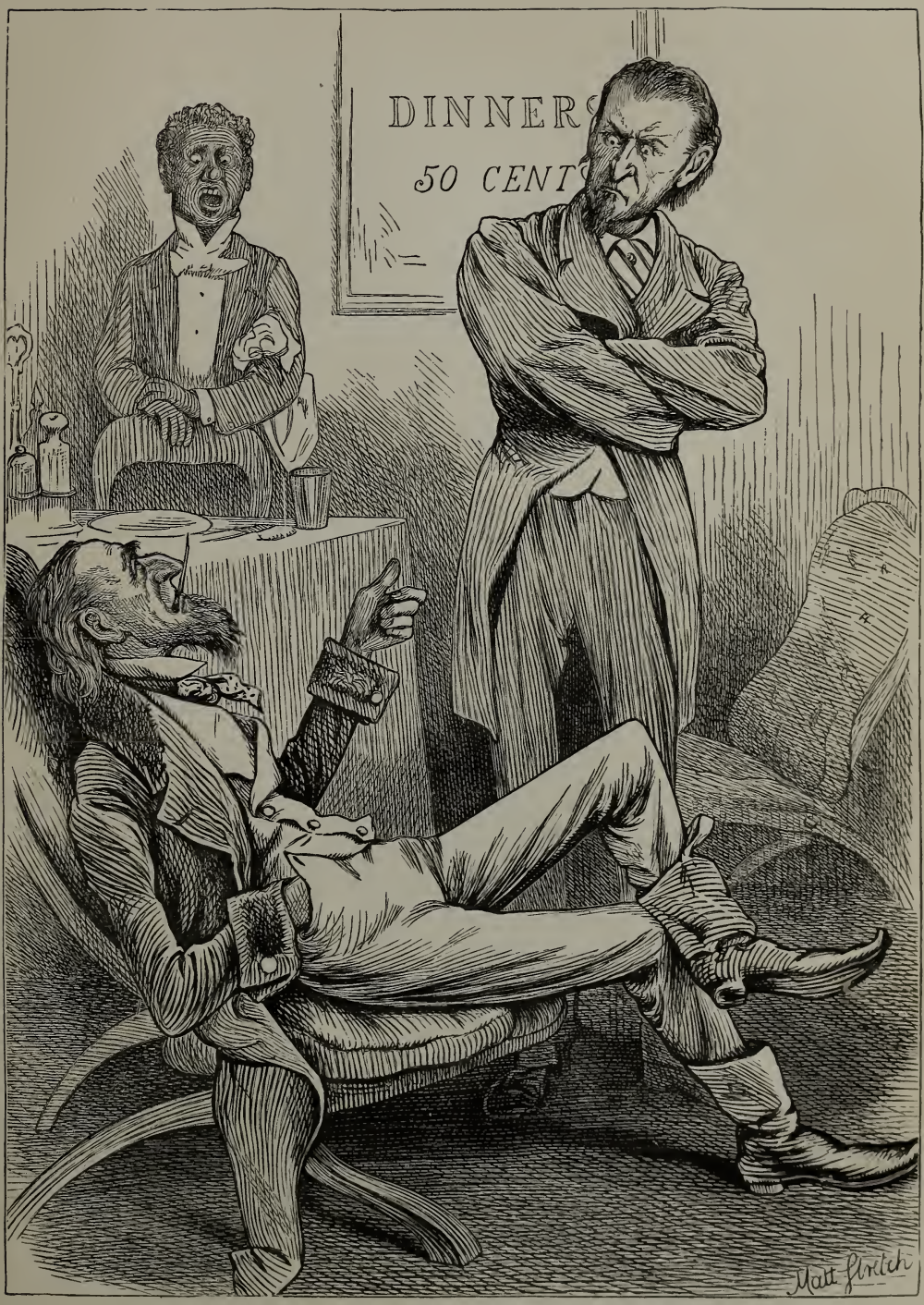
SHOULDER-STRAPS.

IT has been found wholly incompatible with the maintenance of commonly decent discipline, to permit the men to drink any kind of fermented liquors. To as much tea and coffee as they can swallow they are welcome; but they are sternly forbidden the use not only of spirits, but of the comparatively innocuous cider and lager beer. For wine they have never, at any time, cared. Their soul thirsts for whisky, but whisky, luckily for themselves in particular, and the army in general, they cannot obtain. That the illicit conveyance of spirits into the camp to some extent prevails, need scarcely be said. The soldiers do now and again contrive to procure, at exorbitant rates, some fiery poison, miscalled Bourbon, Old Rye, or Monongahela; but the contraband spirit trade is rigidly looked after by the authorities, and cases of smuggling, when discovered, as rigorously punished. Any sutler detected in selling whisky to soldiers has his stock-in-trade confiscated, is compelled to "clear out," and is not unfrequently packed off to Washington, and incarcerated in the old Capitol. The strictest of internal custom-houses is established at Brandy Station—whose very name seems chosen in grim mockery of the forbidden luxury. Of course the soldiers grumble at this, and seize the opportunity of every mail to flood the columns of the Washington newspapers with complaints. "It isn't our whisky being seized that riles us," wrote one sufferer from the spirit taboo, "but it's the seeing of it *staggering about afterwards with shoulder-straps on.* That's what makes us mad."

THAT STEED.

AT the base of Pony Mountain — the precise altitude of which above the sea I do not know, but which seemed to me to be about three times higher than Snowdon—we found a select stud of saddle-horses awaiting us. Our ladies were already mounted. Our own turn was now to come. They brought me an awful red horse—a "bright bay" may have been his correctly technical description, but to my eyes he was flaming scarlet—of a hue that made itself heard like the blast of a clarion. His neck was thatched with a long and dishevelled mane; but his tail was a switch or greyhound one, which gave him a weird and ghastly appearance. He was like the horse of the Commandatore in *Don Giovanni*, only with the sun instead of moonlight shining upon him. I don't think I ever saw so high a horse. He was as tall—well, as a flight of steps, or a Corinthian column, or a lamp-post. Gazing in dumb horror upon his prodigious head, his preposterous flanks, and his never-ending legs, like "unto the masts of some tall ammiral," I called to mind a story which had been told me in New York by a Southerner. This Southerner, who had not the slightest desire to offer any active opposition to the Lincoln Government, was unfortunate enough to own a large silver mine in the territory of Arizona. On this silver mine a certain Federal general in command in those parts had cast longing eyes. As a preparatory measure to getting possession of the ingots, and having, besides, an old personal grudge against the Southerner, he caused him to be arrested and clapped up in prison as a disloyalist. The capture was accompanied by

From "My Diary in America." By permission of Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.



A FIFTY-CENT DINNER.

"I guess that paper says 'Dinner 50 cents.'"—*See p.* 146.

many aggravating circumstances, and the captive was forced to ride away to durance on a wretched donkey. But, as he started, he turned and shook his fist at the triumphant Yankee. "I wait for retributive justice," he cried, in accents solemn and minatory; "you've sent me away on a jackass, *but, by* ——, *I'll come back on a horse sixteen feet high.*" The Federals kept my poor Southern friend in hold for many months; but let that pass. This brute at the base of Pony Mountain was evidently the threatened horse that was sixteen feet high. Why wasn't he an agent of retributive justice in the territory of Arizona? Why was he in Culpepper, county Virginia, and I doomed to ride him?

Laugh not at my lamentable plight—it may be thine to-morrow. I think I have seen, in one of the admirable cartoons by John Leech, a picture of a sporting gent, bestriding a livery-stable screw, toiling up the steep downs of Sussex after the Brighton harriers. I should like to see a portrait of that gent mounted on a horse trained nobody knows how long—if at all—and nobody knows where, by nobody knows whom, trying to reach the top of Pony Mountain. Sometimes the monster seemed to be standing on his head; anon he would rear erect on his hinder legs, and hop like a kangaroo, or an industrious flea seen under a microscope. I had been warned that he was a horse with a tremendously hard mouth—a combination of gutta percha and adamant—and that I might pull at him as much as ever I pleased. Most of the pulling was on his side, however, and he nearly pulled my arms out of the sockets. He had an ugly trick, too, of turning his head, and snapping his jaws as though he wanted to bite me; but that may have been only his fun. I wonder if that horse ever had a name. Had I the naming of him, I would have called him Beelzebub.

PUNCH IN TROUBLE.

On the 26th of December, 1842, according to the official record, a tipsy sailor, in tacking along the Mile End Road, slipped his foot on a piece of orange-peel, and fell with great violence on the pavement. He was immediately picked up by the passengers, and being unable to walk or stand, was carried on a stretcher by two policemen to the London Hospital, where, on examination, it appeared that he had broken one of the small bones of his leg.

The fracture was immediately reduced; and as the patient was not habitually a drunkard, but had only been casually overtaken, the case went on very favourably, and promised a speedy cure. In the mean while the poor fellow, accustomed to an active life, would have found the time pass very tediously in bed—especially as he could not read—but for the daily bustle and business in the ward—the departures of the cured or the incurable, by discharge or death, and the arrivals of fresh sufferers—the visits of the surgeons and medical students, and the operations of the hospital dressers and nurses, in the most trivial of which he took a deep interest. At last, one day arousing from a nap, and sitting up as usual to take an observation, he espied in the next bed a fat man with a particularly big red nose, large staring black eyes, and an uncommonly wide month—in fact, very like somebody he had seen dancing during the Carnival in the streets of an Italian port. This corpulent, bottle-nosed man was propped up in bed, with his back bared, whilst a dresser was applying an ointment to a very large, very red, and very raw and sore-looking place between his shoulders.

"My eyes!" exclaimed the sailor, letting himself drop backward on his pillow, quite overcome with wonder, "*There's* been a hopperation!"

"What do you mean?" asked the dresser.

"What!" ejaculated the astounded seaman, with his eyes cast upwards and almost protruding from his head.

"Well, what?"

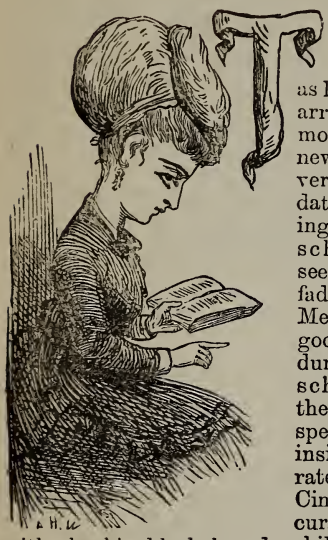
"*Why, he is Punch, isn't he? and they've cut his hump off!*"

PAPA'S ANSWER.

The great professors who can face the battery of a thousand eyes directed to them on the rostrum, are frequently the most diffident of men when taken away from their regular sphere of labour. There was Professor Aytoun, who was too timid to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily Wilson suggested to him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval—"You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait till your return." The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

PICKING AND STEALING.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.



TIMOTHY BOREHAM felt very drowsy; and just as he had satisfactorily arranged the matrimonial matters of the new curate, he nodded very slowly and sedately, as though bowing to the assembled scholars, who had seemed gradually to fade from his vision. Mentally, though, a good deal took place during the time the schoolmaster had these nods: the inspector arrived, and insisted upon the curate marrying Miss Cinques; when the curate pursued him with the big black board, while the children all danced round, singing, "Sally, Sally Waters, sprinkled in a pan;" and then the inspector boxed the curate's ears, and the loud pat awoke Mr. Timothy Boreham in time to hear such a howl, that he dropped his book, and started up in an instant.

But for this terrible howl, there would have been a profound silence reigning through the schoolroom. The buzz of voices had ceased, and every eye was turned upon a little weeping specimen of the growing female peasantry of England—to wit, Miss Mary Ann Blogg, of the fourth class, presided over by Annie Newman, who sat gazing with crimson cheeks at her brother — then slowly approaching the spot whence the noise procceded, while he wore upon his face an aspect of the most profound astonishment.

Annie Newman had made her first appearance in the school that afternoon, having been partly talked into it by her brother, who carried the day by announcing the fact that Madeline Glebeley made a point of attending herself.

But there was plenty of work for the young teacher: the pupils divining quickly enough that this was the first attempt of their instructor, and in consequence being rather disposed to sneer at the management, giving themselves airs; making much of their small persons; expressing their ignorance of well-known facts; and altogether, as is customary with even children of larger growth, making themselves as obnoxious to their teacher as was possible.

Now, this was all very well with the reading, though unpleasant enough; but when it came to questioning, and the hearing of catechism, poor Annie's troubles began to increase at a terrible rate. In fact, matters grew so unpleasant that she mentally declared that she would come no more. One pupil had made herself most objectionable from the very outset, and this small body was the before-mentioned Miss Mary Ann Blogg, who was even caught upon one occasion screwing up her intellectual countenance and "making a face at teacher."

* * * * *

That catechism-hearing was terrible; and Annie felt her troubles to be unbearable. Talk, laugh, and pass things from one to the other: the children would do anything of that description, but no one would answer — no one knew anything. The stolidity with which they stared at the questioner was worthy of transfer to canvas: the first girl would not know her name; it might have been "M. or N.," or anything else, for aught she could say. Consequently, she was told. Then number two did not know who gave M. or N. that name. Number three did not know what her godfathers and godmothers promised for her. In short, to judge from the answers, it might have been supposed that the catechism was being introduced to the class for the first time. Miss Blogg was the ringleader of the mischief, though in this case the ring was only a semicircle; and in spite of two or three nervously delivered reprimands, her eyes twinkled, and the example she set kept the other girls tittering, and the class in disorder.

The school was close, stuffy, and warm—between which adjectives the difference seems rather finely drawn; and the consequence was that Annie Newman was in the moist state caused by warmth, a combination of annoyance and irritation all the while keeping her in a regular fret. Teacher and pupils had somehow or another stumbled through the questions and answers until they had arrived at the declaration of "My duty towards my neighbour," which fell to the lot of Miss Mary Ann Blogg, who, to her teacher's surprise, began to run through it very glibly; and when corrected in one part where she stated that a part of her neighbourly duty was "to love, honoural, suckle my father and mother," she went back to the beginning and said it all over again in precisely the same manner; and then, in spite of a new interruption which she appeared to despise, went straight on, evidently not taking to herself the clause respecting submitting herself to her teachers, but galloping on until—

"Keep my hands from stickling and pealing," said she.

"Picking and stealing," said Annie, correctively, while the other girls tittered.

"Keep my hands from sticking and pealing," said Mary Ann, to the accompaniment of more titters.

"Picking and stealing," said Annie again.

"Keep my hands from pickling and stickling," said Mary Ann, while her fellow-lambkins stuffed their hands, and pocket-handkerchiefs where possessed, into their mouths.

"Picking and stealing," exclaimed Annie again, very loudly, very distinctly, and all the while growing very wroth, and looking exceedingly unlike a teacher.

"Keep my hands from stealing the pickles," said Mary Ann, as serious as a judge, while the class was convulsed with merriment.

Poor Annie had not the saintly spirit of her brother, and she could bear no more. With her ungloved hand she gave the tiresome imp a sounding slap on the fat cheek that offered itself so temptingly. Mary Ann burst out into an alarming howl. Mr. Boreham started and dropped his book; while teacher and taught — Annie Newman and Mary Ann Blogg—formed the centre upon which every eye in the school was fixed.

PLAYING BRAG.

THAT was a good story told of an occurrence which took place in a stage-coach one morning many years ago. A young, conceited fellow, who had been monopolising almost all the conversation of the company, consisting of sixteen passengers, had been narrating the wonderful exploits he had performed, the prodigies of valour of which he had been the hero, and the wonderful escapes of which he had been the subject. At last he related *one* adventure in which he was the principal actor, which was so perfectly astounding, that a low whistle of incredulity was a simultaneous demonstration on the part of the passengers. An old gentleman, with a solemn visage and an ivory-headed cane, sitting in the back corner of the coach, here observed—

"That last adventure of yours, my young friend, is a very extraordinary one—*very* extraordinary. One could hardly believe it without having seen it. I didn't see it; but I can relate a circumstance which happened in my family, and in which I was for a time deeply interested, which is almost as remarkable, and I believe quite as true. Will you hear it?"

"Certainly," said our Braggadocia; "I should be very *glad* to hear it."

"Give it to us! give it to us!" echoed the whole company, getting an inkling, from the solemn phiz of the old gentleman, that something rich was in the wind.

"Well, sir," continued the narrator, "the circumstance to which I alluded is this: My father had three children. He had an only brother, who had also three children. My grandfather had left to my father and my uncle a large estate, in the executorship of which a quarrel broke out, that grew more and more bitter, until at length the aid of the law was invoked, and many years of violent litigation ensued, during all which time the costs of the proceedings were gradually eating up the estate. My father and uncle saw this, and though bitter enemies, they had too much sense to bite each his own nose off. They were chivalrous and brave men, almost as much so, probably, as yourself, sir" (addressing the daring young gentleman aforesaid), "and they determined to 'fight it out among themselves,' as the saying is, and thus keep the money in the family. Well, sir, my father made this proposition to my uncle, to wit: that the three sons of each, in the order of their ages, should settle the disputed question on the field of honour; the majority of the survivors to decide the affirmative. It was readily acceded to. My eldest brother went out on the appointed day, and at the first fire he fell dead upon the turf. My next eldest brother took his station at once, and at the second fire shot my next eldest cousin through the lungs, and he never drew a whole breath afterward."

Here the old gentleman's emotion was so great that he paused a moment, as if to collect himself. Presently he proceeded:

"It now became *my* turn to take the stand; and upon me rested the hopes of my family. I can truly say that it was not fear that made my hand tremble, and my pistol to waver; it was the deep sense of *responsibility* that rested upon me. We took our places; a simultaneous discharge was a moment afterwards heard, and—and——"

Here the narrator put his handkerchief to his face, and seemed to shake with irrepressible agitation.

"Well, sir," exclaimed our young Munchausen, who had listened to the narrative with almost breathless attention, "well, sir—well?—what was the result? How did it end?"

"*I was shot dead the first fire?*" replied the old gentleman; the property passed into the hands of my uncle and his family, and my surviving brother has been as poor as a rat ever since!"

An uproarious laugh, that fairly shook the coach, told Braggadocia that he had been slightly "taken in and done for," after a manner entirely his own.

This anecdote will not be lost upon bored listeners to those who shoot with the long bow; or, in other words, stretch a fact until they have made it as they want it. We have somewhere heard of a man at a dinner-party who was determined not to be outdone in this but too common species of archery. Some one present had been engaged in attracting the attention of the company to an account of a pike that he had caught the day before, that weighed nineteen pounds.

"Pooh!" exclaimed a gentleman sitting near him, "that is nothing to the one *I* caught last week, which weighed twenty-six pounds."

"Confound it!" whispered the first fisherman to his neighbour, "I wish I could catch my pike again; I'd add ten pounds to him directly."

DOCTOR DOBBS AND HIS NAG NOBBS.

BY MUNCHAUSEN II.

RECENTLY Doctor Daniel Dobbs, of Doncaster, had a nag that was called Nobbs. One day in the middle of winter, the doctor having been summoned to attend a patient at some distance from his dwelling, and being anxious to return home before it was dark, rode poor Nobbs very hard. On his arrival, not finding his man in the way, the doctor fastened Nobbs by his bridle to a rail in the yard, and went into his parlour, where he sat down to warm himself by a good fire. It had happened that in the morning the doctor's dairy-maid had brewed a barrel of strong beer, which had been drawn off into the cooler, and the girl having been called away to milk her cows, she had carelessly left the door of the brewhouse open. The steam of the beer proved wonderfully inviting to poor Nobbs, who had been hard rode, and now stood in the cold, extremely thirsty. After sundry efforts he got loose from the rail, and repairing to the brewhouse, he drank so heartily of the strong beer, that before he was aware of it he fell down dead drunk. The doctor's man, coming home, ran into the yard to convey Nobbs to the stable; not finding him at the rail, he looked about, and at length discovered him stretched on the ground, cold and insensible. Bursting into the parlour, where the doctor was sitting with Mrs. Dobbs, he communicated to them the news of poor Nobby's decease. The doctor and Mrs. Dobbs were both good-natured people, and of course much concerned; but as the doctor never suffered misfortunes to get the better of his discretion, he immediately gave orders that Nobbs should, without delay, be flayed, and that his skin should be taken the next morning to the currier.

The doctor's man accordingly set to work; poor Nobbs was dragged to the dunghill, his skin was stripped of, and he was left to be eaten by the hounds. He had not, however, lain long before the novelty of his situation had a considerable effect upon him. As he had lost his skin, of course the coldness of the night operated with double activity in dissipating the fumes of the beer which he had swallowed; and at length he awoke, got upon his legs, and trotted away to the stable door, which happened to be close by the parlour. Not finding it open, and being both cold and hungry, he began to whinny for assistance. The doctor and his wife had just done supper, and happened at that moment to be talking of the accident which had befallen their nag, over a hot bowl of brandy punch. No sooner had Nobbs whinnied, than Mrs. Dobbs turned pale, and exclaimed, "Doctor Dobbs! as sure as I live that is Nobbs's voice; I know him by his whinny!" "My dear," said the doctor, "it is Nobbs's whinny sure enough; but, poor thing, he is dead, and has been flayed." He had hardly said this before Nobbs whinnied again. Up jumps the doctor, takes a candle in his hand, and runs into the yard. The first thing he saw was Nobbs himself without his skin. The doctor summoned all his servants, ordered six sheep to be killed, and clapped their skins upon poor Nobbs. To make a long story short, Nobbs recovered, and did his work as well as ever. The sheep-skins stuck fast, and answered his purpose as well as his own skin ever did. But what is most remarkable, as well as most to our point, the wool grew rapidly; and when the shearing season came, the doctor had Nobbs sheared. Every year he gave the doctor a noble fleece, for he carried upon his back, you know, as much as six sheep; and as long as Nobbs lived, all the doctor's stockings, and all Mrs. Dobbs's flannel petticoats, were made of his wool.

OTHELLO IN THE COAL-CELLAR.

IT happened one afternoon when the great tragedian, Edmund Kean, was advertised to perform his favourite character of Othello—a personation that perhaps has never been equalled in histrionic annals—he received a visit from his body-surgeon, who had called on him with the kind intention of looking after his health. Being at that time perfectly well, the tragedian took upon himself to exchange characters with his medical friend, and prescribed some draughts for him, "to be taken immediately," which proved so agreeable, that the dose was very soon ordered "to be repeated."

The pharmacopœia of Kean's cellar, which contained some of George IV.'s *port royal*, was not to be *declined;* and occupied in the pleasing *parsing* of the glasses, the hour for commencing the performance arrived much sooner than was expected, and Budd, the time-honoured housekeeper of the theatre, appeared to summon the tragedian to his nightly duty.

A crowded house was anxiously expecting him, the orchestra had been rung in three or four times, and had scraped through the antiquated overtures of old Rhomberg, till at last the spectators began

to be impatient, and were calling for the tragedian in no very gentle terms.

In the hilarity of the moment, the illustrious Edmund consigned them to the eternal Tophet, and swore that he would not leave the house and go out to perform that evening, to please any one. If they could get him on the stage, without his having to go out of the house, he'd play, but not otherwise—if they couldn't, the audience must be content with the performance of his friend the surgeon, who would, as usual, give a medical certificate of his (Kean's) indisposition. This the surgeon readily agreed to do.

How was this obstinate determination to be got over?

Poor Budd was in the greatest perplexity; the honest housekeeper began to fear for the safety of the structure entrusted to his care. At length the very exigence of the emergency inspired him with an idea.

"Agreed, sir," said he. "Dress for your part—here are your things—tunic, trunks, burnt cork, and pomatum, all ready; and I promise you, you shall not have to go out into the air, but shall perform without."

"I agree to that, friend Budd," said Kean triumphantly, seeing no way by which it was to be accomplished; "but you'll find your hopes nipped in the *bud* here, depend on it."

"We shall see, sir," said the housekeeper, "only dress and follow me, and you shall very soon find yourself on the stage, without the trouble of treading the green."

Kean began to black his face, and Budd retired to put his project into execution.

Fortunately for the audience of the Richmond Theatre of that evening, it happened that the coal-cellar of the dwelling-house was only divided from the pit of the theatre by the party-wall that ran through the two structures. The Pitites were very soon astounded by a most mysterious knocking in this direction, rivalling that of the far-famed Cock-lane ghost.

Thump—thump—thump—proceeded in quick succession from some invisible workers, and in a very few moments part of the wall began to give way—bricks and mortar tumbled about in all directions, affording serious apprehensions that the whole house was giving way, as a cloud of dust arose—a large aperture appeared—and from the dark recesses of the coal-cellar emerged the triumphant Budd, with the noble Moor, the sooty hero of the night, who thus kept his oath, and yet did not disappoint the audience.

GEMS OF THE SAY.

A MUNSTER man on board of a man-of-war was desired by his messmate to go down to the steward's room for a can of small beer. Teague, perceiving that preparations were then making for sailing immediately, refused to go, saying, "Arrah, my honey! and so, while I am afther going into the cellar to fetch drink for you, the ship will be afther sailing, and leave me behind."

AN Irishman lost his hat in a well, and was let down in a bucket to recover it; the well being deep, his courage failed him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above him—they lent a deaf ear to all he said, till at last, quite in despair, he bellowed out, "Be Saint Patrick, if you don't be afther drawing me up, sure I'll cut the rope!"

A SON of Erin, having offered his services to cut some ice for the Wenham Lake Company, was asked if he could use the cross-cut saw. He replied that he "could surely." He was sent accordingly, in company with his co-labourers, to cut some ice, and, on reaching the centre of the lake, the saw was produced with both handles still in their place. The verdant Paddy, looking at the saw very coolly, put his hand in his pocket, and drawing from it a penny, said, "Now, Jamie, fair play; head or tail who goes below."

A GENTLEMAN, passing along a causeway between two waters, asked an Irishman whom he overtook, if people were not lost there sometimes, seeing that there was no rail to keep them from falling in? "Lost!" answered Pat; "I never knew anybody lost here in my life: there have been some drowned, but then they were always found again."

"I NEVER give alms to strangers," said Hunks to a poor Irishwoman. "Sure, then, your honour will never relieve an angel," was her quick reply.

"BAINS, Chauds et Froids;" that is good Parisian French enough for "hot and cold baths;" but who could blame the Irishman who "knew beans" and was fond of them, but didn't know a word of Johnny Crapaud's lingo, and took the *affiche* for the sign of a favourite dish at the door of a restaurant? "Banes chawed and fried," he exclaimed, "may be good, but I'd rather cook 'em in my own way, and ate 'em afterwards."

"AN Irish priest was travelling on a Friday from Enniskillen to Ballyshannon, at the latter of which the coach-passengers, only four in number, were to dine. At one end of the table was a joint of coarse fat pork, and at the other a large fine fried sole. His reverence helped himself at once to the latter, simply observing, "It is fast day with me, gentlemen," when instantly a great fellow with red whiskers reached across the table, and cutting the fish in two, took half of it with the

remark, "Bad luck to ye, do ye think nobody has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

AT Waterloo, a Highland regiment and the Scots Greys met in the thickest of the fight, and raised the cry of "Scotland for ever!" "And ould Ireland for longer!" exclaimed an Irish dragoon.

AN IRISHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF MAKING A CANNON.—Take a long hole and pour brass round it.

A RAGGED Irish emigrant was arguing strongly in favour of an equal division of property in his blessed land of adoption. "Well, suppose such a division were to take place," said his opponent, "how much do you think would fall to your share?" "Why, I don't know justly," replied Teague, "but I should suppose something like 2,000 dollars, more or less." "Well, what would you do with your portion when you had got it?" asked the other. "Why, I'm the man that would spend it, would I not!" rejoined the Irishman. "And when that was gone, what would you do next?" demanded the other. "What would I do next?" returned the equalising philosopher. "Why, what should I do, my jewel, but be afther having another division!"

COUNCILLOR RUDD, of the Irish Bar, was equally remarkable for his love of whist and the dingy colour of his linen. "My dear Dick," said Curran to him one day, "you can't think how puzzled we are to know where you buy all your dirty shirts."

AN Irishman who lived in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered, "If the house were turned topsy-turvy, I'd be livin' on the first flure."

AN Irishman, who was giving his testimony in the Boston Municipal Court lately, convulsed the Bar, tickled the jury, and raised a smile on the bench, by the following statement:—"Ye see, may't plaze yees, that this man got a stroke and fell down. Everybody called out, 'Oh, he's kil't! he's kil't!' Thin I steps up, and I hollied out to the crowd, 'If the man is kil't, why don't yees stand back, and give him a little air!'"

"YOU have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not so late in the month by one week, you spalpane." "Troth, boy, indade an' it's jest mesilf what is wanting sweet Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Sure I'll not care if she gets it three days afore it is written, me darlint."

TWO young Irishmen happened to get into an affray, in which one of them was knocked down. His comrade ran up to him, and cried out, "Zounds, Dennis, if you be dead, can't you spake?" "I'm not dead, but speechless," said the other.

AN Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," said he, "as a man writes after he is dead."

AN Irishman was brought before a judge for taking too much beer. The judge asked him if he had any excuse for his conduct; to which Pat replied, "Ah! your honour, the shameful conduct of wife and children has brought many a man to his *bier!*"

"YOU want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was."

AN Irishman being asked, on a rainy day, what he would take to carry a message from Charing Cross to the Bank, answered, "Sure, I'd take a cab."

A HIBERNIAN went to see Niagara, and while he gazed upon it, a friend asked him if it was not the most wonderful thing he had ever seen; to which he replied, "Never a bit, man!—never a bit! Sure, it's no wonder at all that the wather should fall down there, for I'd like to know what would hinder it?"

"WHAT is your opinion of this gentleman's conduct?" said some one to a whiskered Irish captain of dragoons. "I think it highly low," answered he, with a tremendous grin over his stock.

A VERY tall gentleman, after eating some trifles in a pastrycook's shop, went away, saying, "I've been long enough here." An Irish porter, hearing him, said, "By my sowl, you're long enough anywhere."

TRYING A DYE.*

BY SAMUEL WARREN.

First Application.

MR. TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, having obtained permission of Mr. Tag-rag to depart for the day, instantly directed his steps to the well-known shop of a fashionable perfumer and perruquier, in Bond Street—well known to those, at least, who were in the habit of glancing at the enticing advertisements in the newspapers. Having watched through the window till the coast was clear—for he felt a natural delicacy in asking for a hair-dye before people who could in an instant perceive his urgent

* From "Ten Thousand a Year." By kind permission of Messrs. Blackwood.

occasion for it—he entered the shop, where a well-dressed gentleman was sitting behind the counter, reading. He was handsome; and his elaborately curled hair was of a heavenly black—so, at least, Titmouse considered it—which was better than a thousand printed advertisements of the celebrated fluid which formed the chief commodity there vended. Titmouse, with a little hesitation, asked this gentleman what was the price of their article "for turning *light* hair black"—and was answered, "only seven and sixpence for the smaller-sized bottle." One was in a twinkling placed upon the counter, where it lay like a miniature mummy, swathed, as it were, in manifold advertisements. "You'll find," said the black-haired gentleman, with bland glibness, "the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility to the wonderful efficacy of the 'Cyanochaitanthropopoion.'"

"*Sure* it will do, sir?" inquired Titmouse anxiously.

* * * * * * * * *

"Is *my* hair dark enough to your taste, sir?" echoed the gentleman, with smiling confidence—"such as you see it, I owe it entirely to this invaluable specific."

"Do you indeed, sir?" inquired Titmouse; adding with a sigh, "but, between ourselves, look at mine!" and lifting off his hat for a moment, he exhibited a great crop of bushy, carroty hair.

"Whew! rather ugly that, sir!" exclaimed the gentleman, looking very serious. "What a curse it is to be born with such hair, isn't it?"

"'Pon my life I think so, sir!" answered Titmouse mournfully; "and do you really say, sir, that this what's-its-name turned *yours* of that beautiful black?"

"Think? 'Pon my honour, sir—certain; no mistake, I assure you! I was fretting myself into my grave about the colour of my hair. Why, sir, there was a nobleman in here (but it's against our system to mention names) the other day, with a head that seemed as if it had been dipped into water, and then powdered with brick-dust; but I assure you, the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was too much for it—his hair turned black in a very short time. You should have seen his lordship's ecstacy—[the speaker saw that Titmouse would swallow anything; so he went on with a confident air]—and in a month's time he had married a beautiful woman whom he had loved from a child, but who had vowed she could never bring herself to marry a man with such a head of hair."

"How long does it take to do all this, sir?" interrupted Titmouse eagerly, with a beating heart.

"Sometimes two — sometimes three days. In four days' time, I'll answer for it, your most intimate friend would not know you. My wife did not know me for a long while, and wouldn't let me salute her—ha, ha!" Here another customer entered; and Titmouse, laying down the five-pound note he had squeezed out of Tag-rag, put the wonder working bottle into his pocket, and on receiving his change departed, bursting with eagerness to try the effects of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion. Within half an hour's time he might have been seen driving a hard bargain with a pawn-broker for a massive-looking eye-glass, upon which, as it hung suspended in the window, he had for months cast a longing eye; and he eventually purchased it (his eyesight, I need hardly say, was perfect) for only fifteen shillings. After taking a hearty dinner in a little dusky eating-house in Rupert Street, frequented by fashionable-looking foreigners, with splendid heads of curling hair, and moustaches, he hastened home, eager to commence the grand experiment. Fortunately he was undisturbed that evening. Having lit his candle and locked his door, with tremulous fingers he opened the papers enveloping the little bottle; and glancing over their contents, got so inflamed with the numerous instances of its efficiency, detailed in brief but glowing terms—as the "Duke of ——, the Countess of ——, the Earl of, &c. &c. &c. &c., the lovely Miss ——, the celebrated Sir Gossamer Goosegiblets (who was so gratified that he allowed his name to be used)—all of whom, from having hair of the reddest possible description, were now possessed of raven-hued locks"—that he threw down the paper, and hurriedly got the cork out of the bottle. Having turned up his coat-cuffs, he commenced the application of the matchless Cyanochaitanthropopoion, rubbing it into his hair, eye-brows, and whiskers, with all the energy he was capable of, for upwards of half an hour. Then he read over again every syllable on the papers in which the bottle had been wrapped; and about eleven o'clock, having given sundry curious glances at the glass, got into

bed, full of exciting hopes and delightful anxieties concerning the success of the great experiment he was trying. He could not sleep for several hours. He dreamed a rapturous dream—that he bowed to a gentleman with coal-black hair, whom he fancied he had seen before—and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at *himself* in a glass!! This awoke him. Up he jumped—sprang to his little glass breathlessly—but, ah! merciful Heavens! he almost dropped down dead. Would you have believed it?—His hair was perfectly *green*—there could be no mistake about it. He stood staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to their utmost, for several minutes. Then he threw himself on the bed, and felt fainting. Out he presently jumped again, in a kind of ecstacy—rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about—again looked into the glass. There it was, rougher than before, but eyebrows, whiskers, and head—all were, if anything, of a more vivid and brilliant green. Despair came over him. What had all his past troubles been to this?—what was to become of him? He got into bed again, and burst into a perspiration. Two or three times he got into and out of bed, to look at himself—on each occasion deriving only more terrible confirmation than before, of the disaster which had befallen him—and the hideous spectacle he was doomed thenceforth to present to gods and men! After lying still for some minutes, he got out of bed. . . . . As he stood thus irresolute, he heard the step of Mrs. Squallop approaching his door, and recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his tea-kettle about that time. Having no time to take his clothes off, he thought the best thing he could do would be to pop into bed again, draw his nightcap down to his ears and eyebrows, pretend to be asleep, and turning his back towards the door, have a chance of escaping for the present the observation of his landlady. No sooner thought of than done. Into bed he jumped, and drew the clothes over him—not aware, however, that in his hurry he had left his legs, with boots and trousers on, exposed to view—an unusual spectacle to his landlady, who had, in fact, scarcely ever known him in bed at so late an hour before. He lay as still as a mouse. Mrs. Squallop, after glancing with surprise at his legs, happening to direct her eyes towards the window, beheld a small bottle standing there—only half of whose dark contents were remaining. Oh gracious!—of course it must be poison, and Mr. Titmouse must be dead! In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out, "Oh, Mr. Titmouse! Mr. Titmouse! what *have* you been——"

"Well, ma'am, what the dickens do you mean? How dare you——" commenced Titmouse, suddenly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs. Squallop. An inconceivably strange and horrid figure he looked! He had all his day-clothes on; a white cotton nightcap was drawn down to his very eyes, like a man going to be hanged; his face was very pale, and his whiskers were of a bright green colour.

"Lard a-mighty!" exclaimed Mrs. Squallop faintly, the moment that this strange apparition had presented itself; and, sinking on the chair, she pointed with a dismayed air to the ominous-looking object standing on the window-shelf. Titmouse thence, somewhat rapidly, inferred that she had found out the true state of the case. "Well, *isn't* it a shame, Mrs. Squallop?" said he, getting off the bed; and plucking off his nightcap, exhibited the full extent of his misfortune. "What d'ye think of *that?*" he exclaimed, staring wildly at her. Mrs. Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

"I shall go mad—I SHALL!" cried Titmouse, tearing his green hair.

"Oh law!—oh lawks!" groaned Mrs. Squallop, evidently expecting him to leap upon her. Presently, however, she a little recovered her presence of mind; and Titmouse, stuttering with fury, explained to her what had taken place. As he went on Mrs. Squallop became less and less able to control herself, and at length burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her fat shaking sides, and appearing likely to tumble off her chair. Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her. At length, however, the fit went off; and wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and fetch up some soft soap and flannel, and try what "a good hearty wash would do." Scarce sooner said than done—but, alas, in vain! Scrub, scrub—lather, lather, did they both; but the instant that the soap-suds had been washed off, there was the head as green as ever!"

"Oh, murder, murder! what *am* I to do, Mrs. Squallop?" groaned Titmouse, having taken another look at himself in the glass.

"Why, really I'd be off to a police-officer, and have 'em all taken up, if as how I was *you!*" quoth Mrs. Squallop indignantly.

"No. See if I don't take that bottle, and make the fellow that sold it me swallow what's left—and I'll smash in his shop-front besides!"

"Oh, you won't—you musn't—not on no account! Stop at home a bit, and be quiet; it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon strong thing for getting colours out, but—a—a—excuse me now, Mr. Titmouse," said Mrs. Squallop seriously. . . . . "I'm blest if I don't think this is a judgment on you, when one comes to consider!"

"What's the use of your standing preaching to me in this way, Mrs. Squallop?" said Titmouse, first with amazement, and then with fury in his manner—"A'n't I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment, where's the harm of my wanting black hair, any more than black trousers? That a'n't *your own* hair, Mrs. Squallop—you're as grey as a badger underneath—'pon my soul! I've often remarked it—I *have*, 'pon my soul!"

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Himperance!" furiously exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, "you're a liar! And you deserve what you've got! It *is* a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you—so take *that* for your sauce, you vulgar fellow!" (snapping her fingers at him.) "Get rid of your green hair if you can! It's only carrot *tops* instead of carrot *roots*—and some likes one, some the other—ha! ha! ha!"

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Squ——" he commenced, but she had gone, having slammed the door behind her with all her force; and Titmouse was left alone in a half frantic state, in which he continued for nearly two hours.

BAR AND BENCH.

Serjeant Cockle, a rough, blustering fellow, and well known on the northern circuit, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of a right of fishery he asked the witness, "Don't you love fish?" "Ah," replied the witness, with a grin; "but I dunna like Cockle sauce with it."

"I'll tell a lee wi' ony man in Scotland," said a witness in an inferior court, and then with characteristic caution he added, "but I'll no swear to't."

Coming into court one day, Erskine perceived the ankle of Mr. Balfour—who generally expressed himself in a very circumlocutory manner—tied up in a silk handkerchief. "Why, what's the matter?" said he. "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck."

Curran was a rare wit, but even he sometimes met his match. He was once examining a cross-grained, ugly-faced witness, from whom he sought to obtain a direct answer. At length he exclaimed, "It's no use trying to get the truth out of you, for I see the villain in your face!" "Do you, sir?" retorted the man with a smile; "why, then it must be so; faix, I never knew my face was a looking-glass before!"

A witness under examination in an Irish court of justice had just stated that he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a blow on the head. "And how did you find yourself?" asked the examining counsel. "Fast asleep," replied the witness.

A barrister tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the judge remarked, "I think, sir, you must have done with the witness now, for you have pumped him dry."

Upon the trial of a suit for divorce, one of the witnesses was asked whether he had spoken to any of the jury since the trial commenced. "Yes, sir, I spoke to Mr. ——" (pointing to a juryman with a very red face). "What did you say to him?" Witness appeared reluctant to tell. The attorney insisted upon an answer. "Well," said the witness, "I told him that he had a very pretty face to sit on a jury, to decide whether a man was an habitual drunkard or not."

A capital story is told of the ex-Chief Baron Pollock. Some one who wished the baron to resign waited on him, and hinted at his resignation, and suggested it for his own sake, entirely with a view to the prolongation of his valued life, and so forth. The old man rose, and said with his grim, dry gravity, "Will you dance with me?" The guest stood aghast as the Lord Chief Baron, who prides himself particularly upon his legs, began to caper about with a certain youth-like vivacity. Seeing his visitor standing surprised, he capered up to him and said, "Well, if you won't dance with me, will you box with me?" And with that he squared up to him; and half in jest, half in earnest, fairly boxed him out of the room. The old Chief Baron had no more visitors anxiously inquiring after his health, and courteously suggesting retirement. The Lord Chief Baron was prone to the expression of strong general views, which he conveyed in a manner eminently characteristic, with an idiomatic vigour and originality almost amusing. "If," said he on one occasion, "every man were to take advantage of every occasion to have 'the law' of his neighbour, life would not be long enough for the litigation which would result. All flesh and blood would be turned into plaintiffs and defendants."

An old barrister was giving advice to his son, who was just entering his father's profession. "My son," said the counsellor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be clearly against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded on justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice, though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case," replied the old man, "talk round it."

"The first cause I ever decided," said Eldon, "was an apple-pie cause; I must tell you of it, Mary. I was, you know, a senior fellow at the University College, and two of the undergraduates came to complain to me that the cook had sent them an apple-pie that could not be eaten. So I said I would hear both sides. I summoned the cook to make his defence; who said that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the college, that he never had anything unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now, here we were at fault; for I could not understand what a fillet of veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the hall. So, in order that I might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, I ordered the pie itself to be brought before me. Then came an easy decision; for the messenger returned, and informed me that the other undergraduates had taken advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and amongst them had eaten the whole of the apple-pie; so you know it was impossible for me to decide that that was not eatable which was actually eaten. I have often wished in after-life that all the causes were apple-pie causes; fine easy work it would have been."

A WALK WITH A VENTRILOQUIST.

THE party comprised Elliston the actor, and Alexandre the ventriloquist. Their first step was towards Charing Cross. The splendid houses now forming Pall Mall East had just been erected. Reaching Cockspur Street, it was settled that the actor should give the Frenchman the cue when he was to ventriloquise, by kicking his shins.

"You must animate one of these carcases," said Elliston, surveying the unfinished building; "here is an empty house that wants a tenant; you must supply one."

The workmen had long retired from the labour of the day, and though the windows were without sashes, and there was little to steal in the several houses, the doors of them were carefully locked to prevent homeless vagabonds occupying them for the night.

The dusk favoured the performance. Planting themselves close to the railings of the first of these edifices—

"Throw your voice into the vaults below," whispered the comedian. "You must be a poor fellow who, having got drunk and fallen asleep, has tumbled into some hole or another. Call for assistance, and beg to be let out."

The ventriloquist, not without some trepidation, did as he was desired, and Elliston commenced his part—not his first appearance in "the Confederacy!" His exclamations of surprise, commiseration, indignation, &c., soon attracted the notice of the passers-by; a voice was plainly heard begging to be extricated.

"What is it?" cried one.

"A drunken man," said another.

"Call the watch," said a third.

"Break open the door," said a fourth.

The watchman of the district advanced, calling the hour; seeing a mob he lost no time in joining it.

"Och, by St. Bridget's flannel petticoat," said he, on hearing the cries, "but it's that divil's own darlint, Tim Corcoran; sure enough, he's been having a thrifle too much refreshment, and they've overlooked the spalpeen and locked him in; faith it's a way he's got, but we mustn't let him remain there. It's a could night, more by token that I've just taken a noggen of the cratur myself—then isn't he a countryman? By the powers I'll go and get the keys and let him out directly—be aisy wid you there, Tim, it's myself, your friend Shamus McGuire that's coming to let you out with my lantern, and will do it beautifully in no time, so be aisy wid you."

Proceeding to a tradesman in the neighbourhood, with whom the keys were deposited, honest Shamus soon returned with them. The mob had now considerably increased, and all was impatience and anxiety. The door was speedily unlocked and Shamus descended.

"Do you see him, do you see him?" cried every one.

"Divil a haporth," answered Shamus.

"Have you found the hole?"

"Not a bit of it—there's no drunken man here."

A kick on the ventriloquist's shins caused a renewal of the entreaties for help. The mob were greatly enraged at this proof of Shamus's fallibility.

"You are drunk yourself," they shouted; "the poor fellow's crying for help now, we can hear him quite plain."

"Drunk! and is it me that's drunk. By the powers, but you may come and look yourselves, then; but stay, I'll just sarch the back premises. Oh, murder, murder, murder!"

"What's the matter? Have you found the hole?"

"Sure and I have!"

"Then why don't you pull the poor fellow out of it?"

"Och, by the powers! for a mighty good raisin, I'm in it myself up to the chin! Help me out, help me out! I shall be murdered if I stay here three minutes longer."

Fully persuaded that *he* would be murdered if he stayed three minutes longer, the ventriloquist here availed himself of the confusion created by this discovery to take French leave.

"I was certain some one was in the vault," said Elliston; "you see I was right, my friends. Go down and help the sufferer out directly, but take care you don't get into the hole yourselves as watchey has done."

The mob obeyed his directions, and while they disappeared in the cellar to extricate Shamus, he with the narrator also disappeared in search of the ventriloquist, leaving watchey to get out of the cesspool as well as he could.

Overtaking Alexandre in the Haymarket, they made their way to a retired locality, where a celebrated anatomical lecturer had then a museum, or *menagerie*, as the populace more commonly called it.

"This will be the very thing," said Elliston to the Frenchman, suddenly recollecting the circumstance. "As you have succeeded so well with the carcass in Cockspur Street, I'll try if I can't find you an equally *good subject* here. My friend shall help us, we can't want one with him."

The house in which the anatomist resided was a large mansion. The front of it looked on a garden, while only one side of it was in the street. To this a "dead" wall skirting the garden not in-

appropriately conducted. In the garden itself were chained several vultures, and other birds of prey, fed, according to vulgar report, on very ogre sort of fare, having daily Prometheus's dish for dinner. Some cauldrons or coppers, it was stated, were in

these gardens, in which very questionable broths were continually concocted. In the side of the house, facing the street, a blank mass of brick-work already mentioned, there was a grated aperture affording both light and air to a vault beneath.

It was now between nine and ten; there was not a soul to be seen in the street, except an ancient dame who was descending some steps at the further end of the place, bearing a hot meat-pie which she was bringing from a baker's.

"Now then," said Elliston to the ventriloquist, "throw your voice into that vault. You are a dead body wanting to get out. "You are a skeleton wishing to take the air. We can never have a better opportunity; now for it."

Piteous groans were immediately heard.

"Let me out, let me out!" cried a voice, rendered more natural by the apprehension of the ventriloquist.

"What's the matter?" said an old lady, approaching.

"Upon my word, I don't know, my good ma'am," said Elliston; "but there seems some person in great distress here—listen!" Here he kicked the ventriloquist's shins.

"For goodness sake, help me out!" groaned the voice, apparently in the last agonies.

"Gracious preserve me!" cried the old lady, turning deadly pale, and unconsciously letting fall the pie, which was reduced, as the Americans say, to immortal smash.

The portly butler of ———, an eminent solicitor who lived in the street, at this moment appeared, and advanced towards them.

"What's the matter?" asked he.

"That's what we want to know," said Elliston: "listen, my friend!"

Another kick on Alexandre's shins.

"Oh, the villain!—the rascal!" vociferated the butler, on hearing the groans and exclamations. "Not content with getting subjects ready killed, he keeps them, and kills them as he wants them—I have long suspected this—we are none of us safe!"

"Why, who lives here?" said Elliston, affecting much ignorance.

"Who lives here? Why, ———, the anatomist, to be sure."

"Then that fully accounts for it," said the comedian drily; "but the dead body must not be suffered to remain and perish here."

A couple of labourers returning from their work, and some other idle persons now joined them, and in turn heard the groans and exclamations—the general sensation became very strong against the unconscious anatomist.

"Wretch—monster—murderer!" resounded from all sides, the assemblage becoming every moment greater.

They would certainly have broken all squares with the dissector, had any windows presented themselves for them to exercise their rage upon; luckily, as has been said, there was only the brick wall.

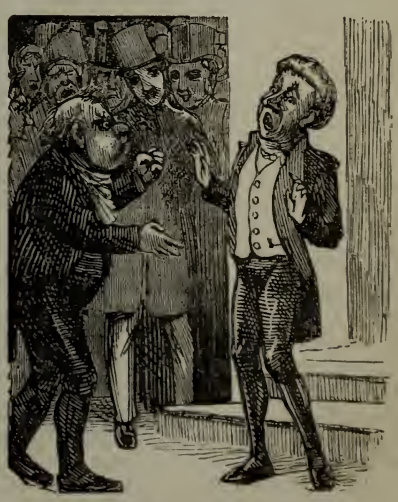
"Knock at the door—knock at the door," was now the universal cry; "it's somebody come to life again! Knock at the door."

A vigorous cannonade was promptly answered by the indignant footman.

"What is the meaning of this hullahbaloo?" he asked. "What are you kicking up this riot for?"

"Meaning enough," answered the mob; "you are as bad as your master; but come and convince yourself."

Another attack of the ventriloquist's shins again elicited cries of distress, and prayers for help.



The footman was paralysed.

"What do you think of that, friend Scrub?" said Elliston.

"That body must have been placed there," said the conscience-stricken footman, "while I was gone for the beer, half an hour ago."

"There, you hear," said the actor, "he confesses he went to fetch the *bier* for the body."

Hissings and hootings followed this palpable conviction.

"I'll be on my corporal oath," said the footman, perspiring at every pore, "there has not been a single subject here these three weeks."

"Then how comes it, it is calling for assistance now? You don't mean to say it's the poor creature's ghost, do you?" said Elliston.

"Oh, it's a clear case," said the butler. "You are a disgrace to the cloth; and as to your going to get beer for your unfortunate victims, I don't believe a word of it. Why don't you let the poor creature out?—shameful—scandalous!"

The footman in his endeavours to exculpate himself, now began making several acknowledgments that only tended to increase the belief and indignation of the mob at his master's malpractices.

At this moment, attracted by the noise, the anatomist himself made his appearance, and hearing the cause of the disturbance, absolutely foamed at the mouth with fury.

"It's all a vile conspiracy," said he, "to ruin me!"

"Conspiracy!" said several voices, "let your own ears convince you."

The anatomist approached: Elliston resumed kicking the shins of his companion, as he supposed, but angry ejaculations from an old gentleman of "What the deuce are you at?" &c., made it evident that the affrighted ventriloquist had vanished.

Well, what am I to listen to?" said the exulting anatomist, after a dead pause; "I hear nobody."

"No *body* speaks now, sure enough," said the mob."

"No, the poor fellow has died over again, while we have been talking," said Ellison, in a feigned voice.

"It's all a vile conspiracy, I repeat," said the anatomist, in a great passion. "A scandalous libel. I'll give ten pounds to any one who'll discover the scoundrel that has set this infamous report afloat."

"I'll swear I heard the voice," said the butler. "You know, friend," turning to one of the spectators, "that I told you——"

"Oh, yes: you are the person that first pointed it out, certainly."

"Then you I'll make sure of," said the enraged dissector, collaring the butler. "Here, watch—watch!"

"Don't lay hands on me," said the butler, struggling with the anatomist. "I won't eat my words: you know you are a fellow that would make an anatomy of anybody, but you shan't polish my bones; let me go."

A desperate struggle now took place between the butler and the anatomist, each got the other by the throat, and both were in a condition of speedily becoming subjects in reality, when Elliston, sidling up to the anatomist, whispered in his ear.

* * * * * *

"Confound me, if it isn't Elliston!" cried the amazed lecturer, catching for the first time a complete view of the comedian's features. "I've been finely hoaxed—rarely tricked! Unloose me, friend, I withdraw my charge."

Before, however, he could get extricated, Elliston had retreated in search of the terrified ventriloquist, and the mob were only at length appeased by a personal inspection of the cellar, and a participation of a barrel of small ale, luckily its sole contents; but they took nothing particular by the motion, as it afterwards appeared that the ale was only placed there because it happened to be—dead!

SCOTCH HAGGIS.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL, a city officer of Edinburgh, of noted celebrity, had the misfortune to lose his mother; and, in order to gratify her last wish, he had her body conveyed to the Highlands, in a hearse, for interment. He returned, it was rumoured, with the hearse full of smuggled whiskey. A friend, one day, began to tease him on the subject. "Wow, man," replied Archie, "there's nae harm done. I only carried awa' the body and brought back the speerit."

OF Lord Hermand's rather eccentric warmth on the bench there are many anecdotes. The well-known but highly characteristic one of "Keep him out," which has been retailed to the public in a variety of shapes, occurred in the Justiciary Court of Glasgow, The court had been interrupted by a noise which had annoyed him very much. "What is that noise?" asked his lordship of the officers, "It's a man, my lord." "What does he want?" "He wants in, my lord." "Keep him out." The man, it would appear, however, got in, for in a short time the noise was renewed, when his lordship again demanded, "What's that noise there?" "It's the same man, my lord," was the answer. "What does he want now?" "He wants out, my lord." "Then keep him in—keep him in, I say."

"NOO, my gude bairns," said a schoolmaster to his class, "there's just another instance o' the uncertainty o' human life: ane o' your ain schulemates—a fine wee bit lassie—went to her bed hale and weel at nicht, and rose a corpse in the morning."

A FEW years ago a board was placed on the wall of Newbattle House, near Edinburgh, on which were inscribed the following words:—"Any person entering these enclosures will be shot and prosecuted."

ON one occasion Dr. Pettigrew, a Glasgow clergyman, having gone to visit a parishioner, was invited to dinner; and, while asking a blessing, the

pudding on the fire happened to *cheep*, from the expulsion of the air. "Wheesht, wheesht, puddy," said a little child, "næbody maun speak here but the man that says the grace."

Two sharp youths from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyllshire, met with a decent-looking shepherd upon the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking: "You have a fine view here, friend; you will see a great way." "Ou aye, ou aye, a ferry great way." "Ah! you will see America from here?" "Farther than that," said Donald. "Ah! how's that?" "Ou, juist wait till the mizts gangs awa, an' you'll see the mune."

A NEWHAVEN fishwife took an extra glass, and on her way home she met the minister. "What, what, Janet!" said the minister jocularly, "I think the road's rather narrow for you," "Hout, sir!" replied Jenny, alluding to her empty creel; "how can I gang steady without ballast?"

A MINISTER who, after a hard day's labour, was enjoying a "tea-dinner," kept incessantly praising the ham, and stating that "Mrs. Dunlop at hame was as fond o' ham as he was," when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of one. "It's unco kin' o' ye, unco kin'; but I'll no put ye tae the trouble o' sending it, I'll just tak' it hame on the horse afore me." When, on leaving, he mounted, and the ham was put into a sack, some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly, his inventive genius soon cut the Gordian knot. "I think, mistress, a cheese in the ither end wad mak' a grand balance." The hint was immediately acted on; and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance true."

A FARMER, having buried his wife, waited upon the grave-digger who had performed the necessary duties, to pay him his fees. Being of a niggardly disposition, he endeavoured to get the knight of the spade to abate his charges. The patience of the latter becoming exhausted, he grasped his shovel impulsively, and with an angry look exclaimed, "Doon wi' another shillin', or—up she comes!" The threat had the desired effect.

JOHN PRENTICE, the grave-digger of Carnwath, had a pleasant equivoque, which he frequently used on hearing of the death of any person. "Hech-how, man," he would say, "is poor —— dead? I would rather it had been ony ither twa!"

A PHYSICIAN at Queensferry was once threatened with a challenge. His method of receiving it was at once cool and incontrovertible. "Ye may challenge me if ye like," said he, "but whether or no, there'll be nae fecht, unless I gang out!"

A COUNTRYMAN applied to a solicitor for advice in a certain matter. On being asked if he had stated the exact facts of the case, he replied with more truth than discretion: "Ou aye, sir, I thought it best to tell you the plain truth: you can put the lees till't yersel'."

WHEN the Rev. Dr. B—— obtained the degree of D.D., a gentleman mentioned the fact to his shepherd, with whom the minister was a particular favourite. "You will be glad to hear, John, that the University of St. Andrews has conferred a doctor's degree on our minister?" "I dinna wonder at that, sir," said the shepherd. "Mair than twenty years ago he cured my wife o' a colic. He should have been made a doctor lang syne!"

AN English packman called at a farmhouse in the Lothians, in order to dispose of his wares. The goodwife was startled by his Southern accent, and his talk about York, London, and other big places. "An' whaur come ye frae yersel'?" was the question of the gudewife. "Ou! I am from the Border!" "The Border. Oh! I thocht that; for we aye think the selvidge is the wakest bit o' the wab!"

LORD BRAXFIELD once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, "You're a very clever chiel, man; but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

"WELL, John," said a minister to one of his hearers, "I hope you hold family worship regularly?" "Aye, sir," answered John, "in the time o' year o't." "In the time o' year o't! What do ye mean? "Yeken, sir, we canna see in winter." "But, John, you should buy candles." "Aye, sir," replied John, "but, in that case, I'm afraid the cost might owerhang the profit."

A MAN from the North, who had never seen either ship or sea in his life, had to cross from Kinghorn to Leith on a very stormy day. The vessel rolled greatly, and the poor frightened Highlander ran to the cords, and held them down with his whole vigour, to keep, as he thought, the boat from upsetting. "For te sake of our lives, shentles, come and hold town!" he cried; "or, if ye will not pe helping me, I'll let you all to the bottom in one moment. And you ploughman thare," he continued, turning to the man at the helm, "cannot you keep howe of te furr, and no gang ower te crown of te riggs avaw? Heich?" The steersman laughed at him, and the Highlander becoming irritated, seized a handspike and knocked him down. "Now! laugh you now, you rogue?" said he; "and you weel deserve it all, for it was you made all the too-koo, kittling the poatie's tail with tat pin!"

"WHAT d'ye think o' this great revival that's gaun on the noo, Jamie?" asked a grocer of a brother-tradesman. "Weel," answered Jamie, "I canna say muckle about it, but I ken this—I hae gotten in a gude wheen bawbees that I had given up langsune as bad debts.

A SCOTTISH blacksmith being asked what was the meaning of metaphysics, replied, "When the party wha listens disna ken what the party wha speaks means: and when the party wha speaks disna ken what he means himsel'—that's metaphoesics."

"WEEL, Peggy," said an old man to an old female servant whom he had known all his days, "are ye no married yet?" "Me marry," replied Peggy indignantly, "I daresay no! I wouldna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

"I'M sair fashed wi' a singing in my head, John," said one man to another. "Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked the other. "No." "Weel, it's because it's empty," said John. "Aye, mar, that's queer," said the first one. "Are ye ne'er fashed wi' a ringing in your ain head, John?" "No, never," answered John. "And do ye no ken the reason o' that? It's because it's crackit."

THE YOUNG LADY WHO SINGS.

CERTAIN persons who are at all acquainted with society in England, must have remarked that in every neighbourhood there is invariably a "young lady who sings." This young lady in general has a voice like a tin kettle if it could speak, and takes more pride in reaching as high as D sharp than if she had reached the top of the pyramid of Cheops. Whenever she is invited out, her "mamma" invariably brings four songs by "that dear Mr. Bayly," three German songs, two Italian, and one French song. Sometimes, but not always, an ominous green box is brought in the fly along with the music, enclosing the valuable appendage of a guitar, with a sort of Scotch plaid silk ribbon of no earthly use dangling from the handle.

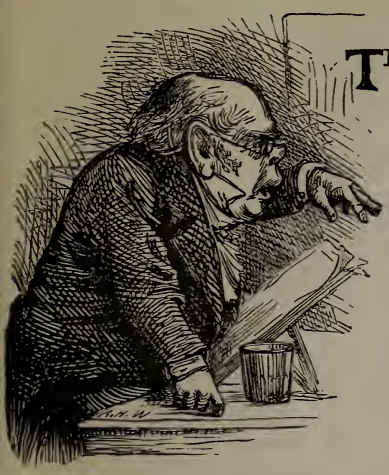
At tea, if you sit next to the young lady who sings, she is sure to talk about Pasta, and beyond a doubt will ask you if you are fond of music. Beware here of answering in the affirmative. If you do your fate is sealed for the night; and while half a dozen pretty girls are chatting delightfully together in one corner of the room, as far from the piano as possible, it will be your unhappy destiny to stand at the side of the young lady who sings, turning over the leaves for her, two at once in your confusion. At the conclusion of each song, it will be your particular business to repeat over again the words "most beautiful" three several times; and, while inwardly longing to be flirting with all the six pretty girls in the corner, you will be obliged to beseech and implore the young lady who sings to delight the company with another solo. Hereupon the young lady who sings coughs faintly, and says that she has a severe cold; but, much to her private satisfaction, is overruled by her "mamma," who, turning round from the sofa on which she is seated, talking scandal with the lady of the house, says reproachfully, "Well, my dear, what if you have a cold—does that prevent you obliging us? For shame!" Then follows a short pantomime between mother and daughter, touching and concerning the next song to be sung. A German song is fixed upon at last, which the daughter goes through in the most pathetic style imaginable, quite ignorant all the time that the subject is a very merry one. All the company pause in their conversation, except the six young ladies in the corner, and the deaf old gentleman who is playing with the poker, on each of whom respectively "mamma" looks scissors. The young lady having gone right through from beginning to end, stops at the last quite out of breath, as might well be expected when it is considered what a race her fingers have had for the last five minutes, in a vain attempt to keep up with her tongue. "How very pretty!" you observe—now that there is room for a word. "I think it is," replies the young lady who sings, in the most simple manner imaginable. "Mamma" now asks successively each of the other mammas whether any of their daughters sing, and receiving a negative, addresses her daughter thus:—"Julia, love, do you remember that sweet little thing of Madame Stockhausen's, which she sang the other evening?" Hereupon another song follows, and then another at the particular request of the lady of the house, who is all the time dying for her own daughters to exhibit. In this manner the evening is spent; and if you are particularly fortunate, you have in return for your patient listening, the exquisite gratification of putting on the young lady's shawl, before she steps into the fly, in which she hums all the way home.

We have been a considerable frequenter of parties in our time, and never went to one but the pleasure of it was interrupted more or less by the appearance of the young lady who sings. At last, on this very account we gave up going to parties altogether, till one day we had an invitation to a very pleasant house, and received at the same time from another quarter authentic information that the young lady who sings had gone into Wales. This news led us to accept the invitation at once. "At last," thought we, "we shall enjoy an evening in peace." We went. Coffee came in, and there was no sign of our enemy. Our heart leapt with delight, and we were just beginning to enjoy a philosophical conversation on raspberry-jam with the matter-of-fact young lady, when to our complete consternation, in walked the guitar, the young lady who sings, and her eternal "mamma," all three evidently bent on destruction. It appears that the young lady, hearing of the party, had kindly put off her departure for Wales just one day, on purpose to be present.

We can say nothing as to what followed this hostile incursion, for having been unhappily fated to the possession of a tolerable ear, we were obliged to beat a retreat at once. Since that memorable occasion, we have never gone to any party whatever without first ascertaining, beyond a possibility of doubt, that the young lady who sings is not to be one of the number.

HOW PROFESSOR PEPSINE LECTURED THE GHOST.*

BY WALTER THORNBURY.



THE little French clock in the mottled walnut-wood case that stood on the mantelpiece of the professor's laboratory, No. 90, Great Decoram Street, had just chimed out midnight in a silvery and musical way, when the professor opened his front door with a latch-key, and burglariously entered his own house on his early return from an evening party.

Now, the professor was a popular lecturer on Food, Electricity, and other kindred subjects; and being, moreover, a jovial, fat, clever little man, was rather an acquisition at De Beauvoir Town, or any other parties; for he sang a little, played a little, danced a little, flirted a little, and made a fool of himself a little, yet was by no means a bore; but, on the contrary, a decidedly useful old bachelor, and would waltz with ugly girls, chat with talkative old fogies, and take gorgeous dowagers down to the supper-room. And as the professor did not care about being joked at, but, on the contrary, rather liked it; and, when smiled at, laughed, and twinkled, and beamed through his silvery spectacles, like a merry old glow-worm, every one forgot his learning and celebrity, and liked the professor heartily.

On the night in question the professor was in high spirits, and with some reason. Firstly, he had made two jokes that had set the supper-table in a roar, and had made the jellies shake as if they felt the cold. Secondly, he had waltzed twice with pretty Fanny Ledger, and had received a smile that gave hopes of more intimate relationship being established some day between the houses of Ledger and Pepsine. Thirdly, a great thought had struck him, as he walked briskly and chirpily home, for his celebrated "Treatise on the Merrythought of the Dodo," which was to be read at the Royal Society on the ensuing Wednesday.

I do not wish to say that the professor had taken champagne with more people that night than he ought, at Mrs. Fitz-Jones's great annual party—though even that would only tend to show the largeness of the excellent man's benevolence—but still I must concede that somehow or other he was abnormally exhilarated, for he danced a cavalier seul as he put his Gibus on the hall-table, and pirouetted as he took off his grey opera wrapper and shawl handkerchief, and lighted his moderator lamp at the flame of the expiring night-light.

The professor was as brave as most men, but he was that night, it must be confessed, a *little* nervous. It was, at all events, owing to this slight nervous derangement, I suppose, that the professor, as he lighted his lamp, went down the two steps that led to the kitchen stairs, and peered inquisitively and suspiciously into the empty darkness. But, good soul! there was nothing to see there save one black-beetle on the wall, and nothing to hear but the watchful drudging tick of the imprisoned kitchen clock below. The bells were all up at the shutters, and the door-mats were duly removed. Trusty Mrs. Dawson had forgotten nothing.

"Pooh! what a fool I am!" thought the professor, as he turned the key of his laboratory door, opening out of the hall to the right, and stepped in. Everything was snug and trim, the stove was ruddy, the gas-lamps were just alight, and that was all; their little blue jets hoarding up the flame with due regard to the quarterly gas bill. How clear and bright the spirit-lamp looked; how crystalline were the glass bowls; how ready to go through fire and water, the rough crucibles; how red the vermilioned horse-shoes of big magnets! In the exhilaration of those after-supper moments the professor felt quite a boy again, and the old boyish delight at the sight of the chemical apparatus came over him with its old power. "Of what use was it to go to bed? He was sure not to get to sleep after that strong coffee. Why might he not sit up for an hour and work?"

"Work." But here a difficulty presented itself. What kind of work should Professor Pepsine select? There wasn't time to go into "the Dodo's Merrythought," and it wanted daylight to examine "the capillary circulation of the tadpole's tail." But the professor had a will of his own; he decided in a moment; the struggle was over; he would—yes, that was it—pursue his researches on "the gastric juice and the human digestion apparatus."

"What's that noise? Oh, only the policeman trying the front door to see if it is properly bolted." The professor sits down at his table, which is on the door side of the stove, turns up the gas (up it flies like a willing spirit), and sits down to work for an hour at his lecture on the gastric juice. But first he goes (I should mention) to a side-table at the farthest end of the room beyond the stove, to see that that mischievous girl of Mrs. Dawson's hasn't been touching the thermo-electrical instruments. No, the wires are right. But I think she has been moving the skeleton of the Polish soldier that the doctor keeps for his anatomical lectures, else why is one of the skeleton's legs thrust out before the other, as if our bony friend with the vacant eyes, and the Russian bullet in his skull, had been promenading the laboratory in his master's absence? With a "tut-tut" of impatience the doctor puts the skeleton into its right place in the corner, and makes as he does it quite a castanet clatter with the loose leg-bones; at last it is right, hanging by the usual ring, safe on its gibbet-like frame, dry, brown, and ghastly as ever.

* By kind permission of the Author.

Now the professor settles down at last seriously to work. He carefully culls the best pen in his quiver and nibs it. He takes off the gutta-percha band that encircles his roll of lecture manuscripts, and he unscrews the top of his inkstand. Ye gods of medicine! be propitious, for the professor has mounted the tripod—I mean he has just seated himself with a plop on his red-morocco-leather-covered library chair. Now, he flattens the paper oratorically with the back of his hand, and with a slightly pompous hem! savouring somewhat of the British Institution, and with a slight hiccup, begins to read his preliminary *résumé* of the net results of stomachic digestion:—

"1. The food is churned, ground, triturated, macerated, disintegrated, and liquified."

Here the professor stopped, and seriously reflected whether those three last oyster patties that followed instead of preceding the liberal helping of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's blanc-mange, were not rather injudicious.

"2. The fats, liberated from their cellular envelope, have become oils."

"I shall suffer for this to-morrow," thought the gay professor.

"3. The sugars have not much altered, for they are crystalline bodies; but the cane-sugars have turned to grape-sugars, and perhaps a small proportion of them have turned to lactic, or milk acid."

"I shall have a headache to-morrow," said the professor's stomachic conscience, quite indifferent to the lecture on the gastric juice.

"4. The vegetable matters have been divided and made pulpy."

Here the professor lighted a cheroot.

"5. The albuminous matters have been macerated (how the gas flickers!)—the whole has become a pulp."

"Excellent!" said the good little man, rubbing his plump little hands—"excellently condensed, though I say it. Such should popular science be, and would that such it were! I shall then perform my extraordinary and expensive experiments of artificial digestion. Taking a—— Halloa! what's that noise? I'm rather nervous to-night—taking, I say, the stomach of a newly-killed sheep, carefully cleaned and scented, I shall desire my attendant to place into it, bit by bit, an excellent dinner: turtle soup, salmon, salad, a slice of venison, vegetables, beer, wine, salt, catchup, bread, pastry, and finally cheese. I shall then pour in two table-spoonfuls of my artificial gastric juice, and submit the whole to a gentle heat, showing by an electric light which will penetrate the tissues of the bag, the rapid solvency of the whole into one colourless pulp or chyle. This lecture will lead to tremendous discussions in the papers."

And here the professor, pausing to take breath, actually rolled about in his chair, at the images his exhilarated imagination had raised; but he suddenly drew up quite rigid and composed, as an echo of his own laugh seemed to return to him from the bookcase behind the skeleton.

Now the professor, though a vain little man, and a trifle of a humbug, had a certain sense of humour, and he was not so wise but that he could laugh at himself. I like him for it, and I think that that merry (perhaps rather champagny) laugh did him great credit. The popular lecturer looked at the clock. It was ten minutes to one.

"Stay till two," he said, "and just read short notes that have drawn up for m' Christmas lecture on 'British and Foreign Wines, their uses and abuses, with special remarks, by request, on South African Port and Betts's Brandy.' Oh that Mrs. Fitz-Jones's champagne! there was something in it. What, four glasses of cham——" Here the professor again hiccupped. "But the cold air on February night (after supper-parties) does make one hiccup. What *is* that noise?"

"Let us first consider the bouquet of wines and its causes (that'll do for them). The bouquet or vinous perfume arises from the presence and evolvement of a substance called ænanthic ether. (Here I must puzzle them a little; the public like to be puzzled.) Alcohol, you know, ladies and gentlemen, is a hydrate of the oxide of ethyle. Now, if we put——"

I am not prepared to say how unintelligible the learned professor might not have become, had not a certain strange shuffling stir that he heard, or fancied he heard, at this moment struck his attention. It was a sound like the walking of a very lame man, mixed up with the stir and drag of a moving chain and a sort of bony rattle, not at all pleasant at one o'clock in the morning.

The sound came from the direction of the bookcase beyond the stove, the little door of which, by-the-by, at this moment suddenly flew open with a jerk, as if frightened. The professor could not see very well into the dark corner, for the bright globe of the gas-lamp shaded it from his eyes. When, however, he turned his head slightly on one side, and thus got rid of what (without a bull) might be perhaps called the overshadowing glare, he caught sight of an extraordinary object—visible, materially visible to his optic nerves, and to the eyes which may be called their windows.

There was no doubt about it at all—he saw or thought he saw, distinctly, two skeletons sitting and warming their shins in front of his stove door. One must be his laboratory skeleton, for it had the well-known black bullet-mark on the left temple; but the other was a perfect stranger. The one sat with legs stretched foppishily out, and his long right arm hung over the chair-back; the other cowered over the fire and rubbed his knees, which the fire reflection turned crimson.

But the doctor was a brave man, and not a superstitious one, and had in his time done his best to expose the folly of table-rapping, and of the stuffed hands and lazy tongs, and all the rest of it. He did not, therefore, believe what he saw, but attributed it at once to a natural cause. All he said was, as he rose and pointed at the skeletons, these simple words of common sense:

"Diseased state of my retina."

Here the Polish ghost rose, and introduced his friend with a wave of the hand as "the Guy's Hospital skeleton."

Now, I may as well premise here that I am not myself answerable for the exact truth of what the skeleton said, as the doctor could never make up his mind afterwards whether the skeletons actually spoke, or whether the replies apparently addressed to him by those strange apparitions were not rather replies made by his inner consciousness to his own questions.

"Binocular deception," said the doctor, "occa-

sioned by temporary vinous affection of the optic nerve—very common after dinner."

At this moment, the Polish ghost coughed in the impatient way in which people do who wish to edge a word in.

The professor continued in a contemptuous tone, feeling his pulse deliberately as he spoke, and making a note on his blotting pad of its condition "at five minutes to one, Thursday, February 15, 1862."

"The blood heated; the nervous system by some subtle cause partly thrown off its balance—brain locally excited in the organs of caution—it's all that infernal champagne of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's—that's it—a species of waking nightmare." Here the professor threw himself unconsciously into a lecturing attitude, and struck the table with a heavy ruler.

The ghost, getting rather impatient and a little nettled, advanced to the table, and putting one hand on his hips oratorically, stretched the other deprecatingly towards the professor, whose courage increased every minute, the more scientifically heated he got.

"Just one moment," said the ghost, "if I may be permitted by my friend from Guy's."

"I have devoted much time to these cases," said the professor (he was one of those men you constantly meet, who have always "devoted much time" to whatever subject you are discussing), "and I know all the precedents; they are all classified: there was Dr. Ferriar, and Monsieur Nicolai, the celebrated bookseller of Berlin."

"I often meet him," said the ghost.

"About the year 1791," said the professor, treading down all interruptions, "Nicolai began to be visited by crowds of ghosts."

"I was one of them," said the Polish ghost. The skeleton from Guy's nodded, and bleared through a quite superfluous eye-glass, to indicate that he was another.

"Crowds of phantasmata," continued Pepsine, "who moved and acted before him, who addressed him, and to whom he spoke without fear; knowing that they were mere symptoms of a certain derangement of health, such as suicidal feelings, and indeed all melancholy, arises from."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the ghost, entreating silence, and actually winking slily at the professor.

"Silence, sir! You are a mere phantom, the result of hectic symptoms, febrile and inflammatory disorders, inflammation of the brain, nervous irritability, hypochondria, gout, apoplexy, the inhalation of gases, or delirium tremens. Go! You are the mere offspring of a morbid sensibility, and only fools and sceptics have any belief in you!"

"But one word."

"Not a word; I know all your relations; there is Dr. Gregory's old hag, who used to strike people with her crutch."

"My grandmother on my father's side," said the ghost, consequentially. "Mother Shipton was my aunt."

"Sorry for it, for she was no great things. I've seen too many ghosts, sir, as some great person once said, ever to believe in them—a pack of rubbish. The man who believes in a ghost, I tell you, ought to be sent to an hospital."

The quiet dittoing ghost suggested "Guy's," and smiled.

"I know the ghost in the tamboured waistcoat, and the skeleton that looked between the bed-curtains and frightened the doctor," said the professor.

"Daren't look behind you, though!" said the Polish ghost, in a nagging and malicious way.

At this sneer the ghost from Guy's rubbed his knees harder than ever, and laughed till he rocked again.

"Daren't I?" said the doctor, and turned quietly round; then snapping back again, and catching the gentleman from Poland sliding forward to try and pull his coat and frighten him, he deliberately snatched up his heavy ruler, and hit the Pole a rattling blow on his bare skull; at which the Pole grew angry, and the friend from Guy's laughed more than ever.

"How about Nicolai's ghost? That's a settler, I think," said the Pole, stepping back to a safe distance from the table, and thrusting in the remark spitefully.

"The mere fancy of a possible event. Remember the ghost that the captain sat down upon in the arm-chair, and then followed into bed—eh? Hallca! what, not a word to fling at a dog—what, quite chapfallen! Sir, I shall put you in my next lecture."

"Don't, don't!" said both ghosts, in a whining voice; "we'll go quietly away if you promise not to."

"Miserable impostors, begone! I know all your petty tricks—the voice that called Doctor Johnson—the young ensign who died of over-smoking at Kitchemegar, and that same night went and terrified his poor sister, for no reason in the world, at 999, Gower Street. Bah!"

"But, my dear sir, a moment's patience; let me put one argument before you. Look at the haunted houses in Great Britain, the rooms where no one can be induced to sleep; look at the clashing of our chains, the white shrouds, the groans, the——"

As the Polish skeleton here got out of breath, his lungs being evidently out of order, the professor slipped in, and continued his honest tirade.

"Stuff about your haunted houses—noises, all rats and draughts—unnatural deaths, bad sewers—rattling chains, rusty weathercocks—and all the rest, the tricks of deceiving servants, smugglers, or thieves."

Here the ghost from Poland shrugged his shoulders, and looked piteously at the ghost from Guy's; then both shrugged their shoulders noisily.

"But the wet ensign who comes and tells his sister he is drowned at Cutchemabobbery, in the Madras Presidency?"

"Ah! what about the wet ensign?" said the ghost from Guy's, backing up his friend's query in a posing and rather hurt sort of way.

"Hang the wet ensign! An idiotic sister nervous with incessant late hours, too much eau de Cologne, and the perusal of a sensation novel, has apprehensions about her brother in India, eventually goes to sleep over the piano, and dreams she sees him dripping."

"But she didn't dream," said Poland.

"No, she *didn't* dream," said Guy's, resorting again to his eye-glass.

"But I say she did," said the professor.

"She didn't."
"She did."
"She didn't."

The skeleton from Guy's here clenched his fist, but the ghost from Poland groaned.

"It's no use," said the latter.

"Not a bit," said the former.

"On my word of honour, my dear sir," said the ghost from Poland, trying once more, and laying his hand on the vacuity where his heart ought to have been, "it was not a dream."

"It was not a dream, on my conscience," said Guy's.

"Now look you here, gentlemen," said the doctor, getting red in the face, and seriously angry, "I have borne this, I think, long enough. I have proved to you both that you don't exist; why don't you go away civilly like gen'lemen?" (The doctor rather slurred the pronunciation of this word). "You are impostors, scare-crows, mere bubbles; air, vapour, thought. Begone, or, I give you fair notice, if you are not off in five minutes by that clock, I will ring the bell, fire off a double-barrel gun, spring a rattle, throw open the front door, and alarm the street!"

This threat seemed to have a great effect on the two skeletons. Guy's sat down and warmed his shin-bones again in a desponding manner, but on Poland touching his shoulder, they both got up and began to whisper together in a violent and agitated way. They were evidently going.

* * * * * *

The doctor fell suddenly into a deep sleep. He did not awake until Betsy Jane, the housemaid, came in to "do" the room at seven A.M. That fair vestal found the gas burning, and the doctor fast asleep in his arm-chair.

In alluding to the event afterwards, Dr. Pepsine's friends always called the vision and sleep the result of "over-study;" but his enemies (and what great man is not troubled with such vermin?) called it "too much of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's champagne."

O D V.

CONTAINING A FULL, TRUE, AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE TERRIBLE FATE OF ABRAHAM ISAACS, OF IVY LANE.

"True 'tis a P T, and P T 'tis, 'tis true.'

IN I V Lane, of C T fame,
There lived a man D C,
And A B I 6 was his name,
Now mark his history.

Long time his conduct free from blame
Did merit L O G,
Until an evil spirit came
In the shape of O D V.

"O! that a man into his mouth
Should put an N M E
To steal away his brains"—no drouth
Such course from sin may free.

Well, A B drank, the O T loon!
And learned to swear, sans ruth;
And then he gamed, and U Z soon
To D V 8 from truth.

An hourly glass with him was play,
He'd swallow that with phlegm;
Judge what he'd M T in a day,
"X P D *Herculem.*"

Of virtue none to sots, I trow,
With F E K C prate;
And 0 of N R G could now
From A B M N 8.

Who on strong liquor badly dote,
Soon poverty must know;
Thus A B in a C D coat
Was shortly forced to go.

From poverty D C T he caught,
And cheated not A F U,
For what he purchased paying 0,
Or but an "I O U."

Or else when he had tried B 4,
To shirk a debt, his wits,
He'd cry, "You shan't wait N E more,
I'll W or quits.

So lost did I 6 now A P R,
That said his wife, said she,
"F U act so, your fate quite clear
Is for 1 2 4 C."

His inside soon was out and out
More fiery than K N;
And while his state was thereabout
A cough C V R came.

He I P K Q N A tried,
And linseed T and rue;
But 0 could save him, so he died
As every 1 must 2.

Poor wight! till black i' the face he raved,
'Twas P T S 2 C
His latest spirit "spirit" craved—
His last words, "O D V."

MORAL.

I'll not S A to preach and prate,
But tell U if U do
Drink O D V at such R 8,
Death will 4 stall U 2.

O U then who A Y Z have,
Shun O D V as a wraith,
For 'tis a bonus to the grave,
And S A unto death.

SALT JUNK.

SAILOR, a giant of well-known bravery, who was in a boat at the siege of Copenhagen, kept down his head while a shot was flying over the boat. "For shame! hold up your head!" thundered the officer in the stern. "I will, sir, when there's room for it," was the laughing response.

"CAN'T you steer?" said the captain. "The divil a bitther hand at the tiller in Kinsale," said Barney, with his usual brag. "Well, so far so good," said the captain. "And you know the points of the compass, I suppose?" "A compass: by my soul it's not let alone a compass, but a pair of compasses I have, that my brother, a carpinthier, left me for a keepsake when he wint abroad; but, indeed, as for the points o' them, I can't say much, for the childer spilt them entirely boorin' holes in the flurs."

CAPTAIN N——, who lately arrived in Boston, when going up to the wharf ordered an Irishman to throw over the buoy; and going below a few minutes, he called to the Irishman, and asked him if he had thrown the buoy. "No," said he, "I could not catch the boy, but I threw over the old cook."

A LIEUTENANT of a man-of-war, who was very fond of fine terms, having received orders from the captain on shore to send the cutter for him instead of the barge, told the boatswain to postpone the barge, and expedite the cutter. The rough unlettered son of Neptune ruminated some time upon the lingo without making it out; at length he luckily thought it related to some of the crew, and replied to the officer that postpone was ill in his hammock, and expedite was gone on shore.

A GREEN HAND.—A sailor, the other day, in describing his first efforts to become nautical, said that just at the close of a dark night he was sent up aloft to try if he could see a light. As he was no great favourite with the lieutenant, he was not hailed for some hours. "Aloft there!" at length was heard from the lieutenant. "Ay, ay, sir." "Do you see a light?" "Yes, sir." "What light?" "Daylight, by jingo."

A LAD applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth; the captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope and said, "If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends of the rope." "I can do it," he readily replied; "here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third," and he threw it overboard.

AN old sailor finding a corked bottle floating on the sea, opened it with the soliloquy, "Rum I hope; gin I think; papers!" and then threw it back into the water.

A TESTY lawyer, lately, in one of our courts, found himself bothered with a knotty witness, who wouldn't explain, as he desired, the difference between the "thick" and "long" kinds of whalebone. "Why, man," he said, "you don't seem to know the distinction between thick and long." "Don't I though?" "Explain it then." "Well, you're plaguy thick-headed, but you ain't long-headed, nohow," said Jack, with a grin.

"A LADY, walking a few days since on the promenade at Brighton, asked a sailor whom she met why a ship was called "she." The son of Neptune ungallantly replied that it was "because the rigging cost so much."

A JACK TAR of the name of Bill Blunt was once hauled into a lady's presence, at a sailors' ball, to apologise for an alleged insult. "Miss L——, I understand I have insulted you?" quoth Bill. "You have, sir." "What did I say, Miss L——?" "You told me to go to Jericho." "Well," said Bill, "I have come at the request of several persons to tell you that you needn't go."

A CHEAP WATCH.—During a war a sailor went to Mr. MacLaren, a watchmaker, and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repair of it would come to. Mr. MacLaren, after examining it, said, "It will be more expense repairing than its original cost." "I don't mind that," said the tar; "I will even give you double the original cost; for I have a veneration for the watch." "What might you have given for it?" said the watchmaker. "Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it; and if you repair it, I will give you two."

AN English sailor in Dublin, crossing the Coal Quay half tipsy, with a gallon measure of foaming porter to regale his shipmates on board, passed through a crowd of coal-heavers, not much more sober than himself, and in the pride of his heart addressed them with, "Hang your whiskey, you Irish lubbers; here's a gallon of good English beer; it is meat, drink, and clothes," slapping the vessel with his hand. One of the fellows, affronted at this challenge, instantly knocked him down into a large slough of water, adding, "You had meat, drink, and clothes before, and there's washing and lodging for you into the bargain, you thief." The fellow was proceeding to follow up his triumph by kicking the fallen Briton, when another of the gang interfered with, "Never mind, Larry, though you did give him washing and lodging, sure he doesn't want mangling into the bargain."

BUMPKINISMS.

YOUTH is wise. A man hired an over-cute fellow to saw a load of wood, agreeing to pay him threepence an hour. He showed him a specimen of the shortest stove wood; but the 'cute fellow turned on his heel, declaring, "he was not quite so green as to saw wood, short as that, for threepence an hour!"

WE were lately amused at an "art-criticism" delivered by a raw Jonathan, who had been quietly gazing at a garden in one of our suburban villages, which, among other ornaments, boasted several rather handsome marble statues. "Jest see what a waste!" observed our rural friend; "there's no less than six scarecrows in that little ten-foot garden patch, and any one of 'em alone would keep off all the crows from a five-acre lot!"

JOHN was thought very stupid. He was sent to a mill one day, and the miller said, "John, some people say you are a fool. Now, tell me what you do know, and what you don't know. "Well," replied John, "I know millers' hogs are fat." "Yes, that's well, John. Now, what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn fat's 'em!"

A RICH old farmer at Crowle, near Bawtry, speaking to a neighbour about the "larnin'" of his nephew, said—"Why, a shude a made Tom a lawyer, I think, but a took such a good hand to hold a plough that oi thought 'twere a pity to spoil a good ploughboy."

MR. T. HAWKINS, in his "Book of the Great Sea Dragon," tells a characteristic story about the finding of one of his Plesiosaurian reptiles. Two quarrymen at Street had turned over the great slab in which the bones lay imbedded, enough being exposed to make them curious to see the rest. "I wonder what 'tes!" says the one. "Oh, a viery dragern, a maa be," replies his fellow. "One that stinged Moses, a maa be; hae." "Here's at un!" A tremendous blow with the mallet. "How he do zound! I wonder if the stwoone be hollar." Another tremendous blow. "'Tis vire stwoone—vire stwoone is terrible hard; hot un agean, Jack!" Oh, my Triatarsostinus! broke in half! "There's his backbwoone and thor's his ribs." "Have yer got a head?" A blow follows this question that breaks the head and neck—or rather the slab, as the skeleton was buried in the centre of the stone—to pieces. "No: nooe bet o' hed—no zine o' one o' hes lys." "Doosten het un in the right pleaze." "Hang the twood!" Another miserable blow which separates the tail part. "What ell Measter Haakins say?" "Oh, we can tell un that we didn't know what 'twere, and wanted to zee a bit." "And so," says Mr. Hawkins, "they reduced the fine flagstone to nearly thirty pitiful pieces, and stabbed the bones as a Spanish matador does a bull—all over."

SOME time since, as a boy was riding a horse to Barnsley Fair to sell, he was accosted on entering the town by a sprig of a dealer, who called out in a consequential tone, "Why, Jack, that horse you're riding is going to die; look what a white face he's gettan." "Hey," responded the lad, breaking off whistling, "an' you'd have a white face too, if you'd look through a halter as it hez."

"HAVE you got any shirts?" inquired a countryman of a Jew "duffer" who had fastened on him in Duke Street, with a very innocent look. "A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price, sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir." "Are they clean?" "To be sure, sir. Step in, sir. "Then," said the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put one on, for you want it."

AN impatient boy, waiting for the grist, said to the miller, "I could eat the meal as fast as the mill grinds it." "How long could you do so?" inquired the miller. "Till starved to death," was the sarcastic reply.

"I SAY, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, sir." "What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody 'll say 'Whea!' and he shan't hear it."

IN a fashionable city in the West of England there were two idiots; one, belonging to a family of note, held himself much superior to the other, who was of low degree. One day they met in the street, when the aristocratic idiot exclaimed to the other, "Lezer! Lezer! you are a fool!" "I know I am a fool," answered Eleazer, drawing in his hanging tongue; "but, Philemon, you are a fool and don't know it." Philemon belonged to an extensive genus.

IN Norfolk a ploughman became enamoured of a milkmaid on a neighbouring farm. His addresses were rejected, and the disappointed swain, full of melancholy and revenge, procured a rope, went to the barn, and —tied all the cows' tails together.

SMALL WEEDS.

"C—A—T! What does that spell, G e o r g e?" "Please, sir, I don't know." "Don't know, sir! Why, what does your mother use to catch mice?" "Trap, sir." "Pooh! What animal is it?—one that is fond ofmilk." "Yes, sir — I know, sir — a baby, sir!" "No, no, no. What was it scratched your sister's face?" "My nails,sir." "You dunce! Now, look! Do you see that animal on the fence, there?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, then; now tell me what c—a—t spells." "Kitten, sir!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT does not seem to have been the dunce at school which some have stated. Once, a boy in the same class was asked by the "dominie" what part of speech *with* was. "A noun, sir," said the boy. "You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?" "I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; "you know there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Samson with *withs*.'"

SCHOOLMISTRESS (pointing to first letter of alphabet): "Come, now, what letter is that?" Young American: "I shan't tell you." Schoolmistress: "You won't! But you must. Come, now, what is it?" Young American: "I shan't tell you. I didn't come here to teach you—but for you to teach me."

"MAMMA, if we cross the bridge at night must we pay toll?" "Of course, my dear; why do you ask?" "Why, because the river will have gone home to sleep." "Oh! the river never sleeps." "Then why has it a bed, mamma?"

A SCHOOLBOY being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship, the heavy strokes upward, and the down ones light."

"JAMES, now I will hear your lesson," said a schoolmaster to a little urchin who was not in the habit of studying much. "Gueth not, thir; daddy thaith little boys should be theen and not heard."

A FORMAL, fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl: "How are you, my dear?" "Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added: "Now, my dear, you should ask me how I am." The child simply and honestly replied, "I don't want to know."

"FATHER," said a little fellow, after having apparently reflected intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married." "Why not?" was the inquiry, "Because," answered the young hopeful, "you did not send me any of yours."

PASSING some north country English villages, a person for amusement inquired of the school children, "When you are naughty, what does the master do to you?" The following different answers were received at different places:—"He mills us; he crumps us; he raps us at the top o' th' heeud; he bastes us; he mumps us; he fettles us; he leathers us; he winds us."

CHILDREN are inquisitive bodies; for instance: "What does cleave mean, pa?" "It means to unite together." "Does John unite wood when he cleaves it?" "Hem! well, it means to separate." "Well, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Hem, hem! don't ask so many foolish questions, child."

"MA, what is hush?" asked a little boy. "Why, my dear, do you ask?" "Because I asked sister Jane what made her new dress stick out so all round like a hoop, and she said hush!"

"MY James is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has his little failings, for none of us are perfect. He threw the cat in the fire, flung his grandfather's wig into the cistern, put his daddy's powder-horn in the stove, tied the coffee-pot to Jowler's tail, let off squibs in the barn, and took my cap-bobbin for fishing lines; but these are only childish follies—he's an excellent boy, after all."

"Now, papa, tell me what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt till reminded of it a dozen times." Queer definition that, still there's some truth in it.

A LITTLE girl in school gave as a definition of "bearing false witness against your neighbour," that "it was when nobody did nothing and somebody went and told of it."

JUVENILE: "Papa, I've spilt the butter all over the new table-cover." Papa: "Rub the soiled portion briskly with some woollen fabric, my dear." Juvenile: "But what good will that do, papa?" Papa (clearing his throat): "Why, friction generates caloric, which volatilises the oleaginous particles of the stearine matter."

THOMSON GREEN AND HARRIET HALE.*

To be Sung to the Air of "An 'Orrible Tale."

BY W. S. GILBERT.

OH, list to this incredible tale
Of Thomson Green and Harriet Hale;
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twum!"

Oh, Thomson Green was an auctioneer,
And made three hundred pounds a year;
And Harriet Hale, most strange to say,
Gave pianoforte lessons at a sovereign a day.

Oh, Thomson Green, I may remark,
Met Harriet Hale in Regent's Park,
Where he, in a casual kind of way,
Spoke of the extraordinary beauty of the day.

They met again, and strange, though true,
He courted her for a month or two,
Then to her pa he said, says he,
"Old man, I love your daughter and your daughter worships me!"

Their names were regularly banned,
The wedding day was settled, and
I've ascertained by dint of search
They were married on the quiet at St. Mary Abbot's Church,

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of Thomson Green and Harriet Hale,
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twum!"

That very self-same afternoon
They started on their honeymoon,
And (oh, astonishment!) took flight
To a pretty little cottage close to Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

But now—you'll doubt my word, I know—
In a month they both returned, and lo!

Astounding fact! this happy pair
Took a gentlemanly residence in Canonbury Square!

They led a weird and reckless life,
They dined each day, this man and wife
(Pray disbelieve it, if you please)
On a joint of meat, a pudding, and a little bit of cheese.

In time came those maternal joys
Which take the form of girls or boys,
And strange to say, of each they'd one—
A tiddy-iddy daughter, and a tiddy-iddy son!

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of Thomson Green and Harriet Hale,
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twum."

My name for truth is gone, I fear,
But, monstrous as it may appear,
They let their drawing-room one day
To an eligible person in the cotton-broking way.

Whenever Thomson Green fell sick
His wife consulted Doctor Crick,
From whom some words like these would come—
Fiat mist. sumendum haustus, in a *cochleyareum.*

For thirty years this curious pair
Hung out in Canonbury Square,
And somehow, wonderful to say,
They loved each other dearly in a quiet sort of way.

* By kind permission of the Author.

Well, Thomson Green fell ill and died;
For just a year his widow cried,
And then her heart she gave away
To the eligible lodger in the cotton-broking way.

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of Thomson Green and Harriet Hale,
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twum!"

THE FIRST MATE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

E used to walk the deck with his hands in his pockets, in seeming abstraction, but nothing escaped his eye. *How* he saw I could never make out, though I had a theory that it was with his elbows. After he had taken me (or my knife) into his confidence, he took care that I should see whatever he deemed of interest to a landsman. Without looking up he would say, suddenly, "There's a whale blowin' clear up to win'ard," or, "Them's porpises to leeward: that means change of wind." He is as impervious to cold as the polar bear, and paces the deck during the watch much as one of those yellow hummocks goes slumping up and down his cage. On the Atlantic, if the wind blew a gale from the north-east and it was cold as an English summer, he was sure to turn out in a calico shirt and trousers, his furzy brown chest half bare, and slippers, without stockings. But lest you might fancy this to have chanced by defect of wardrobe, he comes out in a monstrous pea-jacket here in the Mediterranean, when the evening is so hot that Adam would have been glad to leave off his fig-leaves. "It's kind o' damp and unwholesome in these 'ere waters," he says, evidently regarding the Midland Sea as a vile standing pool in comparison with the bluff ocean. At meals he is superb, not only for his strengths, but for his weaknesses. He has somehow or other come to think me a wag, and if I ask him to pass the butter, detects an occult joke, and laughs as much as is proper for a mate. For you must know that our social hierarchy on shipboard is precise, and the second mate, were he present, would only laugh half as much as the first. Mr. X. always combs his hair and works himself into a black frock-coat (on Sundays he adds a waistcoat) before he comes to meals, sacrificing himself nobly and painfully to the social proprieties. The second mate, on the other hand, who eats after us, enjoys the privilege of shirt-sleeves, and is, I think, the happier man of the two. We do not have seats above and below the salt, as in old time, but above and below the white sugar. Mr. X. always takes brown sugar, and it is delightful to see how he ignores the existence of certain delicates which he considers above his grade, tipping his head on one side with an air of abstraction, so that he may seem not to deny himself, but to omit helping himself from inadvertence or absence of mind. At such times he wrinkles his forehead in a peculiar manner, inscrutable at first as a cuneiform inscription, but as easily read after you once get the key. The sense of it is something like this:—"I, X, know my place, a height of wisdom attained by few. Whatever you may think, I do *not* see that currant jelly, nor that preserved grape. Especially, a kind Providence has made me blind to bowls of white sugar, and deaf to the pop of champagne corks. It is much that a merciful compensation gives me a sense of the dingier hue of Havana, and the muddier gurgle of beer. Are there potted meats? My physician has ordered me three pounds of minced salt-junk at every meal."

One evening when the clouds looked wild and whirling, I asked X. if it was coming on to blow. "No, I guess not," said he; bumby the moon'll be up, and "scoff away" that ere loose stuff. His intonation set the phrase "scoff away" in quotation marks as plain as print. So I put a query in each eye, and he went on:—"Ther' was a Dutch cappen onct, and his mate come to him in the cabin, where he sot takin' his schnapps, and says, 'Cappen, it's a gittin' thick an' looks kin' o' squally: hedn't we's good's shorten sail?' 'Gimmy my alminick,' says the cappen. So he looks at it a spell, an' says he, 'The moon's due in less'n half an hour, an' she'll scoff away ev'ythin' clare agin.' So the mate he goes, an' bumby down he comes agin and says, 'Cappen, this 'ere's the allfiredest, powerfullest moon ever you *did* see. She's scoffed away the maintopgallants'l, and she's to work on the foretops'l now. Guess you'd better look in the alminick agin, an' fin' out when *this* moon sets.' So the cappen thought 'twas time to go on deck. Dreadful slow them Dutch cappens be." And X. walked away, rumbling inwardly like the roll of the sea heard afar.

LAUGHS AT LAW AND LAWYERS

AN attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as he could. "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

OVER in Jersey, during Presidential canvass, a young lawyer, noted for the extraordinary length of his neck, his tongue, and his bill, was on the stump blowing his horn for General M'Clellan. Getting on in his eloquence, he spread himself, and said—"I would that on the 8th day of next November I might have the wings of a bird, and I would fly to every city and every village, to every town and every hamlet, to every mansion and every hut, and proclaim to every man, woman, and child, George B. M'Clellan is President of these United States!" At this point a youngster in the crowd sang out. You'd be shot for a goose before you flew a mile!"

ON being informed that the judges in the Court of Common Pleas had little or nothing to do, Bushe remarked, "Well, well, they're equal to it!"

"I NEVER was ruined but twice," said a wit: "once when I lost a lawsuit, and once when I gained one."

JUDGE JEFFREYS, pointing with his cane to a man who was about to be tried, said, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man pointed at inquired, "At which end, my lord?"

JUDGE DOOLY was a man of undoubted bravery as well as waggery. Once on a time he had the misfortune to offend Judge White, who wore one cork leg, and challenged Judge Dooly to mortal combat. The two judges met on the field at the hour appointed, but Dooly was alone. White sent to ask where his second was? To this Judge Dooly replied, "He has gone to the woods for a bit of a hollow tree to put one of my legs in, that we may be even." The answer was too much for his opponent; he turned on the only heel he had, and left the field.

PLUNKET, while pleading one day, observing the hour to be late, said it was his wish to proceed with the trial, if the jury would *set*. "*Sit*, sir," said the judge, correcting him, "not *set*; hens set." "I thank you, my lord," was the reply. Shortly after, the judge had occasion to observe that if such were the case he feared the action would not *lay*. "*Lie*, my lord," said the barrister, "not *lay*; hens lay."

EDWIN JAMES, examining a witness, asked him what his business was. He answered, "A dealer in old iron." "Then," said the counsel, "you must of course be a thief." "I don't see," replied the witness, "why a dealer in iron must necessarily be a thief, more than a dealer in brass."

CURRAN was once engaged in a legal argument. Behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observed that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though, in my opinion, he was fitter for the steeple."

IT was a good piece of advice given by a sergeant-at-law to a counsellor, that he should not "show anger, but show cause."

A BARRISTER on circuit rushed to the refreshment bar for bitter beer and biscuit. "You have plenty of time," said Ganymede in crinoline, observing the perilous haste with which he took his refreshment—"you have eight minutes." "Oh," said he, "if I have plenty of time, there's no need to choke myself." "Why, sir," was the philosophic reply, "there's no need to choke yourself if you haven't time." Too far north for me, that girl," muttered the Templar, and vanished.

DURING a case of assault heard before Judge Falconer, the following occurred:—Surgeon examined: "I found plaintiff had a severe contusion under the left eye—great extravasation of blood under the eye, and some abrasion of the skin." Judge: "You mean he had a bad black eye?" Surgeon: "Yes."

"MY lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in their verdict, "we find the man that stole the mare not guilty."

A BROWBEATING counsel asked a witness how far he had been from a certain place. "Just four yards, two feet, and six inches," was the reply. "How came you to be so exact, my friend?" "Because I expected some fool of a lawyer would ask me, and so I measured it."

THE judges of a certain Court of Session, in case of their being unable to attend, always send an excuse to the Lord President. On one occasion, when Lord Stonefield sent an apologetic note, Lord Braxfield asked the President, in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fellow like him hae?" My lord," answered the President, "he has lost his wife." "Lost his wife!" exclaimed Braxfield, whose connubial lot was not the most happy; "that is a good excuse truly; I wish we had a' the same!"

A JUDGE in India is reported to have thus addressed a person convicted before him, prior to

passing sentence:—"Prisoner at the bar, Providence has given you a good degree of health and strength, *instead of which* you go about the country stealing ducks."

"TAKE off your hat, man," cried a judge to an Amazon in a riding dress. "I'm a lady," was the reply; "I'm not a man." "Then," said his lordship, "I'm not a judge."

A MAN said the only reason he knew why his dwelling was not blown away in a late storm was, because there was a heavy mortgage on it.

A COUNSEL once, of talents vain,
A Quaker rudely treated,
Who often in his story plain
The word *also* repeated.

"Also!" said Brief with sneering wit,
"Won't likewise do as well?"
"No, friend; but, if thou wilt permit,
Their difference I will tell.

"Scarlett's a counsel learned, we know,
Whose talents oft surprise:
Thou art a counsel, friend, *also*,
But surely not *like-wise*."

AT an assize town a juryman said to the clerk, "Speak up, I cannot hear what you say." Baron Alderson, who presided, asked him if he was deaf, and on the juryman answering, "Yes, with one ear," replied, "Well, then, you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should hear both sides."

SIR JAMES SCARLETT, when at the bar, had to cross-examine a witness whose evidence it was thought would be very damaging, unless he could be bothered a little, and his only vulnerable point was said to be self-esteem. The witness presented himself in the box—a portly, over-dressed person, and Scarlett took him in hand. "Mr John Tomkins. I believe?" "Yes." "You are a stock-broker?" "I *ham*." Scarlett regarded him attentively for a few moments, and then said, "and a very fine, well-dressed *ham* you are, sir!" The shouts of laughter which followed completely disconcerted the witness, and the counsel's point was gained.

MR. JOHN CLERK, in pleading before the House of Lords one day, happened to say, in his broadest Scotch accent, "In plain English, ma Lords;" upon which Lord Eldon jocosely remarked, "In plain Scotch, you mean, Mr. Clerk." The prompt advocate instantly rejoined, "Nae matter! in plain common sense, ma Lords, and that's the same in a' languages, ye ken."

"FACTS are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness under examination. "Yes, sir," said the witness, "and so are women; and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it." "You'll be committed for contempt," said the lawyer. "Very well," said the witness; "I shall suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower
Which boys do flout us with;—but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose—it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me—oh, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom; I can feel
With all around me; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle—and you quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

"AH! other leg first, Tom," said Stephen; and Tom Phipps, placing his right foot in the stirrup, essayed to mount, but saw through the trick directly after, and descended to earth again, while the Squire and Frank stood roaring with laughter in the stable-yard.

"Now, I tell you what it is," said Tom pettishly; "if there's any more chaff I won't mount."

"All right, Tom," said Frank, "we've done now; so jump up, and let's be off. The hounds meet at eleven." Then addressing the Squire—"You'd better come, sir."

"No, lad, no," said the old gentleman. "I shall, perhaps, get upon the cob, and come and have a look at you, but I can't see eighteen stone taking hedges. My hunting days are over. Look after Master Tom, there, and mind he don't break old Captain's knees. Don't take the stiff fences, Tom."

Tom grinned a very peculiar grin; and then, as Frank and Stephen were already mounted, he again prepared to ascend to the back of his horse.

* * * * *

"What a tall horse it is!" said Tom, trying to get his foot upon the stirrup-iron. "Hadn't I better have the cob?"

"You'll find old Captain a deal quieter," said the Squire.

"Hold still, will you?" cried Tom, making yet again another trial, but once more frustrated by the steed, which, anxious to join its companions, took a step or two in advance. "Woa, will you?" cried Tom, once more trying, but again defeated, and this time losing his hat, which, as hats will, came down with a bang upon the stones. "Here, come and hold his head, boy," quoth Tom to one of the stable-lads: and then the Squire, seeing his difficulty, went and gave him a leg up, thereby nearly jerking him right over the horse. But Tom managed to save himself, and settled down, with his legs forming rather a large angle.

"How's stirrups, Tom?" said the Squire, ungrammatically.

"Can't reach 'em at all," said Tom; and consequently they had to be taken up a good many holes, until the rider's short legs found support. "Now then," said Tom, in a state of great excitement; "all right—I'm off!"

"Here, you sir—keep those knees in," cried the Squire; "don't sit like a tailor. There, that won't do—you've got your reins crossed."

"What's the good of having two?" said Tom; "I only had one with the cob."

"Why, to get you into a mess, if you go on like that," said the old gentleman. "You're pulling the snaffle on one side and the curb on the other."

"Well, but," said Tom, "you ought always to curb your steed, oughtn't you?"

"Curb the deuce," said the Squire. "Why, look here, man," and he then pointed out the difference between the two reins, and added a few other instructions. "He's as quiet as an old sheep; and all you have to do is to keep to the lanes, and see what you can of the run—for of course you won't try the fields."

"Oh, no—of course not," said Tom.

"There, now! keep those heels out of his ribs, and hold on by your knees," growled the Squire.

"But they're sore," said Tom; "I've got the skin off!"

"Well, there—go on," cried the old gentleman, "and stick to him."

"That I will," said Tom, "just like a leech."

All this while Frank and Stephen had been taking a preliminary canter round the home field, and now returned to see after Tom.

"Now then," said Frank, "are you ready?"

"All right," said Tom, steering out of the yard gate. "Go gently at first, you know." And then the trio went "gently" down the avenue—that is to say, at a walk; when, no sooner were they clear of the trees than Stephen proposed a trot.

Tom was quite willing, and away they went, with the lesson-taker bumping about in the saddle, till he seemed to lose his breath.

"What makes him pi—itch me up so high?" Tom jerked out at last; "t'other didn't."

"Bigger horse," said Stephen; "but you'll be all right directly. Give him his head."

"Ta—akes such long—ong steps," jerked Tom.

"Yes, he is rather rough in his trot," said Stephen; "try him at the canter."

"N—n—ot at pres—pres — pres — present," said Tom; "n — n — ot used t'him yet."

"Head up," said Stephen—"that's right: keep well down in your saddle."

"How the d—d—dickens can I," said Tom, "when's pup — pup — pup — playing cup and ball wi' me like this?"

"Don't drag at the reins," cried Stephen, while Frank was almost convulsed with laughter. And in spite of

all the precepts, Tom found the tall grey horse very different in practice to the short-stepping cob; as, tightly grasping the pommel of the saddle with one hand, he began dragging at the reins with the other, in such fashion that at last, spite of its desire to keep with its companions, the quiet, serious, old grey horse pulled short up, and turned its head right round to stare at its rider—just as much as to say, "What do you want me to do?" and at the same moment off went Tom's unfortunate drab hat into the ditch.

There is very little mercy amongst young men for a learner's blunders; and, as a matter of course, Frank and Stephen roared with laughter—their mirth increasing to an alarming extent when Tom, partly on account of his hat and partly on account of the serious aspect of the horse, slipped nimbly off, and then stood looking at his charger.

"Why, what did you get down for?" cried Frank; "I could have hooked your hat up with my whip-stock."

"Thank'ee," said Tom, "but I've got it now;" and he had fished out his hat, but in doing so he nearly lost his horse, for being left to itself, the sensible brute very wisely turned round, and was about making for its stable, when Stephen hooked the reins with his crop.

"There; jump up, Tom," he exclaimed. "What a fellow you are! We shall be so late."

Tom essayed to mount again; and by starting from a little hillock of road-scrapings, he managed to pull himself up; but in so doing dragged the saddle round, so that he sat in triumph upon one flap.

"You should hold on by his mane when you spring up," said Stephen, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks at Tom's ludicrous appearance; but he quickly dismounted, and while Tom sat upon the horse's crupper, re-arranged and tightened the girth of the saddle.

"There!" said Tom triumphantly, "I thought that was it; why, the saddle was not put on properly."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Stephen; "the saddle was right enough: it was you that were not put on properly."

And now, after a little more practice, Tom became accustomed to his steed; rose in the stirrups as the horse trotted, and being an apt pupil, began to improve wonderfully in his horsemanship.

TO BE TAKEN WITH SALT.

Two dogs fell to fighting in a saw-mill. In the course of the tussle one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind-legs ran away, but the fore-legs continued the fight and whipped the other dog.

"I've got a new machine," exclaimed a Yankee pedlar, "for picking bones out of fishes. Now, I tell you, it's a leetle the thing you ever did see. All you have to do is to set it on a table and turn a crank, and the fish flies rite down your throat, and the bones rite under the grate. Well, there was a country 'greenhorn' got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way; and I tell you, the way the bones flew down his throat was awful: why, it stuck that feller so full of bones that he couldn't get his shirt off for a whole week."

The people live uncommon long at Vermont. There are two men so old that they have quite forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

A friend of ours was telling us, not long since, of an acquaintance of his who was noted for mendacity. He related of him the following anecdote:—Said some one to the liar, "Do you remember the time the stars fell, many years ago?" "Yes," said Mendax. "Well," remarked the other, "I've heard it was all a deception—that the stars did not actually fall." "Don't you believe it!" returned Mendax with a knowing look. "They fell in my yard as big as goose-eggs. I've got one of 'em yet, only the children played with it so much they've worn the shiny p'ints off."

A Yankee shoemaker purchased of a pedlar half a bushel of shoe-pegs, all neatly sharpened at one end, and warranted to be of the best maple, but he found them on inspection to be nothing but pine. Not caring to be "taken in and done for" after that fashion, and being constitutionally fond of whittling, he went at them with his jack-knife, and sharpening the other end of each peg, resold them to the pedlar, on his next trip, for oats.

A farmer in Woonsocket makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his, that has been sitting for five weeks upon two round stones, and a piece of brick. "Her anxiety," quoth he, "is no greater than ours, to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brickyard that hen is not for sale."

A Yankee has just invented a method to catch rats: "Locate your bed in a room much infested by these animals, and on retiring put out the light. Then strew over your pillow some strong-smelling cheese, three or four red herrings, some barley meal or new malt, and a sprinkling of dried cod-fish. Keep awake till you find the rats at work, then make a grab."

THE Cincinnati papers tell of a young man in that city who has had a crooked natural leg cut off and replaced by a straight artificial one. Some persons might do well to get their heads cut off, and procure substitutes of better-seasoned ones.

A NATIVE of Kentucky imitates the crowing of a cock so remarkably well, that the sun, upon several occasions, has risen two hours earlier by mistake.

TALL TREES.—There are trees so tall in Missouri that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where *he* left off.

CAPTAIN BROOK says the following is the method of catching tigers in India:—A man carries a board on which a human figure is painted. As soon as he arrives at the den, he knocks behind the board with a hammer; the noise suddenly rouses the tiger, when he flies in a direct line at the board and grasps it; and the man behind clinches his claws into the wood, and so secures him.

THE English tell some large stories, and justly too, about their heavy ordnance. An American gentleman who was listening in a London coffee-house to a description of these monsters, said abruptly, "Pooh! gentlemen, I won't deny that's a fair-sized cannon; but you are a leetle mistaken in supposing it to be the largest in the world. It's not to be named in the same minute with one of our Yankee cannon that I saw in Charleston last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon! Why, gentlemen, it was so large that the sailors had to employ two yoke of oxen to draw in the ball." "The deuce they did!" exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph. "Pray, can you tell me how they got the oxen out again?" "Why, my dear sir," said the Yankee, "they unyoked 'em and drove 'em through the vent ole!"

A PANTOMIME TRICK.

IN the concoction of his pantomimes Elliston, the actor, was used to become once again a boy; he always would have a finger in the Christmas pie, suggesting some comic scene, or giving a hint for a trick, &c. &c. It was while musing over these matters of motley, that a pantomime scene once really occurred to himself, which the narrator has often heard him relate with great glee, and will repeat.

One Christmas, while occupied in producing the pantomime usual to that festive season, at Drury Lane Theatre, business led him in his way to Newgate Street, to pass the sylvan regions of Field Lane at the bottom of Holborn Hill, celebrated for its translated understandings—that is, second-hand shoes, orphan fogles (stolen handkerchiefs), and lost property of every description, retailed under the especial superintendence of a select tribe of the chosen people.

Pushing his way through this precious Babel, forgetting a while his pantomime, and deaf to the voice of the barkers, casting furtive glances on each side as he went, in the hope of discovering some "unconsidered trifle," Elliston proceeded onwards, till an article hanging outside the front of the dingy depôt of one of the Israelitish bandana merchants (as the receivers of the pickings of many pockets are termed) attracting his attention, he made a pause. In a moment the owner of the emporium darted out like a spider from a corner of its web, hastening to seize a new-caught blue-bottle, and seizing him by the buttonhole, exclaimed, "Vant a good vipe or a fogle, my dear? Can let you have von vorth your monish, pettersh den new, all Injee, real darners and no mistake."

"I certainly do want a *bandana*, my friend, if that's what you mean," said Elliston, smiling at the Jew's mistake. "There is one I see hanging up there—that one with the coloured squares, like a harlequin's jacket, I mean. I should like to look at that, it has taken my fancy."

"Of course it has, my dear," replied Moses; "it would take anybody's fancy, dat vould. Dat's a regular beauty, dat is. Only feel it," taking it down. "Don't be afeard on it, my dear; take it in your hand and veigh it. Vhy, it veighs more dan all the monish dat I charges for it."

"And how much is that, my friend?" asked Elliston.

"Tree and sixpence, every farden, and it cost me four shillings from de manufacturer; besides vhich, hark ye, my dear," whispering in his ear, "it's a smuggled von, and of course vorth double the monish."

"Well, well," said Elliston, to whom the recommendation of its being a smuggled one had an irresistible charm, "as it gives me an idea for a trick, say three shillings and it's a bargain."

"I couldn't, my dear; it cost me more. Here, Rachel, my love," calling to his daughter, "can I take tree shillings for dis here handkerchief vot the gentleman vonts to make a arlekin's jacket on? Vid a few spangles, it vil do beautiful."

A very good-looking, laughing, black-eyed daughter of Judah here suddenly made her appearance from the back premises—Robert William could not in the obscurity discover how, or from where. To her the comedian, as was usual with him, gave one of his irresistible looks, which elicited a pleased giggle in return, and after examining the handkerchief she pronounced it as her opinion that her father could take the money.

"Vell, vell, my dear," said the Jew, "you does just vot you likes vid me. Dere, you see, sir, just

exactly as it comes from de wessel—never vos marked—take care on it."

"Ay, ay," said Elliston, "musn't have any tricks

upon travellers with this, though it is a pantomime fogle, as you call it."

Here he laughed at his own conceit.

"Oh, no, in course not," returned Moses, significantly joining in the manager's risibility; "I sees you are up to snuff, my dear."

Safely depositing the handkerchief in his coat-pocket, Elliston proceeded to retrace his steps into Holborn; but before he had reached the top, a sudden titillation of his nasal organ reminded him of his new purchase; but what was his astonishment when, on putting his hand into his pocket to task its services, he found it gone.

"Ah!" said he, in the words of Othello, his mind misgiving him, "is't lost, is't gone? The handkerchief! the handkerchief!"

What could have become of it? He must have left it behind him on the Jew's counter—the thing was clear, and he hurried back, thinking he might possibly secure it, ere the Jew perhaps had seen it. Taking two steps for one, he speedily regained the domicile of the man of bandanas.

"I left my handkerchief behind me," he said.

"Vot?" said the Jew.

"I left my handkerchief behind me, I tell you—the handkerchief I bought of you."

"Did you?" inquired Moses; "vhere is it then? It isn't here." They looked about everywhere, it was not to be seen.

"Very odd," said Elliston. "Then I must have lost it! 'That handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give.' 'To lose or give't away were such perdition as nothing else could match.'"

"Only tink of dat now, but I shouldn't vonder as you says—there is not a doubt of it. Here, Rachel, my dear, the gentleman's lost his vipe;" again calling to his daughter.

"I shouldn't so much have minded," said Elliston, disconcerted, "but I'd set my heart upon that handkerchief; I wouldn't have lost it for double the money."

"Vouldn't you?" said the Jew. "Oh, den I dare say we can find you anoder, de fellow to it. Dere's dat von dere," pointing to the place from whence he had taken the other.

Elliston looked up, and to his great surprise saw what appeared to be the apparition of the very identical handkerchief he had just lost, hanging up in the very same place that had been occupied by his former purchase.

"You can have dat, if you likes it," said Moses, "and for de very same money too," taking it down.

"The same money," said Elliston, examining it; "why, it's the same handkerchief!"

"Is it? vell, dat is curous," said the Jew; "but now you mentions it, hang me if I didn't think so ven I bought it, and dat's vot made me give the chap as sold it to me a bender more for it den I should have done. "I'm a Christian," said I, "if I don't tink it's the wery same handkerchief as I sould the gentleman just now;" but as the chap vot I bought it of vos an old customer, I didn't like to hurt his honour by axing any questions. Here, Rachel, my dear, it's the very same handkerchief as I sould the gentleman, vot I bought just now.—I told you, you know, my dear" (to Elliston), "to take care it didn't play you any tricks, it being a Arliken one."

"There's your money," said Elliston, somewhat disconcerted, though he could not help smiling at the cool cunning of the fellow. "I'll take care how I lose it a second time. It shan't make its way from my pocket to your shop-window in a hurry again, if I know it; but as it is I shan't quite lose my money, for it has given me an idea I would willingly have paid a guinea for, so I shall have bought a bargain after all!"

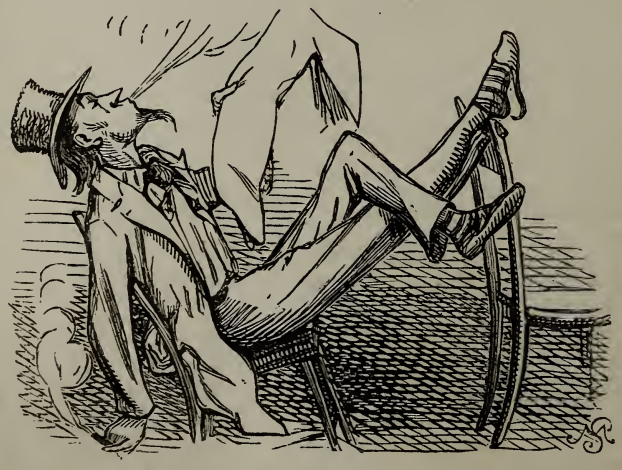
The result of this experience of Elliston in the pantomime tricks of Field Lane, was the well-known old clothes shop scene in the pantomime of that year, wherein the clown and pantaloon, to their great stultification, purchased the same handkerchiefs at least half a dozen times over, the said handkerchiefs each time, at a wave of the harlequin's wand, flying from their pockets to the place from whence they had been taken, in front of the clothes shop; and when the motley worthies subsequently, in a rage, drag out the Hebrew to wreak their vengeance on him for his double-

dealing, they find him to their horror come to pieces in the scuffle, literally turning out to be a bundle of old clothes!

"PIE."

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE real social curse of the Atlantic States is pie. In the West it is pronounced "poy," and the backwoodsmen are fond of it; but a man who lives in a log-hut, and is felling trees or toiling in the prairies all day long, can eat pie with impunity. It is in the North and in the East, in cities, and townships, and manufacturing districts, where dense populations congregate, and where the occupations of men, women, and children are sedentary, that an unholy appetite for pie works untold woes. There the pie fiend reigns supreme; there he sits heavy on the diaphragms and on the souls of its votaries. The sallow faces, the shrunken forms, the sunken eyes, the morose looks, the tetchy temperament of the Northerners are attributable not half so much to iced water, candies, tough beefsteaks, tight-lacing, and tobacco-chewing, as to unbridled indulgence in pie. New England can count the greatest numbers of votaries to this most deleterious fetish; but pie-worship is prevalent all over the North. In the State of Massachusetts, for instance, you have pork and beans every Sunday, but you have pie morning, noon, and night, every day, and all the year round, I dare say you have often observed what gross feeders the professed teetotallers are, and how unwholesome they look for all their abstinence from fermented liquors. Set this down in England to a ghoul-like craving for heavy meat teas, greasy muffins, Sally Lunns, and hot suppers, and in the United States to an overweening addictedness to pie. . . . . I have heard of young ladies who took pie to bed with them. I told you many months ago how angry the Americans were with Mr. Anthony Trollope for saying that the little children in the States are fed on pickles. He erred, but in degree. There will sometimes intervene a short period when there are no fresh berries to be had, and when the preserved ones have "gin out." Then the juveniles are raised on pickles. At other times their pabulum is pie. The "Confessions of a Pie-Eater" have just been published. They are heart-rending. Through an unconquerable hunger for pie, the wretched man who is their subject often incurred in infancy the penal visitation of hickory, and brought the hairs of an aged grandmother with sorrow to the grave. He wasted in gormandising pie those precious hours which should have been devoted to study, and in the end not only failed to graduate at West Point, but even to marry a niece of the late Daniel Webster. Pie darkened his mind, stupefied his faculties, paralysed his energy. Pie forced him to abandon a lucrative and honourable career for an unsuccessful whaling voyage from Cape Cod. Pie drove him into exile. Deadened to all the finer moral feelings by this ungovernable lust for pie, he obtained, under false and fraudulent pretences, a through ticket for California by the Vanderbilt line; but, detected in "smouching-a-tom-cod" from the altar of the Chinese temple in San Francisco, he was disgracefully expelled the Golden State. It was for purloining pie—a digger's noontide lunch—that he was subsequently ridden on a rail out of the territory of Arizona. Beggared, broken in health, he deserted his wife and family, drew cheques upon wild-cat banks, and voted on the Bell and Everett ticket—all in consequence of pie. At length, after a course of "shinning round the free lunches" in quest of eleemosynary pie, and wolfing the hideous meal with Dead Rabbits, Plug-uglies, and other unscrupulous politicians, in the Fourth Ward, he was arrested in Philadelphia—being then located on Pine, two blocks from Cedar—for passing bogus notes on the Hide and Leather Bank, and was sent to States Prison for ten years. All owing to pie. I tell the tale as it was told me. It may read very like a burlesque; but there is a substratum of sad truth in it. The late illustrious Abernethy had a presentiment of the ravages which pie was making in the American constitution, when he rebuked his dyspetic patient from beyond the sea with the gorging propensities of his countrymen. Mexico is said to owe her ruin to the game of *monté;* and if Columbia does not abate her fearful craving for pie, the very direst future may be augured for her.



* By kind permission of Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

MAJOR MONSOON'S TIGER STORY.*

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

THE major took another cheroot from the odorous dark cedar box, bound with red; he also condescendingly filled himself a peculiarly stiff third tumbler of my brandy-and-water. I say brandy-*and*-water, but the expression is scarcely correct, for, as he told me, ever since a fit of hydrophobia at Kollywallah, up at the foot of the Hill Country, he had acquired a strong dislike to water, and a grateful recollection of the brandy which had preserved his valuable life.

The major was a full-habited, middle-sized, middle-aged man, with a bruised, flattish, red face, rather staring blue eyes, and a noisy, good-humoured, impudent manner that nothing could daunt. He wore a straw hat with a blue band, an immense gilt double eye-glass tied with a broad black ribbon, a loose light suit of a pale nankeen colour, very small dancing-shoes, and he carried a large silver-mounted bamboo cane. I scarcely know how I picked up the gallant officer, but on the eighth day of my stay at Ramsgate I had got so tired of shrimps, raffles, bathing, using a telescope, and slopping about on weedy rocks, that I had begun to look out for a companion on the Esplanade seats. He whom I looked for in vain there, met me unsought in the billiard-rooms on the cliff. At that establishment I found the major laughing, talking, telling stories, executing unparalleled cannons, betting condescendingly with very juvenile boating-men, and drinking brandy-pawnee at some young amateur commodore's expense, with a manner as totally

free from pride as it was radiant with the urbanity of the officer and the traveller.

* * * * * *

It was on this the fourth evening of our acquaintance that my neighbour the major, having lighted his fourth cheroot, and mixed, as I have said, his third glass of brandy-and-water, had sunk down luxuriously in a rocking-chair, tucked his legs by a violent exertion (for I should mention that he was a little lame) on a second chair, and, with an air of almost sultanic enjoyment, commenced the following story of one of his most remarkable achievements in the hunting-field:—

"Twenty years ago," said the major, "I commanded a detachment of my native regiment, 'The Fighting Half-Hundred' (as we were called, from our behaviour in the Burmese war), at a little village called Kollywallah, in the north-east corner of the Jubbulpore district of the Bengal Presidency. It was near a jungle full of tigers; and as we soon put down the paltry tax riots that had brought us to Kollywallah, and time began to hang heavy on our

hands, I and Twentyman, the only other officer, naturally took to tiger-hunting, which exciting amusement soon became a passion with us. In six months there was not a *ryot* at Kollywallah who did not know me as 'The Great Shikarree,' and it was all I could do to prevent the people from worshipping me and my hunting-elephant, 'Ramchunder.'

"One morning when Twentyman was down with jungle fever, and I was sitting by his side reading him 'Charles O'Malley' in the balcony of our bungalow, which 'gave' on the cantonment, I heard a great noise as of a crowd of natives trying to force their way in past my native servants. Poor Twentyman, who was fretful with want of sleep, beginning to groan and complain at the noise, I ran out with my big hunting-whip, and licking the niggers all round, asked them what they meant by making such a cursed noise.

* * * * * *

"The kitmutgar, an old grey-bearded fellow who had been butler to my father, the general, came salaaming forward when he saw me and said—

"'Sahib, sahib, the country people from Moonje have come to ask sahib to come and shoot a white tiger—a man-eater—which has already killed an old woman, six children, and ten bullocks; only think, ten bullocks, sahib.'

"Out I went, just as I was, in my slippers, and by Jove, sir, sure enough at the gate of the compound, if you'll believe me, there were about a

* From "Tales for the Marines." By kind permission of the Author.

hundred natives, salaaming, tom-tomming, and praying Mahadeo to soften sahib's heart, and induce him to listen to them, and come and kill the white tiger. I promised to do what I could, if they would supply beaters, and would be ready at the jungle next day with their usual heathenish and unsportsmanlike paraphernalia of native drums, bells, horns, and metal pans with stones in them. Off they went throwing somersaults, and shouting like children, calling me every blessed name they could lay their tongues to, and promising to muster in force at the place appointed.

* * * * * *

"The rest of that day I spent in preparing for the tiger campaign at Moonje. I put on my red-brown shooting-coat, made of stuff of that peculiar dead-leaf colour usually worn by Indian tiger-hunters, and which I was the first to introduce into the Presidency. The plan of this coat was my own invention; it had fourteen pockets, each destined for a special purpose, and never used for any other. It held caps, gun-picker, tigers' fat for greasing locks, spare nipples, gun-screw, a small boot-jack . . . a knife with sixteen blades, greased patches, iron bullets, cartridges, a pocket-revolver, a brandy-flask, a hunting-knife as strong as a bill-hook, a dried tongue, a cigar-case, a powder-horn, fusees, a sketch-book, a small key-bugle, a camp-stool, and a few other items useful to a man of resources.

"As this white tiger I was to fight had escaped the native pitfalls, poison, spring-guns, and other stratagems of the crafty natives of the jungle village, I felt that at last I had met a foeman worthy of my arm, and I prepared for a gigantic effort. I filled Ramchunder's howdah with tulwahs (native swords), double-barrelled guns, rockets, and boar-spears; so that, keeping that sagacious animal near me fastened to a tree, I could return to him at any time for fresh weapons and for lunch; for, even in my enthusiasm for the chase, I did not forget some cold fowls and two or three bottles of champagne, &c. My khansamah (or butler) was to sit in the howdah and attend to the commissariat and general stores.

"The day came. I felt a strange glow of pleasure, mingled with a strange presentiment of danger which I could not shake off, by Jove, sir, do what I might. However, I said nothing to Twentyman, who wished me every success, and off I went on Ramchunder, who seemed proud to share in the adventure; which was more than the cowardly khansamah was, for his teeth shook like castanets, and, by Jove, sir, he dropped a bottle of bitter beer in sheer nervousness in packing. At last we were ready. 'Juhlde jao' (Go quick), cried I to the mahout; and off trotted old Ramchunder to this side of the Moonje jungle, where all the beaters had assembled.

"If you'll believe me, even at the taking of Mooltan there wasn't such a gol-mol (by Jove, sir, I am talking Hindostanee again—I mean in pure English, 'row') as when about two hundred native fellows began to break into the jungle of praus-trees and korinda-shrubs, firing match-locks, yelling like fiends broke loose, rattling metal pans, ringing bells, and blowing horns; while half a dozen of the boldest and most active of the beaters were sent on to climb trees and give notice if the man-eater stole away in their direction. It was arranged that I was to lie in wait, with Ramchunder, opposite to one of the most tigerish places—a crossing over a dry nullah (or ravine), where three native postmen had been carried off on consecutive days by the same tiger.

"And now again the presentiment weighed upon me, as soon as I found myself alone with that miserable funky old khansamah, who did nothing but mutter prayers from the Koran, and look at his amulet of tigers' claws. I tell you, sir, all sorts of disagreeable anecdotes came just then fermenting up in my mind.

* * * * * *

"I had been particularly careful with Dostee Pooloo, the captain of the beaters, as to the direction in which he was to drive the tigers; for these rascals generally frequent the same spot, and I had every reason to suppose that I should soon have my hands full.

"'Dostee Pooloo, my boy,' said I, handing him a cheroot (for the niggers like you to be civil to them), 'be sure and drive everything that is in the jungle sou'-westerly, for if I am far away from Ramchunder and the guns when they break covert, by Jove, sir, there'll be a blank space left for me at the mess-table to-morrow.' When I said this, Dostee Pooloo showed all his box of teeth, and I saw that he was game to do just what I wished, so long as he hadn't to fight the tiger himself.

"Having planted my old khansamah with Ramchunder and the cold fowls, champagne, and the double-barrelled rifles, near an old palm-tree, with strict injunctions not to move, I stole off down the nullah *whish-whish*, as the natives say—which means very gently.

"I suppose I had not gone more than three hundred yards from where I left the khansamah and Ramchunder, before a path to the right, trodden down as if by wild boars through a tract of tall, dry, dusty jungle grass, burnt by the sun to a pale straw colour, attracted my attention. The beaters seemed to rouse nothing, and I began to think the story of the white tiger all a humbug and a flam.

"The path led on past a little tope of cocoa-nut palm, strung with fruit. Curiosity carrying me on, I followed it for some hundred yards, till I saw the path a few yards before me open out into a sort of natural amphitheatre, beyond which lay the dry bed of a small watercourse, the surface of which, if you'll believe me, sir, was one vast tangle of enormous jungle flowers, by Jove, sir; great crimson fellows, big as teacups (what do I say)—big as my hat, and smelling of musk and patchouli.

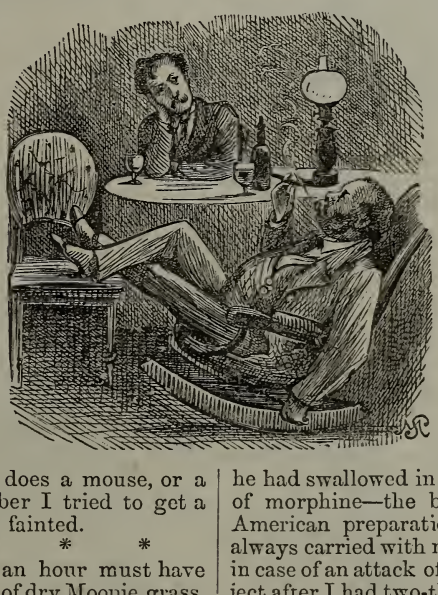
* * * * * *

"In a small open space surrounded by deep Moonje grass, and only visible from the higher clump of ground where they sunned themselves, strutted half a dozen peacocks. I had just knelt down and covered the biggest of them with my rifle—a splendid fellow, with a great fan-tail, all green and purple—when, lo and behold! what should come skipping from tree to tree but a whole tribe of monkeys, chattering, chasing each other, holding each other's tails, and cutting such capers, that it was all I could do to keep from laughing out and spoiling the whole game.

"I had scarcely readjusted my aim, which those monkeys had thrown out, before, from out of the jungle, close to me, ran three little spotted deer and a wild hog, and began racing about as if that

spot was their regular playground, and yet with a sort of fascinated stare and alarm that made me suspect mischief. I determined, however, *coûte qui coûte*, to see the thing out, so I drew the brandy-flask from my No. 13 pocket, and took a sup to steady my hand. Before I had put it back, sure enough, out between the two champa-trees came a tremendous beast of a boa-constrictor, as large round as a bolster, and seventy feet long if he was an inch—his scales wet and shining with the dew, and he writhing and undulating like an enormous caterpillar.

"If you'll believe, me, sir, surprised as I was, I had still presence of mind enough to aim firm and steady at his nearest eye, thinking what a triumph it would be to take him home to poor Twentyman; when what should I see, by Jove, sir, about twenty feet beyond this beast, but some strange object waving in the grass! I covered it with my rifle, and was just going to press the trigger with my forefinger, when I heard a rush, and an enormous tiger, clearing the boa-constrictor, leaped a space of nearly forty feet (as I afterwards measured), and struck me to the ground before I could readjust my piece.



"It was the white tiger—the man-eater! by Jove, sir, I felt sure of it at the first glance: a splendid fellow, full thirteen feet long, of a pale tawny cream-colour striped with dark brown, his chest almost white.

"If you'll believe me, sir, as he held me and shook me in his mouth, I felt no pain and no terror, but a sort of almost pleasant benumbed drowsiness, and a strange curiosity as to how the brute would eat me. I could hear the deer, monkeys, and snake scuttle off as he shook me, as a cat does a mouse, or a terrier a rat. Then I remember I tried to get a pistol from pocket No. 13, and fainted.

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"Before I came-to, full half an hour must have elapsed. There I lay in a nest of dry Moonje grass. I felt that the monster was still over me; I felt his pestilential breath on my face even in my swoon. Yes, there he was, his enormous length reclining beside me, his striped tail sweeping across my face at every vibration—his head was turned from me. If you'll believe me, sir, he had actually munched and chewed *the whole of my left leg* from the toe to the knee; by Jove, he had eaten about three feet of it, sir (pardon the awkwardness of the expression), during my swoon."

"Chewed, Major Monsoon?" I cried, in an angry expostulatory voice. "Why, there are your two legs this very minute, and as sound as mine!"

"Pooh! pooh! my dear sir," said he, without a smile and quite unruffled, holding out his left leg to me to pinch, "the leg he munched was cork then, as it is cork now, and as it has been ever since a cannon-ball took off its fleshly predecessor at the siege of Mooltan. One happy result of its being cork, as you may imagine, was that it took the beast some time to get through, and that the beast didn't hurt me much.

"I opened my eyes quietly when I found what he was at, for he kept growling and snarling over the rather indigestible meal, and I began to look round me to see where my rifle was. If you'll believe me, sir, there it lay, full-cocked, not three inches from my right hand.

"My first thought was to steal my hand along and get hold of my rifle, but the instant I moved even a limb, by Jove, sir, the beast of a 'man-eater' began to growl, and evinced a dangerous disposition to leave my cork leg and settle on the more valuable one of flesh. I therefore, for the moment, abandoned the attempt, and resigned myself to death; for it seemed certain that when the beast had finished the cork leg, and began to taste my blood, he would turn round and devour me.

"I was sufficiently cool, even in this horrible emergency, to cast my eyes round to see if I was wounded. I found no wound, but discovered that the tiger had, in seizing me, torn off and probably devoured the tenth and eleventh pockets of my shooting-jacket. I listened for the beaters, but could hear no voice or sound. They had either gone so far off that they were out of hearing, or, what was more likely, they had been alarmed by the tiger, and had fled; for they're poor creatures, the niggers, in any real danger.

"I now, therefore, gave myself up as lost; the tiger was still gnawing my cork knee, and had one paw lying as heavy as lead on my other leg, when suddenly, if you'll believe me, sir, the beast yawned twice, nodded his head, and fell fast asleep. I saw it all in a moment. By Jove, sir, he had swallowed in my No. 10 pocket a large bottle of morphine—the bi-meconate of morphine, an American preparation of great strength—that I always carried with me when I went tiger-hunting, in case of an attack of neuralgia, to which I was subject after I had two-thirds of my teeth carried away by a matchlock bullet at Bundelcore. Now was my opportunity. There lay the great striped beast fast asleep. I stole my hand gently towards my rifle. I grasped it. I cocked it. I looked at the clean copper cap, held the muzzle close to the brute's ear, and fired. With a yell—a groan—the beast fell. I leaped up at the same moment to avoid his fatal claws, and gave him the second barrel behind the right paw, close to the heart. He groaned, stretched out his legs, tore the earth in long scratches you might lay your hands in, and fell dead. I took out my repeater; it was exactly three minutes past two p.m. I had started from the bungalow at Kollywallah at seven a.m. Then a giddiness came over me, and I fainted again.

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"I was awoke by something soft touching my face. I looked up. By Jove, sir, it was Ramchunder, with that beast of a khansamah dead drunk in the howdah, and with one of my silver-topped cham-

pagne bottles in his hand. I instantly called out, 'Pukrao!' which is Hindostanee for 'Take hold,' and, if you'll believe me, sir, the sagacious animal whom I had trained to do this, lifted me with his proboscis into the howdah; for how could I move, you know, with my cork leg all eaten away?

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"Three hours after, just at sunset, we entered Kollywallah in procession, firing guns, letting off rockets, the niggers shouting songs about the sahib and the tiger. Twentyman was delighted to see me, for he had given me up for lost, one of the beaters having run to the bungalow and told him I was killed."

The next morning when I called at the major's lodgings, I found to my astonishment he had left by the six a.m. train, desiring the landlady to send in his bill to his brother at No. Twenty-four. His brother! But I felt bound in honour to pay it.

On closely considering the story of Major Monsoon's remarkable escape from the tiger, I found several alarming discrepancies that led to doubts in my mind as to its entire veracity. Breech-loaders were not, I think, invented twenty years ago; and, now I think of it, I regret I did not pinch his leg hard, to make sure that it really was cork.

IRISH DIAMONDS.

Two Irishmen one day went out shooting. A large flock of pigeons came flying over their heads. Pat elevated his piece, and firing, brought one of them to the ground. "Arrah!" exclaimed his companion, "what a fool you are to waste your ammunition, when the bare fall would have killed him!"

"THE sea-serpent has been seen in Kinsale Roads," said a traveller. "What!" exclaimed Paddy, "is he coming to Cork by land, then?"

SOME one was telling an Irishman that somebody had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it!" With a nod Pat answered, "I belave in the crame, but not in the saucers."

AN Irishman one day met his priest at a milestone. "Arrah, your riverence, saving your presence, there's a praist," said he, pointing to the milestone. "A priest! why do you call that a priest, Mike?" "Why, your riverence, 'tis at least like a praist, for it points the road it never goes itself."

"WHEN Wilkie came to Edinburgh," said his landlady, "he rented one of my attics, and I had an Irishman in the first floor; but in course of time they changed places. And so I always find it. The Irishmen begin in the first floor and end in the garret, while the Scotchmen begin in the garret and end in the first floor."

A LADY made a Christmas present to an old servant a few days before it might have been expected. It was gratefully received, with the following Hibernian expression of thanks:—"I am very much obliged to you indeed, ma'am; and wish you many returns of the season before it comes!"

A WESTERN physician was riding in an omnibus, when an Irishman stepped in, and recognising the doctor, said—"Och, an' sure, an' it's Dochtor J——, I persave." "That's my name, sir, but I haven't the pleasure of knowing you," responded the polite doctor. "Indade! but I'm the felly what made yer last boots, and which yer honour forgot to get a resate for the payment ov!" The ladies tittered, the doctor's memory was refreshed, and Paddy got his money and gave the "resate" when the doctor reached his destination.

AN Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why echo was always of the feminine gender that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

AN Irish orange-seller offered his fruits for sale, and warranted them sweet. "How will I find out they are sweet unless I taste them?" inquired a purchaser. "Sure," said Pat, "if you take a dozen you may eat them, and if they aren't good uns I'll change 'em."

AN Irishman going to be hanged begged that the rope might be tied under his arms, instead of round the throat; "for," said Pat, "I am so remarkably ticklish in the throat, that if tied there I'll certainly kill myself with laughter."

MR. BARON PLATT, at the Westmoreland Assizes, in a colloquy with an Irish thief, asked, "Why did you not stay in your own country, and rob there?" Mr. Serjeant Murphy, with ready wit, answered for his countryman, "Because, my lord, there is nothing to steal there."

MALONY says, the reason he don't get married is, that his house is not large enough to contain the consequences.

"DID you ever know anybody to be killed by lightning?" Never by lightning," replied Pat, in an undertone. "It's thunder, shure, as knocks 'em to pieces in the ould counthry."

"JUST put that back where you took it from!" as the Irish lass said when young Rory snatched a kiss.

TEDDY O'FLANNIGAN, with his uncle, being at sea in a great storm, he waked his uncle, who was asleep, told him he was afraid he would be drowned, and know nothing at all, at all, of the matter, and then when he waked in the other world, he would be angry with him for not telling him.

AN Irish footman, who got a situation at the West-end of London, on entering a room where there was a vase with golden fish, exclaimed, "Well, this is the first time I ever saw red herrings alive."

A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

BY F. BARNARD.

"Come down, sir! How dare you? That's the way you wear out your clothes."

"Soap? Nonsense! It's nothing but temper."

"The right hand a little more up. Mind your guard!"

"Soldiers again, Betsy! Come home this minute!"

"Sit up, sir!"

The Reality.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF PIGS.

SOME folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, and negligent in their personal appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground, or in a China plate, is, it seems to us, merely a matter of taste and convenience, on which pigs and men may honestly differ. They ought, then, to be judged charitably. At any rate, pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor poison their breath by drinking whiskey. As to their personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor picking his way up the muddy streets in kid slippers. Pigs have some excellent traits of character. If one chances to wallow a little deeper in some mire-hole than his neighbour, and so carries off and comes in possession of more of the earth than his brethren, he never assumes an extra importance on that account; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question seems to be, is he still a hog? If he is, they treat him as such. And when a hog has no merits of his own, he never puts on any aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connections. They understand full well the common-sense maxim, "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom."—*Jerrold.*

TWO PICKINGS FROM DICKENS.

THAT coachman, of all the swells that ever flourished a whip, professionally, might have been elected an emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement quite detached from the coach—as if the four greys were, somehow or other, at the ends of his fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into his hat, and stuck it on again, as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off, and nothing like an accident could befal it. The guard, too! Seventy breezy miles a day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike-road; he was all pace. A wagon couldn't have moved slowly with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

IN front of a big bookcase, in a big chair, behind a big table, and before a big volume, sat Mr. Nupkins, looking a full size larger than any one of them, big as they were. The table was adorned with piles of papers: and above the farther end of it appeared the head and shoulders of Mr. Jinks, the clerk, who was busily engaged in looking as busy as possible.—*Pickwick.*

A SAFE DRIVER.

A RAILROAD engineer at Harrisburg, having been discharged, applied to be reinstated. "You were dismissed," said the superintendent austerely, "for letting your train come twice into collision."

"The very reason," said the other party, interrupting him, "why I ask to be restored."

"How so?"

"Why, sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied; I have tried it twice, sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again." He regained his situation.

IN A WOW.

AN editor down-East gives an account of a friend of his who is troubled with an impediment in his speech, and finds it especially difficult to pronounce any word commencing with the letter *R*—something like one of the characters in Bulwer Lytton's play of *Money.*

"Well," said he, on one occasion, "they have had another wiot on the Bwantfo'd Woad."

"A what?"

"Why, a wiot—a *wiot.*"

"What is a *wiot?*" was the next question.

"Don't you know what a wiot is? It's a wiot—a *wumpus.*"

"Well, now, what's a *wumpus?* You've got me again."

"Why, *you* know what I mean; a *wiot*—a WUMPUS—a WOW!"

"Oh, ho! you mean they had a riot—a rumpus—a row, on the Brantford Road? Yes, yes, we've heard of that. Good-bye!"

And the involuntary "Sir Frederick Blount" went on his way.

YANKEE TRADE.

"I CALCULATE I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day?" said a true specimen of a Yankee pedlar at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot," was the sneering reply.

"Wall, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now here's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half; you may have 'em at two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going."

"Wall, now, I declare I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them are strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum, when the merchant offered him a couple of cents for his strops.

"They're yourn," said the Yankee, as he pocketed the stakes. But he added, with apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't want them strops I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened as he replied, "You're not so bad a chap, after all. Here are the strops—give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops, and passed over the couple of cents. "A trade's a trade, and now you're wide awake in earnest. I guess the next time you trade you'll do a little better than buy razor strops." And away he went with his strops and his wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

SOME HOSS.

ONCE on a time, a Yankee who was travelling through Kentucky had a fine horse, and no money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches when the bridle was pulled pretty hard. Our traveller saw no way of replenishing his purse but by selling his horse, and this he resolved to do the first opportunity. As he was going slowly along he saw a hunter at some distance from the road, whom he rode up to and accosted. In the course of the conversation he told the latter that he had an invaluable horse to sell—a horse that would act precisely like a setter when he was in the vicinity of game. Casting his eyes around, at the same time discovering some fresh rabbit tracks, he gave the bridle a jerk. The docile quadruped immediately lay down. "There are some rabbits here," said the rider, "I know by his ears." The Kentuckian, curious to test the reputed sagacity of the horse, searched around, and, sure enough, started three or four rabbits. He was greatly surprised, but the Yankee took the affair as a matter of course. To make a long story short, the wonderful horse changed hands on the spot, 300 dollars being the consideration. His new owner mounted him, and with characteristic hospitality the Yankee agreed to accompany him home. They soon came to a stream, which they had to cross, and which was rather deep for horsemen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay when, on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running waters as if he were a hippopotamus. "How is this?" he roared out, nothing but his head visible. The Yankee, who was mounted on the hunter's other horse, was not disconcerted in the least, but replied coolly, "Oh, I forgot to tell you he is as good for fish as he is for rabbits!"

JOKES BY LUTTRELL.

ROGERS said that Luttrell's epigram on Miss Tree, the singer, was "quite a little fairy tale."

"On this Tree when a nightingale settles and sings,
The Tree will return as good as she brings."

WALKING with Luttrell, one day, Moore referred to a saying on Sharp's very dark complexion, that he looked as if the dye of his old trade (hat-making) had got engrained into his face. "Yes," said Luttrell, "darkness that may be felt."

LUTTRELL gave this illustration of the English climate: "On a fine day, like looking up a chimney—on a wet day, like looking down it."

LUTTRELL wrote the following epitaph on a man who was run over by an omnibus—

"Killed by an omnibus! Why not?
So quick a death a boon is:
Let not his friends lament his lot—
Mors omnibus communis!"

WHEN Mr. Croker had charged the public with his war salary, on account of the doings at Algiers, and thereby excited much indignation, it happened that some one at dinner talked of the name of Croker Mountains, given to land supposed to be seen in one of the voyages to the North Pole. "Does anything grow on them?" said some one. "Only a little wild celery (salary)," said Luttrell.

IN talking of the Eumelian Club, of which Ashe was the founder, somebody said that a son of that Ashe was at present chairman of it. "Still in its ashes live their wonted fires," said Luttrell.

TRYING A DYE.*

BY SAMUEL WARREN.

Second Application.

ONCE again Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse read over the atrocious puffs which had overnight inflated him to such a degree, and he now saw that they were all lies. This is a sample of them:

"This divine fluid, as it was enthusiastically styled to the inventor, by the lovely Duchess of Dunderwhistle, possesses the inestimable and astonishing quality of changing hair, of whatever colour, to a dazzling jet-black; at the same time imparting to it a rich glossy appearance, which wonderfully contributes to the imposing *tout-ensemble* presented by those who use it. That well-known ornament of the circle of fashion, the young and lovely Mrs. F——, owned to the proprietor that to this surprising fluid it was that she was indebted for those unrivalled raven ringlets which attracted the eyes of envying and admiring crowds," and so forth. A little further on:—"This exquisite effect is not *in all cases* produced instantaneously; much will of course depend, as the celebrated M. Dupuytren, of the Hôtel Dieu at Paris, informed the inventor, on the physical idiosyncrasy of the party using it, with reference to the constituent particles of the colouring matter constituting the fluid in the capillary vessels. Often a single application suffices to change the most hopeless-looking head of red hair to as deep a black; but not unfrequently the hair *passes through intermediate shades and tints*—all, however, ultimately settling into a deep and permanent black."

This passage not a little revived the drooping spirits of Titmouse. Accidentally, however, an asterisk at the last word in the above sentence, directed his eye to a note at the bottom of the page, printed in such minute type as would have baffled any but the strongest sight and most determined eye to read, and which said note was as follows: that is to say—

"Though cases *do*, undoubtedly, occasionally occur, in which the native inherent indestructible qualities of the hair defy all attempts at change, or even modification, and resist even *this* potent remedy—of which, however, in all his experience" [the wonderful specific has been invented for about *six months*], "the inventor has known but very few instances." But to this exceedingly select class of unfortunate incurables, poor Titmouse, alas! entertained a dismal suspicion that *he* belonged!

"Look, sir! Look! Only look here what your cussed stuff has done to my hair!" said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon afterwards to the gentleman who had sold him the terrible liquid; and plucking off his hat, exposed his green hair. The gentleman, however, did not appear to be at all surprised, or discomposed.

"Ah—yes! I see—I see. You're in the intermediate stage. It differs in different people ——"

"Differs, sir! I'm going mad! I look like a green monkey—cuss me if I don't!"

"In *me*, now," replied the gentleman, with a matter-of-fact air, "the colour was a strong *yellow*. But have you read the explanations that are given in the wrapper?"

"Read 'em?" echoed Titmouse furiously—"I should think so! Much good they do *me!* Sir, you're a humbug!—an impostor! I'm a sight to be seen for the rest of my life. Look at me, sir! Eyebrows, whiskers, and all!"

"*Rather* a singular appearance, just at present, I must own," said the gentleman, his face turning suddenly red all over with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added coolly, "If you'll only persevere ——"

"Persevere be hanged!" interrupted Titmouse, violently clapping his hat on his head. "I'll teach you to *persevere* in taking in the public. I'll have a warrant out against you in no time!"

"Oh, my dear sir, I'm accustomed to all this!" said the gentleman coolly.

"You — are!" gasped Titmouse, who seemed quite aghast.

"Oh, often—often, while the liquid is performing the first stage of the change; but in a day or two afterwards, the parties generally come back smiling into my shop, with heads as black as crows."

"No! But really—do they, sir?" interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath.

"Hundreds, I may say thousands, my dear sir. And one lady gave me a picture of herself, in her black hair, to make up for her abuse to me when it was in a puce colour—fact, honour!"

"But do you recollect any one's hair turning *green*, and then getting black?" inquired Titmouse with trembling anxiety.

"Recollect any? Fifty at least. For instance, there was Lord Andrew Addlehead—but why should I mention names? I know hundreds! But everything is honour and confidential *here*."

"And did Lord What's-his-name's hair go green, and then black; and was it at first as light as mine?"

"His hair was redder, and in consequence it became greener, and now is blacker than ever yours will be?"

"Well, if I and my landlady have this morning used an ounce, we've used a quarter of a pound of soft soap in ——"

* From "Ten Thousand a Year." By kind permission of Messrs. Blackwood.

"Soft soap!—soft soap!" cried out the gentleman with an air of sudden alarm. "That explains all" (he forgot how well it had been already explained by him). "By Heavens, sir!—soft soap! You may have ruined your hair for ever!" Titmouse opened his eyes and mouth with a start of terror, it not occurring to his astute mind that the intolerable green had preceded, not followed, the use of the soft soap. "Go home, my dear sir! Lord bless you—go home, as you value your hair; take this small bottle of Damascus Cream, and rub it in before it's too late; and then use the remainder of the——"

"Then you don't think it's already too late?" inquired Titmouse faintly; and, having been assured to the contrary—having asked the price of the Damascus Cream, which was "*only* three-and-sixpence" (stamp included)—he purchased and paid for it with a rueful air, and took his departure. He sneaked homeward along the streets with the air of a pickpocket, fearful that every one he met was an officer who had his eye on him. He was not, in fact, very far off the mark; for many a person smiled, and stared, and turned round to look at him as he went along.

He slunk up-stairs to his room in a sad state of depression, and spent the next hour in rubbing into his hair the Damascus Cream. He rubbed till he could hardly hold his arms up any longer, from sheer fatigue. Having risen at length to mark, from the glass, the progress he had made, he found that the only result of his persevering exertions had been to give a greasy shining appearance to the hair, which remained green as ever.

* * * * * *

When Titmouse rose the next morning (Saturday), behold—he found his hair had become of a variously shaded purple or violet colour! Astonishment and apprehension by turns possessed him, as he stared into the glass, at this unlooked-for change of colour; and hastily dressing himself, after swallowing a very slight breakfast, off he went once more to the scientific establishment in Bond Street, to which he had been indebted for his recent delightful experiences. The distinguished inventor and proprietor of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was behind the counter, calm and confident as ever.

"Ah! I see—as I said! as I said," quoth he, with a sort of glee in his manner. "Isn't it?—Coming round quicker than usual. Really I'm selling more of the article than I can possibly make."

"Well," at length said Titmouse, as soon as he recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden volubility with which he had been assailed on entering—"then *is* it really going on tolerable well?" taking off his hat, and looking anxiously into a glass that hung close by.

"*Tolerable* well, my dear sir! Delightful! Perfect! Couldn't be better! If you'd studied the thing you'd know, sir, that purple is the middle colour between green and black. Indeed, black's only purple and green mixed, which explains the whole thing!" Titmouse listened with infinite satisfaction to this unanswerable and truly philosophical account of the matter.

"Remember, sir—my hair is to come like yours—eh? you recollect, sir? Honour—that was the bargain, you know."

"I have very little doubt of it, sir—nay, I am certain of it, knowing it by experience."

[The scamp had been hired expressly for the purpose of lying thus in support of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion; his own hair being a *natural* black.]

"I'm going to a grand dinner to-morrow, sir," said Titmouse, "with some devilish great people at the West-end of the town—eh? you understand? will it do by that time? Would give a trifle to get my hair a shade darker by that time; for—hem!—most lovely gal—eh? you understand the thing?—devilish anxious, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Yes—I do," replied the gentleman of the shop in a confidential tone; and opening one of the glass doors behind him, took out a bottle considerably larger than the first, and handed it to Titmouse. "This," said he, "will complete the thing; it combines chemically with the purple particles, and the result is—generally arrived at in about two days' time——"

"But it will do *something* in a night's time—eh—surely."

"I should think so! But here it is—it is called the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra."

"What a name!" exclaimed Titmouse with a kind of awe. "'Pon honour, it almost takes one's breath away——"

"It will do more, sir; it will take your red hair away! By the way, only the day before yesterday, a lady of high rank—between ourselves, Lady Caroline Carrot—whose red hair always seemed as if it would have set her bonnet in a blaze—ha, ha!—came here after two days' use of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, and one day's use of

this Tetaragmenon Abracadabra—and asked me if I knew her. Upon my soul I did not, till she solemnly assured me she was really Lady Caroline!"

"*How* much is it?" eagerly inquired Titmouse, thrusting his hand into his pocket, with no little excitement.

"Only nine-and-sixpence."

"Oh my stars, what a price! Nine-and-sixpence——"

"Ah, but would you have believed it, sir? This extraordinary fluid cost a great German chemist his whole life to bring it to perfection; and it contains expensive materials from all the four corners of the world! It's ruined the proprietor long ago."

"That may be—but really—I've laid out a large figure with you, sir, this day or two! Couldn't you say eight sh——"

"We never abate, sir, it's not our style of doing business," replied the gentleman, in a manner that quite overawed poor Titmouse, who at once bought this, the third abomination; not a little depressed, however, at the heavy prices which he had paid for the three bottles, and the uncertainty he felt as to the ultimate issue. That night he was so well satisfied with the progress which he was making with his hair—for, by candle-light, it really looked much darker than could have been expected—that he resolved, at all events for the present, to leave well alone; or at the utmost to try the effect of the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra only upon his eyebrows and whiskers. Into them he rubbed the new specific; which, on the bottle being opened, surprised him in two respects: first, it was perfectly colourless; secondly, it had a most infernal smell. It was, however, no use hesitating: he had bought and paid for it; and the papers in which it was folded gave an account of its success that was really irresistible and unquestionable. Away, therefore, he rubbed; and when he had finished, got into bed, in humble hope as to the result, which would be disclosed by the morning's light. But, alas! would you have believed it? When he looked at himself in the glass, about six o'clock on the ensuing morning, at which hour he awoke, I protest it is a fact that his eyebrows and whiskers were as white as snow; which, combined with the purple colour of his hair on his head, rendered him one of the most astounding objects in human shape that the eye of man had ever beheld. There was the wisdom of age seated in his white eyebrows and whiskers, unspeakable youthful folly in his features, and a purple crown of wonder on his head.

* * * * * * *

Was this some greedy, impudent, unprincipled speculator, who, desirous of acting on the approved maxim—*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*—had pitched on Titmouse, seeing the sort of person he was, as a godsend, quite reckless what effect might be produced on his hair, so as the stuff were paid for, and its effects noted? It might possibly have been sport to the gentleman of the shop, but it was near proving death to poor Titmouse, who might possibly have resolved on throwing himself out of the window, only that he saw it was not big enough for a baby to get through. He turned aghast at the monstrous object which his little glass presented to him; and sank down upon the bed with the feeling that he was now fit for death. As before, Mrs. Squallop made her appearance with his kettle for breakfast. He was sitting at the table dressed, and with his arms folded, with a reckless air, not at all caring to conceal the new and still more frightful change which he had undergone since she saw him last. Mrs. Squallop stared at him for a second or two in silence; then, stepping back out of the room, suddenly drew-to the door, and stood outside, laughing vehemently.

"I'll kick you down-stairs!" shouted Titmouse, rushing to the door, pale with fury, and pulling it open.

"Mr.— Mr.—Titmouse, you'll be the death of me—you will—you will!" gasped Mrs. Squallop, almost black in the face, and the water running out of the kettle, which she was unconsciously holding aslant. After a while, however, they got reconciled. Mrs. Squallop had fancied he had been but rubbing chalk on his eyebrows and whiskers; and seemed dismayed, indeed, on hearing the true state of the case. He implored her to send out for a small bottle of ink; but as it was Sunday morning none could be got; she knew that no one in the court used ink, and she teased him to try a little blacking. He did—but it was useless. He sat for an hour or two, in an ecstacy of grief and rage. What would he now have given, never to have meddled with the hair with which Heaven had thought fit to send him into the world? Alas, with what mournful force Mrs. Squallop's words, on a former occasion, again and again recurred to him! To say that he ate breakfast would be scarcely correct. He drank a single cup of cocoa, and ate a small fragment of roll, and then put away his breakfast things on the window-shelf. If he had been in the humour to go to church, how could he? He would have been turned out as an object involuntarily exciting everybody to laughter!

DUE WEST.

A LUDICROUS incident occurred on a Mississippi steamer. A man who was journeying to Texas with his wife thought he would enjoy the luxury of shaving and shampooing. While this was going on, he concluded to surprise his wife, and at his request hair, eyebrows and whiskers were changed from a fiery red to raven blackness. He hastened to the state room, but was met at the door by his spouse, outraged by the intrusion of a stranger, as she supposed, and admittance refused. He called himself her husband, she said he was an impostor. He attempted to explain; it was useless. A crowd

gathered round, and the laugh became general. At last, in his perplexity, the Hoosier exclaimed, "Sallie, look at my feet!" One glance at the pedal appendages assured her. "Yes, John," she said, "I know them feet. They can come in, but keep that head out of sight."

An irascible old gentleman, who formerly held the position of justice of the peace, was recently accosted in the street by a youth in a manner that did not come up to his honour's idea of the respect due to him. "Young man," said he, "I fine you twenty shillings for contempt of court." "Why, judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," replied the judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt."

A shrewd confectioner out West has taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who enters his shop, and his business is rapidly increasing.

In the course of an Illinois discussion, a man is said to have "had a ravine built in the back of his head with a pop bottle."

The Wabash (Indiana) country has always been celebrated for the persistency and quality of its fever and ague. A local physician thus describes the genuine Wabash article: "It comes creeping up a fellow's back like a ton of wild cats; goes crawling through his joints like iron spikes, and is followed by a fever which prohibits the patient from thinking of anything but Greenland's icy mountains. It isn't the 'every-other-day' kind, but gets up with a man at daylight, and sleeps in the small of his back all night. His teeth feel about six inches long, his joints wobble like a loose wagon wheel, and the shakes are so steady that one can't hold conversation except by putting in dashes."

They tell of a man who went for the first time to play ten-pins, that he kept driving away at the pins to the imminent peril of the boy, who, so far from having anything to do in "setting up" the pins, was actively at work in an endeavour to avoid the balls of the player, which rattled on all sides of the pins without touching them. At length the man, seeing what a predicament the boy was in, yelled out, as he let drive another ball, "Stand in among the pins, boy, if you don't want to get hurt."

He took her fancy when he came; he took her hand, he took a kiss; he took no notice of the shame that glowed her happy cheek at this. He took to coming afternoons; he took an oath he'd ne'er deceive; he took her father's silver spoons; and after that he took his leave.

One of the American papers gives an account of a lounger in his editorial office, who had been in the habit of sitting so long, that when he died his shadow was found fixed upon the wall!

A Cincinnati paper gives the following instance of the effect of the heat in the Pork City: "A steamboat was at the wharf discharging lead. A negro would start with a bar on his shoulder; but before he could get to the dray the lead would melt and run over him, making it necessary to cut him out with a cold chisel!"—*** If the pigs of lead could not "stand it," how must the pigs of pork have fared? They surely must have "larded the lean earth."

A genuine Down-Easter was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingly tough beef, at dinner in a Wisconsin Hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the attention and smiles of the rest of the company, who were in the same predicament as himself. At length Jonathan's patience quite vanished under his ill-success, when laying down his "utensils" he burst out with, "Strangers, you needn't laff—if you hain't got no regard for the landlord's feelings, you orter have some respect for the old bull!" This sally "brought down the house."

A Texan ranger says that the following is a genuine article, and adds, "It is a exact copy, without alteration of either gramer or spilling." His own orthography might be improved, but it appears well by contrast with the letter that he sends, having been written by a Texan lover to his mistress:—

"Deer Shuk "Hutson *Spt* ten 1Sfifty7
"If yew wil go with me nex Oktober 2 the bal
I wont chu no mor tobaker at al
What if I is got a gusleg an kant dans
Why that wil give the other boys a chans
"yours til the bal kums of
"Hans.
"PS exkus my poitry but it makes me fel gud when I rite 2 yeu."

The "Countercheck Quarrelsome."—A Western newspaper contains the following advertisement, to which we give gratuitous publicity:—"My late husband, Isaiah Faulkner, has lately advertised to the public that I have lately left his bed and board without any provocation, and that he will pay no debts of my contracting. Now, it is true that I have left him, but not his bed or board. He never had any bed that wasn't borrowed, nor any 'board' worth having except what he picked out of the river during the last spring freshet. As for paying debts, nobody will be wiser for his advertisement. He has hard work to get to owe any, and don't pay on principle when he does. His promises are poor moonshine, and his credit 'a dried-up' balloon. I hereby give notice to all men and all women to be on their guard against his coming around. He is red-headed and dangerous—put him out!—don't trust him on my account."

The Best Advice.—Judge Strong practised in Jefferson County, and a prisoner being arraigned for theft, who had no counsel, the court appointed young Strong to that service, directing him to confer with the prisoner, and give him the best advice he could under the circumstances. He retired with his client to an adjacent room for consultation, and when an officer was sent to inform them that the court was waiting, Strong was found alone, and returned with the officer into the court room. "Where is your client?" demanded the judge. "He has left the place," replied the lawyer. "Left the place!" cried the judge. "What do you mean, Mr. Strong?" "Why, your honour directed me to give him the best advice I could under the circumstances. He told me he was guilty, and so I opened the window and advised him to jump out and run. He took my advice, as in duty bound, and by this time he is more than two miles off."

A RUBBER AT WHIST.*

BY F. C. BURNAND.

HILDERS proposes "whist." I never feel certain of myself at whist: I point to the fact that they are four without me. Poss Felmyr says if I sit down he'll cut in presently. "I play?" I reply, "Yes, a little." I am Stenton's partner: Englefield and Childers are against us. Sixpenny points, shilling on the rub. Stenton says to me, "You'll score." Scoring always puzzles me. I know it's done with half-a-crown, a shilling, a sixpence, and a silver candlestick. Sometimes one bit of money is under the candlestick, sometimes two.

Happy Thought. — To watch Englefield scoring: soon pick it up again.

First Rubber.—Stenton deals: Childers is first hand; I'm second. Hearts trumps—the queen. It's wonderful how quick they are in arranging their cards. After I've sorted all mine carefully, I find a trump among the clubs. Having placed him in his position on the right of my hand, I find a stupid Three of Clubs among the spades: settled *him*. Lastly, a King of Diamonds upside down, which seems to entirely disconcert me: put *him* right. Englefield says, "Come, be quick"—Stenton tells me "not to hurry myself." I say I'm quite ready, and wonder to myself what Childers will lead.

Childers leads the Queen of Clubs. I consider for a moment what is the duty of second hand; the word "finessing" occurs to me here. I can't recollect if putting on a three of the same suit is finessing: put on the three and look at my partner to see how he likes it. He is watching the table. Englefield lets it go, my partner lets it go—the trick is Childers's. I feel that somehow it's lost through my fault. His lead again—spades. This takes me so by surprise that I have to re-arrange my hand, as the spades have got into a lump. I have two spades, an ace, and a five. Let me see: "If I play the five I"——I can't see the consequence. "If I play the ace it *must* win unless it's trumped." Stenton says in a deep voice, "Play away." The three look from one to the other. Being flustered, I play the ace: the trick is mine. I wish it wasn't, as I have to lead: I'd give something if I might consult Poss, who is behind me, or my partner. All the cards look ready for playing, yet I don't like to disturb them. Let me think what's been played already. Stenton asks me "if I'd like to look at the last trick." As this will give *me* time, and *them* the idea that I am following out my own peculiar tactics, I embrace the offer. Childers displays the last trick: I look at it. I say, "Thank you," and he shuts it up again. Immediately afterwards I can't recollect what the cards were in that trick: if I did it wouldn't help me. They are becoming impatient.

About this time somebody's Queen of Diamonds is taken. I wasn't watching how the trick went, but I am almost certain it was fatal to the Queen of Diamonds: that is to say, if it *was* the Queen of Diamonds; but I don't like to ask. The next trick, which is something in spades, trumped by Englefield, I pass as of not much importance. Stenton growls, "Didn't I see that he'd got no more spades in his hand?" No, I own I didn't. Stenton, who is not an encouraging partner, grunts to himself. In a subsequent round, I having lost a trick by leading spades, Stenton calls out, "Why, didn't you see they were trumping spades?" I defend myself; I say I *did* see him, Englefield, trump *one* spade, but I thought that he hadn't any more trumps. I say this as if I had been reckoning the cards as they've been played.

Happy Thought.—Try to reckon them, and play by system next rubber.

I keep my trumps back till the last; they'll come out and astonish them. They *do* come out and astonish *me*. Being taken by surprise, I put on my king when I ought to have played the knave, and both surrender to the ace and queen. I say, "Dear me, how odd!" I think I hear Stenton saying sarcastically, in an undertone, "Oh, yes; confoundedly odd." I try to explain, and he interrupts me at the end of the last deal but two by saying testily, "It's no use talking; if you attend we may just save the odd."

Happy Thought.—Save the odd.

My friend the Queen of Diamonds, who, I thought, had been played, and taken by some one or other at a very early period of the game, suddenly re-appears out of my partner's hand, as if she was part of a conjuring trick. Second hand can't follow suit and can't trump, I think I see what he intends me to do here. I've a trump and a small club. "When in doubt," I recollect the infallible rule, "play a trump." I don't think any one expected this trump. Good play.

Happy Thought.—Trump. I look up diffidently. My partner laughs, so do the others. My partner's is not a pleasant laugh. I can't help asking, "Why, isn't that right? it's ours?" "Oh, yes," says my partner sarcastically, "it *is* ours." "Only," explains little Bob Englefield, "you've trumped your partner's best card."

I try again to explain that by *my* computation the Queen of Diamonds had been played a long time ago. My partner won't listen to reason. He replies, "You might have *seen* that it wasn't." I return, "Well, it couldn't be helped; we'll win the game yet." This I add to encourage him, though, if it depends on *me*, I honestly (to myself) don't think we shall.

Happy Thought.—After all, we *do* get the odd

* From "Happy Thoughts." By kind permission of the Author.

trick. Stenton ought to be in a better humour, but he isn't; he says "The odd! we ought to have been three." Englefield asks me how honours are. I don't know. Stenton says, "Why, you (meaning me) had two in your own hand." "Oh yes, I had." I'd forgotten it. "Honours easy," says Stenton to me. I agree with him. Now, I've got to score with this confounded shilling, sixpence, half-crown, and a candlestick.

Happy Thought.—Ask Bob Englefield how *he* scores generally.

He replies, "Oh, the usual way," and as he doesn't illustrate his meaning, his reply is of no use to me whatever. How can I find out without showing them that I don't know?

Happy Thought (*while* Childers *deals*).—Pretend to forget to score till next time. Englefield will have to do it, perhaps, next time, then watch Englefield. Just as I am arranging my cards from right to left——

Happy Thought.—To alternate the colours black and red, beginning this time with black (right) as spades are trumps. Also to arrange them in their rank and order of precedence. Ace on the right if I've got one—yes; king next, queen next—and the hand begins to look very pretty. I can quite imagine whist being a fascinating game——Stenton reminds me that I've forgotten to mark "one up."

Happy Thought.—Put sixpence by itself on my left hand. Stenton asks what's that for?

Happy Thought.—To say it's the way I *always* mark.

Stenton says, "Oh, go on." I look round to see what we're waiting for, and Englefield answers me, "Go on, it's you; you're first hand." I beg their pardon. I must play some card or other, and finish arranging my hand during the round. Anything will do to begin with. Here's a two of spades, a little one, on my left hand; throw him out.

"Hallo!" cries Englefield (second hand), "trumps are coming out early." I quite forgot spades were trumps; that comes of that horrid little card being on the left instead of the right.

Happy Thought.—Not to show my mistake: nod at Englefield, and intimate that "he'll see what's coming."

So, by the way, will my partner. In a polite moment I accept another cup of tea. I don't want it, and have to put it by the half-crown, shilling, and candlestick on the whist-table, where I'm afraid of knocking it over, and am obliged to let it get quite cold, as I have to attend to the game.

Happening to be taking a spoonful, with my eyes anxiously on the cards, when my turn comes, Stenton says, "*Do* play; never mind your tea." Whist brutalises Stenton: what a pity!

Happy Thought.—Send this game as a problem to a sporting paper.

Happy Thought.—Why not write generally for sporting papers?

Stenton says, "*Do* play!" I do.

Happy Thought.—Write a treatise on whist, so as to teach myself the game.

GAROTTE FRANCAISE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

SARE, listen for von minute, I sall tell you, toute de suite,
All about von accidental zat ave happen in ze street:
It come to take place in ze evening, tovards ze finish of las veek,
And it make it necessary zat I go to see ze beak.
I had been to sit in coffee, and I look bot side ze vay
For ze little maison garnie vere I have my chambre meublée;
Ven I, as ze English call it, feels myself took all aback
By von wretch who squeeze my troat until I look my face quite black;
Vile anozzer search ze pocket, steal my chain, and take my stud,
And I cannot call "au secours" till I lie down in ze mud,
Vere I find zat zey ave knock me, leaving me vizout my vind,
Vis my chapeau broken affreux, vis my habit torn behind.
My vatch zey miss because mon parent lend me on him some small sum,
So I look for ze policeman for to catch zes vilains hommes.
Loudly I do call in anger, and for aid I look about,
Till I see von big policeman from ze area coming out;
Vere he say he seek for burglair, and just zen he vipe his mouse,
Make me tink he vary often look for burglair in zat house!
Mush he shake his head and tell me—"Ah! sare, you ave been garotte;
Zese here ticket men in London are a vairy rummy lot."
Zen I grind my teese vis fury, and I say "Ah! sacré!—vite!
Voleurs! now den, you sal find out zat my chains vas but von sheat."

THE CAP AND BELLS.

THE court jester of Francis I. complained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him. "If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after." I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

DAN RICE, the well-known clown, remitted, in settlement of an account, to the publisher of a paper in the West, a three-dollar bill, which was returned with the brief remark, "This note is counterfeit; please send another." It was two months before he heard from Dan again, when he apologised for the delay, saying that he had been unable till now to find another counterfeit three-dollar bill, but he hoped the one now enclosed would suit; professing, at the same time, his inability to discover what the objection was to the other, which he thought as good a counterfeit as he ever saw. It must be admitted that Dan swept the board.

PERHAPS the last person in this country whose character and habits approached to those of a professed jester, was Donald Cleirach, a kind of retainer of the family of Atholl. He died about fifty or sixty years ago; and many stories of him are still current in his native district. He used to run before the Duke of Atholl's carriage, astride of a good oak cudgel, and mimicking the action of a man on horseback, to his own great delight, and the amusement and surprise of all passengers. In this manner he would herald his Grace's approach from Dunkeld to Blair, a distance of twenty good miles; and he has even been known to ride his oaken steed before his noble master all the way to London. Arrived at his journey's end, he invariably rubbed down his horse, and, in imitation of the postilions, led him with great form into the stable. When old age quickened his breath and stiffened his joints, poor Donald began to complain of his horse; he would exclaim, when dismounting after a long ride—"Hech, hech, sirs! this beast is grown unco lazy! I declare to ye, a body might amaist as weel walk as ride on sic a brute!"

A TRAVELLER stopped at an inn to breakfast, and having drunk a cup of what was given to him, the servant asked, "What will you take, sir, tea or coffee?"—"That depends upon circumstances," was the reply. "If what you gave me last was tea, I want coffee; if it was coffee, I want tea. I want a change."

"I THINK you must allow," said a pompous gentleman, that my jests are very fair." "Sir, your jests are like yourself," was the quick retort; "their age renders them respectable."

THE friends of a celebrated wit expressed some surprise that, at his age, and with his fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it necessary to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said. "My acquaintances began to say that I drank too much for a single man."

WHEN William H. Crawford was Secretary of the Treasury, he wrote to the collector at Mobile, Silas Dinsmore, to ascertain the length of the river Tombidgee, which request he worded to this effect, "How far does the Tombidgee run up?" To which the laconic collector replied, "The Tombidgee does not run up at all, it runs down;" and was by the return mail dismissed from office.

JOANNES SCOTUS being in company with Charles the Bald, King of France, that monarch merrily said, "What is the difference between a Scot and a sot?" Scotus, who sat opposite the king, said, "Only the breadth of the table."

"IN one of the American towns the postmaster, by skilful manœuvring, has managed to retain his office through several successive changes in the administration. Being asked how he managed, he replied that "it would take a mighty smart administration to change quicker than he could."

As gold becomes refined by passing through the ordeal of fire, so truth is the purer for being tested by the furnace of fun; for jokes are to facts what melting pots are to metal. The utterer of a good joke is a useful member of society, but the maker of a bad one is a more despicable character than the veriest coiner by profession. A good joker transports his hearers, but a bad joker should be transported himself. No appraiser can estimate the value of a joke, for good jokes are valuable beyond estimation. Fun may be fetched from afar, but a good joke should never be far-fetched. Like certain would-be practitioners, a joke should not only be at home from ten till five, but a thorough good joke will never be out. No joke but a bad one can be miserable, for a joke to be good must be happy. A joke from a gentleman is an act of charity; an uncharitable joke is an ungentlemanly act. The retort courteous is the touchstone of good feeling, the reply churlish the proof of cold-headed stupidity.

A VERY brave soldier had both his arms carried off in battle, after which his colonel offered him half-a-crown. "Colonel," said the soldier, "you think I have lost a pair of gloves."

HEARING a physician remark that a small blow will break the nose, a rustic exclaimed, "Well, I dunno 'bout that; I blowed my nose a great many times, and I've never broke it."

A GENTLEMAN calling for small beer at another gentleman's table, finding it very bad, gave it to the servant again without drinking. "What," said the master of the house, "do you not like the beer?" "It is not to be found fault with," answered the other, "for one should never speak ill of the dead."

"MR. SMITH," said a landlady to one of her boarders, "will you do me the favour to help the butter?" "Shan't do it," curtly replied the imperturbable Mr. Smith. "Why not, Mr. Smith?" asked the fair proprietress of the establishment. "Why?" retorted Smith, "because it is strong enough to help itself!"

"Do you call yourself a gentleman?" said an Oxford bargeman to a Christchurch man, who, from the opposite side of the Charwell, had beaten him to a stand-still in slang. "I do," replied the gownsman. "Then if I aren't a lord!" exclaimed the other, walking away in despair.

A COURTIER of Queen Elizabeth's, whom she had long encouraged to hope for some favour, vexed at repeated disappointments, was one morning walking pensively in her garden, when her majesty, calling to him from a window, said, "Sir Edward, what does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" The knight after a little pause, with a very low bow, answered, "Of a woman's promise, madam!" when the queen, who was moved at this reply, drawing instantly back, said to those about her, "I must not confute him; anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."

IT being reported that a certain lady of fashion and a blue-stocking had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strangford, observed, "Oh, nothing is more natural than for a literary lady to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his lordship, advise her to turn over a new leaf."

THE great difficulty with Arctic steam voyagers seems to be to keep themselves warm and their ships coaled.

A MAN with a scolding wife, being asked what his occupation was, replied that he kept a hot-house.

WHEN old Bogus' wife fell ill, he sent for a doctor as sordid and avaricious as himself. Before the doctor saw the patient, he wished to have an understanding with the miserly husband. "Here's forty dollars," said Bogus, "and you shall have it, whether you cure my wife or kill her." The woman died, and the doctor called for the fee. "Did you kill my wife?" asked Bogus. "Certainly not!" replied the indignant doctor. "Well, you didn't cure her?" "You know she's dead." "Very well, then, leave the house in double quick time," said Bogus. "A bargain's a bargain. It was kill or cure, but you did neither."

A LIMB of the law, in passing a chap engaged in posting bills, addressed him thus—"How are you, William?" "My name is not William." "Ah! I thought your name was William, as I have heard them call you Bill Sticker."

"AH!" said a father to his son William, "hearty breakfasts kill one half of the world, and tremendous suppers the other half." "I suppose," retorted William, "that the true livers are only those who die of hunger."

THE butler to Lord Braxfield gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Lord!" exclaimed his master, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her."

A DABBLER in literature and the fine arts, who prided himself on his knowledge and proper use of the English language, came upon a youngster sitting on the bank of a mill-pond, angling for gudgeons, and thus addressed him:—"Adolescens, art thou not endeavouring to entice the finny race to engulf into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurement?" "No," said the boy; "I'm fishin'."

WETHERAL, the Master of University College, went to Dr. Lee, then sick in bed, and said, "So Dr. Everleigh has been egged on to matrimony." "Has he?" said he; "why, then, I hope the yoke will sit easy."

AN intimation hung in a warehouse in Glasgow was to this effect:—"No credit given here, except to those who pay money down."

THE WAITER.

GLUTTONY, with him, is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it so many more "beefs," and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His "Yes, sir" is as swift, indifferent, and official at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon purely as things in the newspaper, and the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns for gentlemen to read. His own reading is confined to "accidents and offences," and the advertisements for butlers, which latter he peruses with an admiring fear, not choosing to give up a "certainty." When young, he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mistress by running against the other waiters and breaking the "neguses." As he gets older he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of his face, and elevation of his voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his "Coming, sir." If you told him that in Shakespeare's time waiters said, "Anon, anon, sir," he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two, and he would justly infer that London could not have been so large, nor the chop-houses so busy, in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables of his "Yes, sir," if he could; but business and civility will not allow it, and therefore he does what he can by running them together in the swift sufficiency of his "Yezzir." "Thomas!" "Yezzir." "Is my steak coming?" "Yezzir." "You'll not forget the postman?" "Yezzir." For, in the habit of his acquiescence, Thomas not seldom says "Yes, sir" for "No, sir," the habit itself rendering him intelligible."—*Leigh Hunt.*

WEDDING COOKERY.

N first commencing, catch a young gentleman and lady. The young gentleman will be best raw, and the young lady quite tender; set the gentleman at the dinner-table; take a bottle of wine, claret is good, port is better, a little dash of champagne will give it a briskness; let him soak in this mixture for a couple of hours; if no signs of boiling, try another bottle. When geting red in the gills, take him into the drawing-room; if in winter, set him at the fireside by the lady, throw in a dash of green tea, of about three cups to each, and let them simmer together; if in the summer time, place them in a current of air, as near the window, and as much out of sight as you can; stick the lady all over with flowers, and place them near the piano, and keep stirring them till the lady sings. When you hear the gentleman sigh, it is a good sign; as, whether winter or summer, they are sure to be growing warm. Then take them off, and put them in a corner of the room on a sofa, near a chess-table, if possible; leave them together simmering for the rest of the evening. Repeat this for three or four times, taking care to keep them as close to each other as you can. Great care must be taken about the degree of heat; if too warm, they will explode and fly off; if too little, they will turn into a jelly, or perhaps an ice. The best heat is the moderate, regular, and constant. The length of time during which it is applied must be according to circumstances. For a gentleman and lady under five-and-twenty, three months, three weeks, or three days sometimes are sufficient; but in every instance there must be great precaution to avoid a broil. A certain quantity of the Queen's coin put in during cooking will have great effect in keeping up the heat; the dish will look remarkably well if garnished round with bank paper; it may then be served up at table, and make an excellent meal for two. Care should be taken that no vinegar is used, as the dish is remarkably apt to turn sour.

THE BANE OF EARTHLY BLISS.

He was a youth of faultless face,
Of form Apollo-like—and wore
A suit of clothes that showed each grace
Of nature, never matched before.

A lovely girl sat by his side,
And faithful, too, she was as fair;
Full soon would she become his bride,
A life of mutual love to share.

'Twas in the dining-room they sat,
And on the board were neatly spread
Oysters and woodcocks, sweet and fat,
And pale champagne, and claret red.

Young, healthy, rich, loving and loved—
Was not that gallant happy?—No!
He gazed upon the feast unmoved,
And not one tender smile did throw.

He was not jealous; not the smart
Of keen remorse had touched his breast
Yet on his brow and in his heart
Were sable gloom and wild unrest.

Strange seems his woe; yet wonder not
That he should feel and look so sadly,
For deep affliction was his lot;
Alas! he had the toothache badly!

IFS.

1. If you see a gentleman and a lady disagree upon trifling occasions or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.

2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or any other coach, lolling carelessly one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

3. If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or,

4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with anything carelessly, her head inclined another way, and speaking to him with indifference; or,

5. If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who perhaps is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path; or,

6. If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging, and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things to every pretty woman in the room, excepting *one*, to whom he appears particularly reserved, cold, and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that one is, nobody can be at a loss to discover.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation—they may be resorted to with confidence; they are upon unerring principles, and deducted from every day's experience.

WITH THE HARRIERS.*

BY F. C. BURNAND.

SO, this *is* the horse from Brett's stables in the village, which they talked about last night. I shouldn't have had it if Mr. Parsons, who always rides it with the harriers, "hadn't come rather a nasty cropper" at Deepford Mill, and won't be able to go out again for a fortnight. The groom thinks I'm in luck. Hope so. It was off this horse that poor Parsons "came a nasty cropper." Miss Pellingle, on the doorstep, says, "What a pretty creature!" and observes that she's always heard chestnuts are so fiery. I return, "Indeed!" carelessly, as if I possessed Mr. Rarey's secret. The whole-uncle (from a window) suggests that "perhaps you'd rather have a *roast* chestnut." People laugh. Groom laughs. At me.

Happy Thought.—"How ill grey hairs become a fool and jester!" Shakespeare, I think. What happy thoughts Shakespeare had! So applicable to a stupid old idiot. Keep this to myself.

Mounting.—I don't know any work on equestrianism which adequately deals with the difficulty of equalising the length of stirrups. You don't find out that one leg is longer than the other until you get on horseback for the first time after several years. The right is longer than the left. Having removed that inconvenience, the left is longer than the right. One hole up will do it. "One down?" asks the groom. I mean one down.

Happy Thought (*just in time*).—No, I mean up.

Groom stands in front of me, as if I was a picture. Placing no further reliance on my own judgment, I ask him "if it's all right now." He says, "Yes," decidedly. From subsequent experience I believe he makes the answer merely to save himself trouble. Byng on horseback, curvetting, cries. "Come along!" If mine curvettes or caracoles where shall I be? Perhaps the brute caracoled or curvetted at Deepford Mill, when poor Parsons "came" that "nasty cropper."

Happy Thought.—Sport in the olden time. Hawking. People generally sat still, in one place, watching a hawk. Not much exercise, perhaps, but safe. Why don't they revive hawking?

Milburd wants to know if I'm going to be all day. Fridoline's horse is restive; the other two are restive. I wish they weren't. Mine wants to be restive; if he goes on suddenly I go off.

Happy Thought.—If I *do* come a nasty cropper like Parsons, I hope I shall do it alone, or before strangers only.

Happy Thought.—The mane.

I like being comfortable before I start. Stop one minute. One hole higher up on the right. The whole-uncle, who is watching the start—[old coward! he daren't even come off the doorstep, and has asked me once if I won't "take some jumping powder." He'd be sorry for his fun if I was borne home on a stretcher after a "nasty cropper." I almost wish I was, just to give him a lesson—I mean if I wasn't hurt]—says, "Aren't those girths rather loose?" The groom sees it for the first time. He begins tightening them. Horse doesn't like it. "Woo! poor fellow! good old man—I mean good old woman, then." Horse puts back its ears and tries to make himself into a sort of arch. I don't know what happens when a horse puts back its ears.

Happy Thought.—Ask Milburd.

He answers, "Kicks." Ah! I know what happens if he kicks. That would be the time for the nasty cropper. This expression will hang about my memory. "All right now?" Quite. Still wrong about the stirrups—one dangling, the other lifting my knee up; but won't say anything more, or Fridoline may think me a nuisance.

Two reins. Groom says, "She goes easy on the

snaffle. Pulls a little at first, but you needn't hold her." I shall though. Trotting, I am told, is her "great pace." The reins are confused. One ought to be white, the other black, to distinguish them. Forget which fingers you put them in. Mustn't let the groom see this.

Happy Thought.—Take 'm up carelessly, anyhow. Watch Byng.

We are walking. My horse very quiet. Footman runs after me. Idiot, to come up abruptly. Enough to frighten any horse. If you're not on your guard, you come off so easily. "Here's a whip." "Oh, thank you." Right hand for whip, and left for reins, like Byng? Or, left hand for whip and right for reins, like Milburd? Or, both in one hand, like Fridoline? Walking gently. As we go along Milburd points out nice little fences, which "your beast would hop over." Yes, by herself.

Happy Thought.—Like riding. Fresh air exhilarating. Shall buy a horse. *N.B.*—Shall buy a horse which will walk as fast as other horses; not jog. Irritating to jog. If I check him he jerks

* By kind permission of the Author.

his head, and hops. Fridoline calls him "showy." Wonder if, to a spectator, I'm showy! Passing by a village grocer's.

Happy Thought.—See myself in the window. Not bad; but hardly "showy." Antigropelos effective.

Happy Thought.—If I stay long here, buy a saddle and stirrups my own length. My weight, when he jogs, is too much on one stirrup.

Fridoline asks, "Isn't this delightful?" I say, "Charming." Milburd talks of riding as a science. He says, "The great thing in leaping is to keep your equilibrium."

Happy Thought.—The pummel.

"Shall we trot on?" If we don't push along, Byng says we shall never reach Pounder's Barrow, where the harriers meet. As it is, we shall probably be too late.

Happy Thought.—Plenty of time. Needn't go too fast. Tire the horses.

My left antigropelo has come undone. The spring is weak. I can't get at it. My horse never will go the same pace as the others. The groom said his great pace was trotting. He is trotting, and it *is* a great pace; not so much for speed as for height. He trots as if all his joints were loose. His tail appears to be a little loose in the socket, and keeps whisking round and round, judging from the sound. I go up and down, and from side to side.

Happy Thought.—Are people ever sea-sick from riding?

No scientific riding here! Can't get my equilibrium. Ought to have had a string for my hat. Cram it on. I think, from the horse's habit of looking back sideways, that he's seen the loose antigropelo, and it has frightened him. He breaks into a gallop. It feels as if he was always stumping on one leg. He changes his leg, which unsettles me. He changes his legs every minute. Wish I could change mine for a pair of strong ones in comfortable boots and breeches. Thank Heaven, I didn't have spurs! Hope I shan't drop my whip. This antigropelo will bring me off sooner or later. I know it will.

End of the lane. The three in front. I wish they'd stop. Mine would stop then. We trot again—suddenly. Painful.

Happy Thought.—"Let's look at the view."

Byng cries, "Hang the view! Here's a beautiful bit of turf for a canter." We break (my horse and I) into a canter. He breaks into the canter sooner than I do, as I've not quite finished my trot. I wish it was a military saddle, with bags before and behind. A soldier can't come off. If the antigropelo goes at the other spring, I shall lose it altogether. Horse pulls; wants to pass them all. Hat getting loose; antigropelo flapping.

Happy Thought.—Squash my hat down anyhow, tight.

The fresh air catches my nose. I feel as if I'd a violent cold. There's no comfort in riding at other people's pace. I wish they'd stop. It's very unkind of them. They might as well. I should stop for them. What a beast this is for pulling! I can't make him feel.

Happy Thought.—If I ride again, have a short coat made, without tails.

Everything about me seems to be flapping in the wind; like a scarecrow. Fridoline doesn't see me. What an uncomfortable thing a hard note-book is in a tail-coat pocket when cantering and bumping!

Happy Thought.—End of canter. Thank Heavens! he (or she) stops when the others stop.

Fridoline looks round and laughs. She is in high spirits. In an attempt to wave my whip to her with my right hand, I nearly come that nasty cropper on the left side. Righted myself by the mane quietly. What would a horse be without a mane?

Happy Thought.—The hard road. Walk. Fasten my antigropelo. Tear it at the top by trying the spring excitedly.

Before talking to her I settle my hat and tie, also manage my pocket-handkerchief. Feel that I've got a red nose, and don't look as "showy" as I did. On the common we fall in with the harriers, and men on horseback with green coats.

Byng knows several people, and introduces them to Miss Fridoline. He doesn't introduce me to any one. We pass through a gate into a ploughed field. The dogs are scenting, or something. I see a rabbit. If I recollect rightly, one ought to cry out "Holloa!" or "Gone away!" or "Yoicks!" If I do, we shall all be galloping about and hunting.

Happy Thought.—Better not say anything about it; it's the dogs' business.

The dogs find something. Every one begins cantering. Just as I am settling my hat, and putting my handkerchief into my pocket, my horse breaks into a canter. Spring of antigropelo out again. It is a long field, and I see we are all getting towards a hedge. The dogs disappear. Green-coat men disappear over the hedge. I suddenly think of poor Parsons and the nasty cropper.

Happy Thought.—Stop my horse, violently.

Our heads meet. Hat nearly off. Everybody jumps the hedge. Perhaps my horse won't do it. If I only had spurs, I might take him at it. Some one gets a fall. He's on his own horse. If he falls, I shall. He didn't hurt himself.

Happy Thought.—You *can* fall and not hurt yourself. I thought you always broke your neck, or leg.

Happy Thought.—Any gap?

None. Old gentleman, on a heavy grey, says, "No good going after them. I know the country." Take his advice. If I lose the sport, blame him.

Happy Thought.—Hares double: therefore (logically) the hare will come back.

Happy Thought.—Stop in the field.

Try to fasten antigropelo: tear it more. Trot round quietly. I'm getting well into my seat now. Shouldn't mind taking him at the hedge. Too late, as they'll be back directly. I explain to old gentleman who knows the country that "I don't like leaping hired horses, or I should have taken him at that hedge." Old gentleman thinks I'm quite right. So do I. They come back—the hare first. I see him and cut at him with my whip. Old gentleman very angry. I try to laugh it off. With the dogs I ride through the gate. Capital fun. The hare is caught in a ditch by the roadside. Old gentleman still angry. I am told afterwards that he's one of the old school of sportsmen, who, I suppose, don't cut at hares with a whip.

Happy Thought.—I am in at the death. Say "Tally ho!" to myself.

Happy Thought.—Ask for the brush. If I get it, present it to Fridoline.

Milburd laughs, and says he supposes I want a hare-brush.

It is a great thing to possess quick perceptive faculties. I see at once that a hare has no brush, and treat the matter as my own joke. [Note for *Typical Developments*, Book XVI., "Perception of the Ridiculous."]

After looking about for another hare for half an hour, my blood is not so much up as it was. We are "away" again. The hare makes for the hill. We are galloping. I wish I'd had my stirrups put right before I started. A shirt button has broken, and I feel my collar rucking up; my tie working round. I cram my hat on again. There's something hard projecting out of the saddle that hurts my knees. Wooa! He *does* pull. I think we've leapt something—a ditch. If so, I can ride better than I thought. What pleasure can a horse have in following the hounds at this pace? Woa, woa! My stirrup-straps are flying; my antigropelos on both sides have come undone; my breeches pinch my knees; my hat wants cramming on again. In doing this I drop a rein. I clutch at it. I feel I am pulling the martingale. Stop for a minute; I am so tired. No one will stop.

Happy Thought (at full gallop).—"You gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, how little do you think upon" the dangers of this infernal hunting.

Byng's whole-uncle is at home reading his *Times*. Up a hill at a rush. Down a hill. Wind rushing at me. It makes me gasp like going into a cold bath. Think my shirt-collar has come undone on one side.

Happy Thought (which flashes across me).—Mazeppa: "Again he urges on his wild career!" Mazeppa was tied on, though: I'm not.

I shall lose the antigropelos. Down a hill. Up a hill slowly. The horse is walking, apparently, right out of his saddle. Will he miss me?

Happy Thought.—I shall come off over his tail.

I have an indistinct idea of horsemen careering all about me, I wish some one would stop my horse. Suddenly we all stop. I cannon against the old gentleman on the grey. Apology. He is very angry! says "I might have killed him." Pooh!

Happy Thought.—If this is hunting, it isn't so difficult, after all. But what's the pleasure?

The hounds are scenting again. Stupid countryman says he's seen a hare about here. Delight of everybody. All these big men, horses, and dogs after a timid hare! Why doesn't the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfere? I thought they always shot hares. The dogs have got their tails up, and are whining. They are unhappy. If they find a hare they give that countryman a shilling.

Happy Thought.—Shall write to old Boodels, and tell him I'm going out with the hounds every day? Wish I was at home in an arm-chair. I've not come the "nasty cropper" as yet; but the day's not over.

Ask a countryman to fasten my antigropelos. Sixpence. Can he alter my stirrups? He does; not satisfactorily. The hounds make a noise, and before the countryman has finished my stirrups, we are off. Nearly off altogether. I sha'nt come out again. Up another hill. This is part of the down country. My horse is beginning to get tired. He'll go quieter. Every one passes me. Get on! get up! Tchk! He is panting. Get on! tchk! I feel excited. I should like to be on a long way ahead, in full cry, taking brooks, fences, and ditches. Get on! Get along, *will* you! tchk! What an obstinate brute! I think I could take him over that first hedge now. I find my legs kicking him. It has no effect. First tchking, then kicking! I'd give something to be at home. Dropped my rein; in getting it up, dropped my whip. Some people standing about won't see it. Horses and hounds a long way on. I think Milburd, or Byng, as I'm his guest, might have stopped for me. Very selfish.

Happy Thought.—Get off and pick it up.

If I get off I shall have to get up again. Perhaps he won't stand still. I am all alone; every one has disappeared, except a few pedestrians who have been watching the sport from the top of this hill. Hate these sort of idle people, who only come out to see accidents and laugh at any one if he can't get on. I haven't the slightest idea as to where I am. What county? How far from Byng's? The horse seems to me to be trembling, probably from excitement. He stretches his head out. What power a horse has in his head. He nearly pulled me off. He shakes himself violently. Very uncomfortable. Perhaps he's rousing himself for another effort. I have seen a 'Magic Donkey" (I think) of pasteboard in the shop windows; when the string is loose the head and tail fall. It occurs to me that my horse is, at this minute, like the magic donkey with the string loose.

Happy Thought.—Get off.

He *is* quivering in both his front legs. I feel it like a running current of mild electric shocks. Get out my note-book. The beast seems to be giving at the knees. I don't know much about horses, but instinct tells me he is going to lie down. Wonder if he's ever been in a circus?

Happy Thought.—Get off at once.

Off. Just in time. He nearly falls. He is shivering and quivering all over. Poor fellow! Woa, my man, woa, then, poo' fellow! I have got hold of his bridle at the bit. His eyes are glaring at me: what the deuce is the matter with the beast?

Happy Thought.—Is he going mad?

He pulls his head away from me—he jerks back: he pulls me after him. I try to draw him towards me: he jerks back more and more. His bit's coming out of his mouth. Is he going to rear? or kick? or plunge? or bite me? What *is* the matter with him? Is there such a thing as a lunatic asylum for horses?

Happy Thought.—Ask some one to hold him.

Two pedestrians come towards me cautiously, an elderly man in yellow gaiters, and a respectable person in black. Horse snorts wildly, grunts, glares, shivers, jerks himself back. I can't hold on much longer. If he runs away he'll become a wild horse on the downs, and I shall have to pay for him. Hold on. Apparently he's trying to run away backwards.

Happy Thought.—Say to man in gaiters, very

civilly, "Would you mind holding my horse while I pick up my whip?" as if there was nothing the matter. He shakes his head, grins, and keeps at a distance. In *his* opinion, the horse has got the staggers.

The staggers! Good heavens! I ask him, "Do they last long?"

"Long time, generally," he answers. "Will he fall?" I ask." "Most likely," he answers. "Then," I ask him, angrily, "why the deuce he stands there doing nothing? Why doesn't he get a doctor? If he'll hold the beast for a minute, *I'll* run to the village for a doctor."

He says, "There a'nt no village nearer than Radsfort, six miles from here." Then I'll run six miles, if he'll only hold my horse. He won't—obstinate fool: then what's he standing looking at me for, and doing nothing? He says he's as much right to be on the downs as I have. The horse is getting worse: he nearly falls. Ho! hold up. He holds up convulsively, but shows an inclination to fall on his side and roll down the hill. I haven't got the smallest idea what I should do if he rolled down the hill.

Happy Thought (*which strikes the person in black*).—Loosen his girths.

Happy Thought (*which strikes me*).—Do it yourself.

He won't—the coward. He says he's afraid he'll kick. Kick! he won't kick, I tell him. I think I should feel the same if I was in his place. I urge him to the work, explaining that I would do it myself, if I wasn't holding his head. He makes short nervous darts at the horse's girths, keeping his eye on his nearer hind leg. I encourage him, and say, "Bravo, capital!" as if he was a bull-fighter. He loosens one girth. "Do the other." He won't.

Horse still shivering. Now he is dragging away from me, and trying to get down-hill backwards, harder than ever. "Staggers" are like hysterics. What do you do to people in hysterics? Cold water — vinegar — hit them on the palms of their hands. Man behind a hedge, about a hundred yards distant, who has been looking on in safety, halloes out some advice unintelligibly. Why doesn't he come close up? I shout back, irritably, "What?" He repeats, evidently advice, but unintelligible. It sounds like "If you arshy-booshy-marnsygoggo (*unintelligible*), you'll soon make him balshybalshy (*unintelligible*), and then you can easily causheycooosheycaushey." Why on earth can't he speak plainly?

I can only return, irritably and excitedly shouting to him, "Wha-a-t? What do you say?" He walks off in the opposite direction. I ask, "Who is that man?" Nobody knows. I should like to have him taken up and flogged. No change in the horse's symptoms. Where are Byng, Milburd, and the rest? They must have missed me. I think they might have come back. I say, bitterly, "Friendship!" Confound the horse, and the harriers, and everybody! Here, hold up.

Another man comes up. Tall and thin, he stands with the other two, and stares as if it was an exhibition. If there is one thing that makes me angry, it is idiots staring, helplessly. The last idiot who has come up has something to say on the subject. The horse is shaking, gasping; I know he'll fall. If he falls, I've heard cabmen say in London, "Sit on his head."

Prospect.—Sitting on his head, in the middle of the bleak downs, until somebody comes who knows all about the staggers. If no one comes, sit on his head all night!!!

Happy Thought (*which suddenly occurs to the last comer*).—Cut his tongue.

"What good'll that do?" "Relieve him," he replies. Then do it. He says he won't undertake the responsibility. He has got a penknife, and I may cut the tongue, if I like. Cut his tongue! doesn't the man see I am holding his head? I can't do everything. He replies by mentioning some vein in the horse's tongue, which, if cut, instantly cures the staggers. It appears on inquiry that he doesn't know where the vein is. What helpless fools these country people are! I thought country people knew all about horses. What are they doing on the downs? Nothing. Fools. I hate people who merely lounge about. Will any one of them get a doctor? As I ask this, the horse nearly falls. A ploughboy arrives.

Happy Thought.—He shall hold the horse.

I ask him: he grins: what an ass! I command him imperiously to hold the horse. He says, in his dialect, that he can't. "Why not?" I ask. "What on earth can he be doing?" He replies, "Moind'nruks." "What?" I bellow at him. "Moind'nruks." His reply is interpreted to me by the yellow gaiters—the boy is "minding rooks." The boy grins, and shows me an enormous horse-pistol, with cap on, pointed, under his arm, at me. The idea of trusting such an imbecile with a pistol! "Turn it the other way." He grins. "'Tain't loaded." He explains that they only give him a cap—no powder. "Never mind, turn it the other way."

Happy Thought.—If the long thin man will hold my horse while I go to Radsfort, I will give him half-a-sovereign. I offer this diffidently, because he is such a respectable-looking person.

Respectable-looking person closes with the offer immediately. Yellow gaiters and man in black propose to show me where the village is—for money. Is *this* the noble English character that we read of in the villages of our happy land? Mercenary, dastardly, griping, gaping fools and cowards, who've been delighting themselves with my miseries for the last hour, merely to trade upon them at the last.

Long man holds the horse. The beast just as bad as ever. Don't care now: got rid of him. Feel that all the responsibility is on the long man. Wonder what the long man will do if he falls on his side. It's worth ten shillings to be free.

Miserable work, walking. Beginning to rain.

Man on horseback coming towards me.

Happy Thought.—Byng's groom. I can imagine the delight of a ship-wrecked man on a desert island, on seeing somebody he knows rowing towards him. He has come back to look for me. He is on his master's horse, and the ladies and his master are in the pony trap in the road just below. The ladies!

Happy Thought.—Be driven home. Soft cushions—rugs.

WESTERN CHIPS.

"We can't, for the ears of us, understand—miserable John-donkeys that we are—why every mercantile house recently smashed in England is called a 'firm.' It is on the same principle, however, we suppose, that the 'Sound' steamboats are always going to pieces."

One of the greatest speeches on record is the following, describing the destruction of a meeting-house by a flood:—"A few short weeks ago, and you saw the stately meeting-house towering up in your midst like a grannydear in a cornfield. Now, none so poor to do it reverence! It has gone the way of all flesh. The mighty torrents descended from the eternal clouds; the air was filled with cries of despair; the river swelled and ran over; the mighty building creaked, shook, rose upon the surface of the water, and moved like a world in miniature down the vast expanse, carrying off with it an old pair of boots that I had left in one corner of our pew."

"Hallo, stranger! you appear to be travelling." "Yes, I always travel when on a journey." "I think I have seen you somewhere." Very like, I have often been there." "Mightn't your name be Cole?" It might, but it isn't by a long chalk." Have you been long in these parts?" "Never any longer than at present—five feet nine." "Do you get anything new?" "Yes, I bought a new whetstone this morning." "I thought so, you're the sharpest blade I have seen on this road."

A Brilliant Novel.—A notice of a New York novel says, "The style is so brilliant that the printer, with the copy before him, can set up the type without any other light in the darkest night."

"You said, Mr. Skeesicks, that the defendant was a man in easy circumstances; what do you mean by that?" "A gentleman wot pays his printer, and isn't afeered to look his butcher in the face!"

"We are, indeed, a happy, elegant, moral, and transcendant people. We have no masters, they are all principals; no shopmen, they are all assistants; no shops, they are all establishments; no servants, they are all 'helps;' no gaolers, they are all governors; nobody is flogged in Bridewell, he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is only excited; nobody is cross, he is only nervous; lastly, nobody is drunk; the very utmost you can assert is, that 'he has taken his wine.'"

A Mississippian was bragging to a Yankee of the fertility of the soil of his region. To give a practical illustration of his subject, he said that he went to the woods to cut down an oak tree. After he had chopped for about a week or ten days, he thought he would take a walk round the tree just to see how much more he had to cut. When he got to the other side he saw another man chopping on the same oak. "I say," says our friend, "how long have you been cutting?" "Just three weeks," says the stranger. The tree was so big round that they did not hear the sound of each other's axes.

The education necessary to qualify an Arkansas editor for the duties of his office is said to be the following:—Two months' practice with a hair-trigger rifle, at a target one hundred paces distant; six weeks' practice in swinging a two-foot bowie knife; six or seven months, experience in gouging,

ear-biting, and rough-and-tumble kicking at the election. These qualifications will enable the possessor of them to write political and slanderous articles with impunity.

AT the dinner table of an hotel somewhere in Ohio, not long since, a "green 'un," unable to resist the cravings of his appetite, pitched into a large dish of rice before him. A waiter mildly informed him that it was intended for dessert, and that he had better eat something else first. Greeny replied, "Desert! I don't care if it's a wilderness, it's good, and before very long I'm going to eat it."

"Now, then, my hearties," said a gallant Yankee captain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone—then run! I'm a little lame and I'll start now."

IF anybody wants to edit a Yankee paper, he may find encouragement in the following brief history of some of the men who have figured in that position:—Dr. James Hagan took hold in 1837, had a number of street fights, a duel with his brother-editor of the *Whig*, and was killed in 1842, in a street fight, by D. W. Adams. His assistant, Isaac C. Partridge, died of yellow fever in 1839. Dr. J. S. Fall, another assistant, had a number of fights, in one of which he was badly wounded. James Ryan, next editor, was killed by R. E. Hammit, of the *Whig*. Next came Walter Hickey, who had several rows, and was repeatedly wounded; he killed Dr. Maclin, and was soon after killed himself in Texas. John Lavins, another editor, was imprisoned for the violence of his articles. Mr. Jenkins, his successor, was killed in the street by H. A. Crabbe; Crabbe was murdered in Sonora. F. C. Jones succeeded Jenkins, but soon afterwards drowned himself.

THERE is a story of one of the hangers-on at Washington, who get offices because they need them, and had been appointed engineer, a business of which he had no knowledge. The day after his appointment, a gentleman and two ladies had the curiosity to look at the engine-room and its machinery, where they found the new office-holder on duty merely as usher, practical engineers doing the real duty of the so-called "assistant engineer." "How many horse-power is your engine?" "Horse-power!" replies greeny, with a look of mingled pity and contempt, "don't you know the machine goes by steam?"

SHILLABER tells us the following outrageous gun story:—"Speaking to-day with the son of a gun regarding some gunning exploits, he told me of a singular instance of a gun hanging fire, which, were it not for his well-known veracity, I should feel disposed to doubt. He had snapped his gun at a grey squirrel, and the cap had exploded; but the piece not going off, he took it from his shoulder, looked down into the barrel, and saw the charge just starting, when, bringing it to his shoulder again, it went off and killed the squirrel."

"HUM!" says a serious chap, gloomily, to a Yankee general, "you're worth millions to a suffering country—*you* are." "Flatterer!" says the general blandly. "Yes," says the chap, "you're worth millions, with a hundred per cent. off for cash."

"FELLER-CITIZENS," said a candidate for Congress recently, somewhere out West, "Feller-citizens, you are well aware I never went to school in my life but three times, and that was to a night school. Two nights the teacher didn't come, and t'other night I hadn't any candle!"

A YANKEE who visited the mother country some time ago, and who was asked, on going back, how he liked great Britain, remarked that England was a very nice little country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous, and very wealthy. "But," said he, "I never liked to take a morning walk, after breakfast, because the country is so small that I was always afraid of walking off the edge."

AN anti-teetotaller, who had his load on, "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took one glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and exclaimed, "Well, that are a darned careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against!"

THE other night at a tavern there was a jovial corps of jokers, and each was trying to outdo the other in the heavy line. One of the company had the greatest father "out," he was so spry that he could balance a forty-foot ladder on one end, run up one side of it, over the top, and down the other, before it would fall. "I have seen my father," said his opponent, "many a time take a forty-foot ladder, run to the top of it, catch it by the top round, whirl it up another length, and go over it in the same way, before it would fall."

A NEW YORK mercantile house held an unsettled claim of long-standing against a lame duck "cut here:" and hearing he was becoming "well-to-do," sent their claim on to a Western lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply, which effectually "laid" any hope they might have entertained of receiving their money. It ran in this wise:—"Gents, you will never get any spondulick from Bill Johnson. The under-signed called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile (ne'er a hat), his feet upon the naked earth, and not clothes enough upon him to wad a gun."

OLD Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this:—He was standing one day beside a frog-pond—we have his word for it—and saw a large garter-snake make an attempt upon an enormous big bull-frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind-legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them.

A COCKNEY of recent importation dropped into a restaurant in New York one day, and made a hearty meal, topping off with a piece of pie. The latter, upon tasting, he found to be cold, and calling the Ethiopian waiter, who stood near, he said to him, "Take this pie to the fire and *'eat* it." His consternation was great when Sambo walked to the stove and quietly devoured the pie.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man told a story about a flock of rooks nine miles long, so thick that you could not see the sun through it. "Don't believe it,"

was the reply. "Wal," said the narrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you. So, to please you, I'll take a quarter of a mile off the thinnest end."

A RICH PUFF.—A manufacturer and vendor of quack medicines recently wrote to a friend for a strong recommendation of his, the manufacturer's "Balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:—"Dear Sir,—The land composing this farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgeways; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten-acre field surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found that the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into fire-wood and piled up symmetrically in my back yard. I put half an ounce in the middle of a huckle-berry swamp—in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach-trees in full blossom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill-pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in a lottery."

UNMUSICAL NOTES.

ON his return from India, Brown was asked how he liked tiger-hunting. "It is very good sport as you hunt the tiger," he replied; "but if hard pressed, he sometimes takes it into his head to hunt you, and then it has its drawbacks."

"SALLY," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, or you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green to burn."

A LUNATIC in Bedlam was asked how he came there. He answered, "By a dispute." "What dispute?" The Bedlamite replied, "The world said I was mad; I said the world was mad, and they outwitted me."

"TALK of raining cats and dogs!" said Dr. Spooner, in a late shower, as he made the fifth ineffectual attempt to hail a driver; "it's nothing to hailing omnibuses."

DURING a steam voyage, on a sudden stoppage of the machinery, a considerable alarm took place, especially among the female passengers. "What is the matter? what is the matter? For goodness' sake, tell me the worst!" exclaimed one more anxious than the rest. After a short pause, a hoarse voice from the deck replied, "Nothing, madam, nothing; only the bottom of the vessel and top of the earth are stuck together."

A WIT, being told that an acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it;" but reflecting a moment he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be—he never did me any harm."

SYNALŒPHA is the cutting off a vowel at the end of a word before another at the beginning of a word; as, "Ishaway we have in th' army." Ecthlipsis is the cutting off the letter "m" before another word; as, "We won't go ho' till morning." Crasis is the contraction of two syllables into one; as, "T'll d'light doesh 'pear." Diæresis is the resolving one syllable into two; as, "F' he'sha jolly good fuf-fellow."

"I DISLIKE everything belonging to hunting," said a lady to an old fox-hunter; "it is so cruel." "Cruel!" said the old man, with apparent astonishment; "why, madam, it can't possibly be cruel, for" (logically holding up three fingers in succession) "we all knows that the gentlemen like it, and we all knows that the hosses like it, and we all knows that the hounds like it; and," after a long pause, "none of us can know for certain that the foxes don't like it."

AN old lady missing two pounds of fresh butter, accused her maid of having stolen it. The maid, however, not only denied the accusation, but fastened the theft upon the cat; averring, moreover, that she caught her in the act of finishing the last morsel. The wily old dame immediately put the kitten into the scales, and found it to weigh but a pound and a half. This mode of accurate reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confessed her crime.

"UNCLE," said a young man, who thought that his guardian supplied him rather seldom with pocket-money, and felt a little hesitation in beginning to make an assault on his relative's generosity, "is the Queen's head still on the shilling-piece?" "Of course it is, you stupid lad! why do you ask that?" "Because it is now such a length of time since I saw one."

WHEN the Earl of B—— was brought before Lord Loughborough, to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the chancellor asked him—"How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your lordship mean," said B——, "a live sheep or a dead one?" "Is it not the same thing?" answered the chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord B——, "there is much difference; a live sheep has four, a dead one but two—there are but two legs of mutton, the others are shoulders."

"MY good sir," said a petulant fellow once to John Taylor, the editor of the *Sun* newspaper, "you are not such a rare scholar as you imagine: I consider you an every-day man." "Do you?" was the answer; "and I consider you only a *weak* man."

A FACETIOUS boy asked one of his playmates how a hardware dealer differed from a bootmaker? The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the other, "because the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

MY EDITING.

BY MARK TWAIN.

DID not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage-way, and I heard one or two of them say, "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say, "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young rural-looking men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper.

He put the paper on his lap, and, while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said, "Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture practically?"

"No, I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it:—

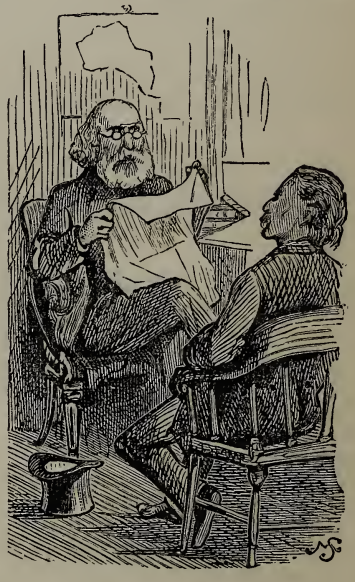
"'Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.'

"Now, what do you think of that?—for I really suppose you wrote it."

"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree——"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be



figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine."

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But, not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this, a long cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders, and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elaborately

tiptoeing toward me till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and after scanning my face with intense interest for a while, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said—

"There, you wrote that. Read it to me, quick! Relieve me. I suffer."

I read as follows: and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the relief come, I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape:—

"'The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

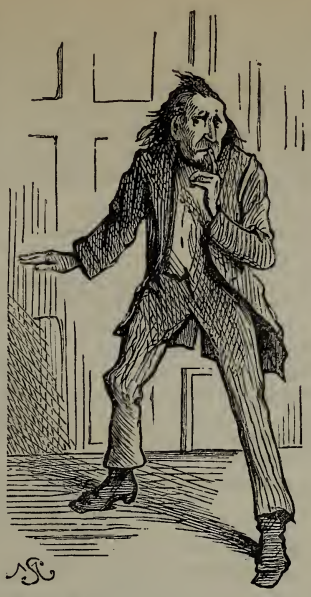
"'It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

"'Concerning the Pumpkin.—This berry is a favourite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade-tree is a failure.

"'Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the ganders begin to spawn——'"

The excited listener sprang toward me, to shake hands, and said—

"There, there, that will do! I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning I said to myself, 'I never, never believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I *am* crazy;' and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody—because, you know, I knew it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin. I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed along, and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it *is* certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him, sure, as I went back. Good-bye, sir, good-bye; you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. *Good*-bye, sir."



I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them; but these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in! I thought to myself, Now, if you had gone to Egypt as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.

The editor was looking sad and perplexed and dejected.

He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and these two young farmers had made, and then said, "This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, and permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the polecat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them was superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, heavens and earth, friend! if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of

your life you could not have graduated with higher honour than you could to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut as an article of commerce is steadily gaining in favour, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. Oh, why didn't you *tell* me you didn't know anything about agriculture?"

EPIGRAMS.

"I AM unable," yonder beggar cries,
"To sit or stand." If he says true he lies.

I NE'ER could keep within due bounds,
You've often said, when bent to rail;
How you're mistaken, Jack; for, zounds!
I'm close confined within a jail.

A PERSON named Owen Moore once left his creditors somewhat unceremoniously, upon which a wag wrote:

"Owen Moore has run away,
Owin' more than he could pay."

ON A MISER, NAMED MORE.

IRON was his chest,
Iron was his door;
His hand was iron,
And his heart was More.

A PARADOX.

As William drew his Susy near,
He whispered to his bride,
"Though queer it sounds, I love, my dear,
To live by *Suey's side*."

NINE weary up-hill miles we sped,
The setting sun to see;
Sulky and grim he went to bed,
Sulky and grim went we.

Seven sleepless hours we tossed, and then,
The rising sun to see,
Sulky and grim we rose again,
Sulky and grim rose he.

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick,
"By pleasure I am beckoned,
And think 'twill be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second."
Tom felt for repartee athirst,
And thus to Richard said—
"You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

TWO singers were oft in contention quite warm,
Which most, when they tuned up their wind-pipes, could charm:
To a master of music they jointly applied,
This often-contested affair to decide.
They quavered; they shaked; and such graces were shown,
That each took for granted the prize was his own.
"Indeed, my good friend," cries the judge to the first,
"Of all earthly singers, I think you're the worst;
"But as for you, friend" (turning round to the other),
"You can't sing at all—so must yield to your brother."

L. E. G. ON MY LEG.

GOOD leg, thou wast a faithful friend,
And truly hast thy duty done;
I thank thee most that to the end
Thou didst not let this body run.

Strange paradox! that in the fight
Where I of thee was thus bereft,
I lost my left leg for "the right,"
And yet the right's the one that's left.

But while the sturdy stump remains,
I may be able yet to patch it;
For even now I've taken pains
To make an L. E. G. to match it.

THE speeches made by P—— are sound,
It cannot be denied;
Granted; and then it will be found,
They're little else beside.

COGS FROM THE CLOCKMAKER.

IF it warn't for sea-sickness, there would be no such thing as travellin' by water, there would be such a mob of mothers, aunts, daughters, nieces, and little ones, and so many politicians, tourists, spekilators, and idlers, there would be no room to eat, drink, walk, or sleep; as it is, there ain't a bit too much space for these operations. Oh, it's a great blessing, is sea-sickness; like emigration, it's a great relief where there is a surplus population, it keeps so many folks away from the table, and when it blows hard, sends such lots of them down to the catacombs below.

LAWYERS have grown so genteel that they have altered their very name and very nature. Once upon a time they used to be called attorneys—now, forsooth, they are solicitors; formerly they were styled lawyers, but now nothing but bannisters will do; and nice bannisters they are for a feller to lean upon that's going down-stairs to ruination.

WHO is afeerd? A man has but one life, and that he must lose some day or another, any way he can fix it, and he don't know how soon. He is a fool to be a coward, therefore, because the time will come when he can't help himself. Die he must. Now, if a feller had nine lives like a cat, they would be worth takin' care of, because, in a general way, he'd have a good stock left, and gracious knows how long he might live. He could afford to be timid-like then, and it would be worth his while, too, to take care of his lives. At least, that's my logic.

THERE is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, and I do like it in others. Oh, we need it—we need all the counter-weights we can muster to balance the sad realities of life. God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?

WHENEVER you see a gal with a whole lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any one on 'em. One cools off and another cools off, and before she brings any on 'em to the right weldin' heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up agin. I never see a clever-looking gal in danger of that, but I don't long to whisper in her ear, "You dear little critter, you, take care; you have too many irons in the fire, some on 'em will get stone cold, and t'other ones will get burnt so, they'll be no good in natur."

OPINION OF THE ENGLISH.

THE English are the boys for tradin' with; shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather—it flies all over the threshin' floor; but then they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kicking breed of cattle, as I een a'most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are bull-necked, bull-headed folks, I tell you; sulky, ugly-tempered, vicious critters, a pawin' and a roarin' the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks.

There's no richer sight that I know of than to see one on 'em when he first lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon, his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gas: and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron—a great awkward hulk of a fellor (for they ain't to be compared to the French in manners), a smirkin' at you as much as to say, "Look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds, a pocketful of one and a mouthful of t'other: beant he lovely?" and then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, "Say Boo to a goose, if you dare."

HOW TO GET FORWARD IN SOCIETY.

I'LL tell you now what I call general rules for society. First, it ain't one man in a hundred knows any subject through; and if he does, it ain't one time in a thousand he has an opportunity or knows how to avail it. Secondly, a smatterin' is better nor deeper knowledge for society; for one is small talk, and the other is lecturin'. Thirdly, pretendin' to know, in half the time, is as good as knowin', if pretendin' is done by a man of the world 'cutely. Fourthly, if any crittur axes you if you have been here or there, or seen this sight or t'other sight, always say yes, if you can without lyin'; and then turn right round to him, and say, "What's your opinion on it? I should like to hear your views, for they are always so original." That saves you makin' a fool of yourself by talking nonsense, for one thing; and when a room ain't overly well furnished, it's best to keep the blinds down in a general way; and it tickles his vanity, and that's another thing. Most folks like the sound of their own voices better than other people's, and every one thinks a good listener and a good laugher the pleasantest crittur in the world. Fifthly, lead where you know; where you don't, foller; but soft sawder always. Sixthly, never get cross in society, especially where the gals are; but bite in your breath, and swaller all down.

YOUNG AMERICA.

THE most remarkable person to me in our carriage was a young gentleman, at most not more than nineteen. He seemed to have been already a very extensive traveller; his trunks had on them the address, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and he mentioned to me incidentally that he had been twice blown up on the Mississippi and Missouri, burnt down to the water's edge on other rivers, and half a dozen times run upon snags and sunk. He had now some notion of buying land in Illinois, and asked some of the passengers what were the advantages of this or that district. He received their accounts much as a prince might the report of his stewards, and then carelessly remarked that he had not quite made up his mind whether he would merely speculate in the land, or begin and build. I could not help wondering that the older men did not try and put down the conceited little puppy; but several even left their places to explain to him the condition of the countries in question.

MY FAMILIAR.

BY J. GODFREY SAXE.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

AGAIN I hear that creaking step—
He's rapping at the door!
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties—
But never takes his leave.

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric that I wrote,
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door.

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote,
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day,
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out.

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away.

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

EPIGRAMS.

KISSING CASUISTRY.

WHEN Sarah Jane, the moral miss,
Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss,
I'll bet a shilling I see through it;
The damsel, fairly understood,
Feels just as any Christian should—
She'd rather *suffer* wrong than *do* it!

REVERSING THE FIGURES.

MARIA, just at twenty, swore
That no man less than six feet four
Should be her chosen one.
At thirty she is glad to fix
A spouse exactly four feet six,
As better far than none!

THE COLD-WATER MAN.

A BALLAD.

'T was an honest fisherman—
I knew him passing well—
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell,

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod;
So even was his line of life,
His neighbours thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said,
He never had a wish,
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name;
For, though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame.

Let others bend their necks at sight
Of Fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the art to "bob"
For anything but eels.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove a "bite."

All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog;

With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to "hook."

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine;
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty taking way.

Alas! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't keep the log.

'Twas all in vain with might and main
He strove to reach the shore;
Down—down he went to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before.

The jury gave their verdict that
'Twas nothing else but gin
Had caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in;

Though one stood out upon a whim,
And said the angler's slaughter,
To be exact about the fact,
Was clearly gin-and-*water!*

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear,
That drinking habits bring a man
Too often to his bier;

And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*
Cold-water man at last!

TEST OF HONESTY.

"Mr. Smith, you said you suspected the prisoner was a rogue the moment you saw him—why did you so suspect him?"

"Because he 'ired my rooms without beating down the price."

"Is that a rule without many exceptions?"

"It's ha rule without no hexceptions, yer vorship—honest men are always stingy, and are never satisfied hunless they get a dollar's worth of meat for ninety cents' worth of money."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Smith. Crier, call the next witness."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"DID you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran.—"No, my dear," growled the old soldier, "in those days I had a military ball come to me; and what d'ye think? It took my leg off!"

WHY is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl?—Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

A LADY asked Mr. Jekyll what was "the difference between a solicitor and an attorney?" "Precisely the same," he answered, "as between a crocodile and an alligator."

A GENTLEMAN once said he should like to set a boat full of ladies adrift on the ocean, to see what course they would steer. A lady in the room replied, "That's easily told—they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure!"

AN old gentleman, being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin."

WHY is necessity like a great many barristers?—Because it knows no law.

WHY should a novel-writer be an extraordinary-looking animal?—Because of his tale coming out of his head.

WHAT is the difference between a billiard-marker and a market-gardener?—One minds his peas, and the other minds his cues.

WHY is a marriage certificate like the *Times?*—Because it is a news (noose) paper.

WHY is a publican's trade a profitable one to follow?—Because, by conducting it with good spirit, he has more bar-gains than most others, and all the pull is on his side.

WHAT animal has death no effect on?—A pig, because directly you have killed him you can cure him, and save his bacon.

WHAT is the difference between photography and the hooping cough?—One makes fac-similes, the other sick families.

WHY is the water in Liverpool docks like a respite to a condemned criminal?—Because it flows from Mersey.

WHY are pawnbrokers like sisters of mercy?—Because they take great interest in serving the poor.

WHY is a cat on its hind legs like the great Fall of Niagara?—Because it is a cat-erect.

WHY are the makers of the Armstrong gun the greatest thieves in her Majesty's service?—Because they rifle all the guns, forge the materials, and steel all the gun-breeches.

WHY does a donkey prefer thistles to corn?—Because he's an ass.

WHEN is a school-boy like a postage stamp?—When he gets licked, and put in the corner, to make him stick to his letters.

WHY do pioneers walk at the head of a regiment?—To axe (ask) the way.

WHEN is a woman not a woman?—When she is a little *chili;* or when she is a *bell;* or when she becomes a bonnet; or when she is a-bed; or when she is a *deer*.

WHAT is the difference between one who walks and one who looks up-stairs?—One steps up stairs, and the other stares up steps.

IN what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure?—In the case of a watch.

WHY is love like an Irish poplin?—Because it is three parts stuff.

IN what tone should a ghost always speak?—A tombstone.

Is there any difference between a baker and a beggar?—Very little: one is in want of bread, the other kneads it.

WHY are ladies the biggest thieves in existence?—Because they steel their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies, and hook their eyes.

WHY is an adjective like a drunken man?—Because it cannot stand alone.

"SAMUEL, can you tell me of what parentage was Napoleon the Great?"—"Of Cors-I-can."

WHAT is the difference between a bee and a donkey?—One has the honey, and the other has the whacks.

WHY is a sow a sow?—Because as how she is (a sow she is).

IF a pretty poulteress marries a pill-monger, why may she be said to make a bad bargain of it?—Because she lets him have a "duck," and gets nothing but a quack in return.

WHEN is an arm as long as three feet?—When it's a yard-arm.

WHY is my tea like my pale brandy?—Because it is stolen by my landlady.

WHAT is the difference between Handel and the grinder of a barrel-organ?—The one was a composer, the other is a discomposer.

WHY are men-haters like mice in the West Indies?—Because they are mice-an'-tropical.

WHEN does snow look most poetical?—When it is turned into rime.

WHAT part of Pimlico best agrees with the digestion of its inhabitants?—That part which is eaten square (Eaton Square).

WHEN was King John most like dirty linen?—When he went into the Wash.

WHAT is the worth of a letter that contains ten jokes?—A ten-pun note.

WHY is a fine woman like a locomotive?—Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, transports the mails (males), and makes us forget time and space.

WHAT is a settlement of a conveyance?—When an omnibus smashes a cab.

WHY is the letter T like an island?—Because it is in the middle of water.

WHEN is a ship like a fraudulent vintner?—When she makes port with logwood.

WHY are the Marys the most amiable of their sex?—Because they can always be Molly-fied.

WHY is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

IF you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow?—A little London porter.

WHEN should shipwrecked sailors not be disheartened?—When they're in the jolly-boat.

WHAT is the difference between a gambler and a bill-sticker?—A gambler is a card-player, and a bill-sticker is a pla-carder.

WHY is a glutton like a ghost?—Because he's always a gobblin'.

WHY is a man who never marries always in the right?—Because he is never miss-taken.

WHY is a conceited Scotchman like a panelled wall?—Because he's a wain-Scot. (The cockney who perpetrated the above has been sent to a lunatic asylum.)

WHY is a billiard-player like a thief in a crowd?—Because he aims for the pockets.

WHEN is a window like a star?—When it is a skylight.

WHICH is the largest jewel in the world?—The Emerald Isle.

WHAT is the easiest thing for a negro to do?—Keep dark.

WHICH of the feathered tribes lifts the heaviest weight?—The crane.

WHY should Africa rightly be considered to rank first of the continents?—Because it bears the palm.

WHY is a railway like a blanket?—Because it's laid upon sleepers.

WHY is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world?—Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

WHY is a pretty girl like a first-rate mirror?—Because she's a good looking lass.

WHY is the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman?—Because it has a stern duty to perform.

WHAT class of females are best suited for coachmen's wives?—Milliners, because they know how to handle the ribbons.

WHAT is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow?—One skims the milk, and the other skims the water.

WHY ought a deaf man to benefit by a spree?—Because he may be arrested by the police, and "locked up for a hearing."

WHAT is the difference between the Pope's barber and an insane circus-rider?—One is a shaving Roman, and the other is a raving showman.

CAN a new watch with a second-hand be called a second-hand watch?

"Do you follow the hydropathic system?"—"Not exactly; but I'm sure our milkman does."

WHAT is the difference between a young girl and an old hat?—Merely a difference of time; one has feeling, and the other has felt.

WHAT is the height of imagination?—Having dined at a tavern, to imagine you have paid the waiter, and for him to suppose so too.

CAN any philosopher explain to us how it is that brokers, and others who deal in notes, mortgages, &c., consider these articles of merchandise valueless when they are cancelled? What we want to know is, why they cannot sell that which they can-cel?

DEFINE the difference between an old lady and a young one by merely exchanging the position of two consonants. Do you give it up?—Well, then, the one is cappy and hairless, whilst the other is happy and *cair*less.

WHY is going down the Falls of Schaffhausen like giving away a sum of money to a needy man?—Because 'tis coming down with the Rhine—oh!

WHAT is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works?—A fountain.

WHY is a blade of grass like a note of hand?—Because it is matured by falling dew.

WHAT was the "Reading Girl" at the Exhibition robbed of?—She was chiselled out of a piece of marble.

THE great difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse is, that the one goes better when it is tired, and the other doesn't.

WHAT is most likely to become a woman?—A little girl.

WHY does a person who is porly loose his sense of touch?—Because he don't feel well.

WHY is a patch of corn like a dunce?—Because 'tis always liable to have its ears pulled.

IT is somewhat singularly fitting that to the query, "Is pity love?" the anagrammatic answer is, "Positively."

WHEN travellers climb to the top of the Great Pyramid, what kind of joke do they find there?—A cone-under-'em.

WHEN may a chair be said to dislike you?—When it can't bear you.

WHY is love like a canal boat?—Because it is an internal transport.

A SCHOOLMASTER of Bath, examining his pupils on subjects of general information, asked one boy if he knew the prevailing question of the day. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "How's your poor feet?"

WHAT is the difference between a pulse and a policeman?—One is always on the beat, and the other always off.

"How is it you never *wear* a great-coat?" said Jones to a friend.—"Because I never *was*," replied the wag.

WHAT is the best kind of shooting in winter?—To have coals shot into your cellar.

AS BROAD AS LONG.

A GENTLEMAN returning from Leyton one evening hailed the cad of an omnibus, and asked if he was going to the Bank. He answered in the affirmative, and that the fare would be a shilling. The gentleman took his seat in the bus, and when it arrived at the "Flower Pot," in Bishopsgate Street, the cad opened the door and said, "Ve goes no further, sir."

"Why, you told me," said the gent, "that you went to the Bank."

"Ve calls this the Bank, sir."

"Oh, very well!" said the passenger, giving him sixpence, "I *calls* that a shilling."

The fellow was so taken aback that he could not say a word, only calling out to the driver, "I say, Bill, if that ere chap beant a rum-un!"

MUD FLAT, 1860.

O you're back from your travels, old fellow,
And you left but a twelvemonth ago;
You've hobnobbed with Louis Napoleon,
Eugénie, and kissed the Pope's toe.
By Jove, it is perfectly stunning,
Astounding—and all that, you know;
Yes, things are about as you left them
In Mud Flat a twelvemonth ago.

The boys!—They're all right—Oh! Dick Ashley,
He's buried somewhere in the snow;
He was lost on the summit last winter,
And Bob has a hard row to hoe.

You knew that he's got the consumption?
You didn't! Well, come, that's a go;
I certainly wrote you at Baden—
Dear me! that was six months ago.

I got all your outlandish letters,
All stamped by some foreign P.O.
I handed myself to Miss Mary
That sketch of a famous château.
'Tom Saunders is living at 'Frisco—
They say that he cuts quite a show.
You didn't meet Euchre-deck Billy
Anywhere on your road to Cairo?

So you thought of the rusty old cabin,
The pines, and the valley below;
And heard the North Fork of the Yuba,
As you stood on the banks of the Po?
'Twas just like your romance, old fellow;
But now there is standing a row
Of stores on the site of the cabin
That you lived in a twelvemonth ago,

But it's jolly to see you, old fellow—
To think it's a twelvemonth ago!
And you have seen Louis Napoleon,
And look like a Johnny Crapaud.
Come in. You will surely see Mary—
You know we are married. What, no?
O, ay. I forgot there was something
Between you a twelvemonth ago.

IRISH COMPLIMENTS.

THE following compliments were paid to Sheridan, in Norfolk, by an Irish servant belonging to Mr. Coke, who attended him on his shooting excursion, and which Sheridan retold with great glee:—Shot the 1st (the birds all getting away)—"More power to your honour! Did you see one little fellow drop his leg as he went off? He'll never stand on his tin toes again." Shot 2nd (ditto)—"Tare an' agers, there they go! But didn't your honour hear the shot rattle among them like pase agin a windey? They'll pray never to see your honour agin on this side of the country." Shot 3rd (birds all off again)—"Thunder an' 'ouns! but they've cotched it!" (After watching them awhile) "There's three wounded, anyhow, for they had hardly stringth to fly over yon hedge; the divil a wink of sleep they'll get this blessed night." Shot 4th (a pheasant gets away)—"Well, I never seen a poor gentleman taken like him; he'll remember your honour many a long day for that. The spalpeen is carrying away more shot than would sit up an ironmonger at Skibbereen." Shot 5th (a snipe gets off)—"Bother! you may cry crake, my fine fellow—you may take your long bill to the other world. You'll wake to-morrow morning with a lumbago in your soft head." Poor Sheridan could stand this no longer, but gave his countryman a fee for his ingenuity, and proceeded on his beat alone.

PLAYING OTHELLO.*

(FROM "HARRY LORREQUER.")

IN the morning in question, then, I had scarcely left my quarters, when one of my brother officers informed me that the colonel had made a great uproar, that one of the bills of the play had been put up on his door—which, with his avowed dislike to such representations, he considered as intended to insult him: he added, too, that the colonel attributed it to me. In this, however, he was wrong; and, to this hour, I never knew who did it. I had little time, and still less inclination, to meditate upon the colonel's wrath—the theatre had all my thoughts; and, indeed, it was a day of no common exertion, for our amusements were to conclude with a grand supper on the stage, to which all the *élite* of Cork were invited. Wherever I went through the city—and many were my peregrinations—the great placard of the play stared me in the face: and every gate and shuttered window in Cork proclaimed "The part of Othello by Mr. Lorrequer."

As evening drew near, my cares and occupations were redoubled. My Iago I had fears for—'tis true he was an admirable Lord Grizzle in *Tom Thumb*; but then—then I had to paint the whole company, and bear all their abuse besides, for not making some of the most ill-looking wretches perfect Apollos; but, last of all, I was sent for, at a quarter to seven, to lace Desdemona's stays. Start not, gentle reader; my fair Desdemona—she "who might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks"—was no other than the senior lieutenant of the regiment, and who was as great a votary of the jolly god as honest Cassio himself. But I must hasten on; I cannot delay to recount our successes in detail. Let it suffice to say that, by universal consent, I was preferred to Kean; and the only fault the most critical observer could find to the representative of Desdemona was a rather unlady-like fondness for snuff. But whatever little demerits our acting might have displayed were speedily forgotten in a champagne supper. There I took the head of the table; and, in the costume of the noble Moor, toasted, made speeches, returned thanks, and sang songs, till I might have exclaimed with Othello himself, "Chaos is come again;" and I believe I owe my ever reaching the barrack that night to the kind offices of Desdemona, who carried me the greater part of the way on her back.

The first waking thoughts of him who has indulged overnight are not among the most blissful of existence, and certainly the pleasure is not increased by the consciousness that he is called on to the discharge of duties to which a fevered pulse and throbbing temples are but ill suited. My sleep was suddenly broken in upon the morning after the play by a "row-dow-dow" beat beneath my window. I jumped hastily from my bed and looked out, and there, to my horror, saw the regiment under arms. It was one of our confounded colonel's morning drills; and there he stood himself, with the poor adjutant, who had been up all night, shivering beside him. Some two or three of the officers had descended, and the drum was now summoning the others as it beat round the barrack-square. I saw there was not a moment to lose, and proceeded to dress with all despatch; but, to my misery, I discovered everywhere nothing but theatrical robes and decorations—there lay a splendid turban, here a pair of buskins—a spangled jacket glittered on one table, and a jewelled scimitar on the other. At last I detected my "regimental small-clothes," most ignominiously thrust into a corner in my ardour for my Moorish robes the preceding evening.

I dressed myself with the speed of lightning; but, as I proceeded in my occupation, guess my annoyance to find that the toilet-table and glass, ay, and even the basin-stand, had been removed to the dressing-room of the theatre; and my servant, I suppose, following his master's example, was too tipsy to remember to bring them back, so that I was unable to procure the luxury of cold water—for now not a moment more remained, the drum had ceased, and the men had all fallen in. Hastily drawing on my coat, I put on my shako, and, buckling on my belt as dandy-like as might be, hurried down the stairs to the barrack-yard. By the time I got down the men were all drawn up in line along the square, while the adjutant was proceeding to examine their accoutrements, as he passed down. The colonel and the officers were standing in a group, but not conversing. The anger of the commanding officer appeared still to continue, and there was a dead silence maintained on both sides. To reach the spot where they stood I had to pass along part of the line. In doing so, how shall I convey my amazement at the faces that met me—a general titter ran along the entire rank, which not even their fears for consequences seemed able to repress; for an effort, on the part of many, to stifle the laugh only ended in a still louder burst of merriment. I looked to the far side of the yard for an explanation, but there was nothing there to account for it. I now crossed over to where the officers were standing, determining in my own mind to investigate the occurrence thoroughly, when free from the presence of the colonel, to whom any representation of ill conduct always brought a punishment far exceeding the merits of the case.

Scarcely had I formed this resolve when I reached the group of officers; but the moment I came near one general roar of laughter saluted me, the like of which I never before heard. I looked down at my costume, expecting to discover that, in my hurry to dress, I had put on some of the garments of Othello. No; all was perfectly correct. I waited for a moment, till, the first burst of their merriment over, I should obtain a clue to the jest. But there seemed no prospect of this; for, as I

* By the kind permission of the publishers.

stood patiently before them, their mirth appeared to increase. Indeed, poor G——, the senior major, one of the gravest men in Europe, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and such was the effect upon me that I was induced to laugh too—as men will sometimes, from the infectious nature of that strange emotion—but no sooner did I do this than their fun knew no bounds, and some almost screamed aloud in the excess of their merriment. Just at this moment the colonel, who had been examining some of the men, approached our group, advancing with an air of evident displeasure, as the shouts of loud laughter continued. As he came up I turned hastily round, and, touching my cap, wished him good morning. Never shall I forget the look he gave me. If a glance could have annihilated any man, his would have finished me. For a moment his face became purple with rage, his eye was almost hid beneath his bent brow, and he absolutely shook with passion.

"Go, sir," said he at length, as soon as he was able to find utterance for his words—"go, sir, to your quarters, and before you leave them a court-martial shall decide if such continued insult to your commanding officer warrants your name being in the Army List."

"What can all this mean?" I said in a half-whisper, turning to the others. But there they stood, their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and evidently choking with suppressed laughter.

"May I beg, Colonel Carden," said I——

"To your quarters, sir," roared the little man in the voice of a lion. And, with a haughty wave of his hand, prevented all further attempt on my part to seek explanation.

"They're all mad, every man of them," I muttered, as I betook myself slowly back to my rooms, amid the same evidences of mirth my first appearance had excited—which even the colonel's presence, feared as he was, could not entirely subdue. With the air of a martyr I trod heavily up the stairs, and entered my quarters, meditating within myself awful schemes for vengeance on the now open tyranny of my colonel, upon whom I too, in my honest rectitude of heart, vowed to have a "court-martial." I threw myself upon a chair, and endeavoured to recollect what circumstance of the past evening could have possibly suggested all the mirth in which both officers and men seemed to participate equally; but nothing could I remember capable of solving the mystery. Surely the cruel wrongs of the manly Othello were no laughter-moving subject.

I rang the bell hastily for my servant. The door opened.

"Stubbes," said I, "are you aware——"

I had only got so far in my question when my servant, one of the most discreet of men, put on a broad grin, and turned away towards the door to hide his face.

"What does this mean?" said I, stamping with passion; "he is as bad as the rest. Stubbes"—and this I spoke with the most grave and severe tone—"what is the meaning of this insolence?"

"Oh, sir," said the man, "oh, sir, surely you did not appear on parade with that face?" And then he burst into a fit of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Like lightning a horrid doubt shot across my mind. I sprang over to the dressing-glass, which had been replaced, and oh! horror of horrors! there I stood, as black as the King of Ashantee. The cursed dye which I had put on for Othello I had never washed off; and there, with a huge bearskin shako and a pair of dark bushy whiskers, shone my huge black and polished visage, glowering at itself in the looking-glass.

GOOD SHOOTING.

THE following dialogue on "sharp-shooting" took place between a Varginee and a Yankee picket:—"I say, can you fellows shoot?" "Wall, I reckon we can, some." "Down in Mississip we can knock a bumble-bee off a thistle-blow at three hundred yards." "Oh, that ain't nothin' tew the way we shewt up in Varmount. I belonged to a military company there, with a hundred men in the company, and we went out for practice every week. The cap'n draws us up in single file, and sets a cider-barrel rolling down-hill, and each man takes his shot at the bung-hole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot that didn't go into the bung-hole, the member who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

WOMEN AND SALMON.

OH, it's beautiful play, that; you may talk of playin' a salmon arter he is hook'd, and the sport of seein' him jump clean out of the water in his struggles, a-racin' off and being snubbed again, and reeled up, till he is almost bagged, when dash, splash, he makes another spring for it, and away he goes as hard as he can lick, and out runs the line, whir-r-r! and then another hour's play afore he gives in. Well, it's grand, there's no doubt. It's very excitin'; but what is that sport to seein' a woman play her husband? The wife, too, is just such another little gaudy-lookin' fly as that with which the salmon was fool enough to be hooked, and got up just as nateral. Oh, how I have watched one of 'em afore now at that game! Don't she enjoy it, the little dear! smilin' all the time like an angel, most bewitchin' sweet; bright little eyes, sparklin' like diamonds, and her teeth lookin' so white, and her face so composed, and not a breath to heave her beautiful bosom or swell her allerbaster neck, but quiet and as gentle throughout as one of the Graces; and her words so sweet, all honey, and usin' such endearin' names, too, you'd think she was courtin' a'most. But the honey makes the words stick, and the fond names cover a sting, and some phrases that are so kind have a hidden meanin' that makes poor hubby jump right on end.—*Sam Slick.*

PLAYING OTHELLO.

"Go, sir, to your quarters!"—*See p. 210.*

ATLANTIC MAIL.

A YANKEE editor remarked, in a polemical article, that though he would not call his opponent a liar, he must say that if the gentleman had intended to state what was utterly false, he had been remarkably successful in his attempt.

A CALIFORNIAN writes that they have fire-flies so large in that interesting State, that they use them to cook by. They set the kettles on their hinder legs, which are bent for the purpose like pot-hooks.

"Do you think I shall have justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel, a shrewd Kentucky lawyer of the best class in that eloquent State." "I am a little afraid that you *won't*," replied the other; "I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

"DEFEAT this bill," said a Yankee orator, "and a standing army, like a bird of prey, will swoop down and gnaw at the vitals of the Republic. Pass it, and a million of men from the north, south, east, and west; from hill and dale; from your crowded cities and mountain fastnesses, at the first bugle-blast of war, will rally to your flag; and, like the heroic sons of the Spartan mother, will return it blazoned all over with victory, or be encircled in its folds as their winding-sheet." We have heard of "the waters of the Mississippi being emptied into the Vatican," as the grandest figure of American speech; but this million of men encircled in the winding-sheet of stars and stripes is certainly grander.

AT a late trial, somewhere in Texas, the defendant, who was not familiar with the multitude of words which the law employs to make a very trifling charge, after listening awhile to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said, "Them 'ere allegations is false, and that 'ere allegator knows it."

ONE of the States passed an Act that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for infringing the statute. In defence, he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" quoth the justice. "Oh," said the defendant, "the Act says nothing where the muzzle shall be placed, and, as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put it on his tail."

A FELLOW coming from the top of the Alleghanies to New York, in winter, was asked whether it was as cold there as in the city. He had probably been at some march of intellect school, for he glanced at a thermometer. "Horribly cold," said he, "for they have no thermometers there, and, of course, it gets just as cold as it pleases."

A "NOTION SELLER" was offering a Yankee clock, finely varnished and coloured, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for personal beauty. "Why, it is beautiful," said the vendor. "Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightened me," said the lady. "Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better take one that ain't got no looking-glass."

IT is not improbable that the following, from the letter of an American, is entirely authentic:— "At sunset we reached Gaeta. This place abounds in historical interest, and it is here that the Pope found refuge when he fled from the Republic of 1849. Among the legends of the place is one to the effect that he and the King of Naples, who had come to visit him in his exile, went on board an American vessel. The commander welcomed them in these terms: 'Pope, how are you? King, how d'ye do? Here, Lieutenant Jones, you speak French; parley vous with Pope, while King and I go down and take a drink. King, come on.'"

"AGRICULTUR in Californy is purty much left to natur. It sticks in folks' crop to be soeing corn when they can dig gold, and so they all go to the placers to make hay while the sun shines. This is the monster deposit bank of the unervarsal world, and we're all casheers and directers. Bring yer 'taters here if you want 'em dug, we can't take the trubble to raise 'em. The only wegetable we cultyvate is the root of all evil, and if you'll send us the frutes of the airth, you can have it in change.'

AMERICAN HUMOUR.

THE most obvious characteristic of American humour is its power of "pitching it strong," and drawing the long bow. It is the humour of exaggeration. This consists of fattening up a joke until it is rotund and rubicund, unctuous and irresistible as Falstaff himself, who was created by Shakespeare, and fed fat, so as to become for all time the very impersonation of humour in a state of corpulence. That place in the geography of the United States called "Down East" has been most prolific in the monstrosities of mirth. Only there would a tree'd coon have cried to the marksman with his gun pointed, "Don't fire, colonel! I'll come down." Only in that region do they travel at such speed that the iron rails get hot enough to serve the carriages with heat instead of hot-water bottles; and sometimes so hot that on looking back you see the irons writhing about like live snakes trying to wriggle off to the water to cool themselves. Only there do they travel so fast that the signal-whistle is of no use for their engines, because, on one occasion at least, the train was in, and smashed in a collision, long before the sound of the whistle got there. Only there can a blow be struck so "slick" as to take an animal's ear off with such ease, that the animal does not know he is one ear short until he puts his fore-foot up to scratch it. Only there, surely, are the thieves so 'cute that they drew a walnut log right out of its bark, and left five sleepy watchers all nodding as they sat astride a tunnel of walnut-wood rind.

"DOGGEREL."

BY MARK TWAIN.

A FEW months ago S. and myself had occasion to make a trip up the Missouri. While waiting at Sioux City for a boat we saw some of those white Esquimaux dogs, and S. became possessed of the idea that it was necessary for his happiness that he should have one of the breed; so we hunted up the proprietor and opened negotiations. We found that he had none to spare at the time, but that he expected some puppies would be born to the world in a month or six weeks. That suited S. well enough, as he expected to return to Sioux City in about three months, and a bargain was struck.

Well, we came back; but S. had by that time got out of conceit of the dog, and did not want him. I insisted on his sticking to the bargain, and succeeded in getting him and the proprietor of the dogs together.

"Mr. W.," said I, "when we were here some three months ago, you promised to save for us an Esquimaux puppy. Were any born?"

"Oh, yaw; de puppies vas *born*."

"Well, have you got one for us?"

"Nein, I don't got any."

"Why, how is that? You remember you promised to save one."

"Well, mine vriend, I'll tell how it vas" (confidentially, and drawing close). "Now, you see, de puppy dog he live in de shtable mit de horse, and" (very pathetically) "de horse he got step-ped on to de do-ag, and de do-ag he got di-ed."

And thus it was that S. did not get his puppy; but I made him engage another.

While up the river I heard the following story, showing how an animal can rise, when necessary, superior to its nature:—

"You see," said the narrator, "the beaver took to the water, and the dog was after him. First the beaver was ahead, and then the dog. It was tuck and nip whether the dog would catch the beaver, and nuck and tip whether the beaver would catch the dog. Finally the beaver got across the river, and the dog had almost caught him when, phit! the beaver skun up a tree."

"But," said a bystander, "beavers can't climb trees."

"A beaver can't climb a tree? Snakes! he *had* to climb a tree, the dog was a crowdin' him so!"

GARRICK AND THE DOG.

A STORY is narrated of Garrick, when acting the mad scene in the tragedy of *Lear*. In the days of Garrick wigs were worn by everybody, and a portly butcher, owning one of those hirsute appendages, and a very large mastiff, had managed to squeeze into the theatre with both, and to get a front seat in the pit, close to the box at the side of the orchestra; the theatre was crammed to the ceiling, and the weather intensely warm, and the butcher was inconvenienced sadly by his wig, of which he relieved his head, but was for some time puzzled as to its further disposition. He, however, caught sight of Dog Tray, crouched close to the wall, and looking at the master with savage benignity, whereupon up went the wig on the dog's head, who took it as kindly as if he had been a newly-called barrister. While, however, the whole house was transfixed with the sublimity of Garrick's impersonation of the maniac king addressing imaginary beings, amid storm and darkness, on a wide and desolate heath, Tray suddenly rose on his legs, and unseen by his master, put his fore paws on the orchestra rail, and from beneath his wig surveyed Garrick with the utmost gravity. Garrick, as he caught the dog's eye, had just come to the passage, "I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. What is your study?" He managed to utter the sentence with due gravity, but found it impossible to maintain it, and fascinated by the dog's steady gaze, burst into a fit of laughter of the most uproarious character. The audience took this as a new reading, and the house rang with applause. The actors on the stage surveyed Garrick and each other with amazement, which was heightened by the prolongation of the peals of laughter and delirious pointing of the fingers towards the pit. At length they perceived the cause of the interruption, and all the performers joined in the laughter, and in pointing to the butcher, who sat with the utmost gravity, believing the whole of the pantomime to be part of the regular performance. After a time the whole house, except the butcher, became aware of the matter; and a gentleman in the orchestra box, by way of putting an end to it, seized the wig and threw it among the musicians, Tray bounding after it, and sending the musicians flying in all directions. To go on with the scene was out of the question, and the dropping of the curtain became absolutely necessary to the restoration of order.

MRS. BROWN ON THE COUNTY COURT.*

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

AH! of all the awdacious swindles as ever I know'd its the wust, and as for law and justice, why, they're downright humbug, as the sayin' is, for whatever is the use of a-goin' to law, as is only made for to protect them thieves?

* * *

I'm sure when I see that old wagabone's bill, as were a yard long, I couldn't make nothin' on it till Brown come in, as says he were a old Scotch cobbler, which if I'd a-know'd I wouldn't have had nothin' to do with him, for I can't a-bear them Scotch thro' not a-holdin' with foreigners of no persuasions, as is all alike, palaver to your face, and serpints all the while twistin' round your wery witals as I've read about myself.

I'm sure there's no more to show for that twelve pounds, as I says to the judge, I says, "My lord," I says, "if you will but step down to my place," I says, "and judge for yourself as the work is disgraceful, and nothin' finished, and as to that washus shetter, why, it's a downright defacement to the back premises as is laid down in flags, with sixteen shillin's for paintin' that water-butt, as runs disgraceful, a-keepin' the place a constant flood, and not able to cross without pattens."

But I know'd how it would be when he come in that evenin', decided a little on, a-smilin' treacherous just like them Scotch, and Brown a-losin' of his temper and a saying as he'd precious soon kick him out, as is hurtful to the feelin's, as I should not like myself; not as he did ought for to have summoned me like that, as Brown says, "Pay the old thief." But I says, "No," I says, "I give the orders, and will see 'em righted if I dies for it," as I nearly did, for of all the stiflin' places as ever I was in it was that court.

When I sees that 'oary-'eaded old sinner a-standin' there a-swearin' them falsehoods, it give me that turn that I couldn't keep my temper. So I says to the party as were a-conductin' my case, as he called it, I says, "Excuse me, Mr. Opkins," as was his name, thro' bein' a lawyer, as they called a turney, as I says to the young man at the court, as says, "Where's your turney?" I says, "Whatever do you mean?" thro' never hearin' tell of them afore, as was only a lawyer after all, but that's the wust of them places, they do talk that rubbish a-purpose for to take you in, I believe. Well, as I was a-sayin', I says to Mr. Opkins, I says, "Excuse me, but that party is a mask of falsehood and deceits, as did ought to be put in the pillory," as well I remembers seein' a indiwiddle exposed myself, as was hooted and pelted that dreadful, as served him right, not as I remembers what he'd done, but no doubt he wasn't put there for his good behaviour.

As to that judge, it's my opinion as he wanted for to get home to his tea, for of all the hurry and skurry as he kep' on a-makin' seemed for to confuse everybody, and hearin' of different parties as kep' a-talkin', and as to that laundress havin' to replace them things, I calls it shameful, as she produced the little boy's nightgownd in court, as yaller as a guinea, and tore down the front, as I know they will do with their pranks, and says as all the linen was like that as she'd had cut from the back of the cart, as certainly was her own carelessness, but not worth a pound as they put it at, with a sick husband, and to have to pay it weekly presses hard when Saturday comes.

I see as that judge were a temper thro' havin' of red whiskers, as is in general a sign as you can tell, specially where it spreads to the nose, and the way he spoke to every one it was downright disgraceful, and even a-tellin' old McDawdler for to speak quick, as is impossible.

As to me, bless you, he snapped my nose off every time as I tried for to get in a word edgeways, as the sayin' is.

What aggrawated me most was my lawyer, as sat there quiet, and wouldn't tell that old willin as he was a perjed ippercrit, as I kep' a-nudgin' him for to do.

Well, if this here old Scotch thief didn't up and swear as I'd give him orders for a new safe, whereas all as I said was, "Mr. McDawdler," a-treatin' him respectful, "If you was to put in new zinc sides to the old one, and put it on four legs," thro' it bein' one for to hang up, as I hadn't no place for, "with a new shelf inside and the bottom repaired, and painted fresh all over, why, it would do very well."

But when I come to see the bill I was struck dumb; and well I remember the time as I give him the order, thro' its bein' a Toosday and a pourin' with rain, and thro' a-seein' him that damp offers him a little sperrits thro' his bein' elderly, as the cold might strike to, and for to turn on me like that, a-sayin' afore the judge and all as I was a-settin' alone a-doin' of my drains, as made 'em all laugh, and put me up as I couldn't contain myself, as the sayin' is.

So I ups and says, "My lord." "Sit down," says he.

"I won't," says I, "for I've got a character," I says, "like your own for to lose, and I ain't a-goin' to have my life swore away by that willanous old swindler." "Hold your tongue," says my lawyer.

"What!" I says, "you turn agin me as I'm payin' out of my own pocket!" "Turn that old

* By kind permission of the Author.

woman out," says the judge, a-forgettin' hisself gross as roused me up like a lion in King Daniel's den.

So I says, "Your a wile set of swindlin' thieves," I says, "as is all of a piece. But," I says, "do your wust, and I've got friends as will show you up." "Come out," says a party.

"Who are you a-talkin' to?" says I. "I'll pretty soon show you," says he; and if he didn't bring in a policeman.

So I says, "My lord," I says, "I'm a lady as is not used to be so treated." I says, "If I've hurt your feelin's," I says, a-bendin' like to him, when, law bless you, I was seized like tigers behind, and tore wiolent out of the place.

It was all done in a minute like, and out comes that lawyer chap a-scowlin' and says, "It's give agin you, as was your own fault thro' a-behavin' like that."

"Like what?" says I. "Why," he says, "insultin' the judge, as it's well for you as it ain't the one as is here in general, or he'd a committed you."

I says, "I should like to have seen him dare commit anything of the sort;" and if his expenses wasn't over a pound, and really I was more dead than alive, as the sayin' is, and it's lucky as I didn't get robbed, for the place was filled with them low-lived characters as I can't a-bear to be among.

What put me out was that lawyer's impudence as told me that it was my own fault as the case was lost, a-sayin' as if I'd kep' quiet and spoke proper as somethin' would have been took off the bill, as I don't believe a word on, for I see as the judge were a-wotin' for old McDawdler all the time, thro' bein' Scotch hisself, as, I was told arterwards, will always stick together, and what one says the other'll swear to, as can't be right.

As I told old McDawdler, I says, for I met him as he was a-comin' out of that court a-grinnin' like a Cheshire cat, as the sayin' is, I says, "Ill-gotten gains blows nobody any good, and," I says, "you mark my words, if my money don't bring you sorrow by the ladleful."

ENGROSSING LEGALISMS.

"MORE OR LESS."—The usual place of resort for Dublin duellists was called Fifteen Acres. An attorney of that city, in penning a challenge, probably thought he was drawing a lease, and invited his antagonist to meet him at "the place called Fifteen Acres—be the same more or less."

A NEW YORK paper stated that a certain gentleman sued for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred dollars to heal his broken heart. "Two hundred!" he exclaimed; "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a blasted life! Two hundred dollars for all this! No! Never mind. Make it three, and it's a bargain."

THE Honourable Henry Erskine meeting, by accident, a friend who had come to Edinburgh from the country for a few hours, asked him the reason of his haste, and the object of his journey; to which his friend replied, "I only came to town for a coat." "I would much rather," observed Mr. E., "it had been for a *suit*."

A WITNESS being interrogated as to whether the defendant in the case was drunk, replied, "Well, I can't say that exactly; but I saw him sitting in the middle of the floor, making grabs in the air, and saying that he'd be whipped if he didn't catch the bed the next time it ran round him."

IN a recent case for assault, the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only ones in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

A CELEBRATED engineer, being examined at a trial, made use of the expression "the creative power of a machine," upon which the judge somewhat offensively asked him what he meant by the phrase. "I mean, my lord," said the engineer, "that power which enables a man to convert a goat's tail into a judge's wig."

AT an excise case recently tried a witness was called who did not taste the liquor, but who testified positively that it was liquor sold and drunk, for he could tell it a mile off. The counsel for the defence asked him if he drank any of it. "Drunk any of it?" he said, "why, no, don't you see I'm alive?"

A FELLOW found guilty of burglary and robbery before Justice Day, in Ireland, shrewdly enough observed, that his fate had been singular, he had lost by Day what he had got by night.

"WHAT would you do when first employed to bring an action?" asked an examiner of a young candidate for the legal profession. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled some years ago so violently that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the fists, at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never; I defy you, I defy you; you can't do it!"

DURING a case recently tried in Ireland, counsel was desirous to obtain an admission from a witness for the Crown that, having himself been one of the sworn members of the league, he had been bribed to become a spy upon the others. Having vainly laboured for nearly an hour to get a reply, he said, "Come now, sir, did you not come direct from these men to Dublin on Monday last?" "Bedad, I did so," promptly answered the witness. "Well, sir, that is direct, at all events. Now, will you tell me, in as brief a way as possible, what motive brought you here?" "The locomotive, to be sure," replied the witness, to the discomfiture of his tormentor.

"A LETTHER."

THE following is a copy of a letter written during the rebellion by Sir ——, an Irish Member of Parliament, to his friend in London:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these bloodthirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God! killed and dispersed.

"We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink except whiskey; when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this letter, I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at a stand.

"I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed; no longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town: the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

"Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard; but they had no colours, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time there was nothing to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colours, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irishmen's names.

"Troops are now stationed everywhere round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas.

"I have only leisure to add that I am, in great haste, yours truly.

"P.S. If you don't receive this in course it must have miscarried: therefore I beg you will immediately write to let me know."

TOUGH.

"FACT, gentlemen," said a traveller who was giving a crowd of gaping listeners an account of the strange things he had seen during his peregrinations in the far West, "the trees are so close together in Arkansas that you may travel for days without finding them more than three feet apart; and then the game! such vast numbers of buffalo, and bears, and wild cats, but in all the world I never saw such deer!" "What of the deer?" asked a sharp-eyed descendant of Nimrod. "Oh, the biggest bouncing bucks you ever saw," was the reply. "Why, my dear sir, the woods are perfectly alive with them, charging about with great branching horns full four feet apart." "Well, but if the trees are only three feet apart, and the deers' horns are four, I want you just to tell me how they manage to get through?" said Nimrod. "Oh, well, that's their look-out," said the traveller. "I have nothing to do with that."

THE TRAVELLER NONPLUSSED.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, whose written stories have charmed all who have read them, was one day endeavouring to enliven a remarkably stiff and dull dinner party, by a few oral relations of the same kind. He concluded one of a very extraordinary character by saying, "Did you ever hear any story so wonderful as that?" and at the same moment his eye chanced to rest on a foot-boy opposite to him, who, without leaving a moment of interval, exclaimed, "Yes, man, there's a lass i' our kitchen, that kens a lass that has twa thooms on ae hand!"

PARADOXICAL.

A LADY occupying room letter B at one of the hotels wrote on the slate the following: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says, 'Let us be,' don't let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to be on hand at half-past seven." The porter, a better boot-black than orthographist, stood for some time in a state of puzzle, for he did not know at seven whether to wake "letter B" or "let her be."

GIVING A CHARACTER.

A PRISONER'S character was not materially improved by the testimony of his friend Mr. Jones.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years."

"Did he ever come into collision with you in any matter?"

"Only once, and that was when he was drunk, and mistook me for a lamp-post."

"From what you know of him, would you believe him under oath?"

"That depends upon circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was doing, I would. If not, I wouldn't."

BREVITY IN WOMAN.

WE find, in a Californian diary, the following glorification of a quality we are not sure we should like. "A man of few words" is very well, but a woman of few words is a matter open to argument: I encountered to-day, in a ravine some three miles distant, among the gold-washers, a woman from San José. She was at work with a large wooden bowl, by the side of a stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. She replied, "Three weeks and an ounce." Her reply reminded me of an anecdote of the late Judge B——, who met a girl returning from market, and asked her, "How deep did you find the stream? what did you get for your butter?" "Up to the knee and ninepence," was the reply. "Ah!" said the judge to himself; "she is the girl for me; no words lost there:" turned back, proposed, was accepted, and married the next week; and a more happy couple the conjugal bonds never united; the nuptial lamp never waned; its ray was steady and clear to the last. Ye who paddle off and on for seven years, and are perhaps capsized at last, take a lesson of the judge. That "Up to the knee and ninepence" is worth all the rose letters and melancholy rhymes ever penned.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

BY BRET HARTE.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man;
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,

Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;

And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones were one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault.
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault:

He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;

And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

EPISTOLARY ELOQUENCE.

OF two next-door neighbours, living in the suburbs, one has a violent passion for epistolary eloquence. While he was raising a crop of oats, his right-hand neighbour, it seems, was cultivating a brood of chickens. Both grew; and when the grain ripened, the practical poultry, ignorant or indifferent about boundary lines, picked up what fell, and scratched for more.

This was too much for the worthy of the oat-field, and he forthwith addressed a letter to the unconscious hen-owner—a letter of six pages, treating in full on the constitutional rights of property, on the enormity of plunder, and the pains and penalties of trespass and trespassers; concluding with a prompt demand for redress of this peculation of the poultry.

To such a six-paged declaration of wrongs, the quiet neighbour found it quite out of his line to put in a written rejoinder, so deemed it more prudent to let the letter go by default. In a few days the neighbours met.

"Captain, I had the honour to address a letter to you; did you receive it?"

"I did."

"I have not seen any answer. What course have you decided to pursue?"

"As to answering your six eloquent pages, I would rather reply to Friar Bacon's brazen head. But I did this. I told our girl to call me when she fed the chickens next morning. She did so. When all were assembled, I remonstrated with them. 'Cocks and hens,' said I, 'my neighbour had sowed his wild oats, and I am told you have been feeding on them, contrary to law, without permission, and against his wish. But to show you the full enormity of your acts, I will read to you what he says.' I then drew out your eloquent letter, and read from date to signature, I assure you. On looking up, I found all the corn had disappeared, and the chickens nearly so. 'Susan,' said I, 'throw a handful more—call them up again—I have not got through.' They returned, and I resumed: 'Now, cocks and hens, I have read to you what Mr. —— says, and I warn you, if ever you do this again, I'll punish you—I'll kill—sell—have you all plucked to the very last feather—no, I'll read you his letter all over again.'"

SEEDLING WIT.

DR. BOYNTON, an American lecturer, recently related that, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, he said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no!" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!" The doctor confessed she had the advantage of him there.

AT a recent festival, a boy, who did not get a fair chance at the edibles, said some of the voracious visitors had been starving themselves so long, in anticipation of the feast, that they were hollow all the way down, for he "could hear the first mouthfuls they swallowed strike on the bottoms of their boots."

"YOU see, grandma," said a hot-bed specimen of juvenile precocity, "that when I suck this egg, or more properly speaking, when I extract the nutritive matter by a sudden and peculiar action of the muscles of the throat, I first make an incision in the apex, and then a corresponding aperture in the base." "Mercy on me! Oh how things do change!" exclaimed the old lady, in such surprise that her old spectacles dropped off at the flashing of her almost sightless eyes; "when I was a gal, all we did was to make a hole in each end and down it went. My stars! this 'ere child hain't got long to live, I know."

JOE being rather remiss in his Sunday-school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory. "No, ma'am," said he, hesitating; "but I have got a first-rate forgettery."

THE master of a grammar-school was censuring his pupil for the dulness of his comprehension, and said, "Is not the price of a penny loaf always a penny?" when the boy innocently answered, "No, sir; the bakers sell them two for three halfpence when they are stale."

A SCHOOLBOY, having good-naturedly assisted another in a difficult ciphering lesson, was angrily asked by the teacher, "Why did you work his lesson?" "To lessen his work," replied the youngster.

"JAMES, do you love your sister?" "Yes, pa." "Well, show me how you love her." The boy stood still, not knowing what to do. "James, how do I express my love for your mother?" "Oh, you give her some bank-notes, but I ain't got any."

"AH, Jemmy," said a sympathising friend to a boy who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did," said Jemmy, "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

AT one of the customary school examinations, an urchin was asked, "What is the chief use of bread?" To which he replied, with an archness that implied, What a simpleton you must be to ask such a question, "To spread butter upon."

"WHY haven't you brought back the umbrella you borrowed of me, Sam?" "Because father always told me to lay up something for a rainy day."

"THERE is no rule without an exception, my son." "Oh, isn't there, pa? A man must always be present while he is being shaved." "My dear, hadn't you better send this child to bed? he's too clever."

"DID any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school in a fast neighbourhood. "I have!" shouted a six-year old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, amused by his earnestness. "On the elephant!" was the reply.

A PEDANTIC teacher asked a little girl who was the first man. She answered that she didn't know. The question was then put to an Irish child, who answered, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La!" said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it—he wasn't an Irishman."

APROPOS.

Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilboa, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. At this moment a poor fellow approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said, "Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan with a large family, and if you would——" "My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers. "Don't you see my friends are going to fight? We are not in a charitable humour." "It is not alms I ask for," said the man. "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that these gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins." At these words, the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

RE-PERCUSSION.

A COMMISSIONER, deputed by law to examine the newly-appointed clerks, found seated at one of the official desks a raw sample of Kentuckian manufacture, of about six feet four inches in stature in his shoes, and the following dialogue passed between them:—

Com.—Do you know who was the ablest officer in the Phœnician fleet?

Kent.—Can't say I do.

Com.—Can you tell the exact interest on three hundred dollars, at 18½ per cent., for three-quarters of a day?

Kent.—No; I can't.

Com.—Can you tell the precise distance between the sun and the moon, when one is rising and the other setting?

Kent.—No, I can't; but there's one thin' I ken tell yer, which is, that I've licked five fellers since I've been here, and I'm agoin' to lick you if you ask me any more of your questions."

NO TIME FOR SWAPPING.

AN Indiana man was travelling down the Ohio on a steamer with a mare and two-year-old colt, when by a sudden careen of the boat all three were tilted into the water. The Hoosier, as he rose, puffing and blowing, above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare made for the shore, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current with its owner still hanging fast. "Let go of the colt and hang on to the mare!" shouted some of his friends. "Booh!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog; "it's mighty fine, telling me to let go the colt; but to a man that can't swim this ain't exactly the time for swapping horses."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

MISS ANGELINA SPIFFLENBERG, an old lady who keeps the Fox Indian Tomahawk, a sporting temperance hotel, at Big-bone-lick, near Brandywine Springs, State of Virginia, besides having a cork-leg, has one of the most powerful squinting or screw eyes in this or any other country. With this screw eye she can take off her cork-leg with a single glance, and screw the cork out of any bottle to which she takes a fancy. One day, being seized with a fit of absence of mind, she mistook a Monongahela whiskey bottle for a stomachic cordial, and unscrewed the cork with her eye as usual; but instead of putting the right cork back again, she jammed the toe of her cork-leg quite tight into the bottle, and did not discover her mistake until the spirit had made her leg so intoxicated that she could not stand.

SAYINGS FOR DOINGS.

A MAN who will chaw turpacker will drink Jamaiker rum, and a man that will drink Jamaiker rum will go to ruin, and a man who will go to ruin is mean enuff tu du ennything.

Yu can tell just about what a man will do, by hearing him tell what he has did.

I am prepared tu sa tu seven of the rich men out of every ten, "Make the most of your money, for it makes the most of yu."

Debt is an eel pot—a big hole where yu go in, and a small one where yu kum out.

Man was kreated a little lower than the angells, and he has bin gitting a little lower ever since.

The most oneasy kritter I ever perused was a bob-tail bull in fli time.

When yer have serus trubble, du as the dogs du when they get whipped: go in secret and lick yur sores till tha git well, and then look up another fite.

ALL FOR NAUGHT.

OH! I whisper'd soft and low,
Soft and low I whisper'd to her,
For which I did not know
Was the proper way to woo her.

She look'd so sweet and shy
As she rested from the "Lancers,"
With her rose-lit cheek, blue eye—
The fairest 'mong the dancers.

Then flew o'er my dazzled brain,
As I press'd her dainty fingers,
Dreams of youth brought back again,
Round which memory fondly lingers.

And I thought so rich a gem
Would require a costly setting,
And my years, two score and ten,
I was more and more regretting.

But I thought I'd wildly try;
Get more eloquent each minute:
Swore a paradise I'd buy,
And place her an angel in it.

Placed my wealth at her command,
And my horses and my carriage,
If but, in return, her hand
She would give to me in marriage.

But blushes saw I none.
More impassioned words I utter'd,
Till the alphabet was done,
And my heart it sadly flutter'd.

Passing by with a broad stare,
Smithers, laughing, said (our host, sir),
"You have wasted love-vows there—
She's as deaf as any post, sir!"

A SCENE IN A COURT.

SOON after Mr. Curran had been called to the bar, on some statement of Judge Robinson's the young counsel observed that "he had never met the law, as laid down by his lordship, in any book in his library." "That may be, sir," said the judge; "but I suspect that your library is very small." Mr. Curran replied, "I find it more instructive, my lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones. My books may be few; but the title-pages give me the writers' names, and my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdities that their very authors are ashamed to own them." "Sir," said the judge, "you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." Dignity!" exclaimed Mr. Curran. "My lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which you are, perhaps, not unacquainted." He then briefly recited the story of Strap, in "Roderick Random," who, having stripped off his coat to fight, intrusted it to a bystander. When the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume it, but the man had carried it off. Mr. Curran thus applied the tale: "So, my lord, when the person intrusted with the dignity of the judgment-seat lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned." "If you say another word I'll commit you," replied the angry judge; to which Mr. Curran retorted, "If your lordship should do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting that I am not the worst thing which your lordship has committed."

BORROWING TROUBLE.

BORROWING is a bad thing at the best; but "borrowing trouble" is perhaps the most foolish investment of "foreign capital" that a man or woman can make. An amusing instance of this species of "operation" is set forth in a down-East newspaper, wherein a man thus related his experience, in a financial way, on the occasion of the failure of a local bank:—

"As soon as I heard of it, my heart jumped right up into my mouth. 'Now,' thinks I, s'posin' I got any bills on that bank? I'm gone if I hev—that's a fact.' So I put on my coat, and I 'put' for home just as fast as my legs would carry me; fact is, I run all the way. And when I got there, I looked keerfully, and found that I hadn't got no bills into that bank—*nor any other*. Then I felt easier."

There have been a thousand instances of "borrowing trouble" when it was not a whit better "secured" than in the present example.

A CALAMITY.

THE revel was just at its height
As I whirled through the holly-deck'd hall,
In a maze of ecstatic delight,
With Paulina the star of the ball.

Her step was as light as the air,
A halo shone round and above her;
And naught with my joy could compare,
For I was her one favour'd lover.

But ah! too short-lived was my bliss—
She suddenly utter'd a cry;

I whisper'd, "Love, what is amiss?"
She heaved a deep quivering sigh,

And murmur'd a plaintive reply
In tones soft, rich, mellow, and fluty,
With downcast and tear-bedimm'd eye,
Which wondrously heightened her beauty:

"Oh take me, pray take me away!
The music my anguish seems mocking—
My crinoline hoop's given way,
And torn a big hole in my stocking!"

THE NEW WAITER.

RECENTLY the proprietors of a fashionable hotel found it necessary to procure another table servant. After searching in vain for an experienced waiter, they concluded to engage a genteel young Irishman, whose only fault was that he had never before seen the interior of a dining-room to a fashionable hotel. His duty was laid down to him in plain words, and particular pains taken to instruct him in the part he was expected to perform. Patrick—for certainly that was his name—did do well. He was polite as a Parisian dancing-master, and almost as swift in his movements as a locomotive. Everybody was pleased with him.

At length, however, a gentleman requested Pat to bring him a napkin. Now this was an article he had never met with in all his life, and to save himself from disgrace he could not tell what that gentleman meant. His Irish blood forbad him to display his ignorance, and what to do he could not tell. He wandered up and down the hall, closely observing the movements of his fellow-servants, but could here see nothing which came up to his notions of a napkin. Almost in despair, he came to the conclusion, as the best way of getting out of the dilemma, to tell a falsehood. Approaching the gentleman (who had been already waited upon by another servant) he said—

"Faix, sir, will ye be plazed to take sothin' else? the napkins be all ate up."

"Napkins *ate up!*—you are mistaken, surely."

"'Pon the honour of a gentleman, I be not," replied Patrick in a polite whisper; "the gentlemen all preferred them to the praties, and not a scrap be left for ye."

The gentleman now observed that Patrick was a strange servant, and immediately suspected the truth of the case. The story was soon passed round the table, and "Patrick and the Napkins" followed the wine, as it passed from friend to friend during dinner.

MAKING THE PUDDING.

WHENEVER there was a plum-pudding made, by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands as if merely examining the china, he said, "This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next to himself. "Is it possible?" said the mate, taking up the dish; "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling," and, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just say nothing about it, but cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

THE WHISTLER.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine!"

"And what would you do with it?—tell me," she said,
While an arch smile play'd over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favour so slight one's good-nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so, that not even modesty's cheek
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled, and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow, and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

NOT SO FAST.

A TALL, green sort of a well-dressed fellow walked into a Broadway saloon the other day, where they were talking politics upon a high key, and, stretching himself up to his full height, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Where are the democrats? Show me a democrat, gentlemen, and I'll show you a liar!" In an instant a man stood before the inquirer, in a warlike attitude, and exclaimed, "I am a democrat, sir!" "*You* are?" "Yes, sir, I am!" "Well, just you step round the corner with me, and I'll show you a fellow who said I couldn't find a democrat in the ward. Ain't *he* a liar, I should like to know?"

FLATS.

WHEN Mr. Quincy was mayor of the city of Boston, this good joke was related of him in a South Boston print:—

A Mr. Evans, who had a contract with the city for filling up "the Flats" on the "Neck," invited the city government to examine his road and his famous digging-machine. After satisfying their curiosity, and admiring the wonderful machine, their attention was called to a splendid cold collation, prepared by the contractor for their entertainment, near the scene of his digging operations.

Mr. Quincy took the head of the table, and very gravely observed—

"Gentlemen, your attention is requested to this new machine which Mr. Evans has invented for *filling the Flats of the city!*"

The "filling" process immediately commenced.

FACETS.

AN old bachelor was rather taken aback a day or two since as follows:—Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a woodcut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman, "Before I would ever kneel to a woman I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young lady, he inquired, "Do you not think it would be the best thing I could do?" "It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

As a worthy city baronet was gazing one evening at the gaslights in front of the Mansion House, an old acquaintance came up to him and said, "Well, Sir William, are you studying astronomy?" "No, sir," replied the alderman; "I am studying *gastronomy*." His friend looked astonished, and the baronet replied, "Do you doubt my voracity?" "No, Sir William."

THE following advertisement was some years ago posted up at North Shields:—"Whereas, several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass, belonging to Mr.——, the head of the Ropery Stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he has determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the same time to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the wrong one."

A SIMPLE fellow once said of a famous beauty, "I could have courted and married her easy enough, if I'd wanted to." "And, pray, why didn't you?" asked his friend. "Oh, when I began to court her, you see, she took me on one side and politely asked to be excused, and so I excused her."

A SIMPLE servant-boy one evening went up to the drawing-room, on the bell being rung. When he returned to the kitchen he laughed immoderately. Some of the servants asking the cause of his mirth, he cried, "What do you think? There were sixteen of them who could not snuff the candles, and were obliged to send for me to do it."

AN old farmer, on paying his rent, told his landlord he wanted some timber to build a house, and would be much obliged to him if he would give him permission to cut down what would answer the purpose. The landlord answered peremptorily, "No." "Why, then, sir, will you give me enough to build a barn?" "No." "To make a gate, then?" "Yes." "That is all I wanted," said the farmer, "and more than I expected."

A RURAL editor, speaking of a quill-driving cotemporary, says, "His intellect is so dense that it would take the augur of common sense longer to penetrate it than to bore through Mont Blanc with a boiled carrot."

IT is said of a popular lecturer, that on announcing to his wife, who had her own opinion about his talents, that he was going to lecture at Sheffield, the lady replied, "At Sheffield! I'm so glad; I always hated those Sheffield people."

DR. BUSBY, whose figure was beneath the common size, was one day accosted in a public coffee-room by an Irish baronet of colossal stature with—"May I pass to my seat, O giant?" when the doctor, politely making way, replied, "Pass, O pigmy!" "Oh, sir," said the baronet, "my expression alluded to the size of your intellect." "And mine to yours," said the doctor.

A FRENCH marquis was riding out one day, when he passed an old priest trotting along contentedly on a quiet donkey. "Ha, ha," exclaimed the marquis, "how goes the ass, good father?" "On horseback, my son, on horseback," replied the priest.

THE keeper of a menagerie was lately seen beating one of the elephants with a large club. A bystander asked him the cause. "Why," said the keeper, "he's been flinging dirt all about the tent, and he's big enough to know better!"

A COUNTRYMAN at the Exhibition stood for some time very attentively surveying a cane-seat chair. At length he said, "I wonder what chap took enough pains to find all them holes, and put that straw round them!"

Two gentlemen, noted for their fondness of exaggeration, were discussing the fare at different hotels. One observed that at his hotel he had tea so strong, it was necessary to confine it in an iron vessel. "At mine," said the other, "it is made so weak it has not strength to run out of the teapot."

HER LETTER.

BY BRET HARTE.

I'M sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"

"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year,"
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill when the time came to go;
Or the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;

Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate;
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
Whatever's the meaning of that—
O, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night—here's the end of my paper;
Good night—if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

THE TALE OF A WIG.

BY J. GODFREY SAXE.

O follow the line of
Captain Jones
Back to the old ancestral bones
Were surely an idle endeavour;
For all that is known of the family feats
Is that his sire, as a paver of streets,
Had paved his way in a manner that meets
The appellation of clever.

'Twere pleasant enough more fully to trace
The various steps in the Captain's race,
If the records of heraldry had 'em;
But History leaps at a single span
From the primitive pair to the pavior-man,
From Adam down to Mac Adam.

'Twas rumoured indeed, but nobody knows
What credit to give to such rumours as those,
His grandpapa was a cooper;
But getting fatigued with this roundabout mode
Of staving through life, he took to the road,
As a kind of irregular trooper.

But soon, although a fellow of pluck,
By a singular turn in the wheel of luck,
He met with a mortal miscarriage,
By means of a cord that was dangling loose,
And fell over his head in a dangerous noose
That wasn't at all like marriage.

A tale invented by foes, no doubt,
Which idle people had helped about,
Till it went alone, it got so stout;
For as to the truth of the story,
I scarcely ought to have named it here,
It seems to me so exceedingly clear,
The fable is Newgate-ory.

And that's the pith of the pedigree
Of Captain Jones, whose family tree
Was a little shrub, 'tis plain to see;
But what the topers mention
Respecting wine, is true of blood:

It "needs no bush if it's only good,"
Much less a tree of the oldest wood,
To warrant the world's attention.

Now Captain Jones was a five-feet ten
(The height of Chesterfield's gentlemen),
With a manly breadth of shoulder;
And Captain Jones was straight and trim,
With nothing about him anywise slim,
And had for a leg as perfect a limb
As ever astonished beholder.

With a calf of such a notable size,
'Twould surely have taken the highest prize
At any fair fair in creation;
'Twas just the leg for a prince to sport
Who wished to stand at a royal Court,
At the head of Foreign Leg-ation!

And Captain Jones had an elegant foot,
'Twas just the thing for his patent boot,
And could so prettily shove it,
'Twas a genuine pleasure to see it repeat
In the public walks the Milonian feat
Of bearing the calf above it.

But the Captain's prominent personal charm
Was neither his foot, nor leg, nor arm,
Nor his very *distingué* air;
Nor was it, although you're thinking upon't,
The front of his head, but his head and front
Of beautiful coal-black hair.

So very bright was the gloss they had,
'Twould have made a rival raving mad
To look at his raven curls;
Wherever he went the Captain's hair
Was certain to fix the public stare,
And the constant cry was, "I declare!"
And "Did you ever!" and "Just look there!"
Among the dazzled girls.

Now, Captain Jones was a master bold
Of a merchant-ship some dozen years old,
And every name could have easily told
(And never confound the "hull" and the "hold")
Throughout her inventory;
And he had travelled in foreign parts,
And learned a number of foreign arts,
And played the dickens with foreign hearts,
As the Captain told the story.

He had learned to chatter the French and Spanish,
To splutter the Dutch, and mutter the Danish,
In a way that sounded oracular;
Had gabbled among the Portuguese,
And caught the Tartar, or rather a piece
Of "broken China"—it wasn't Chinese,
Any more than his own vernacular.

How Captain Jones was wont to shine
In the line of ships (not ships of the line)!
How he'd brag of the water over his wine,
And of woman over the water!
And then, if you credit the Captain's phrase,
He was more expert in such queer ways
As "doubling capes" and "putting in stays"
Than any milliner's daughter.

Now the Captain kept in constant pay
A single mate, as a Captain may
(In a nautical, not in a naughty way,
As "mates" are sometimes carried);
But to hear him prose of the squalls that arose
In the dead of the night to break his repose,
Of whitecaps and cradles and such things as those,
And of breezes that ended in regular blows,
You'd have sworn the Captain was married.

The Captain's morals were fair enough,
Though a sailor's life is rather rough,
By dint of the ocean's force;
And that one who makes so many, in ships,
Should make upon shore occasional "trips,"
Seems quite a matter of course.

And Captain Jones was stiff as a post
To the vulgar fry, but among the most
Genteel and polished ruled the roast,
As no professional cook could boast
That ever you set your eye on;
Indeed, twas enough to make him vain,
For the pretty and proud confessed his reign,
And Captain Jones, in manners and mane,
Was deemed a genuine lion;

And the Captain revelled early and late
At the balls and routs of the rich and great,
And seemed the veriest child of *fête*,
Though merely a minion of pleasure;
And he laughed with the girls in merry sport,
And paid the mammas the civilest court,
And drank their wine, whatever the sort,
By the nautical rule of "Any port——"
You may add the rest at leisure.

Miss Susan Brown was a dashing girl
As ever revolved in the waltz's whirl,
Or twinkled a foot in the polka's twirl
By the glare of spermaceti;
And Susan's form was trim and slight,
And her beautiful skin, as if in spite
Of her dingy name, was exceedingly white,
And her azure eyes were "sparkling and bright,"
And so was her favourite ditty.

And Susan Brown had a score of names,
Like the very voluminous Mr. James
(Who got at the font his strongest claims
To be reckoned a man of letters);
But thinking the task will hardly please
Scholars who've taken the higher degrees,
To be set repeating their A, B, C's,
I choose to reject such fetters as these,
Though merely nominal fetters.

The patronymical name of the maid
Was so completely overlaid
With a long prænominal cover,
That if each additional proper noun
Was laid with additional emphasis down,
Miss Susan was done uncommonly Brown
The moment her christening was over!

And Susan was versed in modern romance,
In the modes of Murray and modes of France,
And had learned to sing and learned to dance,
In a style decidedly pretty;
And Susan was versed in classical lore,
In the works of Horace, and several more
Whose *opera* now would be voted a bore
By the lovers of Donizetti.

And Susan was rich. Her provident sire
Had piled the dollars up higher and higher
By dint of his personal labours,
Till he reckoned at last a sufficient amount
To be counted himself a man of account
Among his affluent neighbours.

By force of careful culture alone,
Old Brown's estate had rapidly grown
A plum for his only daughter;
And, after all the fanciful dreams
Of golden fountains and golden streams,
The sweat of patient labour seems
The true Pactolian water.

And while your theorist worries his mind
In hopes "the magical stone" to find
By some alchemical gammon,

Practical people, by regular knocks,
Are filling their "pockets full of rocks"
From the golden mountain of Mammon.

With charms like these, you may well suppose
Miss Susan Brown had plenty of beaux,
Breathing nothing but passion;
And twenty sought her hand to gain,
And twenty sought her hand in vain,
Were "cut," and didn't "come again"
In the ordinary fashion.

Captain Jones, by the common voice,
At length was voted the man of her choice,
And she his favourite fair;
It wasn't the Captain's manly face,
His native sense, nor foreign grace,
That took her heart from its proper place
And put it into a tenderer case,
But his beautiful coal-black hair.

How it is, *why* it is, none can tell,
But all philosophers know full well,
Though puzzled about the action,
That of all the forces under the sun
You can hardly find a stronger one
Than capillary attraction.

The locks of canals are strong as rocks;
And wedlock is strong as a banker's box;
And there's strength in the locks a Cockney cocks
At innocent birds, to give himself knocks;
In the locks of safes, and those safety locks
They call the Permutation;
But of all the locks that ever were made
In Nature's shops or the shops of trade,
The subtlest combination
Of beauty and strength is found in those
Which grace the heads of belles and beaux
In every civilised nation.

The gossips whispered it through the town
That "Captain Jones loved Susan Brown;"
But, speaking with due precision,
The gossips' tattle was out of joint,
For the lady's cash was the only point
That dazzled the lover's vision.

And the Captain begged, in his smoothest tones,
Miss Susan Brown to be Mistress Jones—
Flesh of his flesh and bone of his bones
Till death the union should sever;
For these are the words employed, of course,
Though death is cheated sometimes by divorce,
A fact which gives an equivocal force
To that beautiful phrase, "For ever!"

And Susan sighed the conventional "Nay"
In such a bewitching, affirmative way,
The Captain perceived 'twas the feminine "Ay,"
And sealed it in such commotion,
That no "lip-service" that ever was paid
To the ear of a god or the cheek of a maid
Looked more like real devotion.

And Susan's mamma made an elegant *fête*
And exhibited all the family plate
In honour of Susan's lover;
For now 'twas settled—another trip
Over the sea in his merchant-ship,
And his bachelor-ship was over.

There was an alderman, well-to-do,
Who was fond of talking about *vertu*,
And had, besides, the genuine *goût*,
If one might credit his telling;
And the boast was true beyond a doubt,
If he had only pronounced it "gout,"
According to English spelling;

A crockery merchant of great parade,
Always boasting of having made
His large estate in the China trade;
Several affluent tanners;
A lawyer, whose most important "case"
Was that which kept his books in place;
His wife, a lady of matchless grace,
Who bought her form, and made her face,
Who plainly borrowed her manners;

A druggist; an undevout divine;
A banker, who'd got as rich as a mine
"In the cotton trade and sugar line,"
Along the Atlantic border;
A doctor, fumbling his golden seals;
And an undertaker close at his heels,
Quite in the natural order.

People of rank, and people of wealth,
Plethoric people in delicate health
(Who fast in public, and feast by stealth),
And people slender and hearty,
Flock'd in so fast, 'twas plain to the eye
Of any observer standing by,
That party spirit was running high,
And this was the popular party.

To tell what griefs and woes betide
The hapless world from female pride
Were a long and dismal story;
Alas for Susan and womankind!
A sudden ambition seized her mind
In the height of her party glory.

To pique a group of laughing girls
Who stood admiring the Captain's curls,
She formed the resolution
To get a lock of her lover's hair,
In the gaze of the guests assembled there,
By some expedient, foul or fair,
Before the party's conclusion.

"Only a lock, dear Captain—no more;
"A lock for memory, I implore!"
But Jones, the gayest of quizzers,
Replied, as he gave his eye a cock,
"'Tis a treacherous memory needs a lock,"
And dodged the envious scissors.

Alas! that Susan couldn't refrain,
In her zeal the precious lock to gain,
From laying her hand on the lion's mane!
To see the cruel mocking,
And hear the short, affected cough,

The general titter, and chuckle and scoff,
When the Captain's patent wig came off,
Was really dreadfully shocking!

Of Susan's swoon the tale is told,
That long before her earthly mould
Regained its ghostly tenant,
Her luckless, wigless, loveless lover
Was on the sea, and "half-seas-over,"
Dreaming that some piratical rover
Had carried away his pennant.

BROKEN ENGLISH.

A DUTCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A RAINY NIGHT.—"Vell, lasht Friday night vash de vorst as never vash. I tought to go down de hill to mine house, but no sooner did I valk, den de vaster I stand still, for de darkness vas so tick dat I coot not stir it mit mine boots, and de rain, dunder and blixen, in more dan tree minute mine skin vas vet troo to mine clo's. But afther von leetle vile stopped quittin' to rain something; so I kep feelink of mineself all de vay 'long; and ven I comes to mine own house to valk in, vat you tink? Dunder and blixen, it belong to somebody else!"

"I WANTSCH to schipp in the *Lucilla*," said a Dutchman to the clerk of a shipping office. "Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "what's your name?" "It ish Hans Vanasmananderdaunsevaneymendeymiteheitenschupfeldmitdeschupyoneridromp!" said Dutchy, gravely ejecting his old quid and taking a fresh one. "Heavens!" said the clerk, "do you know what it is in English?" "Yaw, irh does. It is Von Smidt."

ANOTHER Dutchman was relating his marvellous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I tid not co in the same pote!" was the Dutchman's placid answer.

AN honest Dutchman, on being asked how often he shaved, said, "Dree times a week, every day but Soontay—den I shafe every day."

"JOHN," said a man to his Dutch servant, "go to Mr. Robins' house and tell him that if there is any law in the land, I will prosecute him. Tell him not to bring his dog here, for the animal is rabid; and that if he comes here in my absence to scold, and bawl, and pick quarrels, I will send for Mr. Jarvis and have him taken care of." John went and delivered his message—"My master says that you sha'n't bring your dog to his house, for he is a rabbit, and if you go there in a bow to pick squirrels, he will send you to the barber's and take your hair off."

A 'CUTE M.P.

FOUR seamen came to the door of a certain Member of Parliament—at least they represented themselves as seamen—and said they were in great distress, having been shipwrecked off Hull. "I went to speak with them, as my sympathies are, and I hope always will be, with seamen. As soon as I saw them, I saw that one was a seaman; but, as we say in Lancashire, I saw with half an eye the other three were hail fellows, well met, picked up on the road. I said, 'I am very sorry to hear of your accident. What vessel were you wrecked in?' They said the *Elizabeth*. I told the seaman to stand where he was; I told the first of the other three men to go ten or fifteen yards to the right; the second to retire ten or fifteen yards to the left; and the third man to stand off in the front. Well, they could not tell what I was after, and I went quickly up to one and said, 'I am very sorry to hear of the *Elizabeth* being lost. What was the captain's name?' 'Jones' was the reply. I went to the next, told him I sincerely regretted the accident, and asked the name of the captain of the *Elizabeth*. 'Captain Brown, sir.' I went to another and said, 'My good friend, I am exceedingly distressed on your account. What was the name of the captain?' 'Captain Smith, sir.' I said, 'Come here, men. You are a pretty set of fellows here to go and sail in the ship *Elizabeth*, and you have three captains. You might well be lost, and deserved it too."

A STRING OF MOTTOES.

OR Doctors' Commons.—Where there's a will there's a way.

For Publicans.—Love me, love my grog.

For Cooks.—Onion is strength.

For Bakers.—Early to bread and early to rise.

For Undertakers.—Always say die.

For Thieves.—True as steel.

For Hairdressers.—Two heads are better than one.

For Fishmongers.—Confession is good for the soul.

For Tailors.—True as the needle.

For Garotters.—Neck or nothing.

For Opticians.—Mind your eye.

For Retired Authors.—Above proof.

For Carpenters.—Cut your stick.

For Cobblers.—Never too late to mend.

For Shepherds.—By hook or by crook.

For Glaziers.—Diamond cut diamond.

For Gunmakers.—Fire away!

For Surgeons.—Go it, you cripples!

For Cheesemongers.—High and mighty.

For Unsuccessful Poets.—Hard lines.

For Cabmen.—Hire and hire.

For Old Maids.—Marry come up.

For the Inmates of Bedlam.—Out of sight, out of mind.

For Betting-men.—Where's the odds?

For Millers.—None so dusty.

For Milkmen.—Chalk it up.

For Postmen.—True to the letter.

For Gunners.—Off like a shot.

For Violin-players.—Fiddle-de-dee.

For Pork-butchers.—The whole hog or none.

For Ugly People.—The plain truth.

For Editors.—Follow my leader.

For Drapers.—Square your yards.

For Pugilists.—Merrily goes the mill.

For Irishmen.—Row, brothers, row!

For Jewellers.—All is not gold that glitters.

For Woodcutters.—Chops and steaks.

COURT JOKES.

A FAT old gentleman was bitten in the calf of the leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the office of the justice of the peace, and preferred a complaint against a man in the neighbourhood whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The following was the defence offered on the trial:—"1. By testimony in favour of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a calf. 2. He is blind, and cannot see to bite. 3. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness. 4. Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth. 5. My dog died six weeks ago. 6. I never had any dog."

Two dandies were, some time ago, taken before a Dublin magistrate, charged with "intending to fight a duel." The justice, who was a shrewd and waggish man, had strong doubts as to the really pugnacious inclination of either of the professed belligerents; so he dismissed them upon a promise "not to carry the matter further;" but added, "Gentlemen, I let you off this time; but upon my conscience, if you are brought again before me, I'll positively bind you both down to fight." They did not offend a second time.

LORD J. RUSSELL endeavoured to persuade Lord Langdale to resign the permanent Mastership of the Rolls for the uncertain position of Lord Chancellor, and paid the learned lord very high compliments on his talents and acquirements. "It is useless talking, my lord," said Langdale. "So long as I enjoy the Rolls, I care nothing for your butter."

A LAWYER in one of the newly settled Western States was so extremely metaphorical upon an occasion, when the stealing of a pig was the case in point, that at last he got to "coruscating rays." The judge (who appeared equally metaphorical himself) thought proper to pull him up, by saying, "Mr. ——, I wish you would take the feathers from the wings of your imagination, and put them into the tail of your judgment."

A BARRISTER, blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on, said, "Gentlemen, in my argument I shall use nothing but what is necessary." "Then," whispered a wag, "take one of the glasses out of your spectacles."

FOR MENTAL APPLICATION ONLY.

DR. MEAD, calling one day on a gentleman who had been severely afflicted with the gout, found, to his surprise, the disease quite gone, and the patient rejoicing on his recovery over a bottle of wine. "Come along, doctor," exclaimed he, "you are just in time to taste this bottle of Madeira; it is the first of a pipe that has just been broached." "Ah!" replied the doctor, shaking his head, "these pipes of Madeira will never do; they are the cause of all your suffering." "Well, then," rejoined the gay incurable, "fill your glass, for now we have found out the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

A MEDICAL man asked his legal adviser how he could punish a servant who had stolen a canister of valuable snuff. "I am not aware of any Act," said the lawyer, "that makes it penal to take snuff."

DR. GROSS, the justly celebrated surgeon of Philadelphia, was once dangerously ill. Shortly after his recovery, he met one of his lady patients —they are not always patient ladies—who remarked to him, "Oh, doctor! I rejoice to see that you are out again; had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen." "Thank you, madam," replied the affable doctor; "but now I fear they will die by the Gross."

"DON'T you think my son resembles me?" inquired an apothecary, as he introduced a greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each; "yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."

A WORTHY Hibernian, who was labouring under the delusion that men and women meant what they said, was tempted by a very cordial invitation from a distinguished lady to call at her house. The servant opened the door so quickly that her voice was heard by Dr. M., saying, "Tell him I am not at home." His Irish wit came to his rescue, for he immediately said in a loud voice to the servant, "Tell your mistress I have not called upon her this evening, as she wished me." The lady ran out, took the doctor by both hands, and laughed heartily at his ignorance of that rather prevalent institution of respectable life—lying.

ABERNETHY rarely met with his match, but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for by an innkeeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, and she had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself, to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—*your* head, madam, in fact?" "Well, doctor," fiercely retorted the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?" Upon this her friendly adviser, after giving directions for the benefit of the patient, turned upon his heel, and confessed himself beaten for once.

WHEN Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon a rich grocer. The great man, addressing him, said, "I suppose, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life." "No, I don't," said Abernethy; "I want a pennyworth of figs; come, look sharp and wrap them up! I want to be off."

A WRITER in a medical gazette gives the following lucid explanation of the phenomenon of a lady's blush:—"The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by inflex action through the brain and facial nerve, with the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches inosculate." The explanation beats Dr. Johnson's celebrated definition of network: "Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

CROTCHETS.

THE customers of a certain cooper caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits, and persistence in getting all their tubs and casks repaired, buying but very little work. "I stood it long enough, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old bung-hole, to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the business in disgust."

"I SAY, old boy," cried Paul Pry to an excavator in North Shields, whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gulf, "what are you digging there?" "A big hole," the old boy replied. Paul was not to be put off in this fashion. "What are you going to do with the hole?" he asked. "Going to cut it up into small holes," rejoined the old boy, "and retail them to the farmers for gateposts."

MONTEITH gave miserable dinners, and Winton refused scores of his invitations; but at last, in an hour of weakness, he was induced to accept. The fare proved, as he expected, of the very worst, and as the cloth was removed the host remarked, "Now the ice is broken, when will you invite me to dine with you?" "To-day, if you please," replied the still hungry guest.

"SUPPOSE," said an examiner to a student in engineering, "you had built an engine yourself, performed every part of the work without assistance, and knew that it was in complete order, but when put into a vessel the pump would not draw water, what would you do?" "I would go to the side of the vessel and ascertain if there was any water to draw," replied the student.

AN editor says he has seen the contrivance lawyers use when they "warm up with the subject." He says it is a glass concern, and holds about a pint.

IN an advertisement by a railway company of some uncalled-for goods, the letter "l" has by an accident been dropped from the word "lawful," and it reads now, "People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

WHEN the committee of the French Academy were employed in preparing the well-known Academy Dictionary, Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, came one day into the room where they were holding a session. "Glad to see you, M. Cuvier," said one of the forty; "we have just finished a definition which we think quite satisfactory, but upon which we would like to have your opinion. We have been defining the word 'crab,' and have explained it thus: 'Crab, a small red fish, which walks backward.'" "Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier; "only, if you will give me leave, I will make one small observation in natural history: the crab is not a fish, it is not red, and it does not walk backward. With these exceptions, your definition is excellent."

A WORDY orator once got up and said: "Sir, after much reflection, consideration, and examination, I have calmly, and deliberately, and carefully come to the determined conclusion, that in those cities where the population is very large there is a greater number of men, women, and children than in cities where the population is less."

AN old gentleman, who was always boasting how folks used to work in his young days, one day challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it. The challenge was accepted, the hay waggon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out, "More hay! more hay!" At length, struggling to keep on the top of the disordered and ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the waggon, and the old man with it. "What are you doing down here?" cried the boys. "I came down after more hay," answered the old fellow stoutly.

NELSON was told that Pitt said "he was the greatest fool he ever knew when on shore" "He speaks truth," said the hero, "and I would soon prove him to be a fool if I had him on board a ship; nevertheless, I am as clever an admiral as he is a statesman, which is saying a great deal for myself."

A FRIEND says the prettiest sewing machine he ever saw was about seventeen years old, with short sleeves, low dress, and gaiter boots on.

A THRILLING SCENE.—*Tremendous cries:* Man overboard!—*Captain:* Throw the buoy over to him. —*Fond Parent:* Never, while that boy's mother lives!

WHEN Quilp heard that a distinguished member of the musical profession had been knighted, he is said to have observed, "I suppose it must be on the score of his merit, not on the merit of his score."

WHAT is the best way to curb a wild young man? —To bridal him.

"IF I don't b'live the world's a wheel-barrow!" said a jolly inebriate, as he rolled along; "and I'm the wheel revolving on its haxis. "Now I'm in the mud," continued he, as he fell headlong into the gutter; "and now I'm on dry land," as he fetched up on the curb-stone. His concluding remark, as his boots followed his head down an open cellarway, was—"Now the wheel is broke, and the wehicle is upset."

AN old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam," cried Cœlebs in a rage. "It is rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady.

ONE who had espoused an old and ill-tempered wife, who was very rich, used to say, "Whenever I find my temper giving way I retire to my study, and console myself by reading her marriage settlement."

WHEN the cold wind blows,
Take care of your nose
That it don't get froze,
And wrap up your toes
In warm woollen hose.
The above we suppose
Was written in prose,
By some one who knows
The effect of cold snows.

Two sailors contending for the palm in verse, one begins:

"In the Bay of Bengal—I lost my all."

To which the other appends:

"In the Bay of Biscay—I lost my stockings."

"That's not poetry," cries the rhymester. "Ay, but mine's true, and yours isn't," was the rejoinder.

MR. PITT was disputing at a Cabinet dinner on the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he affirmed it to have over the English, he asserted that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could. "Then," said Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two complete negatives, to make such a positive fellow as you are."

IF some person should tell you something about something he heard somebody say about something that was said by some friend of his, depend upon it there is some reason to think your informant knows something about it.

GRADGRIND has got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' labour, well worked in.

A VENDOR of cement described it as peculiarly useful in mending jars. "Would it mend the jar of a door?" "There is no occasion for it in that case," said the pedlar, "for that is sound enough." "Would it mend family jars?" "In that case, again, there is more sound than sense," replied the pedlar, and vamosed.

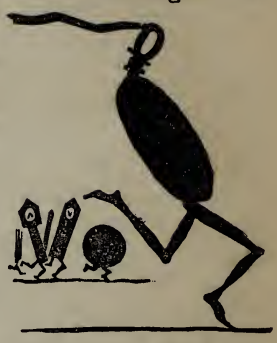
"WHY, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look!" "Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in my life."

MY WATCH.

BY MARK TWAIN.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognised messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by-and-by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweller's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator *must* be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and beseeched him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to 150 in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house-rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it.

I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly prised the watch open, then put a small dice-box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned and oiled and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four, and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by-and-by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swop news with him.

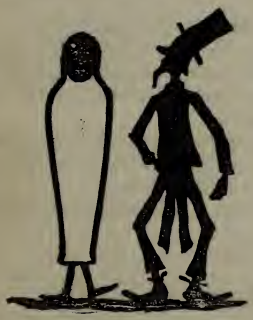


I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch *averaged* well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing, and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt,

but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run a while and then stop a while, and then run a while again, and so on, using

its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket.

I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger.



He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together.

The oldest man in the world could not make

head or tail of the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then, after working along quietly for nearly eight hours, everything inside would let go all of a sudden and begin to buzz like a bee, and the hands

would straightway begin to spin round and round so fast that their individuality was lost completely, and they simply seemed a delicate spider's web over the face of the watch. She would reel off the

next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang.

I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces.

Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognised in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a

good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner. He said—

"She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!"

I brained him on the spot, and had him buried at my own expense.

My uncle William (now deceased alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it. And he used to wonder what became of all the unsuccessful tinkers, and gun-smiths, and shoe-makers, and blacksmiths; but nobody could ever tell him.

MAXIMS FOR A YOUNG LADY'S CURL-PAPERS.

MODESTY is a handsome dish-cover, that makes us fancy there must be something very good underneath it.

An old maid is an odd boot—of no use without a fellow.

The true test of a man's temper is to keep him waiting five minutes for his dinner.

There's a secret drawer in every heart, as there is in every desk, if we only knew how to touch the spring of it.

The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a *waist*.

A breach of promise of marriage may be called "a runaway *ring* from the church-door."

Between life and death there is frequently but the thinness of a shoe.

The heart of a flirt settles no more tenaciously on a gentleman's affections than a button does on one of his shirts; for, in fact, it is no sooner on than it's off again.

Dreams are the novels we read when we're fast asleep.

The young gentleman who won't dance till after supper doesn't deserve to have any.

The hand that can make a pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

Eyes are the electric telegraph of the heart, that will send a message any distance in a language only known to the two souls who correspond.

There are ladies who look upon a ball-room as nothing better than an omnibus, that doesn't go off properly unless it's as full as it can hold.

One drop of sense is worth a whole river of words.

A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind.

Keep your countenance open, and your thoughts shut.

A wall of brass is a fop's face.

It is a fine silk that knows no turning.

Practice on the piano makes perfect.

It's the last ostrich's feather which breaks the husband's back.

It's the early riser gets the strong tea.

Fish for no compliments, for they are caught generally in shallow water.

The lady with a cold avoids the piano.

A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLISH DIFFICULTIES.

FRENCHMAN: Ah, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How do you call *h-o-u-g-h?*

Tutor: *Huff.*

Frenchman: *Très bien, huff;* and *snuff* you spell *s-n-o-u-g-h*, ha?

Tutor: Oh, no, *snuff* is *s-n-u-ff.* The fact is, words ending in *o-u-g-h* are a little irregular.

Frenchman: Ah, very good! 'tis beautiful language. *H-o-u-g-h* is *huff*, I will remember; and *c-o-u-g-h* is *cuff.* I have one bad *cuff*, ha?

Tutor: No, that is wrong. We say *kauff*, not *cuff.*

Frenchman: *Pardonnez-moi*, how you call *d-o-ug-h? duff*, ha?

Tutor: No, not *duff.*

Frenchman: Not *duff!* ah, *oui*, I understand—it is *dauff*, hey?

Tutor: No; *d-o-u-g-h* spell *doe.*

Frenchman: *Doe!* It is very fine; wonderful language, it is *doe;* and *t-o-u-g-h* is *toe, certainement.* My beef-steak is very *toe.*

Tutor: Oh no, no: you should say *tuff.*

Frenchman: *Tuff!* and the thing the farmer uses, how you call him—*p-l-o-u-g-h, pluff.* Ha, you smile! I see I am wrong; it is *plauff.* No! ah, then, it is *ploe*, like *doe;* it is a beautiful language—ver' fine—*ploe!*

Tutor: You are still wrong, my friend. 'Tis *plow.*

Frenchman: *Plow.* Wonderful language! I shall understand, ver' soon. One more, *r-o-u-g-h* is *ruff*, and *bough* is *buff.*

Tutor: No; *bow.*

Frenchman: Ah, very simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call *e-n-o-u-g-h!* ha, what you call him?

AT CROSS PURPOSES.

MORROW is a town of some importance, about forty miles from Cincinnati. A new brakeman on the road, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the depôt, who inquired—"Does this train go to Morrow to-day?"

"No," said the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him; "it goes to-day yesterday week after next."

"You don't understand me," persisted the stranger; "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, why don't you wait till to-morrow, then, and not come bothering around to-day?"

"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?"

"Not exactly. It will go to-day and come back to-morrow."

As the gentleman who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employé, who knew the station alluded to, came along and gave him the desired information.

THEATRICAL.

One English playwright is said to have written to another as follows:—"Dear Bob,—You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the governor will be sure to discover the dead body of Geraldine in the cellar, and then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine. I certainly think you are giving it to him in rather large doses. Let Emily put her mother in a mad-house. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is for too small a sum. Make it three thousand. Leave the rest of your particularly nice family circle to me. I will finish them off, and send you back the 'fatal dagger' afterwards by book-post. Yours, &c."

A retired actor, with a fondness for poultry, was asked why he named a favourite hen "Macduff?" He replied that it was because he wanted her to "lay on."

Mr. Howard Paul, the well-known public entertainer, relates the following original anecdote *àpropos* of a piece adapted from the French:—One night during its reproduction, some years ago, at the Haymarket, the late William Brough encountered Mr. Barnett, the reputed author, in the lobby of the theatre. After the usual salutations, Brough remarked in his kindly way, "How well the 'Family' is going to-night!" "Yes," added Barnett; "and what an infamous thing—this play is having an extraordinary run in New York, and the managers don't pay me a penny in fees!" Brough gave a sly glance at the friend who stood beside them, and sympathetically replied, "It is too bad—it's just like the managers; but, by-the-by, it's having a great run in Paris, too, at this moment—I saw it at the Gymnase last week. Do they pay you for it there?" Barnett gave a grim dry chuckle, and disappeared into the dress boxes.

During Charles Kean's visit to the United States he was entertained at dinner by one of the great New York merchants. Opposite to him at the table sat a gentleman who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr. Kean. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much impressiveness of manner, said, "I saw you in Richard, last night." Kean feeling, not unnaturally, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly, and bowed. "Yes, sir," continued the other, in a slow, almost judicial tone, "I have seen your father in Richard, and I have seen Mr. Cook." Another pause, in which Charles Kean's triumph was gradually mounting higher. "Yes, sir; Cook, sir, was better than your father, and your father, sir, a long way better than *you*."

When Mr. Howard Paul was performing in one of the small towns in the west of Ireland, the hall in which the entertainment was given was approached through a large gate which, by accident or mishap, had fallen to the ground. Mr. Paul, on making the discovery, entrusted the hall-keeper, a wild-looking, thick-headed Paddy, "to hang the gate immediately." The fellow trudged away as if to execute the order, and after some time had elapsed returned to Mr. Paul, who asked him if he had done the job. "Och, your honour," said Pat, "I tried a long while to hang the gate, but faith, sir, he wouldn't hang!" "Where have you put it, then?" "I have settled him, your honour." "Why, what have you done with it?" "Sure, master, I tuk hould on him and threw him into the pond and dhrowned him!"

DOMESTIC PERPLEXITIES.

A correspondent of the *Drawer* is involved in domestic perplexities. He writes:—"I got acquainted with a young widow, who lived with her step-daughter in the same house. I married. My father fell, shortly after, in love with the step-daughter of my wife, and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother, and I am the step-father of my mother-in-law. My step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife, has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, because he is son of my father and of my step-mother; but because he is son of my wife's step-daughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother. My wife has also a boy; my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; and my father is the brother-in-law of my son. I am the brother of my own son, who is the son of my step-mother, I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather."

THE STORY OF A GRIDIRON.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A CERTAIN old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by "drawing out" one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "thravels," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and, perhaps more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "Throth you won't, sir;' and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the subject-matter in hand, he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing; on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some extravaganza of his servant, might perchance assail Pat thus: "By-the-by, Sir John" (addressing a distinguished guest), "Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice paid to himself)—"you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plaze your honour."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they are not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" (for Pat had thought fit to visit "North Amerikay," for a "raison he had" in the autumn of the year '98).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic"—a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad almost as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board at last, and the pumps was choak'd (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the weather gained an us, and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboord, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket and the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed

* By kind permission of Messrs. Routledge and Sons.

illigant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-looking eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things whin you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, sure enough, throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first of all, God help uz—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—'Oh, murther, murther, captain, darlint!' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

"'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sich a good wish, and throth, it's myself wishes the same.'

"'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen in heaven, supposing it was only a dissolute island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.'

"'Whisht, whisht, Paddy!' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddent,' says he.

"'Thrue for you, captain, darlint,' says I—I called him Darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—'thrue for you, captain, jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite'—and throth, that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld. Well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshthal. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin' to feel terrible hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor, I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'Thundher and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land,' says I. So he ups with his bring-'um-near (that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir) and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"'Hurra!' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away, my boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog-bank, captain, darlint,' says I.

"'Oh, no,' says he; 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh, then, wherebouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I; 'maybe it id be in Roosia or Proosia, or the German Oceant,' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he—for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—'that's France,' says he.

"'Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain, dear?' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth, I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same;' and throth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will.

"Well, with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, 'Captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why then,' says he, 'thundher and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin' you wor a pelican o' the wildherness,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron!' says I; 'och, in throth, I'm not such a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-steak,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beef-steak?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?' says I.

"'By gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke,' says I.

"'Thrue for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well, thin,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearin' the land all the time), 'and sure I can ask thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnest now,' says he; 'you gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I told you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'Bedad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,' says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the German Oceant.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin',' says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all at all.'

"'*Parly voo frongsay*,' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he. 'Why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain—'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?"

"'*Parly voo frongsay*,' says I.

"'By gor, that bangs Banagher. I never met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he.—'Pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore.'

"So with that, it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek; and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got; and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was afther bein' cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timptin' like.

"'By the powdhers o' war, I'm all right,' says I; 'there's a house there'—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convenient. And so I wint up to the dure, and I thought I'd be very civil' to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; 'and so,' says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds), 'Indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tatthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So thin they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes; we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plazed to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well sir, with that throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all—and so says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furriners?' says I—'*Parly voo frongsay*.'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plaze?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and faith myself began to feel flusthered like, and onaisy—and so says I, making a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plaze, sir,' says I, '*Parly voo frongsay*.'

"'We, munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"'Well, sir, the ould chap begun to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and a dhrop of dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mille failte*.'

"Well, the word *cead mille failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand—*Parly—voo—frongsay*, munseer.'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scran to you.'

"Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"'Phoo! the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison?' says I—'*Parly voo frongsay*.'

"'We, munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen —throth if you were in my country, it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows on you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your dure.'

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought as I was turnin' away, I see him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Chrishthan at all at all? are you a furriner,' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—*Parly voo frongsay*,' says I.

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then, thundher and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, 'the curse o' the hungry on you, you owld negardly villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my foot to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I; and with that I lift them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth it's often since that *I thought that it was remarkable*."

BUTTERMILK.

"Biddy, bring me some salt." "Sure an' I will, your riverence." Forthwith appeared Biddy with the article in her hand. "Never again bring me anything in your hand," said the master; "you should have brought it on a plate." The evening meal being over, the bell was again rung, and the faithful domestic instantly appeared. "I want my slippers." Biddy went, and returned, bearing in her hand a plate, upon which were the priest's slippers.

"Och, Mr. W., and is your father well? and is the old jintleman livin'?" (both questions being asked in rapid succession.) "No, he has been dead a number of years." "Sure, now, an' if I had known when he died, I would certainly have been at his funeral. I know if the old jintleman was livin', he would be glad to see me at his funeral."

A cunning fellow made a rush into a druggist's shop, took from his pocket a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter, exclaimed, "There, doctor, snuff that, will you?" The "doctor" did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquor to be genuine whiskey. "Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman. "Hand it to me again, if you please." The "doctor" again did as directed, and asked what he meant. "Och, thin," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this, unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health and the priest's health."

"Let me have a piece well done," said an Irish waiter to a carver, who was busy at a round of roast beef. "Is it for a gentleman?" "No, sir." "For a lady?" "No, sir." "For a child, then?" "No, sir." "Well, who under the heavens is it for?" asked the excited carver. "For a tailor," replied Pat.

There is an Irishman employed as a porter, on a railway, who brags of having a watch that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark, a few mornings since, upon pulling out his watch, "If the sun ain't over that hill in a minnit and a half, he will be late."

A Cork man once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions, without giving you the trouble to ask them.

A youngster, on enlisting, was asked by the recruiting officer, "When you get into battle, Paddy, will you fight or run?" "Ah, faith," replied Pat, with a comical twist of his countenance, "I'll be afther doin', yer honour, as the majority of ye does."

The "Irish bull" is not peculiar and patent to the corduroys. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, speaking of the poor of Ireland, says:—"Many thousands of them were often destitute of the only food they possessed."

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by—"Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty."

A prisoner, placed at the bar, complained bitterly that he should be placed in such an awkward position so far from friends and home. The judge felt kindly towards him, and said, "Be calm, young man. You may rest assured that, although among strangers, full justice will be done." "Be me soul, yer honour," groaned Pat, "and it's the fear of that same that troubles me!"

Will you dine with me to-morrow?" said an Hibernian to his friend. "Faith an' I will, with all my heart." "Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm asking ye to." "And what for not? A family dinner is a mighty plisant thing. What have ye got?" "Och! nothing *by* common. Jist an illigant pace of corned beef and potatoes." "By the powers! that bates the world! Jist my own dinner to a hair—barring the beef."

A Dublin boy, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveller, he stopped him with—"Your money or your life!" Seeing that Pat was green, he said, "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol." "Agreed." Pat received the money, and handed over the pistol. "Now," said the traveller, "hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out." "Blaze away, my hearty," said Pat; "never a dhrop of powther there's in it."

THE COCKNEY.

IT was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin;
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short;
And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use;
And he wore a pair of gaiters,
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame;
For the aspirate was missing
Where the letter should have been,
But where'er it wasn't wanted
He was sure to put it in.

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked: "'Tis really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome!"
And declared upon his honour—
Though, of course, 'twas very queer—
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the *h*art of making beer.

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That *H*americans spoke *H*inglish,
But he deemed it quite *h*absurd;
Yet he felt the deepest *h*interest
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York.

When I left the man-in-gaiters,
He was grumbling o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn;

And he looked a very Briton
(So, methinks, I see him still),
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill!

A DILEMMA.

"WHENEVER I marry," says masculine Ann,
"I must really insist upon wedding a *man!*"
But what if the man (for men are but human)
Should be equally nice about wedding a *woman?*

OPEN TO DOUBT.

THE reader is expected to believe the following story in every particular:—"When a young man I was travelling in Western New York, and late of a stormy night applied at a log cabin for lodging. The occupant, a woman, refused it, saying her husband and sons were out hunting, and if they found me there would murder me. I preferred the chance to the storm, and she consented that I might lie down before the fire. In the night I heard them coming, and scrambled up the chimney. Thinking I was safe when at the top, I stepped over the roof, and jumping down at the back of the cabin, struck plump into a wolf-trap. A scream of pain from me brought the man and boys out, and they declared I deserved a much severer punishment than death, so they kept me both in the trap and suspense until morning, and then heading me up in a hogshead with no light or air but a bung-hole, they put me on a sled, drove some four miles up a hill, and then rolled me off to starve. This I undoubtedly should have done, but for a very singular occurrence. The wolves smelt me out and gathered around my prison, when one of them in turning round happened to thrust his tail into the bunghole. It was my only chance. I caught a firm hold and held on, which frightened the wolf, of course, and he started down the hill followed by the hogshead and me. It was a very uneasy ride over the stones and stumps, but I had no idea how long it was, until the hogshead striking a stone fairly, the staves worn by long travel were broken in, and I jumped out and found myself 'way down in the lower end of Cattaraugus county, some thirty miles from the scene of the disaster."

THE WAGER AND THE BALL.*

BY CHARLES LEVER.

WAS sitting at breakfast with Webber, a few mornings after the mess dinner I have spoken of, when Power came in hastily.

"Ha, the very man!" said he. "I say, O'Malley, here's an invitation for you from Sir George to dine on Friday. He desired me to say a thousand civil things about his not having made you out, regrets that he was not at home when you called yesterday, and all that. By Jove, I know nothing like the favour you stand in; and as for Miss Dashwood, faith! the fair Lucy blushed, and tore her glove in most approved style, when the old General began his laudation of you."

"Pooh! nonsense," said I; "that silly affair in the west."

"Oh, very probably; there's reason the less for your looking so excessively conscious. But I must tell you, in all fairness, that you have no chance; nothing short of a dragoon will go down."

"Be assured," said I, somewhat nettled, "my pretentions do not aspire to the fair Miss Dashwood."

"*Tant mieux et tant pis, mon cher.* I wish to Heaven mine did; and, by St. Patrick, if I only played the knight-errant half as gallantly as yourself, I would not relinquish my claims to the Secretary at War himself."

"What brought the General down to your wild regions?" inquired Webber.

"To contest the county."

"A bright thought, truly. When a man is looking for a seat, why not try a place where the law is occasionally heard of?"

"I'm sure I can give you no information on that head; nor have I ever heard how Sir George came to learn that such a place as Galway existed."

"I believe I can enlighten you," said Power. "Lady Dashwood—rest her soul!—came west of the Shannon; she had a large property somewhere in Mayo, and owned some hundred acres of swamp, with some thousand starving tenantry thereupon, that people dignified as an estate in Connaught. This first suggested to him the notion of setting up for the county; probably supposing that the people who never paid in rent might like to do so in gratitude. How he was undeceived, O'Malley there can inform us. Indeed, I believe the worthy General, who was confoundedly hard up when he married, expected to have got a great fortune, and little anticipated the three Chancery suits he succeeded to, nor the fourteen rent-charges to his wife's relatives that made up the bulk of the dower. It was an unlucky hit for him when he fell in with the old 'maid' at Bath; and had she lived he must have gone to the colonies. But the poor thing died one day, and Major Dashwood was himself again. The Duke of York, the story goes, saw him at Hounslow during a review—was much struck with his air and appearance—made some inquiries—found him to be of excellent family and irreproachable conduct—made him an aide-de-camp—and, in fact, made his fortune. I do not believe that, while doing so kind, he could by possibility have done a more popular thing. Every man in the army rejoiced at his good fortune; so that, after all, though he has had some hard rubs, he has come well through, the only vestige of his unfortunate matrimonial connection being a correspondence kept up by a maiden sister of his late wife's, with him. She insists upon claiming the ties of kindred upon about twenty family eras during the year, when she regularly writes a most loving and ill-spelled epistle, containing the latest information from Mayo, with all particulars of the Macan family, of which she is a worthy member. To her constant hints of the acceptable nature of certain small remittances the poor General is never inattentive; but to the pleasing prospect of a visit in the flesh from Miss Judy Macan the good man is dead. In fact, nothing short of being broke by a general court-martial could at all complete his sensations of horror at such a stroke of fortune; and I am not certain, if choice were allowed him, that he would not prefer the latter."

"Then he has never yet seen her?" said Webber.

"Never," replied Power; "and he hopes to leave Ireland without that blessing, the prospect of which, however remote and unlikely, has, I know well, more than once terrified him since his arrival."

"I say, Power, and has your worthy General sent me a card for his ball?"

"Not through me, Master Frank."

"Well, now, I call that precious shabby, do you know. He asks O'Malley there from *my* chambers,

* From "Charles O'Malley." By kind permission of the publishers.

and never notices the other man, the superior in the firm. Eh, O'Malley, what say you?"

"Why, I didn't know you were acquainted."

"And who said we were? It was his fault, though, entirely, that we were not. I am, as I have ever been, the most easy fellow in the world on that score—never give myself airs to military people—endure anything, everything—and you see the result—hard, ain't it?"

"But, Webber, Sir George must really be excused in this matter. He has a daughter, a most attractive, lovely daughter, just at that budding, unsuspecting age when the heart is most susceptible of impressions; and where, let me ask, could she run such a risk as in the chance of a casual meeting with the redoubted lady-killer, Master Frank Webber? If he has not sought you out, then here be his apology."

"A very strong case, certainly," said Frank; "but, still, had he confided his critical position to my honour and secrecy, he might have depended on me; now, having taken the other line——"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, he must abide the consequences. I'll make fierce love to Louisa; isn't that the name?"

"Lucy, so please you."

"Well, be it so—to Lucy—talk the little girl into a most deplorable attachment for me."

"But how, may I ask, and when?"

"I'll begin at the ball, man."

"Why, I thought you said you were not going?"

"There you mistake seriously. I merely said that I had not been invited."

"Then, of course," said I, "Webber, you can't think of going, in any case, on *my* account."

"My very dear friend, I go entirely upon my own. I not only shall go, but I intend to have most particular notice and attention paid me. I shall be prime favourite with Sir George—kiss Lucy——"

"Come, come! this is too strong."

"What do you bet I don't? There, now, I'll give you a pony a-piece, I do. Do you say done?"

"That you kiss Miss Dashwood, and are not kicked down-stairs for your pains; are those the terms of your wager?" inquired Power.

"With all my heart. That I kiss Miss Dashwood, and am not kicked down-stairs for my pains."

"Then I say, done."

"And with you too, O'Malley?"

"I thank you," said I coldly; "I'm not disposed to make such a return for Sir George Dashwood's hospitality as to make an insult to his family the subject of a bet."

"Why, man, what are you dreaming of? Miss Dashwood will not refuse my chaste salute. Come, Power, I will give you the other pony?"

"Agreed," said he. "At the same time, understand me distinctly—that I hold myself perfectly eligible to winning the wager by my own interference; for, if you do kiss her, by Jove! I'll perform the remainder of the compact."

"So I understand the agreement," said Webber, arranging his curls before the looking-glass. "Well, now, who's for Howth? the drag will be here in half an hour."

"Not I," said Power; "I must return to the barracks."

"Nor I," said I, "for I shall take this opportunity of leaving my card at Sir George Dashwood's."

"I have won my fifty, however," said Power as we walked out in the courts."

"I am not quite certain——"

"Why, the dickens! he would not risk a broken neck for that sum; besides, if he did, he loses the bet."

"He's a precious keen fellow."

"Let him be. In any case, I am determined to be on my guard here."

So chatting, we strolled along to the Royal Hospital, when, having dropped my pasteboard, I returned to the college.

I have often dressed for a storming party with less of trepidation than I felt on the evening of Sir George Dashwood's ball. Since the eventful day of the election I had never seen Miss Dashwood; therefore, as to what precise position I might occupy in her favour was a matter of great doubt in my mind, and great import to my happiness.

* * * * *

Our quadrille over, I was about to conduct her to a seat, when Sir George came hurriedly up, his face greatly flushed, and betraying every semblance of high excitement.

"Dear papa, has anything occurred? pray, what is it?" inquired she.

He smiled faintly, and replied, "Nothing very serious, my dear, that I should alarm you in this way; but, certainly, a more disagreeable *contre-temps* could scarcely occur."

"Do tell me: what can it be?"

"Read this," said he, presenting a very dirty-looking note, which bore the mark of a red wafer upon its outside.

Miss Dashwood unfolded the billet, and, after a moment's silence, instead of participating, as he expected, in her father's feeling of distress, burst out a-laughing, while she said, "Why, really, papa, I do not see why this should put you out much, after all. Aunt may be somewhat of a character, as her note evinces, but after a few days——"

"Nonsense, child; there's nothing in this world I have such a dread of as that confounded woman—and to come at such a time!"

"When does she speak of paying her visit?"

"I knew you had not read the note," said Sir George hastily; "she's coming here to-night—is on her way this instant, perhaps. What is to be done? If she forces her way in here I shall go deranged outright. O'Malley, my boy, read this note, and you will not feel surprised if I appear in the humour you see me."

I took the billet from the hands of Miss Dashwood, and read as follows:—

"DEAR BROTHER,—When this reaches your hand I'll not be far off. I'm on my way up to town, to be under Dr. Dease for the ould complaint. Cowley mistakes my case entirely; he says it's nothing but religion and wind. Father Magrath, who understands a good deal about females, thinks otherwise—but God knows who's right. Expect me to tea, and, with love to Lucy, believe me yours, in haste, "JUDITH MACAN.

"Let the sheets be well aired in my room; and if you have a spare bed, perhaps we could prevail upon Father Magrath to stop too."

I scarcely could contain my laughter till I got to the end of this very free-and-easy epistle, when at last I burst forth in a hearty fit, in which I was joined by Miss Dashwood.

From the account Power had given me in the morning, I had no difficulty in guessing that the writer was the maiden sister of the late Lady Dashwood, for whose relationship Sir George had ever testified the greatest dread, even at the distance of two hundred miles, and for whom in any nearer intimacy he was in no wise prepared.

"I say, Lucy," said he, "there's only one thing to be done: if this horrid woman does arrive, let her be shown to her room, and for the few days of her stay in town, we'll neither see nor be seen by any one."

Without waiting for a reply, Sir George was turning away to give the necessary instructions, when the door of the drawing-room was flung open, and the servant announced, in his loudest voice, "Miss Macan."

* * * * *

No sooner had the servant pronounced the magical name of Miss Macan than all the company present seemed to stand still. The spell thus exercised over the luckless General seemed to have extended to his company, for it was with difficulty that any one could continue his train of conversation, while every eye was directed towards the door. About two steps in advance of the servant, who still stood door in hand, was a tall, elderly lady, dressed in an antique brocade silk, with enormous flowers gaudily embroidered upon it. Her hair was powdered and turned back, in the fashion of fifty years before; while her high-pointed and heeled shoes completed a costume that had not been seen for nearly a century. Her short, skinny arms were bare, and partly covered by a falling flower of old point lace, while on her hands she wore black silk mittens; a pair of green spectacles scarcely dimmed the lustre of a most piercing pair of eyes, to whose effect a very palpable touch of rouge on the cheeks certainly added brilliancy. There stood this most singular apparition, holding before her a fan about the size of a modern tea-tray, while at each repetition of her name by the servant she curtseyed deeply, bestowing the while upon the gay crowd before her a very curious look of maidenly modesty at her solitary and unprotected position.

As no one had ever heard of the fair Judith save one or two of Sir George's most intimate friends, the greater part of the company were disposed to regard Miss Macan as some one who had mistaken the character of the invitation, and had come in a fancy dress. But this delusion was but momentary, as Sir George, armed with the courage of despair, forced his way through the crowd, and taking her hand affectionately, bid her welcome to Dublin. The fair Judy, at this, threw her arms about his neck, and saluted him with a hearty smack, that was heard all over the room,

"Where's Lucy, brother? let me embrace my little darling," said the lady, in an accent that told more of Miss Macan than a three-volume biography could have done. "There she is, I'm sure; kiss me, my honey."

This office Miss Dashwood performed with an effort at courtesy really admirable; while, taking her aunt's arm, she led her to a sofa.

It needed all the poor General's tact to get over the sensation of this most *mal à propos* addition to his party; but, by degrees, the various groups renewed their occupations, although many a smile, and more than one sarcastic glance at the sofa, betrayed that the maiden aunt had not escaped criticism.

Power, whose propensity for fun very considerably outstripped his sense of decorum to his commanding officer, had already made his way towards Miss Dashwood, and succeeded in obtaining a formal introduction to Miss Macan.

"I hope you will do me the favour to dance next set with me, Miss Macan?"

"Really, Captain, it's very polite of you, but you must excuse me. I was never anything great in quadrilles; but if a reel or a jig——"

"Oh, dear aunt, don't think of it, I beg of you!"

"Or even Sir Roger de Coverley," resumed Miss Macan.

"I assure you, quite equally impossible."

"Then I'm certain you waltz," said Power.

"What do you take me for, young man? I hope I know better. I wish Father Magrath heard you ask me that question, and for all your laced jacket——"

"Dearest aunt, Captain Power didn't mean to offend you; I'm certain he——"

"Well, why did he dare to—*sob*, *sob*—did he see anything light about me, that he—*sob*, *sob*, *sob*—oh, dear! oh, dear! is it for this I came up from my little peaceful place in the west?—*sob*, *sob*, *sob*—General, George, dear; Lucy, my love, I'm taken bad. Oh, dear! oh, dear! is there any whiskey negus?"

Whatever sympathy Miss Macan's sufferings might have excited in the crowd about her before, this last question totally routed them, and a most hearty fit of laughter broke forth from more than one of the bystanders.

At length, however, she was comforted, and her pacification completely effected by Sir George setting her down to a whist-table.

* * * * *

Resolving to wish Sir George a very good night, I sought him out for some minutes. At length I saw him in a corner, conversing with the old nobleman to whom he had presented me early in the evening.

"True, upon my honour, Sir George," said he; "I saw it myself, and she did it just as dexterously as the oldest blackleg in Paris."

"Why, you don't mean to say that she cheated?"

"Yes, but I do, though—turned the ace every time. Lady Herbert said to me, 'Very extraordinary it is—four by honours again.' So I looked, and then I perceived it—a very old trick it is; but she did it beautifully. What's her name?"

"Some western name; I forget it," said the poor General, ready to die with shame.

"Clever old woman, very!" said the old lord, taking a pinch of snuff; "but revokes too often."

Supper was announced at this critical moment, and before I had further thought of my determination to escape, I felt myself hurried along in the crowd towards the staircase. The party immediately in front of me were Power and Miss Macan, who

now appeared reconciled, and certainly testified most openly their mutual feelings of goodwill.

"I say, Charley," whispered Power, as I came along, "it is capital fun—never met anything equal to her; but the poor General will never live through it, and I'm certain of ten days' arrest for this night's proceeding."

"Any news of Webber?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, I fancy I can tell something of him; for I heard of some one presenting himself and being refused the *entrée*, so that Master Frank has lost his money. Sit near us, I pray you, at supper. We must take care of the dear aunt for the niece's sake, eh?"

* * * *

I was deep in thought when a dialogue quite near me aroused me from my reverie. I was not long in detecting the speakers, who, with their backs turned to us, were seated at the great table, discussing a very liberal allowance of pigeon-pie, a flask of champagne standing between them.

"Don't, now! don't, I tell ye; it's little ye know Galway, or ye wouldn't think to make up to me, squeezing my foot."

"Upon my soul you're an angel, a regular angel. I never saw a woman suit my fancy before."

"Oh, behave now. Father Magrath says——"

"Who's he?"

"The priest; no less."

"Oh! confound him."

"Confound Father Magrath, young man?"

"Well, then, Judy, don't be angry; I only meant that a dragoon knows rather more of these matters than a priest."

"Well, then, I'm not so sure of that. But, anyhow, I'd have you to remember it ain't a Widow Malone you have beside you."

"Never heard of the lady," said Power.

"Sure, it's a song—poor creature—it's a song they made about her in the North Cork, when they were quartered down in our county."

"I wish to heaven you'd sing it."

"What will you give me, then, if I do?"

"Anything—everything—my heart—my life."

"I wouldn't give a trauneen for all of them. Give me that old green ring on your finger, then."

"It's yours," said Power, placing it gracefully upon Miss Macan's finger; "and now for your promise."

"Maybe my brother might not like it."

"He'd be delighted," said Power; "he dotes on music."

"Does he, now?"

"On my honour, he does."

"Well, mind you get up a good chorus, for the song has one, and here it is."

"Miss Macan's song!" said Power, tapping the table with his knife.

"Miss Macan's song!" was re-echoed on all sides; and before the luckless General could interfere she had begun. How to explain the air I know not, for I never heard its name; but at the end of each verse a species of echo followed the last word, that rendered it irresistibly ridiculous.

"THE WIDOW MALONE.

"Did ye hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone
Alone?
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

"Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

"But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
'Twas known
No one ever could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone
So bashful the Widow Malone.

"Till one Mr. O'Brien from Clare,—
How quare
It's little for blushing they care
Down there;—
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste,
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone,
My own;'
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone.'

"And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
For why?
But 'Lucius,' says she,
'Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone.'

"There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort it's not very long,
But strong:
If for widows you die,
Larn to *kiss*, *not* to *sigh*,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
Oh! they're very like Mistress Malone."

Never did song create such a sensation as Miss Macan's; and certainly her desires as to the chorus were followed to the letter, for "The Widow Malone, ohone!" resounded from one end of the table to the other, amid one universal shout of laughter. None could resist the ludicrous effect

of her melody; and even poor Sir George, sinking under the disgrace of his relationship, which she had contrived to make public by frequent allusions to her "dear brother the General," yielded at last, and joined in the mirth around him.

"I insist upon a copy of 'The Widow,' Miss Macan," said Power.

"To be sure; give me a call to-morrow—let me see—about two. Father Magrath won't be at home," said she, with a coquettish look.

"Where, pray, may I pay my respects?"

"No. 22, South Anne Street—very respectable lodgings. I'll write the address in your pocket-book."

Power produced a card and pencil, while Miss Macan wrote a few lines, saying as she handed it—

"There, now, don't read it here before the people, they'll think it mighty indelicate in me to make an appointment."

Power pocketed the card, and the next minute Miss Macan's carriage was announced.

Sir George Dashwood, who little flattered himself that his fair guest had any intention of departure, became now most considerately attentive—reminded her of the necessity of muffling against the night air—hoped she would escape cold—and wished her a most cordial good night, with a promise of seeing her early the following day.

Notwithstanding Power's ambition to engross the attention of the lady, Sir George himself saw her to her carriage, and only returned to the room as a group was collecting around the gallant Captain, to whom he was relating some capital traits

of his late conquest—for such he dreamed she was.

"Doubt it who will," said he, "she has invited me to call on her to-morrow—written her address on my card—told me the hour she is certain of being alone. See here!" At these words he pulled forth the card, and handed it to Lechmere.

Scarcely were the eyes of the latter thrown upon the writing, when he said, "So, this isn't it, Power!"

"To be sure it is, man," said Power. "Anne Street is rather scedy—but that's the quarter."

"Why, confound it, man," said the other, "there's not a word of that here."

"Read it out," said Power. "Proclaim aloud my victory."

Thus urged, Lechmere read:—

"DEAR P.,—Please pay to my credit—and soon, mark ye—the two ponies lost this evening. I have done myself the pleasure of enjoying your ball, kissed the lady, quizzed the papa, and walked into the cunning Fred Power.—Yours,

"FRANK WEBBER.

"'The Widow Malone, ohone!' is at your service."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, his astonishment could not have equalled the result of this revelation. He stamped, swore, raved, laughed, and almost went deranged. The joke was soon spread through the room, and from Sir George to poor Lucy, now covered with blushes at her part in the transaction, all was laughter and astonishment.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

For "Fleshy brown noses," *read* "Freshly blown roses."

For "We shall be hanged," *read* "We shall be changed."

For "The enemy was repulsed with great laughter," *read* "The enemy was repulsed with great slaughter."

For "Eating a coachman," *read* "Beating a coachman."

For "Small ox in a lady's pocket," *read* "Small box in a lady's pocket."

For "The lot of horses," *read* "The lot of her sex."

For "With bending stoop and lighthouse form," *read* "With bounding step and lithesome form."

For "Sunbags flag," *read* "Sunbeams play."

For "Is the broom to mammy given," *read* "Is the boon to memory given."

For "Ne'er to face a gander," *read* "Ne'er to fade again."

For "The bison is no drum," *read* "The vision is no dream."

For "Jugs of worthless spirits frozen," *read* "Joys, like viewless spirits, flown."

For "Potatoes of Europe," *read* "Potentates of Europe."

For "His Grace the Duchess," *read* "His Grace the Duke."

For "Ever-failing remedy," *read* "Never-failing remedy."

For "Infernal state of nature," *read* "Internal state of nature."

For "Died of the turtle," *read* "Dined off the turtle."

For "Ruffians," *read* "Russians."

For "Matter of heresy," *read* "Matter of hearsay."

For "Delirious girl," *read* "Delicious girl."

For "Found dead with a long word in his mouth," *read* "Found dead with a long sword in his mouth."

For "Fond of his bottle," *read* "Famous in battle."

For "Hen which croweth," *read* "Hour which cometh."

A BILL READER'S IMPRESSIONS.

THE "Bill Poster's Dream" was not so much a dream after all, as the following literal copy of fragments remaining upon a fence where some bills had been posted proves:—"Great excitement! Just received at the crockery store of —the ladies of St. Mary's Church—5,000 bushels of barley, which will be sold cheap for cash by—G. Garibaldi, the—greatest musician of the age, who —Good Samaritan cooking stove, for sale by—all druggists, who—will meet at Exeter Hall, on the 10th, and then adjourn to—Higby's wood-yard where—notice is hereby given that all persons who—pay £100 reward for a—ticket of admission to—great candle and soap factory, where—warm and cold meals are served up at all hours—including all varieties of articles usually found in a first class—flouring mill, which contains six run of stone capable of grinding—the latest styles of millinery goods for sale by Parry, who also keeps on hand—butter and cheese, and pays the highest price for —the ladies of Islington, who certify that—the best cure for—consumption, and—Mr. Gladstone will address—the *Times*—on the subject of—Who's Who in 1863?—while the editor of—Christy's Minstrels will perform—all kinds of poultry—votes at elections—will be sold cheap for cash."

GRAINS OF PHILOSOPHY.

NONE of us like the crying of another person's baby.

"I won't" is a woman's ultimatum.

No man knows when he goes to law, or gets into a cab, what he will have to pay on getting out of it.

Red tape is the legal chalk with which a lawyer ruddles his sheep.

If we all had windows to our breasts to-morrow, what a demand there would be for blinds!

When a man has been "drinking like a fish," it is the salmon always that is to blame for it.

The truth, with "London pure milk," lives certainly at the bottom of a well.

Conversation was hid for a long time, until it was discovered in a bag of filberts.

Some persons are fond of "opening their minds" to you, as if it were a dirty linen bag—only to let you see the foul things that can drop out of it.

Women, when they talk of "a good figure," must mean the figure 8—for that is the figure which is the most pulled in at the middle.

The dissipations that persons resort to, to drown care, are like the curtains that children in bed pull round them to keep out the dark.

The bread of repentance we eat is often made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.

A TRIPLET.

MR. G. SYKES, a respectable itinerant preacher, was remarkable for wit and humour, as well as for eloquent preaching. Being once on a journey, and night coming on before he could possibly reach the residence of any of his friends, he was under the necessity of tarrying all night at a village alehouse. It happening to be the fair day there, the landlady informed him that he was welcome to stay if he could accommodate himself to sleep with two other gentlemen, as they had but one spare bed, and that was already engaged to carry double. He told her that he preferred a bed even on those conditions to none. However, about bed-time, he contrived to be the first to retire to rest. After having secured the door with all possible precaution, he fell asleep—but was very soon after roused by the chamber-maid. "Who's there?" inquired our traveller. "The two gentlemen want to go to bed," replied the girl. "I think the bed is full enough already," said he. "Well, who is there?" "Here is George Sykes," he calmly replied, "a Methodist preacher, and myself." The maid was satisfied, and Mr. Sykes slept comfortably till morning.

A POSER.

AT the Court of Sessions, a man was brought up by a farmer, accused of stealing some ducks.

"How do you know they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"Oh, I should know them anywhere," replied the farmer; and he went on to describe their different peculiarities.

"Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "those ducks can't be such a rare breed; I have some very like them in my own yard."

"That's not unlikely, sir," replied the farmer; "they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."

"Call the next witness."

HINTS FROM THE TAVERN-WAITER'S "READY-RECKONER."

"WHAT have I to pay?" "Pay, sir; what have you had, sir?" "Chops." "Yes, sir; fourteenpence, sir—and fourteenpence is one and four, sir; any bread, sir?" "Yes." "Yes, and seventeenpence is one and sevenpence, sir; how many goes of brandy, sir?" "Two." "One and one is two, four and seven is eleven—that's two, and one is three, and one is four shillings, sir. Thank you, sir—Coming directly, sir." Waiter retires up, and the customer remains staring.

ONE SHILLING IN THE POUND.

As Quin and Foote one day walked out
To view the country round,
In merry mood they chatting stood,
Hard by the village pound.
Foote from his poke a shilling took,
And said, "I'll bet a penny,
In a short space within this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea."

Upon the ground, within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown:
"Behold," said Foote, "the thing's made out,
For there is one pound one."
"I wonder not," says Quin, "that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way your debts you pay—
One shilling in the pound."

PHILOSOPHY.

A MAN who cheats in short measure is a measureless rogue. If in whiskey, then he is a rogue in spirit. If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed. If he give short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain. And if he cheats when he can, he is in deed, in spirit, in grain, a measureless scoundrel. If he cheats at all, he is a tall cheat.

RAILROAD EPITAPHS.

A SUDDEN pitch
From a misplaced switch
Laid me dead in this ditch.

OFF the track the engine rushed—
Some were drowned, and I was crushed.

WHAT is life? 'Tis but a vision—
Here I died by a collision.
Twenty more died by the same:
Verdict—"Nobody to blame!"

SISTER, mother, aunt, and me
Were run over—here we be.
We should have had time to mizzle,
Had they blown the engine's whistle.

HOOK'S CATCHES.

"Do you know who built this bridge?" said a person to Hook. "No," replied Hook, "but if you go over you'll be tolled."

THEODORE HOOK dined with Hatchett, one day. "I am sorry," said he, "to say that you will not get to-day such a dinner as our friend Tom Moore gave us." "Never mind," replied Hook, "from a Hatchett we can't expect more than a chop."

FRIENDLY HINTS.

A QUAKER said to a gunner, "Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

"I WILL not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee!"—and at that precise moment the "bad man" was floored by the weight of the Quaker's walking-stick.

"FRIEND," said a sharp Quaker, to a man with a drove of hogs, "hast any hogs in thy drove with large bones?" "Yes," replied the drover, "they all have." "Hast any with long heads and sharp noses?" "Yes, they all have." "Hast any with long ears, like those of the elephant, hanging down over their eyes?" "Yes, all my drove are of that description, and will suit you exactly." "I rather think they wouldn't suit me, friend, if they are such as thou describest them. Thou mayst drive on."

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

BY J. GODFREY SAXE.

SINGING through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together.

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large,
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in grey,
Looking rather green;

Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something very funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores again,
Like the Seven Sleepers;

At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association."

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting *vis-à-vis*,
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market-woman, careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;

Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,

Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

SAYINGS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

SOME friends were assembled to look at a turtle which had been sent to the house of one of their number, when a child of the party stooped down, and began eagerly stroking the shell of the turtle. "Why are you doing that, B——?" said Sydney Smith. "Oh, to please the turtle." "Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter."

A CERTAIN person was so fond of contradiction, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night, and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

WHAT two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and Britannia?—What event more awfully important to an English colony, than the erection of its first brew-house?

MARRIED couples resemble a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

THE LOVING COUPLE.

ASCRIBED TO CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE cannot be a better practical illustration of the wise saw and ancient incident, that there may be too much of a good thing, than is presented by a loving couple. Undoubtedly it is meet and proper that two persons joined together in holy matrimony should be loving, and unquestionably it is pleasant to know and see that they are so; but there is a time for all things, and the couple who happen to be always in a loving state before company are well-nigh intolerable.

And in taking up this position we would have it distinctly understood that we do not seek alone the sympathy of bachelors, in whose objection to loving couples we recognise interested motives and personal considerations. We grant that to that unfortunate class of society there may be something very irritating, tantalising, and provoking, in being compelled to witness those gentle endearments and chaste interchanges which to loving couples are quite the ordinary business of life. But while we recognise the natural character of the prejudice to which these unhappy men are subject, we can neither receive their biassed evidence, nor address ourself to their inflamed and angered minds. Dispassionate experience is our only guide; and in this moral essay we seek no less to reform hymeneal offenders than to hold out a timely warning to all rising couples, and even to those who have not yet set forth upon their pilgrimage towards the matrimonial altar.

Let all couples, present or to come, therefore profit by the example of Mr. and Mrs. Leaver, themselves a loving couple in the first degree.

Mr. and Mrs. Leaver are pronounced by Mrs. Starling, a widow lady who lost her husband when she was young, and lost herself about the same time—for by her own count she has never since grown five years older—to be a perfect model of wedded felicity. "You would suppose," says the romantic lady, "that they were lovers only just

now engaged. Never was such happiness! They are so tender, so affectionate, so attached to each other, so enamoured, that positively nothing can be more charming!"

"Augusta, my soul," says Mr. Leaver, "Augustus, my life," replies Mrs. Leaver. "Sing some little ballad, darling," quoth Mr. Leaver. "I couldn't, indeed, dearest," returns Mrs. Leaver. "Do, my dove," says Mr. Leaver. "I couldn't possibly, my love," replies Mrs. Leaver; "and it's very naughty of you to ask me." "Naughty, darling!" cries Mr. Leaver. "Yes, very naughty and very cruel," returns Mrs. Leaver, "for you know I have a sore throat, and that to sing would give me great pain. You're a monster, and I hate you. Go away!" Mrs. Leaver has said "Go away," because Mr. Leaver has tapped her under the chin: Mr. Leaver not doing as he is bid, but, on the contrary, sitting down beside her, Mrs. Leaver slaps Mr. Leaver; and Mr. Leaver in return slaps Mrs. Leaver, and it being now time for all persons present to look the other way, they look the other way, and hear a still small sound as of kissing, at which Mrs. Starling is thoroughly enraptured, and whispers her neighbour that if all married couples were like that, what a heaven this earth would be!

The loving couple are at home when this occurs, and maybe only three or four friends are present; but, unaccustomed to reserve upon this interesting point, they are pretty much the same abroad. Indeed upon some occasions, such as a pic-nic or a water-party, their lovingness is even more developed, as we had an opportunity last summer of observing in person.

There was a great water-party made up to go to Twickenham and dine, and afterwards dance in an empty villa by the river-side, hired expressly for the purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Leaver were of the company; and it was our fortune to have a seat in the same boat, which was an eight-oared galley, manned by amateurs, with a blue-striped awning of the same pattern as their Guernsey shirts, and a dingy red flag of the same shade as the whiskers of the stroke-oar. A coxswain being appointed, and all other matters adjusted, the gentlemen threw themselves into strong paroxysms, and pulled with the tide, stimulated by the compassionate remarks of the ladies, who one and all exclaimed that it seemed an immense exertion—as indeed it did. At first we raced the other boat, which came alongside in gallant style; but this being found an unpleasant amusement, as giving rise to a great quantity of splashing, and rendering the cold pies and other viands very moist, it was unanimously voted down, and we were suffered to shoot a-head, while the second boat followed ingloriously in our wake.

It was at this time that we first recognised Mr. Leaver. There were two firemen-watermen in the boat, lying by until somebody was exhausted; and one of them, who had taken upon himself the direction of affairs, was heard to cry in a gruff voice, "Pull away, number two—give it her, number two—take a long reach, number two—now, number two, sir, think you're winning a boat." The greater part of the company had, no doubt, begun to wonder which of the striped Guernseys it might be that stood in need of such encouragement, when a stifled shriek from Mrs. Leaver confirmed the doubtful and informed the ignorant; and Mr. Leaver, still further disguised in a straw hat and no neckcloth, was observed to be in a fearful perspiration and failing visibly. Nor was the general consternation diminished at this instant by the same gentleman (in the performance of an accidental aquatic feat, termed "catching a crab") plunging suddenly backward, and displaying nothing of himself to the company but two violently struggling legs. Mrs. Leaver shrieked again several times, and cried piteously—"Is he dead? Tell me the worst. Is he dead?"

Now, a moment's reflection might have convinced the loving wife, that unless her husband were endowed with some most surprising powers of muscular action, he never could be dead while he kicked so hard; but still Mrs. Leaver cried, "Is he dead? is he dead?" and still everybody else cried, "No, no, no," until such time as Mr. Leaver was replaced in a sitting posture, and his oar (which had been going through all kinds of wrong-headed performances on its own account) was once more put in his hand, by the exertions of the two firemen-watermen. Mrs. Leaver then exclaimed, "Augustus, my child, come to me;" and Mr. Leaver said, "Augusta, my love, compose yourself. I am not injured." But Mrs. Leaver cried again more piteously than before, "Augustus, my child, come to me;" and now the company generally, who seemed to be apprehensive that if Mr. Leaver remained where he was he might contribute more than his proper share towards the drowning of the party, disinterestedly took part with Mrs. Leaver, and said he really ought to go, and that he was not strong enough for such violent exercise, and ought never to have undertaken it. Reluctantly Mr. Leaver went, and laid himself down at Mrs. Leaver's feet; and Mrs. Leaver stooping over him said, "Oh, Augustus, how could you terrify me so?" and Mr. Leaver said, "Augusta, my sweet, I never meant to terrify you;" and Mrs. Leaver said, "You are faint, my dear;" and Mr. Leaver said, "I am rather so, my love;" and they were very loving indeed under Mrs. Leaver's veil, until at length Mr. Leaver came forth again, and pleasantly asked if he had not heard something said about bottled stout and sandwiches.

Mrs. Starling, who was one of the party, was perfectly delighted with this scene, and frequently murmured half-aside, "What a loving couple you are!" or "How delightful it is to see man and wife so happy together!" To us she was quite poetical (for we are a kind of cousins), observing that hearts beating in unison like that made life a paradise of sweets; and that when kindred creatures were drawn together by sympathies so fine and delicate, what more than mortal happiness did not our souls partake! To all this we answered, "Certainly," or "Very true," or merely sighed, as the case might be. At every new act of the loving couple, the widow's admiration broke out afresh; and when Mrs. Leaver would not permit Mr. Leaver to keep his hat off, lest the sun should strike to his head and give him a brain-fever, Mrs. Starling actually shed tears and said it reminded her of Adam and Eve.

The loving couple were thus loving all the way to Twickenham, but when we arrived there (by which time the amateur crew looked very thirsty

and vicious) they were more playful than ever, for Mrs. Leaver threw stones at Mr. Leaver, and Mr. Leaver ran after Mrs. Leaver on the grass, in a most innocent and enchanting manner. At dinner, too, Mr. Leaver *would* steal Mrs. Leaver's tongue, and Mrs. Leaver *would* retaliate upon Mr. Leaver's fowl; and when Mrs. Leaver was going to take some lobster salad, Mr. Leaver wouldn't let her have any, saying that it made her ill, and she was always sorry for it afterwards, which afforded Mrs. Leaver an opportunity of pretending to be cross, and showing many other prettinesses. But this was merely the smiling surface of their loves, not the mighty depths of the stream, down to which the company, to say the truth, dived rather unexpectedly, from the following accident. It chanced that Mr. Leaver took upon himself to propose the bachelors who had first originated the notion of that entertainment, in doing which he affected to regret that he was no longer of their body himself, and pretended grievously to lament his fallen state. This Mrs. Leaver's feelings could not brook, even in jest, and consequently exclaiming aloud, "He loves me not, he loves me not!" she fell in a very pitiable state into the arms of Mrs. Starling, and directly becoming insensible, was conveyed by that lady and her husband into another room. Presently Mr. Leaver came running back to know if there was a medical gentleman in company, and as there was (in what company is there not?) both Mr. Leaver and the medical gentleman hurried away together. The medical gentleman was the first who returned, and among his intimate friends he was observed to laugh and wink, and look as unmedical as might be; but when Mr. Leaver came back he was very solemn, and in answer to all inquiries shook his head, and remarked that Augusta was far too sensitive to be trifled with—an opinion which the widow subsequently confirmed. Finding that she was in no imminent peril, however, the rest of the party betook themselves to dancing on the green, and very merry and happy they were, and a vast quantity of flirtation there was; the last circumstance being, no doubt, attributable partly to the fineness of the weather, and partly to the locality, which is well known to be favourable to all harmless recreations.

In the bustle of the scene, Mr. and Mrs. Leaver stole down to the boat, and disposed themselves under the awning, Mrs. Leaver reclining her head upon Mr. Leaver's shoulder, and Mr. Leaver grasping her hand with great fervour, and looking in her face from time to time with a melancholy and sympathetic aspect. The widow sat apart, feigning to be occupied with a book, but stealthily observing them from behind her fan; and the two firemen-watermen, smoking their pipes on the bank hard by, nudged each other, and grinned in enjoyment of the joke. Very few of the party missed the loving couple, and the few who did heartily congratulated each other on their disappearance.

BUILDER OR ARCHITECT?

Mr. Alexander, the architect of several fine buildings in the county of Kent, was under cross-examination at Maidstone, by Serjeant (afterwards Baron) Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony. "You are a builder, I believe?" "No, sir, I am not a builder; I am an architect." "Ah, well! architect or builder, builder or architect, they are much the same, I suppose?" "I beg your pardon, sir; I cannot admit that: I consider them to be totally different." "Oh, indeed! perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists?" "An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the design, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter: the builder, in fact, is a machine—the architect, the power that puts the machine together, and sets it going." "Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do. And now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect for the Tower of Babel?" "There was no architect, sir," was the immediate reply, "and hence the confusion."

A CELEBRATED PREACHER.

The Rev. Dr. ——— is what is commonly denominated "a celebrated preacher." His reputation, however, has not been acquired by drawing largely upon his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriates the thoughts and language of the great divines who have gone before him. Fortunately for him, those who compose a fashionable audience are not deeply read in pulpit lore, and accordingly, with such hearers, he passes for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did, nevertheless, happen that the doctor was once detected in his plagiarisms. One Sunday, as he was beginning to delight the sprightly beaux and belles belonging to his congregation, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the said gentleman muttered loudly enough to be heard by those that were near him, "That's Sherlock!" The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much further, when his tormenting interrupter broke out with "That's Tillotson!" The doctor bit his lip and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of "That's Blair's!" was however too much, and completely exhausted all his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the doctor in the face, retorted, "*That's his own.*"

SUNDRIES BY SAM SLICK.

A YANKEE IN LOVE.

H, DEAR, what nonsense people talk about love, don't they? Sleepless nights—broken dreams—beatin' hearts—pale faces—a pinin' away to shaders—fits of absence—loss of appetite—nervous flutterin's, and all that. I haven't got the symptoms, but I'll swear to the disease. Folks take this talk, I guess, from poets; and they are miserable, mooney sort of critters, half mad and whole lazy, who would rather take a day's dream than a day's work any time, and catch rhymes as niggers catch flies, to pass time—hearts and darts, Cupid and stupid, purlin' streams and pulin' dreams, and so on. It's all bunkum! Spooney looks and spooney words may do for schoolboys and seminary gals; but for a man like me, and an angeliferous critter like Sophy, love must be like electricity—eye for eye, and heart for heart, telegraphed backwards and forwards like 'iled lightnin'.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

I ASK again, what is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy, since the world began. Eve was idle, and that's the way she got tempted, poor critter; employment gives both appetite and digestion. Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast. When the harness is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. When pleasure is the business of life, it ceases to be pleasure; and, when it's all labour and no play, work, like an unstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness—one has no room for the heart, and the other corrupts it. Hard work is the best of the two, for that has, at all events, sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and unrefreshin' sleep—one is a misfortune, the other is a curse; and money ain't happiness, that's as clear as mud.

HOPE—BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

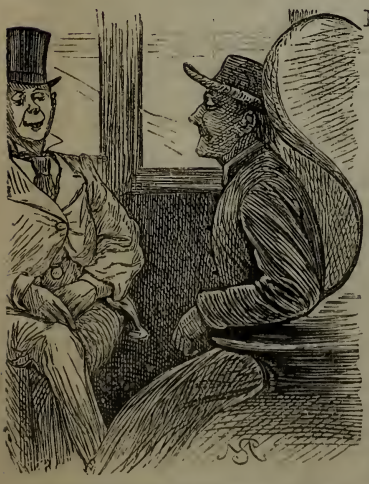
BOYS and gals fall in love. The boy is all attention and devotion, and the gal is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pretty little winnin' ways; and they bil and coo, and get married because they hope. Well, what do they hope? Oh, they hope they will love all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long, just to love each other; it's a sweet thing to love. Well, they hope a great deal more, I guess. The boy hopes after he's married his wife will smile as sweet as ever, and twice as often, and be just as neat, and twice as neater, her hair lookin' like part of the head, so tight, so bright and glossy, and parted on the top like a little path in the forest. Poor fellow, he ain't spooney at all—is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle, and as meek, and as mild as ever; in fact, no temper at all—all amiability—an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minute he has to spare he will fly to her on wings of love—legs ain't fast enough, and runnin' might hurt his lungs—but fly to her, and never leave her, but bill and coo for ever, and will let her will be his law; sartainly won't want her to wait on him, but for him to 'tend on her, the devoted critter, like a heavenly-ministering white he-nigger. Well, don't they hope they may get all this? And do they? Jist go into any house you like, and the last two that talks is these has-been lovers. His dress is ontidy, and he smokes a short black pipe (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he married), and the ashes get on his waistcoat; but who cares? it's only his wife to see it—and he kinder guesses he sees wrinkles, where he never saw 'em afore, on her stocking ankles; and her shoes are a little, just a little, down to heel; and she comes down to breakfast with her hair and dress lookin' as if it was a little more neater, it would be a little more better. He sits up late with old friends, and he lets her go to bed alone; and she cries, the angel! but it's only because she has a headache. The dashing young gentleman has got awful stingy too, lately. He sais housekeepin' costs too much; rips out an ugly word every now and then, she never heerd afore; but she hopes—what does the poor dupe hope? Why, she hopes he ain't swearin'! but it sounds amazin' like it—that's a fact. What is that ugly word "dam," that he uses so often lately? and she looks it out in the dictionary, and she finds "dam" means the "mother of a colt." Well, she hopes to be a mother herself, some day, poor critter! So her hopes has ended in her findin' a mare's nest at last.

SAM SLICK ON ENGLISH DINNERS.

FOLKS are all well on here when dinner is in question, that's a fact, fat, gouty, broken-winded, and foundered as they be. It's rap, rap, rap, for twenty minutes at the door, and in they come, one arter the other, as fast as the sarvants can carry up their names. Cuss them sarvants! it takes seven or eight of 'em to carry a man's name up-stairs, they are so awfully lazy, and so shockin' full of porter. If a feller was so lame he had to be carried up himself, I don't believe, on my soul, the whole gang of them, from the butler that dresses in the same clothes as his master, to boots that ain't dressed at all, could make out to bowse him up-stairs; upon my soul I don't. Well, you go in along with your name, walk up to old aunty, and make a scrape, and the same to old uncle, and then fall back. This is done as solemn as if a feller's name was called out to take his place in a funeral; that and the mistakes is the fun of it. . . . .

Arter you are in marchin' order, you move in through two rows of sarvants in uniform. I used to think they was placed there for show, but it's to keep the air off of folks a-goin' through the entry; and it ain't a bad thought nother. The first time I went to one o' these grand let offs, I felt kinder skeery; and as nobody was allocated to me to take in, I goes in alone, not knowin' where I was to settle down as a squatter, and kinder lagged behind, when the butler comes and rams a napkin in my hand, and gives me a shove, and says he, "Go and stand behind your master, sir," says he. O Solomon, how that waked me up! How I curled inwardly when he did that! "You've mistaken the child," says I mildly, and I held out the napkin, and jist as he went to take it, I gave him a sly poke in the bread-basket, that made him bend forward and say "Eugh." "Wake, snakes, and walk your chalks," says I, "will you?" and down I pops on the fust empty chair. How white he looked about the gills afterwards! I thought I should a split when I looked at him. Guess he'll know an attaché when he sees him next time. Well, there is dinner. One sarvice of plate is like another sarvice of plate, any one dozen of sarvants are like another dozen of sarvants, hock is hock, and champagne is champagne, and one dinner is like another dinner. The only difference is in the thing itself that's cooked. Veal, to be good, must look like anything else but veal; you mustn't know it when you see it, or it's vulgar; mutton must be incog. too; beef must have a mask on; anythin' that looks solid, take a spoon to; anythin' that looks light, cut with a knife; if a thing looks like fish, you may take your oath it is flesh; and if it seems rael flesh, it's only disguised, for it's sure to be fish; nothin' must be natural, natur' is out of fashion here. This is a manufacturin' country; everything is done by machinery, and that that ain't must be made to look like it; and I must say the dinner machinery is parfect. Sarvants keep going round and round in a ring; slow, but sartain, and for ever, like the arms of a great big windmill, shovin' dish after dish, in dumb show, afore your nose, for you to see how you like the flavour; when your glass is empty, it's filled; when your eyes is off your plate, it's off too, afore you can say Nick Biddle. Folks speak low here; steam is valuable, and noise onpolite. They call it a "subdued tone." Poor tame things, they are subdued, that's a fact; slaves to an arbitrary tyrannical fashion that don't leave 'em no free will at all. You don't often speak across a table any more nor you do across a street; but p'raps Mr. Somebody of West Eend of town will say to a Mr. Nobody from West Eend of America, "Niagara is noble." Mr. Nobody will say, "Guess it is; it got its patent afore the 'Norman *conquest*,' I reckon, and afore the '*subdued* tone' came in fashion." Then Mr. Somebody will look like an oracle, and say, "Great rivers and great trees in America. You speak good English." And then he will seem surprised, but not say it, only you can read the words on his face, "Upon my soul, you are a'most as white as us." Dinner is over. It's time for ladies to cut stick. Aunt Goosey looks at the next oldest goosey, and ducks her head, as if she was a-goin' through a gate, and then they all come to their feet, and the goslin's come to their feet, and they all toddle off to the drawin'-room together.

TWO STORIES.



SMALL wits, who seek to make themselves merry at the expense of the clergy, are sometimes well come up with, as in the case of the merchant's clerk travelling in a rail-car, with a clerical gentleman, who had given him no occasion to be impertinent. But the conceited youngster thought to show his wit by asking, "Does your reverence know the difference between a priest and an ass?" "No, I do not," returned the priest. "Why," said the young man, "one carries a cross on his breast, the other a cross on his back." "And now," said the priest, "do you know the difference between a conceited young man and an ass?" "No, I do not, I am sure," said the youth. "Nor I either," said the priest. And the applause of the passengers sealed most thoroughly the retort and the rebuke.

A PHILOSOPHICAL old gentleman had his attention attracted by a crowd of persons. He inquired of a boy whom he met "what was going on?" "Well, nothin', 'cept the skule committy, and they are goin' in." "Oh! committee meets to-day, eh? What for?" "Well," continued the boy, "you see, Bill—that's our biggest boy—got mad the other day at the teacher, and so he went all over and gathered dead cats. Nothin' but cats, and cats, and cats. Oh! it was orful—them cats!" "Pshaw! what have cats to do with the school committee?" "Now, well, you see, Bill kept a bringin' cats and cats, allers a pilin' them up yonder" (pointing to a huge pile as large in extent as a pyramid, and considerably aromatic), "and he piled them, and piled them. Nothin' but cats—cats!" "Never mind, my son, what Bill did. What has the committee met for?" "Then Bill got sick, a handlin' them; but Bill got madder and didn't give up, but kept pilin' up the cats and——" "Tell me what the committee is holding a meeting for?" "Why, the skule committy are going to meet to hold a meetin' to say whether they'll move the skule-house or the cats!"

"MY NEW PITTAYATEES!"

(By kind permission of the Publishers.)

Enter Katty, with a gray cloak, a dirty cap, and a black eye; a sieve of potatoes on her head, and a "trifle o' sper'ts" in it. Katty meanders down Patrick Street.

KATTY—"*My new pittayatees! My-a-new pittayatees! My new*——"

(*Meeting a friend.*)

Sally, darlin', is that you?

SALLY—Throth, it's myself; and what's the matther wid you, Katty?

KAT.—'Deed my heart's bruk, cryin'—"*New pittayatees!*"—cryin' afther that vagabone.

SAL.—Is it Mike?

KAT.—Throth, it's himself indeed.

SAL.—And what is it he done?

KAT.—Och! he ruined me with his—"*New pittayatees!*"—with his goin's-an; the owld thing, my dear——

SAL.—Throwin' up his little finger, I suppose?*

KAT.—Yis, my darlint: he kem home th' other night, blazin' blind dhrunk, cryin' out—"*New pittay-a-tees!*"—roarin' and bawlin', that you'd think he'd rise the roof aff o' the house.

"Bad luck attend you; bad cess to you, you pot-wallopin' varmint," says he (maynin' me, i' you plaze), "wait till I ketch you, you sthrap, and it's I'll give you your fill iv"—"*New pittayatees!*"—"your fill iv a licking, if ever you got it," says he.

So, with that, I knew the villian was *mulvathered*;† let alone the heavy fut o' the miscrayint on the stairs, that a child might know he was done for—"*My new pittayatees!*"—Throth, he was done to a turn, like a mutton-kidney.

SAL.—Musha! Katty.

KAT.—Oh, wait till you hear the ind o' my—"*New pittayatees!*"—o' my throubles, and it's then you'll open your eyes—"*My new pittayatees!*"

SAL.—Oh, bud I pity you.

KAT.—Oh, wait—wait, my jewel—wait till you hear what became o'—"*My new pittayatees!*"—wait till I tell you the ind of it. Where did I lave aff? Oh, ay, at the stairs.

Well, as he was comin' upstairs (knowin' how it ud be), I thought it best to take care o' my—"*My new pittayatees!*"—to take care o' myself; so with that I put the bowlt an the door, betune me and danger, and kep' listnin' at the key-hole; and sure enough, what should I hear but—"*New pittayatees!*"—but the vagabone gropin' his way round the cruked turn in the stair, and tumblin' afther into the hole in the flure an the landin', and whin he come to himself he gev a thunderin' thump at the door. "Who's there?" says I: says he—"*New pittayatees!*"—"Let me in," says he, "you vagabone" (swarein' by what I wouldn't mintion), "or by this and that, I'll *massacray* you," says he, "within an inch o'"—"*New pittayatees!*"—"within an inch o' your life," says he. "Mikee, darlint," says I, soothering him.

SAL.—Why would you call sitch a 'tarnal vagabone darlint?

KAT.—My jew'l, didn't I tell you I thought it best to soother him with—"*New pittayatees!*"—with a tindher word? so says I, "Mikee, you villian, you're disguised," says I, "you're disguised, dear."

"You lie," says he, "you impident sthrap, I'm not disguised; but, if I'm disguised itself," says he, "I'll make you know the differ," says he.

Oh! I thought the life id lave me, when I heerd him say the word; and with that I put my hand an—"*My new pittayatees!*"—an the latch o' the door, to purvint it from slippin'; and he ups and he gives a wicked kick at the door, and says he, "If you don't let me in this minit," says he, "I'll be the death o' your"—"*New pittayatees!*"—"o' yourself and your dirty breed," says he. Think o' that, Sally, dear, to abuse my relations!

SAL.—Oh, the ruffin!

KAT.—Dirty breed, indeed! By my sowkins, they're as good as his any day in the year, and was never behoulden to—"*New pittayatees!*"—to go a beggin' to the mendicity for their dirty—"*New pittayatees!*"—their dirty washin's o' pots, and sarvints' lavins, and dogs' bones, all as one as that cruk'd disciple of his mother's cousin's sisther, the owld dhrunken aper-se-and, as she is.

SAL.—No, in throth, Katty, dear.

KAT.—Well, where was I? Oh, ay, I left off at—"*New pittayatees!*"—I left off at my dirty breed. Well, at the word "dirty breed," I knew full well the bad dhrop was up in him—and, faith, it's soon and suddint he made me sensible av it, for the first word he said was—"*New pittayatees!*"—the first word he said was to put his shoulder to the door, and in he bursted the door, fallin' down in the middle o' the flure, cryin' out—"*New pittayatees!*"—cryin' out, "Bad luck attind you," says he, "how dar' you refuse to lit me into my own house, you sthrap," says he, "agin the law o' the land?" says he, scramblin' up on his pins agin, as well as he could; and, as he was risin', says I—"*New pittayatees!*"—says I to him (screeching out loud, that the neighbours in the flure below might hear me), "Mikee, my darlint," says I.

"Keep the pace, you vagabone," says he; and with that, he hits me a lick av a—"*New pittayatees!*"—a lick av a stick he had in his hand, and down I fell (and small blame to me), down I fell on the flure, cryin'—"*New pittayatees!*"—cryin' out, "Murther! murther!"

SAL.—Oh, the hangin' bone villian!

KAT.—Oh, that's not all! As I was risin', my jew'l, he was going to sthrek me agin; and with that I cried out—"*New pittayatees!*"—I cried out, "Fair play, Mikee," says I, "don't sthrek a man down;" but he wouldn't listen to rayson, and was goin' to hit me agin, when I put up the child that was in my arms betune me and harm. "Look at your babby, Mikee," says I.

SAL.—Oh! bud you're to be pitied, Katty, dear.

KAT.—Well, puttin' up the child betune me and harm, as he was risin' his hand—"Oh!" says I, "Mikee, darlint, don't sthrek the babby;" but, my dear, before the word was out o' my mouth, he sthruk the babby. (I thought the life 'id lave me.)

* Getting drunk. † Intoxicated.

And, iv coorse, the poor babby, that never spuk a word, began to cry—"*New pittayatees!*"—began to cry and roar, and bawl, and no wondher.

SAL.—Oh, the haythen, to go sthrek the child!

KAT.—And, my jew'l, the neighbours in the flure below, hearin' the skrimmage, kem runnin' up the stairs, cryin' out—"*New pittayatees!*"—cryin' out, "Watch, watch! Mikee M'Evoy," says they, "would you murther your wife, you villian?" "What's that to you?" says he; "isn't she my own?" says he, "and if I plaze to make her feel the weight o' my"—"*New pittayatees!*"—"the weight o' my fist, what's that to you?" says he; "it's none o' your business, any how, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 'twill be betther for your"—"*New pittayatees!*"—"'twill be betther for your health, I'm thinkin'," says he; and with that he looked cruked at thim, and squared up to one o' thim (a poor definceless craythur, a tailor).

"Would you fight your match?" says the poor innocent man.

"Lave my sight," says Mike, "or, by jingo, I'll put a stitch in your side, my jolly tailor," says he.

"Yiv put a stitch in your wig already," says the tailor, "and that 'll do for the presint writin'."

And with that, Mikee was goin' to hit him with a—"*New pittayatees!*"—a lift-hander; but he was cotch howld iv before he could let go his blow; and who should stand up forninst him, but—"*My new pittayatees!*"—but the tailor's wife (and, by my sowl, it's she that's the sthrapper, and more's the pity she's thrown away upon one o' the sort); and says she, "Let *me* at him," says she; "it's I that used to give a man a lickin' every day in the week; you're bowld an the head now, you vagabone," says she; "but if I had you alone," says she, "no matther if I wouldn't take the consait out o' your"—"*New pittayatees!*"—"out o' your braggin' heart;" and that's the way she wint an ballyraggin' him; and, by gor, they all tuk patthern afther her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that I vow the very dogs in the sthreet wouldn't lick his blood.

SAL.—Oh, my blessin' an thim!

KAT.—And with that, one and all, they begun to cry—"*New pittayatees!*"—they begun to cry him down; and, at last, they all swore out, "Hill's bells attind your berrin'," says they, "you vagabone," as they just tuk him up by the scruff o' the neck, and threw him down the stairs; every step he'd take, you'd think he'd brake his neck, thank goodness, and so I got rid o' the ruffin; and then they left me cryin'—"*New pittayatees!*"—cryin' afther the vagabone—though the angels knows well he wasn't deservin' o' one precious drop that fell from my two good-lookin' eyes; and, oh! but the condition he left me in.

SAL.—Mussy look down an you!

KAT.—And a purty sight it id be, if you could see how I was lyin' in the middle o' the flure, cryin'—"*New pittayatees!*"—cryin' and roarin', and the poor child, with his eye knocked out, in the corner cryin'—"*New pittayatees!*"—and, indeed, every one in the place was cryin'—"*New pittayatees!*"

SAL.—And no wondher, Katty, dear.

KAT.—Oh, bud that's not all. If you see the condition the place was in afther it! It was turned upside down, like a beggar's raggings. Throth, I'd rather be at a bull-bait than at it—enough to make an honest woman cry—"*New pittayatees!*"—to see the dayecnt room rack'd and ruin'd, and my cap tore aff my head into tatthers—throth, you might riddle bull-dogs through it; and bad luck to the hap'orth he left me, but a few—"*New pittayatees!*"—a few coppers; for the morodin' thief spint all his—"*New pittayatees!*"—all his wages o' the whole week in makin' a baste iv himself; and who knows but that comes aisy to him! and divil a thing had I to put inside my face, nor a dhrop to dhrink, barrin' a few—"*New pittayatees!*"—a few grains o' tay, and the ind iv a quarther o' sugar, and my eyes as big as your fist, and as black as the pot (savin' your presence), and a beautiful dish iv—"*New pittayatees!*"—dish iv delf, that I bought only last week in Temple Bar, bruk in three halves, in the middle o' the ruction—and the rint o' the room not ped—and I dipindin' only an—"*New pittayatees!*"—an cryin' a sievefull o' prateeS, or schrecchin' a lock o' savoys, or the like.

But I'll not brake your heart any more, Sally, dear—"*New pittayatees!*"—And sure, Sally, dear, I don't despair; but not a night that I kneel down to say my prayers, that I don't pray for—"*New pittayatees!*"—for all manner o' bad luck to attind the vagabone, Mikee M'Evoy. My curse light an him this blessid minit; and——

[*A voice at a distance calls, "Potatoes!"*]

KAT.—Who calls?—(*Perceives her customer.*)—Here, ma'am!—Good-bye, Sally, darlint, good-bye.—"*New pittay-a-tees!*"

[*Exit Katty by the Cross Poddle.*]

FROM ERIN.

"WELL, my good fellow," said a victorious general to a favourite soldier after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?" "Do? may it please yer honour, why, I walked bouldly up to one of the inimy and cut off his fut." "Cut off his foot! Why didn't you cut off his head?" "Ah, an' faith, yer honour, that was off already."

"PAT," said a builder to a very raw Irishman, "have you any houses in Ireland as tall as this one?" "Ya'as, McMither's cabin." "How many rooms had it?" "There was the ateing room, the slaping room, the kitchen room, and the pig pen—four rooms." "That's a story," said the builder. "Ya'as, four storeys," says Pat.

THE BALLAD OF THE EMEU.

BY BRET HARTE.

O SAY, have you seen at the Willows so green—
So charming and rurally true—
A singular bird, with a manner absurd,
Which they call the Australian Emeu?
Have you
Ever seen this Australian Emeu?

It trots all around with its head on the ground,
Or erects it quite out of your view;
And the ladies all cry, when its figure they spy,
"O, what a sweet pretty Emeu!
Oh! do
Just look at that lovely Emeu!"

One day to this spot, when the weather was hot,
Came Matilda Hortense Fortescue;
And beside her there came a youth of high name—
Augustus Florell Montague:
The two
Both loved that wild foreign Emeu.

With two loaves of bread then they fed it, instead
Of the flesh of the white cockatoo,
Which once was its food in that wild neighbourhood
Where ranges the sweet kangaroo;
That too
Is game for the famous Emeu!

Old saws and gimlets but its appetite whet
Like the world-famous bark of Peru;
There's nothing so hard that the bird will discard,
And nothing its taste will eschew,
That you
Can give that long-legged Emeu!

The time slipped away in this innocent play,
When up jumped the bold Montague:

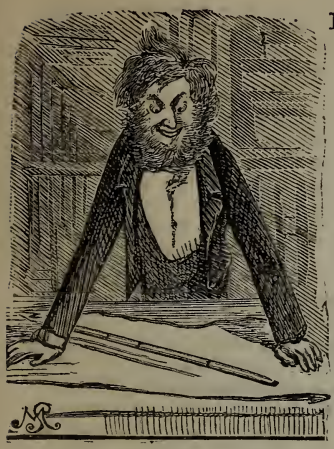
"Where's that specimen pin that I gaily did win
In raffle, and gave unto you,
Fortescue?"
No word spoke the guilty Emeu!

"Quick! tell me his name whom thou gavest that same,
Ere these hands in thy blood I imbrue!"
"Nay, dearest," she cried as she clung to his side,
"I'm innocent as that Emeu!"
"Adieu!"
He replied, "Miss M. H. Fortescue!"

Down she dropped at his feet, all as white as a sheet,
As wildly he fled from her view;
He thought 'twas her sin—for he knew not the pin
Had been gobbled up by the Emeu;
All through
The voracity of that Emeu!

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.*

BY SAMUEL WARREN.



ABOUT ten o'clock one Sunday morning, in the month of July, 183—, the dazzling sunbeams which had for many hours irradiated a little dismal back attic in one of the closest courts adjoining Oxford Street, in London, and stimulated with their intensity the closed eyelids of a young man lying in bed, at length awoke him. He rubbed his eyes for some time, to relieve himself from the irritation he experienced in them; and yawned and stretched his limbs with a heavy sense of weariness, as though his sleep had not refreshed him. He presently cast his eyes on the heap of clothes lying huddled together on the backless chair by the bedside, and where he had hastily flung them about an hour after midnight; at which time he had returned from a great draper's shop in Oxford Street, where he served as a shopman, and where he had nearly dropped asleep after a long day's work, while in the act of putting up the shutters. He could hardly keep his eyes open while he undressed, short as was the time it took him to do so; and on dropping exhausted into bed, there he had continued in deep unbroken slumber till the moment he is presented.

He lay there for several minutes, stretching, yawning, and sighing, occasionally casting an irresolute eye towards the tiny fireplace, where lay a modicum of wood and coal, with a tinder-box and a match or two placed upon the hob, so that he could easily light his fire for the purposes of shaving and breakfasting. He stepped at length lazily out of bed, and when he felt his feet, again yawned and stretched himself, then he lit his fire, placed his bit of a kettle on the top of it, and returned to bed, where he lay with his eyes fixed on the fire, watching the cracking blaze insinuating itself through the wood and coal. Once, however, it began to fail, so he had to get up and assist it by blowing and pieces of paper; and it seemed in so precarious a state that he determined not again to lie down, but sit on the bedside, as he did with his arms folded, ready to resume operations if necessary. In this posture he remained for some time, watching his little fire, and listlessly listening to the discordant jangling of innumerable church-bells clamorously calling the citizens to their devotions. What passed through his mind was something like the following:—

"Heigho!—Oh, dear!—Dull as ditch-water! This is my only holiday, yet I don't seem to enjoy it; the fact is, I feel knocked up with my week's work. What a life mine is, to be sure! Here am I, in my eight-and-twentieth year, and for four long years have been one of the shopmen at Dowlas, Tagrag, Bobbin, and Company's—slaving from seven o'clock in the morning till ten at night, and all for a salary of thirty-five pounds a-year and my board! And Mr. Tagrag is always telling me how high he's raised my salary. Thirty-five pounds a-year is all I have for lodging, and appearing like a gentleman! Oh, dear, it can't last, for sometimes I feel getting desperate—such strange thoughts! Seven shillings a-week do I pay for this cursed hole" (he uttered these words with a bitter emphasis, accompanied by a disgustful look round the little room), "that one couldn't swing a cat in without touching the four sides! Last winter three of our gents" (*i.e.*, his fellow-shopmen) "came to tea with me one Sunday night; and bitter cold as it was, we made this doghole so hot we were obliged to open the windows! And as for accommodations—I recollect I had to borrow two nasty chairs from the people below, who, on the next Sunday, borrowed my only decanter in return, and, hang them, cracked it!—Hang me, if this life is worth having! It's all the very vanity of vanities, and no mistake. Fag, fag, fag, all one's days, and—what for? Thirty-five pounds a-year, and '*no advance!*' Bah, bells! ring away till you're all cracked! Now do you think *I'm* going to be mewed up in church on this the only day out of the seven I've got to sweeten myself in, and sniff fresh air? A precious joke that would be! Whew!—after all I'd as leave sit here; for what's the use of my going out? Everybody I see out is happy, excepting me, and the poor chaps that are like me!—Everybody laughs when they see me, and know that I'm only a tallow-faced counter-jumper, for whom it's no use to go out!—Oh, dear! what's the use of being good-looking, as some chaps say I am?"—Here he instinctively passed his left hand through a profusion of sandy-

* From "Ten Thousand a-Year." By kind permission of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons.

coloured hair, and cast an eye towards the bit of fractured looking-glass that hung against the wall, and which, by faithfully representing to him a by no means plain set of features (despite the dismal hue of his hair) whenever he chose to appeal to it, had afforded him more enjoyment than any other object in the world for years.

"Ah, many and many's the fine gal I've done my best to attract the notice of, while I was serving her in the shop—that is, when I've seen her get out of a carriage! There has been luck to many a chap like me, in the same line of speculation; look at Tom Tarnish—how did he get Miss Twang, the pianoforte-maker's daughter?—and now he's cut the shop, and lives at Hackney like a regular gentleman. Ah, that was a stroke! But somehow it hasn't answered with me yet: the gals don't take it. Lord, how I have set my eyes and ogled them—all of them don't seem to dislike the thing; and sometimes they'll smile, in a way that says I am safe—but 'tis no use, not a bit.

My eyes! catch me, by the way, ever nodding again to a lady on the Sunday, that had smiled when I stared at her while serving her in the shop—after what happened to me a month or two ago in the Park! Didn't I feel like damaged goods, just then! But it's no matter, women are so different at different times! Very likely I mismanaged the thing. By the way, what a precious puppy of a chap the fellow was that came up to her, at the time she stepped out of her carriage to walk a bit! As for good looks—cut me to ribbons"—another glance at the glass—"no; I ain't afraid there, neither—but, heigh-ho! I suppose he was, as they say, born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and never so many thousand a-year, to make up to him for never so few brains. He was uncommon well dressed though, I must own.

What trousers! they stuck so natural to him, he might have been born in them. And his waistcoat and satin stock—what an air! And yet his figure was nothing *very* out of the way. His gloves, as white as snow! I've no doubt he wears a pair of them a-day—my stars! that's three and sixpence a-day, for don't I know what they cost! Whew! if I had but the cash to carry on that sort of thing!—And when he had seen her into her carriage, the horse he got on! and what a tip-top groom!—that chap's wages, I'll answer for it, were equal to my salary!" Here was a long pause. "Now, just for the fun of the thing, only suppose luck was to befall me, Say somebody was to leave me lots of cash—many thousands a-year, or something in that line. My stars! wouldn't I go it with the best of them!" Another long pause.

"Gad, I really should hardly know how to begin to spend it! I think, by the way, I'd buy a title to set off with—for what won't money buy? The thing's often done—there was a great biscuit-maker in the city, the other day, made a baronet of, all for his money—and why shouldn't I?" He grew a little heated with the progress of his reflections, clasping his hands with involuntary energy, as he stretched them out to their fullest extent, to give effect to a very hearty yawn, "Lord, only think how it would sound!

"SIR TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, BARONET.

"The very first place I'd go to after I'd got my title, and was rigged out in Stultze's tip-top, should be—our cursed shop, to buy a dozen or two pair of white kid. What a flutter there would be among the poor pale beggars as were standing, just as ever, behind the counters at Dowlas, Tagrag, and Co.'s, when my carriage drew up, and I stepped into the shop! Tagrag would come and attend to me himself. No, he wouldn't—pride wouldn't let him. I don't know, though; what wouldn't he do to turn a penny, and make two and ninepence into three and a penny? I shouldn't quite come Captain Stiff over him; but I should treat him with an air, too, as if—hem! how delightful!" A sigh and a pause.

"Yes, I should often come to the shop. Gad, it would be half the fun of my fortune! And they would envy me, to be sure! How one should enjoy it! I wouldn't think of marrying till—and yet I won't say either; if I get among some of them out-and-outers—those first-rate articles—that lady, for instance, the other day in the Park—I should like to see her cut me as she did, with ten thousand a-year in my pocket! Why, she'd be running after *me*, or there's no truth in novels, which I'm sure there's often a great deal in. Oh, of course, I might marry whom I pleased. Who couldn't be got with ten thousand a-year?" Another pause.

"I should go abroad to Russia directly; for they tell me there's a man lives there who could dye this hair of mine any colour I liked—egad! I'd come home as black as a crow, and hold up my head as high as any of them. While I was about it, I'd have a touch at my eyebrows."

Crash went all his castle-building at the sound of his tea-kettle, hissing and sputtering in the agonies of boiling over; as if the intolerable heat of the fire had driven desperate the poor creature placed upon it, who instinctively tried thus to extinguish the cause of its anguish. Having taken it off and placed it upon the hob, and placed on the fire a tiny fragment of fresh coal, he began to make preparations for shaving, by pouring some of the hot water into an old tea-cup, which was presently to serve for the purpose of breakfast.

Then he spread out a bit of crumpled paper, that had folded up a couple of cigars which he had bought for the Sunday's special enjoyment—and which, if he had supposed they had come from any place beyond the four seas, I imagine him to have been slightly mistaken. He placed this bit of paper on the little mantel-piece; drew his solitary, well-worn razor several times across the palm of his left hand; dipped his brush, worn within the third of an inch to the stump, into the hot water; presently passed it over as much of his face as he intended to shave; then rubbed on the damp surface a bit of yellow soap—and in less than five minutes Mr. Titmouse was a shaved man. But mark! don't suppose that he had performed an extensive operation. One would have thought him anxious to get rid of as much as possible of his abominable sandy-coloured hair—quite the contrary.

Every hair of his spreading whiskers was sacred from the touch of steel; and a bushy crop of hair stretched underneath his chin, coming curled out on each side of it, above his stock, like two little horns or tusks. An imperial—*i.e.*, a dirt-coloured tuft of hair, permitted to grow perpendicularly down the under lip of puppies—and a pair of promising mustachios, poor Mr. Titmouse had been

compelled to sacrifice some time before, to the tyrannical whimsies of his vulgar employers, Messrs. Dowlas and Tagrag, who imagined them not to be exactly suitable appendages for counter-jumpers. So that it will be seen that the space shaved over on this occasion was circumscribed.

This operation over, he took out of his trunk an old dirty-looking pomatum-pot. A little of its contents, extracted on the tips of his two forefingers, he stroked carefully into his eyebrows; then spreading some on the palms of his hands, he rubbed it vigorously into his stubborn hair and whiskers for some quarter of an hour; and then combed and brushed his hair into half a dozen different dispositions—so fastidious in that matter was Mr. Titmouse. Then he dipped the end of a towel into a little water, and twisting it round his right forefinger, passed it gently over his face, carefully avoiding his eyebrows, and the hair at the top, sides, and bottom of his face, which he then wiped with a dry corner of the towel; and no further did he think it necessary to carry his ablutions.

Had he been able to "see himself as others saw him," in respect of those neglected regions which lay somewhere beneath and behind his ears, he might not possibly have thought it superfluous to irritate them with a little soap and water; but, after all, he knew best; it might have given him cold; and besides, his hair was very thick and long behind, and might, perhaps, conceal anything that was unsightly.

Then Mr. Titmouse drew from underneath the bed a bottle of Warren's "incomparable blacking," with great labour and skill polishing his boots up to a wonderful point of brilliancy. Having washed his hands, and replaced his blacking instruments under the bed, he devoted a few moments to boiling about three teaspoonfuls of coffee (as it was styled on the paper from which he took it, whereas it was, in fact, chicory).

Then he drew forth from his trunk a calico shirt, with linen wristbands and collar, which had been worn only twice since its last washing—*i.e.*, on the preceding two Sundays—and put it on, taking great care not to rumple a very showy front, containing three little rows of frills; in the middle one of which he stuck three "studs," connected together with two little gilt chains, looking exceedingly stylish—especially coupled with a span-new satin stock, which he next buckled round his neck. Having put on his bright boots (without, I am sorry to say, any stockings), he carefully insinuated his legs into a pair of white trousers, for the first time since their last washing; and what with his short straps and high braces, they were so tight that you would have feared their bursting.

I am almost afraid that I shall hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that the next thing that he did was to attach a pair of spurs to his boots; but, to be sure, it was not *impossible* that he might intend to ride during the day. Then he put on a queer kind of under-waistcoat, which in fact was only a roll-collar of rather faded pea-green silk, and designed to set off a very fine flowered damson-coloured silk waistcoat; over which he drew a massive mosaic gold chain (to purchase which he had sold a serviceable silver watch), which had been carefully wrapped up in cotton-wool; from which soft depository also he drew HIS RING (those must have been sharp eyes that could tell, at a distance, and in a hurry, that it was not diamond), which he placed on the stumpy little finger of his red and thick right hand—and contemplated its sparkle with evident satisfaction.

Having proceeded thus far with his toilet, he sat down to his breakfast, spreading the shirt he had taken off upon his lap, to preserve his white trousers from spot or stain—his thoughts alternating between his late waking vision and his purposes for the day. He had no butter, having used the last on the preceding morning; so he was fain to put up with dry bread—and very dry and teeth-trying it was, poor fellow—but his eye lit on his ring! Having swallowed two cups of his *quasi*-coffee (eugh! such stuff!) he resumed his toilet, by drawing out of his other trunk his blue surtout, with embossed silk buttons and velvet collar, and an outside pocket in the left breast. Having smoothed down a few creases, he put it on. Then, before him the little vulgar fraction of a glass, he stood twitching about the collar, and sleeves, and front, so as to make them sit well; concluding with a careful elongation of the wristbands of his shirt, so as to show their whiteness gracefully beyond the cuff of his coat-sleeve—and he succeeded in producing a sort of white boundary line between the blue of his coat-sleeve and the red of his hand.

At that useful member he could not help looking with a sigh, as he had often done before—for it was not a handsome hand. It was broad and red, and the fingers were thick and stumpy, and very coarse deep wrinkles at every joint. His nails also were flat and shapeless; and he used to be continually gnawing them, till he had succeeded in getting them down to the quick—and they were a sight to set a Christian's teeth on edge.

Then he extracted from the trunk a white pocket-handkerchief—an exemplary one, that had gone through four Sundays' show (not *use*, be it understood), and yet was capable of exhibition again. A pair of sky-coloured kid gloves next made their appearance; which, however, showed such barefaced marks of former service as rendered indispensable a ten minutes' rubbing with bread-crumbs. His Sunday hat, carefully covered with silver paper, was next gently removed from its well-worn box—ah, how lightly and delicately did he pass his hand round its glossy surface!

Lastly, he took down a thin, black cane, with a gilt head and full brown tassel, from a peg behind the door—and his toilet was complete. Laying down his cane for a moment, he passed his hands again through his hair, arranging it so as to fall nicely on each side beneath his hat, which he then placed upon his head, with an elegant inclination towards the left side. He was really not bad-looking, in spite of his sandy-coloured hair. His forehead, to be sure, was contracted, and his eyes of a very light colour, and a trifle too protuberant; but his mouth was rather well-formed, and being seldom closed, exhibited very beautiful teeth; and his nose was of that description which generally passes for a Roman nose.

His face wore generally a smile, expressive of—self-satisfaction; and surely any expression is better than none at all. As for the slightest trace of *intellect* in it, I should be misleading the reader

if I were to say anything of the sort. He was about five feet five inches in height, and rather strongly set, with a little tendency to round shoulders; but his limbs were pliant and his motions nimble.

Here you have, then, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse to the life—certainly no more than an average sample of his kind. Well—he put his hat on, as I have said; buttoned the lowest two buttons of his surtout, and stuck his white pocket-handkerchief into the outside pocket in front, as already mentioned, disposing it so as to let a little of it appear above the edge of the pocket, with a sort of careful carelessness—a graceful contrast to the blue; drew on his gloves; took his cane in his hand; drained the last sad remnant in his coffee-cup: and, the sun shining in the full splendour of a July noon, and promising a glorious day, forth sallied this poor fellow, an Oxford Street Adonis, going forth conquering and to conquer! Petty finery without, a pinched and stinted stomach within.

Forth sallied, I say, Mr. Titmouse, down the narrow, creaking, close staircase, which he had not quitted before he heard exclaimed from an opposite window, "My eyes, *ain't* that a swell!" He felt how true the observation was, and that at that moment he was somewhat out of his element; so he hurried on, and soon reached the great broad street, apostrophised by the celebrated Opium-Eater, with bitter feeling, as "Oxford Street!—stony-hearted step-mother!—thou that listeneth to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children." Here, though his spirits were not just then very buoyant, the poor dandy breathed more freely than when he was passing through the nasty crowded court (Closet Court) which he had just quitted.

He passed hundreds who, like himself, seemed released for a precious day's interval from intense toil and miserable confinement during the week; but there were not many of them who had any pretensions to vie with him in elegance of appearance—and that was a *luxury!* Who could do justice to the air with which he strutted along? He felt as happy, poor soul, in his little ostentation as his Corinthian rival in tip-top turn-out, after twice as long, and as anxious, and fifty times as expensive preparations for effective public display! Nay, *my* poor swell was greatly the superior of such a one as I have alluded to. Titmouse *did*, to a great degree, bedizen his back at the expense of his interior; whereas the Corinthian exquisite, too often taking advantage of station and influence, recklessly both satiates his appetite within and decorates his person without, at the expense of innumerable heart-aching creditors.

I do not mean, however, to claim any real merit for Titmouse, because I am not sure how he would act if he were to become possessed of his magnificent rival's means and opportunities for the perpetration of gentlemanly frauds on a splendid scale. . . . . He walked along with leisurely step; for haste and perspiration were vulgar, and he had the day before him.

Observe the careless glance of self-satisfaction with which he occasionally regarded his bright boots, with their martial appendage, giving out a faint tingling sound as he heavily trod the broad flags; his spotless trousers, his tight surtout, and the tip of white handkerchief peeping accidentally out in front! A pleasant sight it was to behold him in a chance *rencontre* with some one genteel enough to be recognised—as he stood resting on his left leg; his left arm stuck upon his hip; his right leg easily bent outwards; his right hand lightly holding his ebon cane, with the gilt head of which he occasionally tapped his teeth; and his eyes, half-closed, scrutinising the face and figure of each "*pretty gal*" as she passed! This was indeed happiness, as far as his forlorn condition could admit of his enjoying it. He had no particular object in view. A tiff over-night with two of his shopmates had broken off a party which they had agreed the Sunday preceding in forming, to go to Greenwich on the ensuing Sunday; and this little circumstance a little soured his temper, depressed as were his spirits before. He resolved to-day to walk straight on, and dine somewhere a little way out of town, by way of passing the time till four o'clock, at which hour he intended to make his appearance in Hyde Park, "to see the fashions," which was his favourite Sunday occupation.

His condition was, indeed, forlorn in the extreme. To say nothing of his *prospects* in life—what was his present condition? A shopman, with thirty-five pounds a-year, out of which he had to find his clothing, washing, lodging, and all other incidental expenses—his board being found him by his employers. He was five weeks in arrear to his landlady—a corpulent old termagant, whom nothing could have induced him to risk offending, but his overmastering love of finery; for I grieve to say that this deficiency had been occasioned by his purchase of the ring he then wore with so much pride. How he had contrived to pacify her—lie upon lie as he must have had recourse to—I know not. He was in debt, too, to his poor washerwoman in six or seven shillings for nearly a quarter's washing; and

owed five times that amount to a little old tailor, who, with huge spectacles on his nose, turned up to him, out of a little cupboard which he occupied in Closet Court, and which Titmouse had to pass whenever he went to or from his lodgings, a lean, sallow, wrinkled face, imploring him to "settle his small account." All the cash in hand which he had to meet contingencies between that day and quarter-day, which was six weeks off, was about twenty-six shillings, of which he had taken one for the present day's expenses!

Revolving these somewhat disheartening matters in his mind, he passed easily and leisurely along the whole length of Oxford Street. No one could have judged from his dressy appearance, the constant smirk on his face, and his confident air, how very miserable that poor dandy was; but three-fourths of his misery was occasioned by the impossibility he felt of his ever being able to indulge in his propensities for finery and display. Nothing better had he to occupy his few thoughts. He had had only a plain mercantile education, as it is called —*i.e.*, reading, writing, and arithmetic: beyond a very moderate acquaintance with these, he knew nothing whatever; not having read more than a few novels, and plays, and sporting newspapers.

On he walked towards Bayswater; and finding it was yet early, and considering that the farther he went from town the better prospect there was of his being able, with a little sacrifice of appearances, to get a dinner consistent with the means he carried about with him, viz., one shilling, he pursued his way a mile or two beyond Bayswater, and, sure enough, came at length upon a nice little public-house on the roadside, called the Squaretoes Arms.

Very tired, and quite smothered with dust, he first sat down in a small back room to rest himself; and took the opportunity to call for a clothes-brush and shoe-brush, to relieve his clothes and boots from the heavy dust upon them. Having thus attended to his outer man, as far as circumstances would permit, he bethought himself of his inner man, whose cravings he satisfied with a pretty substantial mutton-pie and a pint of porter. This fare, together with a penny to the little girl who waited on him, cost him tenpence; and having somewhat refreshed himself, he began to think of returning to town. Having lit one of his two cigars, he sallied forth, puffing along with an air of quiet enjoyment. Dinner, however humble, seldom fails, especially when accompanied by a fair draught of good porter, in some considerable degree to tranquilise the animal spirits; and that soothing effect began soon to be experienced by Mr. Titmouse. The sedative *cause* he erroneously attributed to the cigar he was smoking; whereas in fact the only tobacco he had imbibed was from the porter. But, however that might be, he certainly returned towards town in a far calmer and even more cheerful humour than that in which he had quitted it an hour or two before.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WHAT is the difference between a hen with a wing and a hen without a wing?—A mere difference of a *pinion*.

"WHAT'S the use," asked an idle fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?"

WHY is a lady's *déshabille* like the milkman?—Because it is a morning (w)rapper.

WHEN a man falls asleep after dinner, just for "forty winks," and takes more—is he to be held accountable for the act?

WHEN is Mr. Smith not Mr. Smith?—When he's missed a brown.

WHAT is the difference between a Cochin China hen and a slovenly maid-servant?—The one is a domestic fowl, the other a foul domestic.

WHY does a sailor know that there is a man in the moon?—Because he has been to sea.

"WHAT have you to remark, madam, about my singing?"—"Nothing, sir; it is not remarkable."

WHAT is the difference between a good soldier and a fine lady?—One faces the powder and the other powders the face.

Is a crazy tenement a madhouse?

"HAVE you much fish in your boat?" said a lady to a fisherman, who was hauling his boat ashore at Dover. "Yes, a good eel," was the slippery reply.

A FARMER, being asked if he had done much farming before, replied, "No; but last year I farmed considerably behind."

How does a cow become a landed estate?—By turning her into a field.

ISN'T it singular that an ill-natured shopkeeper should ever offer to sell his good-will, when all the world knows he hasn't any?

WHAT'S the difference between the top of a mountain and a person afflicted with any disorder?—One's a summit of a hill, and the other's ill of a "summut."

A MAN, who was asked if he liked sausages,

replied that he had never eaten any; they were to him a *terrier incognita.*

WHY is a blunt knife partially ground like a young pickpocket?—Because it is a little sharper.

"MISTER, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothin' for somebody nohow, you don't, do you?" "Yes, I guess not."

"PAY your score," said a publican to a customer who was running up an account for ale. "Wait till I've had the score first; that last mug only made ten."

WHY is rheumatism like a glutton?—Because it attacks the joints.

WHY is an Irishman mending his clothes like a landed proprietor?—Because he takes in the rents.

WHEN is money damp?—When it is *dew* in the morning and *mist* at night.

WHY are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves?—Because they ought to be taken up.

"WELL, sir," said one person to another, to whom he had, in a matter of business, made a very absurd offer, "do you entertain my proposition?" "No, sir," replied the other, "but your proposition entertains *me*."

WHY does a dog wag his tail when he is pleased?—Because he has got a tail to wag.

"JOHNNY," said a doting mother to her somewhat insatiable son, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," quoth young Hopeful, "but I s'pose I can with a spoon."

"WHY in such a hurry?" said a man to an acquaintance. "Sir," he replied, "I have bought a new bonnet for my wife, and fear the fashion may change before I get home."

"Do you think me guilty of a falsehood?" asked Mr. Knott of a party he was addressing. "Sir," was the ambiguous reply, "I am bound to say Knott (not) guilty."

WHY is a thief in a garret like an honest man?—Because he is above doing wrong.

WHAT is the difference between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog?—One is formed on the bough, and the other of the bow-wow.

WHAT is the difference between a successful lover and an unsuccessful one?—The one kisses his miss, the other misses his kiss.

WHAT is the difference between a cashier and a schoolmaster?—One minds the till, the other tills the mind.

WHY is a used-up horse like a bad play?—Because it can't run, and won't draw.

SERIOUS WIT.

A CLERGYMAN and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day lately, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him, "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do; but I can't."

A NORTHERN English rector used to think it polite not to begin service before the arrival of the squire. A little while ago, he forgot his manners and began, "When the wicked man——" "Stop, sir," cried the clerk, "he ain't come yet."

A CLERGYMAN addressing those who go to church to stare about, and then complain that others stare at them, lately said, "When I was a boy we had a schoolmaster who had odd ways of catching idle boys. Says he, one day, 'Boys, I must have closer attention to books; the first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' 'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like; I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell on him.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed!' said he, 'how do you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' was the reply. 'You did? and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' I was caught; but I didn't watch for boys again."

"MY brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three kinds of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

DR. CHALMERS once asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend kirk. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a pot of porter in the pew."

ONE of King James the First's chaplains, preaching before the Court of Whitehall, made use of the following quibbles in his discourse. Speaking of the depravity of the age, "almost all houses," he said, "were made ale-houses; that men made matrimony a matter of money; and placed their paradise in a pair of dice. Was it so in the days of Noah? Ah no."

AN old washer-woman once would hang her clothes to dry on the railings of a church, and after repeated prohibitions from the church-wardens, she at last came out with the following burst of eloquence:—"Lord bless ye, sir, ye wouldn't a go and take the bread out of my mouth, would ye? 'sides, sir, cleanliness comes next to godliness, parson says."

A GENTLEMAN talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ay!" said he, "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me; it filled above five large skins of parchment, and near to the middle of it was a note in the margin, 'About this time the world was created.'"

A WAGER.

"NATE hand you are thin, my darlint," said one bricklayer to another. "You mount the ladder wid yer hod full of stones, and scatter them on the head of us as ye go, sir."

"Be me sowl, I'd carry yer own swate self up from de flags to de roof, an' down, widout yer being spilt."

"You couldn't do it, sir—I'd lay a thrifle ye couldn't."

"For a noggin I would thin—d'ye take me bet?"

"Done! the noggin on't ye can't, sir."

"We'll thry that! bundle in!"

Fearful as the experiment may seem, it was successful, and Jerry, once more landing the adventurous Pat on the pavement, said triumphantly—

"The price of me stuff, if it's t'ye! Haven't I won it?"

"Ye have, sir," admitted Pat, reluctantly lugging out his half-pence; "as it happens, I'm bate. I'd rather lose anything than my wager, an' just as we were comin' by the second storey I was in great hopes."

PUNGENT WIT.

A COUPLE of Irishmen, who had not been long in this country, met at an inn and called for dinner. As it so happened, there was a dish of horseradish grated for dinner. Pat, thinking it was something to be eaten with a spoon, put a large spoonful into his mouth. The tears immediately filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. His companion saw it, and said, "Pat, what is the matter?" "I was just thinking of my poor father that was hanged in swate Ireland," answered Pat. But Jemmy soon filled his mouth with the same, and as the tears gushed from his eyes also, Pat says, "What's the matter, what has happened to ye?" "Ah!" says Jemmy, "I was just thinking what a pity it was that you were not hanged when your father was."

TOBACCO.

WHEN General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress.

At last the lady's charity and the general's patience were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour.

One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began—"Agh! my lady; success to your ladyship and success to your honour's honour this morning, of all days in the year, for sure didn't I dream last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tay, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco."

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do they so, plase your honour?" rejoined the old woman; "then it must be your honour that will give me the *tay*, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

The general being of Sterne's opinion that a *bon-mot* is always worth something, even more than a pinch of snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

PADDY'S PIG.

I DID meet with a few extraordinary mean men in Sydney. There was one, a merchant-prince, who made it a boast that he had never given away a shilling in his life. So far as I know, he only departed from his extreme selfishness on one occasion, and the circumstances are worth relating. One morning a poor Irishman stepped into his counting-house, and, looking the picture of misery, said—

"Oh! may it please yer honour, I've lost a pig—the only pig I had—and Misthress ——, the governess, has given me a pound, and sent me to you for another. She says you have enough gould to build a sty wid, and will be sure to give."

At first old Hard-fist refused, upon which Paddy threw himself on a stool, and raised such a piteous wail that the merchant, thinking he was mad about the death of his pig, gave him the pound.

Next day the proprietor of the defunct porker was passing the warehouse, and seeing his benefactor at the door, touched his hat to him.

"Well, did you get drunk with that pound, or buy another pig?" asked the rich man gruffly.

"Bought a pig, yer honour, a darling little thing, wid a sweet twisht in his tail, like a lady's curl."

"Well, it's to be hoped you'll take better care of him than you did of the other. What did he die of?"

"Die of? Did ye say die of, now? Why, get out wid ye, he was so fat I killed him!"

DOCTOR EDITH.

A MEDICAL ROMANCE OF THE PERIOD.*

BY H. SAVILL CLARKE.

THERE was a lady-doctor, she was tall and very fair;
She had eyes with silky lashes, and no end of wavy hair—
No end of hair gold-colour'd of a most peculiar tone,
So fine, indeed, I wouldn't swear those long locks were her own.

And she was duly qualified, had taken her degree,
Could boast those magic letters twain, the licensing M.D.
She'd studied fairly how to cure all horrid human ills,
And learned the nasty mysteries of powders and of pills.

I dare say that she knew as much as other doctors do,
And didn't do more mischief, for I think, twixt me and you,
However much of physicking we patiently endure,
It's just as oft a case of kill as 'tis a case of cure.

At any rate she'd learnt it all, and didn't need being told
That ipecacuanha comes in well to cure a cold;
That babies thrive on grey-powders; that should a lady feel
Her system wants a little tone—throw in quinine and steel.

She had no children of her own, yet Doctor Edith knew
The mysteries of nursing, and why babies' eyes are blue;
She knew of "tops and bottoms," of Robb's biscuits in their tin,
And how corn-flour sometimes requires the slightest drop of gin.

You see, then, she was learned, and in fact I have to state,
Her practice was a large one, and her reputation great;
She'd cure you of a squint, a boil, an ache, or pain, or smart,
Yet often patch'd a broken head and left a broken heart.

One morning came an urgent hand that rang our doctor's bell,
The agitated servant scarce the tale he brought could tell,
He stammer'd incoherently, but this at least was clear,
A poor young man was very ill—a certain Mr. Vere.

Now Doctor Edith, I must say, in days of long ago,
A young man of that very name at Scarborough chanced to know;
He'd been attentive, rather, it was really very queer
To be called in to see this case—a certain Mr. Vere.

But off she went, and if she felt a heart-thrill, let us hope
She didn't leave her pocket-case, forget her stethoscope.
The patient on the sofa lay—it was the same—I fear,
He knew who Doctor Edith was—this certain Mr. Vere.

She sat beside him, felt his pulse, oh! how it raced along,
And yet the patient had declared he wasn't very strong;
She counted—"Would she feel again?"—her healing power was such,
I think he needed nothing more than Doctor Edith's touch.

She wrote a long prescription, and she gave him—I'm afraid
It wouldn't be quite fair to tell the secrets of the trade;
It didn't do him any good, he seem'd much to prefer
Her presence to prescriptions, and he only wanted her.

For this was how this bad young man used Doctor Edith's stuff—
He never took a single drop of all her "Quantum suff."
He threw her pretty draughts away, he even told me that
He took her "compound rhubarb" pills to dose the hapless cat.

He said each day he weaker grew, 'twas really hardly fair,
In spite of Doctor Edith's skill, he drove her to despair.
He really look'd much paler, but you all know, I suppose,
That violet powder 's that effect applied to cheeks and nose.

And Edith wanted what they call a consultation then,
And wished to summon to his side a host of clever men;

* By kind permission of the Author.

Oh, no! he wouldn't hear of it, but said with heart-felt sigh,
If Edith couldn't cure him, why, of course he—he must die.

What could a hapless maiden do? this obstinate young man
Declared that he was vastly worse than when she first began;
And more than that, his case took up too much of Edith's leisure,
Though after all, of course we know, 'twas duty, and not pleasure.

She tried all sorts of medicines—quassia, rhubarb, steel, quinine,
Paregoric, digitalis, senna, salts, and chlorodyne;
She leech'd him and she blister'd him, she galvanised and bled;
No thanks to Doctor Edith that her patient wasn't dead!

One thing alone remained to try to cure this young deceiver,
Who suffered only all along Love's intermittent fever;
He didn't need the bottles that were ranged upon the shelf,
He only asked, that modest cove, for Doctor Edith's self.

I won't reveal their love's young dream, or some of you might scoff,
But I know he popped the question instead of popping off;
I can't describe his foolish words, it never chanced to me
To make love to my doctor, and propose to an M.D.

And then rang out the wedding bells in rhythmical acclaim;
The cake was indigestible, and Edith chang'd her name.
She gave up all her doctor's tricks; 'twas certain, you must see,
She'd done enough in medicine in curing Mr. V.

POSTSCRIPT.

I find I've got a postscript; you'll be glad no doubt to hear,
As well as can expected be, just now, is Mrs. Vere;
And from her family and friends much approbation wins,
Presenting her young husband with the loveliest of twins!

MRS. BROWN GETS A TREASURE.*

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

If she's only half so good as her character as the lady give me, she *will* be a servant, as certainly was a quiet, genteel woman, a-livin' in the Old Kent Road, and never did I see door-steps better cleaned, nor a house neater with the parlours small, as looked cheerless through fancy papers in the grate, where I should have had a bit of fire.

* * * * * *

I'm sure the way as she spoke for that young woman with a tearful eye quite made me take to her. But of all the creatures as ever I got under my roof it was that young woman as the lady said would prove a treasure.

Up in the mornin' she never was till I'd tore the bell down, and obliged for to take in the milk myself over and over agin, and in her bed, leastways ought to have been, by ten every night.

She come into my place with nothin' but what she stood up in and a blue bandbox tied up in a white 'ankercher, a-sayin' as her box would foller, and so it did, as was empty I could see through the man a-liftin' of it easy over the gate, and her a-takin' it, a-thinkin' I didn't see through its comin' at dark, but I ain't got my eyes for nothin' with a gas-lamp in front of our door.

She says to me on the Monday follerin' as she come on the Saturday, "If you wouldn't mind lettin' me 'ave half-a-sovereign, as would enable me for to get a bit of long-cloth and some stockin's," as I did not withhold, through a knowin' what it is to be short myself.

I don't believe as she laid out a penny on it on things as is useful, for I ketched her a dryin' on her stockin's at the kitchen fire, as she was a-settin' without over her supper beer, as I allows her half-a-pint, and in my opinion quite enough too.

Eight pounds a-year was her wages, and our tea-pot, as I always makes good, and never one to take more than two cups and Brown three as relishes his tea to the last, and won't stand no water-bewitched, as the sayin' is.

As to cookin' that young woman know'd no more than a acrobat as tumbles in the streets, for if she didn't put the potatoes on as she was a

* By kind permission of the Author.

washin' up the breakfast things, and let 'em boil to starch, as I see with my own eyes.

But what put me out was her pretendin' to know everythin', and not likin' to be spoke to; not as I cared much about the cookin' through the week, for Brown was only home to his supper, as I looked to myself, but on the Sunday week follerin' Brown's aunt was a-comin' to dinner and Mr. and Mrs. Brodlins. So I'd got a nice piece of loin of weal and a Bath chap, with some Brussels sprouts and potatoes, with a bread-and-butter puddin' and a apple tart.

In course I didn't leave the pastry to her, as I don't hold with any one as does dirty work a-makin' pies and puddin's for me, well knowin' as they'll have a hot, heavy hand, even if it should be a clean one, as isn't over likely. So I sends the tart to the baker's, and it's a mercy I did, for if that gal didn't go and put that bread-and-butter puddin' up in the oven and forget all about it, and when it come out it was for all the world like a roasted hare for colour, and then she ups and says to my face, "Well, you said as you liked it well browned."

I says to her, "Whatever you do soak that chap well, and don't let it boil hard;" but she must have let it gallop, for when it come to table no human knife couldn't make no way into it.

As to the weal it was raw, though I'd been poisoned all the mornin' with the smell of it a-burnin', and coals in the drippin'-pan a-flarin', and me only able to call to her over the stairs, through not likin' to leave Brown's aunt, as had come that early as to take up all my time, and if that gal didn't say as she know'd her work, quite short.

As to the dinner, however I got through it I don't know, for if she hadn't been and cut away all the fat and kidney from the weal, and told me as she'd always seen it drawed, as she called it, me a-findin' out as she'd put it in her grease-pot unbeknown, as she kep' on the sly through me a-tellin' her as they was things as I won't have in my house.

It's a mercy as I had a bit of loin of mutton in the house, and went down and cooked chops myself, as was sent up hot and hot; and Brown was able to cut enough weal for his aunt, as kep' a-grumblin' all the time at losin' of the kidneys.

Well, that gal said as she wouldn't miss her chapel was it ever so, as she always kep' to of a Sunday evenin'; and I says, "Very well, Mary Ann, go and welcome; but," I says, "I think as you might find a place of worship nearer nor the Elephant and Castle." But I lets her go, as Mrs. Giddins was able for to come in to clear away the tea, and help me to mince up the weal for a bit of supper; for I don't hold as a mutton chop round is much for a Sunday's dinner.

Well, we got through the supper well, with a bit of toasted cheese to make up. Glad I was when they was gone, and Mrs. Giddins says, "It's gone ten, and would you want anything more?" I says, "Ain't that young woman come in?"

"No," says she. "Well," I says, "don't you wait," I says, "but them hours won't suit me."

We was got up to bed when I heard her ring. So Brown he says, "I'll let her in; don't say nothin' to-night." So he did, and come up a-sayin' as she'd met her brother, and lost her way a-comin' home, and all as I says is "Rubbish!"

I was not a-sleepin' over well, for my heart misgive me about that young woman over-sleepin' herself, and knowin' as Mrs. Giddins would be six to the minute, as any one would be with a hard day's wash a-starin' them in the face, and I heard the clock at the distillery strike twelve when I was droppin' off, and of all the smells of burnin' I never did. So I jumps up and says, "Brown, we're a-bein 'burnt in our beds," as only replies "Bother!" through his snores, but I opens the door and hollars to him that loud as roused him sudden. I says, "Mark my words if it ain't that hussy," and rushes up to her room, as is the front attic, and a noble room too, and if the door wasn't locked though I'd took away the key with my own hands, through not a-holdin' with servants a-lockin' theirselves in.

Brown he was up by that time, and give the door one prise sudden with his foot and shoulder, and busted it in.

If that gal wasn't only just waked up, as had been a-readin' in bed with the candle on her band-box, as was on a chair by the bedside, all a-smoulderin' away like, and bust in a flame when the door was opened, as Brown shoved into the grate, and if there'd been curtains to that bed we should all have perished, and if that hussy hadn't got sperrits in a bottle, leastways there was the bottle on the mantelshelf.

So I says, "You march, my lady, as soon as ever daylight comes." So I takes the lucifers away and locks her in the room, a-sayin' as I'd have in the police if she dared to speak, as she never said a word till I opens the door in the mornin' after I'd let in Mrs. Giddins, and if that creature wasn't dressed in her bonnet and shawl, and says, "I'll leave your house, and am a-goin' for a cab."

I says, "Leave my house you do; but," I says, "as to a cab, you walked here, and might walk away."

Well, she bounced out of the place, and never come back till just on eleven, as the pot-boy was a-bringin' Mrs. Giddins her noonin's, as the sayin' is. She says, "I wants my wages and my property."

I says, "There's your week's money, as I'd scorn to keep." She says, "I'll have a month's."

I says, "Will you? Do you see anything green about me?" She says to the cabman, "Come in and help me down with my box. I says, "You stop where you are, cabman—I'm not agoin' to have my passage and stair-carpets all mudded by you." I says, "You can carry the box down yourself for all that's in it." She says, "It was that heavy as she couldn't."

"Well, then," I says, "I'll see what's in it."

Of all the rages as she flew in and abuse was frightful; but as luck would have it a policeman were a-passin'. So I calls him in, as shet her up pretty quick, and the things as was in that box, all my property, beggars descriptions, as the sayin' is; but as I'd had quite enough of them courts, I wouldn't give her in charge though the policeman would have took her like a bird. She'd got bed linen and a bolster, to say nothin' of my stockin's,

MRS. BROWN'S TREASURE.

"Well, you said as you liked it well browned."—*See p. 266.*

and a black lace walc, and two blankets as she must have took out from between the mattress in the front room, and a lot of curtains as I'd got put away, and two muslings as was rough-dried, and a pair of Brown's boots. So I turned the wagabone out with her empty box, and clean forgot as I'd let her have half-a-sovereign the Monday after she came.

LARRY IN COURT.

FROM "RORY O'MORE," BY SAMUEL LOVER.

COUNSEL. You say that the prisoner at the bar and the late Mr. Scrubbs——"

The counsel for the defence here interposed, and said he objected to the term, the *late* Mr. Scrubbs, as it was assuming the fact he was dead, which was not proven. The examination then proceeded.

Counsel. The prisoner at the bar and the late—I beg pardon—*Mister* Scrubbs were the last to leave the "Black Bull" on that day?—*Witness.* Yis, sir.

Counsel. How did they go?—*Witness.* They wint out o' the door, sir.

Counsel. I don't suppose they went out of the window. I mean, did they leave about the same time?—*Witness.* They wint together, sir.

Counsel. Both out of the door at once?—*Witness.* No, Mr. Scrubbs wint first.

Counsel. And the prisoner after?—*Witness.* Yis.

Counsel. Then he followed him?—*Witness.* Yis.

Counsel. You observe, gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Scrubbs went *first*, and the prisoner *followed* him.—*Witness.* Why, you wouldn't have him go *before* the gintleman!

Counsel. Silence, sir! Remember *that*, gentlemen—he *followed* Mr. Scrubbs.

There was a good deal more of examination which it would be uninteresting to record; and after the landlord of the "Black Bull" had been bullied and tormented as much as the counsel chose, he said, "You may go down, sir."

Larry Finnegan, delighted to escape, scrambled from the witness's chair, and was rushing off the table, when Rory's counsel interposed and said, "I beg your pardon—don't go down yet."

"Oh!" said the counsel for the crown, "*you* want to cross-examine him, do you?"

"*I believe* I have a *right*, sir," was the young barrister's reply.

"Why, sure, what crosser examination can you gi' me than the one I got?" said poor Finnegan.

"Sit down, sit down, my man," said the counsel encouragingly. "Now, don't be in a hurry, don't be alarmed; take your time, and answer me quietly a few questions I shall ask you. You say some conversation passed between the prisoner and Mr. Scrubbs at your house?"—*Witness.* Yis, sir—they wor spakin' togither for some time.

Counsel. I think you mentioned that Mr. Scrubbs asked the prisoner, was he going home?—*Witness.* He did, sir.

Counsel. And the prisoner *was* going home?—*Witness.* Yis, sir.

Counsel. Mr. Scrubbs's road home lay the same way, I believe?—*Witness.* It did, sir.

Counsel. Then he and the prisoner *could not help* going the same road?—*Witness.* They could not, sir.

Counsel. Mr. Scrubbs went out of the door first?—*Witness.* Yis, sir.

Counsel. And the prisoner after?—*Witness.* Yis, sir.

Counsel. Immediately?—*Witness.* That minit.

Counsel. Then, what do you mean by saying he followed him?—*Witness.* I mane, he folly'd him the way a poor man would folly a gintleman, of coorse.

Counsel. I beg your attention, gentlemen of the jury, to this explanation of the witness's meaning, upon which the opposite counsel has put a false construction.

Was the crow-bar you gave the prisoner his or yours?—*Witness.* It was his, sir; he lint it to me, and kem that day to ax for it.

Counsel. He *came* to ask for it, did he?—then it was for that particular purpose he went to your house that day?—*Witness.* It was, sir.

Counsel. Before he saw Mr. Scrubbs at all?—*Witness.* Yis, sir.

Counsel. I beg you to remember *this* also, gentlemen of the jury. You may go down, witness.

Larry Finnegan again attempted to descend from the table, but was interrupted by the counsel for the prosecution; and the look of despair which the countenance of mine host of the "Black Bull" assumed was almost ludicrous. "Is it *more* you want o' me?" said he.

Counsel. A few questions. Sit down.

Larry scratched his head, and squeezed his hat harder than he had done before, and resumed his seat in bitterness of spirit; but his answers having latterly all gone smooth, he felt rather more self-possessed than he had done under his previous examination by the prosecuting counsel, and his native shrewdness was less under the control of the novel situation in which he was placed. The bullying barrister, as soon as the witness was seated, began in a thundering tone thus:—

Counsel. Now, my fine fellow, you say that it was for the particular purpose of asking for his crow-bar that the prisoner went to your house?—*Witness.* I do.

Counsel. By virtue of your oath?—*Witness.* By the vartu o' my oath.

Counsel (*slapping the table fiercely with his hand*). Now, sir, *how* do you know he came for that purpose? Answer me *that*, sir!—*Witness.* Faith, thin, I'll tell you. When he came into the place that morning, it was the first thing he ax'd for; and by the same token, the way I remimber it is, that when he ax'd for the crow-bar he lint me, some one standin' by ax'd what *I* could want with a crow-bar; and Rory O'More with that said, it wasn't me at all, but the misthriss wanted it (Mrs. Finnegan, I mane). "And what would Mrs. Finnegan want wid it?" says the man. "Why," says Rory, "she makes the punch so sthrong, that she bent the spoon sthrivin' to stir it, and so she borrowed the crow-bar to mix the punch."

WITH A YANKEE TWANG.

ARTEMUS WARD says in his curious book that he is tired of answering the questions as to how many wives Brigham Young has. He says that all he knows about it is, that he one day used up the multiplication table in counting the long stockings on a clothes-line in Brigham's back-yard, and went off feeling dizzy.

THE *New York Rowdy* writes:—"The *Louisville Daily*, an impudent, one-horse Kentucky concern, conducted by a walking whiskey-bottle, says that one of our correspondents deprived it of its maps and despatches from Sherman's army. The *Daily* is unable to pay even wages to its correspondents, and relies upon us for the news. Our correspondent purchased the maps and intelligence referred to from one of the starving reporters of the *Daily*, in order to save him from putting an end to his miserable existence, since he could live no longer on the bottle of Bourbon a week with which the *Daily* supplied him." To this the *Louisville Daily* replies:—"This is all a base and unmitigated falsehood. The map was given to the *Rowdy's* correspondent upon a condition which he scandalously violated, and he feloniously broke the seals of the papers and stole their contents for the use of his thieving employers. The employers and the *employé*, instead of throwing a stone at us, ought to be pecking stones in the State prison. It is not supposable that any paper on earth could have aught to gain from a dispute with the *New York Rowdy*. The editor of that concern is so low down, that fifty millstones around his neck, waist, arms, and legs couldn't sink him lower. Notoriously, he has been oftener kicked and horsewhipped than any other man in the United States. Whoever has had the slightest fancy for horsewhipping or kicking him has done it."

A GENTLEMAN asked, "Boy, who do you belong to?" as he stepped on board an American steamboat, and saw a darkey listlessly leaning on the guards. "I did b'long to Massa William, sir, when I came aboard, but he's been in the cabin playin' poker wid the captain 'bove an hour. I don't know who I b'long to now."

AN old American sketch says that "Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher, has a wonderful memory, and his knowledge of English literature is so great that when a friend wishes to know where a particular passage is to be found in an English author, he goes direct to the famous bibliopole. A would-be wit, not long ago, thinking to quiz him before a company at dinner, informed his friends, previous to Mr. Field's arrival, that he had just written some lines which he intended to submit to him as Southey's, and to inquire in which of his works they occurred. After the guests were seated, he began: 'Friend Fields, I have been a good deal troubled of late in searching out in Southey's poems his well-known lines, running thus' (repeating the lines he had composed). 'Can you tell when he wrote them and where they are to be found?' 'I do not remember to have met with them before,' replied the publisher, 'and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him.' 'When were those?' asked the questioner. 'Somewhere,' said Mr. F., 'about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles, or cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his life, when his brain had softened. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the ideas betray the idiotic one.' The company roared."

A CORONER'S jury in Boston returned as a verdict, in the case of a woman who died suddenly, that "she died from congestion of the brain, caused by *overtipulation*."

THERE were two soldiers once in Grant's army, lying beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars in a Virginian sky. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I love war. What made you go to the war, Jack?" "Well," he replied, "I had a wife, and I love peace, so I went to the war."

AT the presentation of a pistol to a Connecticut corporal, the orator apostrophised as follows:—"Corporal,—My heart is full. These times try the souls of us all, as well as our pockets. My words must be few and to the purpose. Take this weapon and go in. Say you will. Resolve that it is a big thing, and that you can see it. Shoot at it. Smite them, hip and thigh, and pay no regard to camphine or brickbats. But beware of old Bourbon. Do your duty, John. Keep out of draughts. Don't go off at half-cock, and keep your pistol pointed from you."

AN Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute. "My good fellow!" exclaimed an American present, "that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live in my country seat near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times round a large factory, just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

THE POINT WITH HIM.

UPON the hurricane deck of one of our gunboats, an elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted on his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding, upon inquiry, that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy losing regiments at the Fort Donelson battle, and part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him upon the subject:

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa; I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa; and would hab run soona, had I knowd it war comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't my line, sa; cookin's my profeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It is worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis wuld, more dan a million ob dollars, sa; for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out ob him? Self-preserbation am de fust law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men set different values upon their lives; mine is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power ob feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honour are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa; I regard them as among the vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sa; dar would hab been no help for it."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

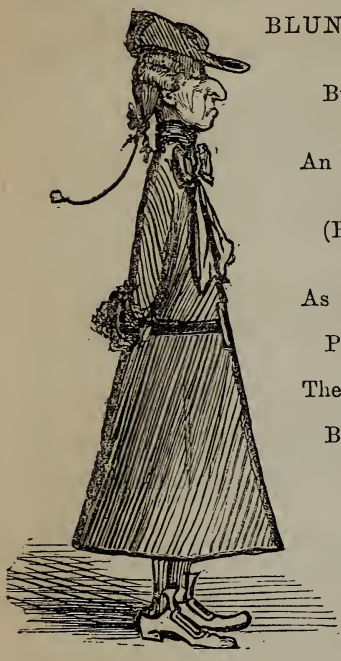
"Maybe not, sa; a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigga; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

TWO ANECDOTES.

MR. TATTERSALL and Charles Mathews, the elder, were very intimate, and the great comedian was frequently in the habit of accompanying his friend to Newmarket, where, on one occasion, Mathews indulged in his well-known taste for mimicry, at the expense of Mr. Tattersall, during a sale of blood stock conducted by the latter. "The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly by Smolensko," &c. "The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mathews, in precisely the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly by Smolensko." The auctioneer looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded: "What shall we say to begin with?"—"What shall we say to begin with?" replied the echo. Still endeavouring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out, "One hundred guineas?" "One hundred guineas," echoed Mathews. "Thank you, sir," cried Mr. Tattersall, bringing down the hammer with a bang; "the filly is yours." Mathews was considerably taken aback by his sudden acquisition of "blood stock," and the company enjoyed the joke immensely.

VOLTAIRE, while lodging in Maiden Lane, visited the gouty and nearly blind dramatist, Congreve, then infirm and on the verge of death. "Mr. Congreve," he says, "had one defect, which was his entertaining too mean an idea of his profession—that of a writer—though it was to this he owed his fame and fortune. He spoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him, and hinted to me, in our first conversation, that I should visit him upon no other footing than that of a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, that, *had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman*, I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity."

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE SHEEP'S TROTTERS.



BLUNDER is common in this sinful vale,
But mankind often blunder for their good;
An assertion I will prove in this—my tale
(Bulls breathe in England, be it understood,
As much as in Hibernia), although
Paddies alone are noted for it;
The reason is because, I trow—
But stay—I'll leave philosophers to pore it,
Therefore without more reasoning or delay,
I'll tell the story in my simple way.

A Monsieur from the Gallic shore,
Who, though not over-rich, wished to appear so;
Came over in a ship with friends a score—
Poor emigrants, whose wealth, good lack!
Dwelt on their ragged backs,
Who thought him rich, they heard *him* oft declare so,
For he was proud as Satan's self,
And often bragg'd about his pelf,
And as a proof—the least
That he could give—he promised when on land,
At the first inn, in style so grand,
To give a feast.
The Frenchmen jump'd at such an offer;
Monsieur did not forget his proffer,
But at the first hotel on shore
They stopp'd to lodge and board;
The Frenchman order'd in his way
A dinner to be done that day,
But here occurr'd a grievous bore:
Monsieur of English knew but little,
Tapps of French not a tittle;
In ordering dinner, therefore, 'tis no wonder
That they should make a blunder.
Whether the landlord knew or no,
The sequel of my tale will show;
He blunder'd, and it cannot be denied,
To some small disadvantage on his side.
The order seem'd immense to Boniface,
But more the expense, to him the greater fun;
For all that from the order he could trace
Was—"Monsieur Bull, you lette me have, I say,
Vich for vid cash I sal you pay,
Fifteen of those vid vich de sheep do run;"
From which old Tapps could only understand
(But whether right or wrong, cared not a button)
That what Monsieur desired, with air so great,
Was fifteen legs of mutton!

"A dinner most enormous!" cried the elf,
"Zounds! each must eat a leg near to himself!"
However, they seem'd a set of hungry curs,
And so without more bother or demurs,
Tapps to his cook his orders soon express'd,
And fifteen legs of mutton quick were dress'd.
And now around the table all elate,
The Frenchman's friends the dinner do await;
Joy sparkled in each hungry urchin's eyes
When they beheld, with glad surprise,
Tapps quickly appear with leg of mutton hot,
Smoking, and just ejected from the pot.
Laugh'd, stared, and chuckled more and more
When two they saw, then three, then four!
And then a fifth their eager glances bless'd,
And then a sixth, larger than all the rest!
But soon the Frenchman's countenance did change,
To see the legs of mutton on the table;
Surprise and rage by turn,
In his face burn,
While Tapps the table did arrange
As nice as he was able;
And while the Frenchmen for the feast prepar'd,
Thus in a voice that quite the landlord scar'd,
Our hero said—
"Ah ha! Monsieur, vy for you make
Dis vera great blundare and mistake?
Vy for you bring to me dese mouton legs?"
Tapps with a bow his pardon begs:
"I've done as you have order'd, sir," said he;
"Did you not order fifteen legs of me?
Six of which before your eyes appear,
And nine besides are nearly done down-stair!
Here, John!"—"Aha den, Jean! you fool! you ass!
You one great clown to bring me to dis pass;
Take vay dis meat for vich I sall no pay,
I did no order dat." "What's that you say?"
Tapps answer'd with a frown and with a stare;
"You order'd fifteen legs of me, I'll swear,
Or fifteen things with which the sheep do run,
Which means the same;—I'm not so easy done!"
"Parbleu! Monsieur, vy you no comprehend?
You may take back de legs unto de pot;
I tell you, sare, 'tis not the legs I vant—
But *dese here leetle tings vid vich de sheep do trot.*"

"Why, hang it!" cried the landlord in a rage,
Which Monsieur vainly tried to assuage,
"Hang it!" said he, as to the door he totters;
"Now after all the trouble that I took,
These legs of mutton both to buy and cook,
It seems, instead of fifteen legs,
You merely wanted fifteen poor *sheep's trotters!*"

SNACKS.

BEFORE the days of chloroform, a quack advertised that he would draw teeth painlessly. The patient was placed in the chair, and the instrument applied to his tooth with a wrench, followed by a roar from the unpleasantly surprised sufferer. "Stop," said the dentist; "compose yourself. I told you I would give you no pain, but I only just gave you that twinge as a specimen to show you Brown's method of operating." Again the instrument was applied: another tug, another roar. "Now, don't be impatient; that is Jones's way: be seated and calm yourself. You will now be sensible of the superiority of my method." Another application: another tug, another roar. "Now pray be quiet, that is Robinson's mode, and you don't like it, and no wonder." By this time the tooth hung by a thread; and, whipping it out, the operator exultingly exclaimed, "That is my mode of tooth-drawing without pain; and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Brown, Jones, and Robinson."

BEAUMARCHAIS having allowed himself to be maltreated by the Duke de Chaulnes, without attempting to cross swords with him, subsequently received a challenge from a M. de la Blache, to which he replied, "No, sir; I have already received a better offer."

A CHARLATAN once presented himself to a great nobleman who suffered cruelly from the gout, and offered an infallible remedy. "How did you enter this town?" asked the nobleman. "On foot." "Then be off with you; for if you really possessed such a remedy as you describe, you would long since have ridden in your coach and six."

A WINDY orator in the American legislature, after a lengthy effort, stopped for a glass of water. "I rise," said Bloss, "to a point of order." Everybody stared, wondering what the point of order was. "What is it?" asked the Speaker. "I think, sir," said Bloss, "it is out of order for a windmill to go by water."

MOSQUITOES are large and somewhat ferocious in the Mississippi country. A man who went out one day to look for his cow, found her skeleton on the ground, and a large mosquito on an adjacent tree picking its teeth with one of her horns!

"TONALD," said a Highland drover to a friend, "you're drunk, Tonald." "Laird forbid, Rory," answered the accused; "I wish I was!"

TAUREGUY, the Spanish painter, was as bad a poet as he was excellent as an artist. On a certain occasion, when one of his comedies was being represented and hissed, a friend said to him—"Taureguy, if you wish your comedies to be applauded, you must paint them."

A RICH miser being asked what he thought of his neighbour, who was very poor, replied, "He is a very honest man; for during the forty years he has lived next door to me he has never asked me for anything."

FREDERICK II., whilst looking out of a window, observed in a mirror that one of his pages was taking a pinch of snuff out of his box which lay on a table behind him. The king, turning round, said, "Is that snuff-box to your taste?" "It is very handsome," replied the page. "Keep it," said Frederick, "for it is too small for two."

AN Englishman and a German were travelling together in a diligence, and both smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but to no purpose: at one moment he would, with a superabundance of politeness, apologise for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat, or a spark was endangering his neckerchief. At length the Englishman exclaimed, "Why the dickens can't you leave me alone? Your coat-tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it."

A CERTAIN man, seeing another who owed him five pounds, at death's door, said, "Come now, pay me; it is quite time you did." "Pray let me die in peace," said the debtor. "No! no! my good man," replied the creditor, "you don't die before you have paid me."

CANNING and another gentleman were looking at a picture of the Deluge: the ark was in the middle distance; in the fore-sea an elephant was seen struggling with his fate. "I wonder," said the gentleman, "that the elephant did not secure an inside place." "He was too late, my friend," replied Canning: "he was detained packing up his trunk."

A WITNESS, under examination in an Irish court of justice, had just stated that he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a blow on the head. "And how did you find yourself?" asked the examining counsel. "Fast asleep," replied the witness.

"AN Irishman was brought up before a bailiff at Ipswich on a charge of having six wives. The bailiff asked him how he could be so hardened a villain as to delude so many. "Please, your worship," says Pat, "I was only trying to get a good one."

CORN FROM AN OLD BIN (1639).

NO cobbler may be said to be a bad man, because he sets men upright, and is ever employed in mending of soles.

THE philosopher's stone had need turn all metals to gold, because the study of it turns all a man's gold to other metal.

ONE said a good client was like a study gown, that sits in the cold himself to keep his lawyer warm.

ONE seeing another wear a thread-bare cloak, asked him whether his cloak was sleepy or no? "Why do you ask?" saith the other. "Because," said he, "I think it hath not had a nap these seven years."

ONE wondered much what great scholar this Finis was, because his name was almost to every book.

USURERS live, says one, by the fall of heirs, like swine by the dropping of acorns.

ONE wondered what pleasant kind of oratory the Pillory had in him, that men loved to have their ears nailed to it.

ONE asked his friend how he should use tobacco so that it might do him good? He answered, "You must keep a tobacco shop, and sell it, for certainly there is none else find good in it."

ONE asked whether such a man were wise or no. It was answered that he was otherwise.

A CERTAIN man was mightily affected with a woman whose name was Wall, who did use painting very much: his friends did dissuade him from coming near her, telling him they did wonder he was so besotted to set his affections upon a painted wall.

ONE asked what that young man deserved, that did love always to be in a play-house. It was answered, a box.

ONE persuaded his friend to marry a little woman, because of two evils the least was to be chosen.

WIT bought is better than wit taught, because he that never bought it is but a natural wit.

ONE said that tall men of all others were most happy, because they were nearer heaven than all other men.

ONE said physicians had the best of it; for if they did well, the world did proclaim it; if ill, the earth did cover it.

ONE said that tailors are like woodcocks, because they live by their long bills.

AN ignorant drunken surgeon, that killed all men that came under his hands, boasted himself a better man than the parson; "for," said he, "your cure maintains but yourself, but my cures maintain all the sextons in the town."

ONE whose name was Yew married a woman whose name was Yew also; he for this cause was, and ever will be, called Master W.

NOT ACCORDING TO DICTIONARY.

A LAWYER.—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it to himself.

LUNCHEON.—Base ingratitude to breakfast, and premeditated insult to dinner.

AN APOTHECARY.—A man who pours drugs of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less.

A STETHOSCOPE.—A spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

A MUFF.—An article that holds a lady's hands without squeezing them.

A SPOON.—An article that meets a lady's lips without kissing them.

A PRACTICAL JOKER.—A man who does not keep his friends, but who sells them.

A TRAGEDIAN.—A man who gets into a passion for so much a night.

DUELLING.—Folly tampering with murder.

A COQUETTE.—A woman without heart, who dupes man without head.

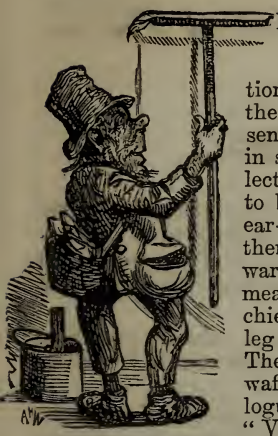
CLOCK.—A dog we keep to bark at us.

A CANDLE.—One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

A GUN.—An invention for arguing by chemistry.

WAGES.—Sweet oil for human machinery.

FLASH VERSUS PAN.



THE report of a musket from Wandsworth Common excited our attention to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and presently two sportsmen hove in sight, whose garb and dialect evinced their residence to be by no means out of the ear-shot of Bow-bells; one of them was forcibly pulled forward by a large dog, tied by means of two pocket handkerchiefs from his collar to the leg of his sporting master. The wind, setting our way, wafted the following dialogue:—"'Twas your fau't." "Vhy then, I say it var'nt then." "And I say it vas then, and you'll pay for't." "Phoo! my eye, an't a jackdaw game?" "Vell, and suppose it is; 'twas a jackass you shot." "Vell, how could I help it? vasn't possible to see through an nedge, how could I see vat vas in the ditch?—Quiet, Dido, vill you? quiet, I say; the dog'll pull me into the river presently. O, ve'll appeal to this gentleman; beg pardon, sir, but pray, sir, isn't a jackdaw game?" "Not *fair* game, sir," I replied, "if we may judge from his colour." "Colour, O, ay, that's very well for a joke; but that's not vhat I asked, sir; an't a jackdaw game? that's vhat I asked?" "Why, that," said I, "has been recently settled, I believe, in the case Flash *versus* Pan." "Vhy, he's a lawyer, Kit. Pray, sir, an't you a lawyer?" "Yes," said I, "in what Shakspeare calls a 'brief chronicle of the times.'" "Brief—O, I see, he is a lawyer, I tell you—brief—*Chronicle* and *Times*. What did you say, sir, about the *Chronicle* and *Times?*" "To revert, sir, to the law case of Flash *versus* Pan: you will find in Blacklock upon Poaching, page 59, Chief Justice Ramrod ruled as follows:—*Quando, aimas at Jack Dawen, non licenced hittery Jack Assem.*" "Ah! there, Kit, that's all of my side I can hear, *animas—hitt-e-ry non*—Beg pardon, say it once more, if you please, sir, and a little slower. I vas but six veeks at Marchant Taylors' school; ma took me avay, 'cause a big boy inked my finger von morning." "*Quando, aimas at Jack Dawen, non licenced hittery Jack Assem.*" "There; didn't I tell you, he that shoots Jack-Daw-um is himself Jack-Assum, that's the meaning on it, I know." "Pray, Mr.——— I beg pardon, what's your name?" "Cripplegate, sir; here's my card." "I see, *Cripplegate and Carraway, Grocers, &c., Bishopsgate Without. Inquire within.*" "Be quiet, Dido—be quiet, I say; he'll pull me in the river presently." "To be sure he will," says the major; "tie him to my leg, see if he'll pull me in; a team of oxen couldn't pull me in: there's muscle; 'pon my life it's true." "I am very anxious, sir," said I, "for you to explain why you have that dog tied to your leg; I have heard tell of tying tin canisters to a dog's tail, but I never saw one tied to the leg of a sporting man before." "Vhy then, I'll tell you all about it, from the beginning, and then ye shan't make no mistakes: you must know, sir, Tom Treacle and I agreed to meet at t'other side of Blackfriars Bridge—no, this side—no, not this side, t'other side—no, this here side vas the other side yesterday, but now this side's t'other—no, no, if we were in London this vould be t'other, consequently this vould—vhy, I am right, 'cause this is t'other side now ve are here on this side—no—vell, sir, you know vhat I mean—vell, Tom Treacle and I agreed to go into Surrey, 'cause it vould be no use to begin shooting afore you get a good vay, 'cause the birds are nation vild till you've passed the Circus; so just as ve got over the bridge, I heard somebody say, 'There goes the Cocknies.' 'My eyes, Tom,' says I, 'that's a slap at us!' Presently I heard some one say agen, 'There goes the Cocknies.' So says Tom, says he to me, says he, 'Shall we lick 'em?' So says I to Tom, says I, 'That depends upon how big they is,' says I. "There's a covey, a covey." "Where?" "No, sir, no, he knows nothing of a covey, sir! that's only Mrs. Simpson's infant Academy taking an airing. Presently, I heard some say agen, 'There goes the Cocknies.' Vhen I looked up, sir, vhat do you think it vas?—no more than old Axletree the Coachmaker's Poll parrot, at corner of Vebber Row; so says I, 'Blow me, but I'll have a slap at you, marm,' says I; so just as I vas going to fire, and cocking my gun, and shutting my eyes for fear of the flash—'Stop,' says Tom, says he to me. 'Vhat?' says I. 'Your ramrod's in your gun,' says he; and so it vas; so I takes it out, and just as I vas going to fire agen, 'Hollo!' says Tom, says he, 'vhat are you arter?' says he to me, says he. 'Be quiet, will you,' says I to him, says I. 'You're always a baulking one so,' says I. So says Tom to me, says he, 'Don't you see the sarvent girl?' And there she vas, sure enough, a giving Poll some vhite o' negg for breakfast; so said I to her, said I, 'Get out of the vay, marm,' says I, 'and put yourself in a safe place,' says I. So says she to me, said she, 'I am in a safe place,' says she, 'you fool,' says she; 'a safe place is vhere you fires at,' says she. Did you ever hear such himperance, sir? But being a gentleman, I determined to act as sich, and not on no account not to say nothing to a lady. "Stop, sir," said I, "vhat are you about? you vill shoot us all: and are you aware that your gun is upon the full cock?" "What then, sir?" "Now do turn it thè other vay, pray, towards the river; ay, that's better, if it should go off." "No, it isn't," says Mr. Twaddle, "it's a great deal vorse." "Vhy so, sir?" "Frighten the fish." "Pray, sir, didn't you say my gun vas upon the full cock, and it vas wrong?" "Certainly." "Vhy then, sir, I'll maintain it's right: look here, sir: musn't this bit of flint hit this here iron thing over this brass pan afore it goes off?" "Certainly." "Vhy then, sir, look here (*showing the gun*): if it is as close as that 'ere, it might go off of itself, vhen you least expect it; vhereby, if you pull it as far back as that, sir, it is twice as far as it vas afore, sir, and can't possibly go off at all." "That's admirable logic," said I, "although I am not convinced; but you have not

explained to me why that dog is tied to your leg." "Vhy, sir, I'll tell you; all day yesterday she vouldn't do nothing but run first and frighten the birds, and vhen she found any she vas more frightened than the birds of the two; for the moment she saw 'em, she stopped dead still, and stood vith one leg up so, sir, and her tail sticking out so stiff, like the lion upon the top of Northumberland House; so you see, sir, she vasn't no use at all; so I tied her to my leg, that ve might have better sport than ve had the first of last September."

QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS.

"BECAUSE you are red-headed, hesitating, and very ugly," said a venerable peer, now no more, to a hansom cab driver, "is that any reason that I should miss my train?"

Is "stealing a march" worse than "taking a walk?"

IF "To be or not to be?" is the question, what is the answer?

WHEN a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one? Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

WHEN we say "It's as long as it's broad," may we safely conclude that it is all square?

Do the "roots of words" produce "flowers of speech?"

WHEN a ship makes port, does the crew get any?

WHO finds all the umbrellas that everybody loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrellas he buys, but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next rain?

WHEN a fiddler poisons himself with laudanum, may he be said to have had too much of the base vial?

IF a man presents you with a full suit of clothes from head to foot, except a cravat, does he cut your throat?

IF it takes nine tailors to make a man, how many sailors does it take to "make" a buoy?

Do false teeth and a lying tongue generally exist in the same person?

A BANKER'S clerk wants to know on how many banks the Ganges keeps a running account.

Is there any harm in a fellow's sitting down in the lapse of ages?

MAY a sailor be designated a fellow de sea?

IF a newspaper editor "stops the press to announce," what would he do to a pound?

MRS. DOWDEY says that one of her boys don't know nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most.

"Nothing is certain" is a common aphorism; but if nothing is certain, how can it be certain that nothing is certain?

IF time is money, money is also time, of course; then how many seconds are there in eighteenpence, and how much time do you spend if you buy a shilling's-worth of strawberries?

WANTED TO KNOW.

IF the teeth of a storm ever bite; and if so, is lightning the result?

If a good view is to be had from the top of the morning?

If the man who did not know what to do ever got a job?

If a bald-headed man can be said to be hair-brained?

If one man is not as good as any other man?

MOOT POINTS.

WHETHER a police-van may be accepted as a legal conveyance?

Whether a retired innkeeper can resume his avocation without rendering himself liable to be considered a Republican?

Whether the ancient Hebrews were not invariably tried by Jewry?

Whether public vocalists who sing out of tune can be legally arrested for uttering false notes?

Whether, by the Registration Act, you are required to register a berth under Goverment?

Whether a blind man can be held liable for a bill payable at sight?

MERCANTILE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WHAT is double entry?—Charging the same thing twice.

WHAT is single entry?—Charging a man with goods, but not crediting the cash he pays for them.

WHAT is a ledger?—A counting-house companion upon which people often spend their entire fortune.

WHAT is book-keeping?—Forgetting to return borrowed volumes.

WHAT is an inland draft?—An easterly wind.

WHAT is a foreign draft?—A glass of cognac.

WHAT is a promissory note?—Acceptance of an invitation.

WHAT is a negotiable note?—Don't know; never could make one.

ADVICE GRATIS.

A MAN is in no danger so long as he talks his love; writing it impales him on his own pot-hooks.

NEVER give a boy a shilling to hold your shadow, while you climb a tree and look into the middle of next week—it is money thrown away.

HOW TO AVENGE AN INSULT.—Depends upon size. If possible, knock and wring the insulting person's nose; if impossible, pretend you didn't hear what he said, and hit him when he is not looking.

TO KEEP WATER FROM COMING IN.—Don't pay the water-rate.

TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER A BULL IS MAD.—Twist his tail, or punch his sides with a pitchfork.

ECONOMICAL DIET.—Stay at an hotel for a week, and quit without paying.

TO KEEP EGGS FROM SPOILING.—Eat them while they are fresh. We have tried all kinds of methods, but this we think is the only one to be relied on "in any climate."

BEFORE any man sets out to invent perpetual motion, we recommend his practising the trick of getting into a basket and lifting himself up by the handles. When he succeeds at that, he can go ahead with perpetual motion with some prospect of success.

TO ASCERTAIN THE WEIGHT OF A HORSE.—Put your toe under the animal's foot.

JUST before going to bed take two pig's feet and a fried pie. In less than an hour you will see a snake larger than a hawser devouring eight blue-haired children, who have just escaped from a monster with sorrel eyes and a red-hot overcoat.

IF you wish your neighbours to notice you, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar all night. They won't sleep for thinking of you.

HOW TO CALCULATE INTEREST.—Of a book—by the reader keeping awake over it. Of a story—by the listener not yawning at it. Of a play—by taking the average of coughs in each scene.

ADVICE TO WIVES.—Never contradict your husbands; they are like the House of Commons, because they can stop the supplies. Always inquire the price of stocks before you ask for a new bonnet. When Mr. Jones comes home late from the club, pretend to be asleep. He will give you credit for believing that he came home early.

TO PREVENT BEER FROM BEING TURNED BY THUNDER.—Having ascertained that it is perfectly good, draw off entirely in pint pots; then having collected an equal number of railway navigators, distribute accordingly. This will answer in the hottest summer.

DON'T vex your customers about their "little accounts," because the more you stir them up, the longer they take to settle.

THE BEST COUGH MIXTURE.—Thick boots, with plenty of air and exercise.

To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it:—"Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap-dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress."

TO KEEP POLICEMEN OUT OF YOUR KITCHEN.—Hire a cook whose husband is a policeman. He will take good care that no other policeman is admitted to partake of the good things of your establishment.

DIRECTIONS FOR FAINTING.—Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A friend's house, when there is a dinner or an evening party going on, is far from a bad opportunity. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling-off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint unless you have some object in view, such as going out of town—or a new gown—or a box at the Opera—or being taken to some *fête*—or any other little caprice which your husband may have obstinately refused you. In such cases hysterics are sometimes justifiable.

HOW TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC.—When you mount the stand, be puzzled to know where to put your hat. Look round as though you were quite cool and collected, and suddenly put your hat upon the floor. Turn then to the audience, pass your fingers lightly and gracefully through your hair, and say, "Fellow-citizens!"—extend your right hand—put your left on your vest, on whichever side it is your private opinion your heart lies—swell out your chest as though all the goddesses of liberty in the world had left their respective countries, but had taken board and lodging in your expansive bosom, and were now struggling to find their way out at the front door. Repress their generous efforts for awhile, and then out with them in a blaze of glory. The effect will be tremendous.

HINTS TO CARPENTERS.—When you start in business, make up your mind not to chisel or be chiselled. Be liberal to those you employ; it will be plain to all that you are no screw-driver, and as each day comes round, you will find yourself all square with everybody. Make it a rule that any man going into the workshop should scrape his boots. Should the rule be broken, impose a fine of sixpence, which may be called a tin-tax. Try all in your power to get your men out of any vice they may get into; for instance, if you saw them screwed, you of course would conclude they had been to an ale-house, and warn them that drinking to excess in the morning will surely bring them to an early bier.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—If you have blue eyes, you need not languish; if you have black eyes, you

need not leer; if you have a pretty ankle, there is no occasion to wear short petticoats; if you are doubtful as to that point, there can be no harm in letting them be long; if you have good teeth, do not laugh for the purpose of showing them; if you have bad ones, by all means shut your mouth and smile; if you have pretty arms and hands, there can be no objection to your playing on the harp; if you are disposed to be clumsy, do plain needlework; if you dance well, dance but seldom: if you dance ill, never dance at all; if you sing well, make no previous excuses; if you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few people are judges of singing, but every one will be sensible of your desire to please; if you would obtain power, be condescending; but, above all (mark!) if you are asked to be married, say "Yes," for you may never be asked a second time.

HOW TO BREW A GOOD DOMESTIC QUARREL.—Get plenty of hot water, which you can always have by running into debt. Into the hot water throw your grievance, and keep stirring it for several hours with any small trifle that turns up. When it begins to boil, pour in all the household annoyances you can rake together, and flavour it with the bitterest truths, of which you should always keep a stock at home, ready cut and dried. Let it stand all night, and, if you come down to breakfast very late the next morning, you will find there has been a great rise, in the meantime, in your quarrel. The next thing is to commence cooling down, which is best done by drawing off rapidly into opposite corners. If you want your quarrel to be brewed very strong, and to last the household a long time, you had better get your mother-in-law to come and live a month with you.

THE LITTLE WEAVER OF DULEEK GATE.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

OU see, there was a waiver lived, wanst upon a time, in Duleek here, hard by the gate, and a very honest industherous man he was, by all accounts. He had a wife, and av coorse they had childhre, and small blame to them, and plenty of them, so that the poor little waiver was obleeged to work his fingers to the bone a'most, to get them the bit and the sup; but he didn't begridge that, for he was an industherous craythur, as I said before, and it was up airly and down late wid him, and the loom never standin' still. Well, it was one mornin' that his wife called to him, and he sitting very busy throwin' the shuttle; and says she, "Come here," says she, "jewel, and ate your brekquest, now that it's ready." But he never minded her, but wint an workin'. So in a minit or two more, says she, callin' out to him again, "Arrah! lave off slavin' yourself, my darlin', and ate your bit o' brekquest while it is hot."

"Lave me alone," says he, and he dhruv the shuttle fasther nor before.

Well, in a little time more, she goes over to him where he sot, and says she, coaxin' him like, "Thady, dear," says she, "the stirabout will be stone cowld if you don't give over that weary work and come and ate it at wanst."

"I'm busy with a patthern here that is brakin' my heart," says the waiver, "and antil I complate it and masther it intirely, I won't quit."

"Oh, think o' the iligant stirabout, that 'ill be spylt entirely."

"To the divil wid the stirabout," says he.

"God forgive you," says she, "for cursin' your good brekquest."

"Ay, and you too," said he.

"Throth, you're as cross as two sticks this blessed morning, Thady," says the poor wife, "and it's a heavy handful I have of you when you are cruked in your temper; but stop there if you like, and let your stirabout grow cowld, and not a one o' me 'ill ax you agin;" and with that off she wint, and the waiver, sure enough, was mighty crabbed, and the more the wife spoke to him the worse he got, which, you know, is only nath'ral. Well, he left the loom at last, and wint over to the stirabout, and what would you think but whin he looked at it, it was as black as a crow; for you see, it was in the hoighth o' summer, and the flies lit upon it to that degree that the stirabout was fairly covered with them.

"Why thin bad luck to your impidince," says the waiver, "would no place sarve you but that? and is it spyling my brekquest yiz are, you dirty bastes?" And with that, bein' altogether cruked tempered at the time, he lifted his hand, and he made one great slam at the dish o' stirabout, and killed no less than three score and tin flies at the one blow. It was three score and tin exactly, for he counted the carcases one by one, and laid them out an a clane plate, for to view them.

Well, he felt a powerful sperit risin' in him, when he seen the slaughther he done, at one blow, and with that, he got as consaited as the very dickens, and not a sthroke more work he'd do that day, but out he wint, and was fractious and impidint to

* By kind permission of the publishers.

every one he met, and was squarein' up into their faces and sayin', "Look at that fist! that's the fist that killed three score and tin at one blow—Whoo!"

With that all the neighbours thought he was crack'd, and faith the poor wife herself thought the same when he kem home in the evenin', afther spendin' every rap he had in dhrink, and swaggerin' about the place, and lookin' at his hand every minit.

"Indeed an' your hand is very dirty, sure enough, Thady, jewel," says the poor wife, and thrue for her, for he rowled into a ditch comin' home. "You had betther wash it, darlin'."

"How dar' you say dirty to the greatest hand in Ireland?" says he, going to bate her.

"Well, it's nat dirty," says she.

"It is throwin' away my time I have been all my life," said he, "livin' with you at all at all, and stuck at a loom, nothin' but a poor waiver, when it is Saint George or the Dhraggin I ought to be, which is two of the siven champions o' Christendom."

"Well, suppose they christened him twice as much," says the wife, "sure what's that to uz?"

"Don't put in your prate," says he, "you ignorant sthrap," says he. "You're vulgar, woman—you're vulgar—mighty vulgar; but I'll have nothin' more to say to any dirty snakin' thrade again—divil a more waivin' I'll do."

"Oh, Thady, dear, and what'll the children do then?"

"Let them go play marvels," said he.

"That would be but poor feedin' for them, Thady?"

"They shan't want for feedin'," says he, "for it's a rich man I'll be soon, and a great man too."

"Usha, but I'm glad to hear it, darlin'—though I dunna how it's to be, but I think you had betther go to bed, Thady."

"Don't talk to me of any bed, but the bed o' glory, woman," says he, lookin' mortial grand.

"Oh! send we'll all be in glory yet," says the wife, crassin' herself; "but go to sleep, Thady, for this present."

"I'll sleep with the brave yit," said he.

"Indeed an' a brave sleep will do you a power o' good, my darlin'," says she.

"And it's I that will be the knight!!" says he.

"All night, if you plaze, Thady," says she.

"None o' your coaxin'," said he. "I'm detarmined on it, and I'll set off immediantly, and be a knight arriant."

"A what!!!" says she.

"A knight arriant, woman."

"Lord be good to me, what's that?" says she.

"A knight arriant is a rale gintleman," says he, "going round the world for sport, with a swoord by his side, takin' whatever he plazes—for himself; and that's a knight arriant," says he.

Well, sure enough he wint about among his neighbours the next day, and he got an owld kittle from one, and a saucepan from another, and he took them to the tailor, and he sewed him up a shuit o' tin clothes like any knight arriant; and he borrowed a pot-lid, and *that* he was very partic'lar about bekase it was his shield, and he went to a frind o' his, a painther and glaizier, and made him paint an his shield in big letthers—

"I'M THE MAN OF ALL MIN,
THAT KILL'D THREE SCORE AND TIN,
AT A BLOW."

"When the people sees *that*," says the waiver to himself, "the sorra one will dar for to come near me."

And with that, he towld the wife to scour out the small iron pot for him, "for," says he, "it will make an iligant helmet;" and when it was done he put it an his head, and his wife said, "Oh, murther, Thady, jewel, is it puttin' a great heavy iron pot an your head you are, by way iv a hat?"

"Sartinly," says he, "for a knight arriant should always have *a woight an his brain*."

"But, Thady, dear," says the wife, "there's a hole in it, and it can't keep out the weather."

"It will be the cooler," says he, puttin' it an him; "besides, if I don't like it, it is aisy to stop it with a wisp o' sthraw, or the like o' that."

"The three legs of it looks mighty quare, stickin' up," says she.

"Every helmet has a spike stickin' out o' the top of it," says the waiver, "and if mine has three, it's only the grandher it is."

"Well," says the wife, getting bitther at last, "all I can say is, it isn't the first sheep's head was dhress'd in it."

"Your sarvint, ma'am," says he; and off he set.

Well, he was in want of a horse, and so he wint to a field hard by, where the miller's horse was grazin', that used to carry the ground corn round the counthry. "This is the identical horse for me," says the waiver, "he is used to carryin' flour and male; and what am I but the *flower* o' shovelry in a coat o' *mail?* so that the horse won't be put out iv his way in the laste."

But as he was ridin' him out o' the field, who should see him but the miller. "Is it stalin' my horse you are, honest man?" says the miller.

"No," says the waiver, "I'm only goin' to *ax*ercise him," says he, "in the cool o' the evenin'; it will be good for his health."

"Thank you kindly," says the miller, "but lave him where he is, and you'll obleege me."

"I can't afford it," says the waiver, runnin' the horse at the ditch.

"Bad luck to your impidince," says the miller; you've as much tin about you as a thravellin' tinker, but you've more brass. Come back here, you vagabone," says he.

But he was too late; away galloped the waiver, and took the road to Dublin, for he thought the best thing he could do was to go to the King o' Dublin (for Dublin was a grate place thin, and had a king iv its own), and he thought, maybe, the King o' Dublin would give him work. Well, he was four days goin' to Dublin, for the baste was not the best, and the roads worse, not all as one as now; but there was no turnpikes then.

Whin he got to Dublin he wint sthrait to the palace, and whin he got into the coort-yard he let his horse go and graze about the place, for the grass was growin' out betune the stones; everything was flourishin' thin, in Dublin, you see.

Well, the king was lookin' out of his dhrawin'-room windy, for divarshin, whin the waiver kem in; but the waiver pretended not to see him, and he wint over to a stone sate, undher the windy—for you see, there was stone sates all round about the place for the accommodation o' the people—for the king was a dacent, obleegin' man. Well, as I said, the waiver wint over and lay down an one o' the sates, just undher the king's windy, and purtended to go asleep; but he took care to turn out the front of his shield that had the letthers an it—well, my dear, with that, the king calls out to one of the lords of his coort that was standin' behind him, howldin' up the skirt of his coat, accordin' to rayson, and says he, "Look here," says he, "what do you think of a vagabone like that, comin' undher my very nose to go sleep? It is thrue I'm a good king," says he, "and I 'commodate the people by havin' sates for them to sit down and enjoy the raycreation and contimplation of seein' me here, lookin' out a' my dhrawin'-room windy, for divarshin; but that is no rayson they are to make a hotel o' the place, and come and sleep here.—Who is it at all?" says the king.

"Not a one o' me knows, plaze your majesty."

"I think he must be a furriner," says the king, "bekase his dhress is outlandish."

"And doesn't know manners, more be token," says the lord.

"I'll go down and circumspect him myself," says the king; "folly me," says he to the lord, wavin' his hand at the same time in the most dignacious manner.

Down he wint accordingly, followed by the lord; and whin he went over to where the waiver was lying, sure the first thing he seen was his shield with the big letthers an it, and with that, says he to the lord, "By dad," says he, "this is the very man I want."

"For what, plaze your majesty?" says the lord.

"To kill that vagabone dragghin, to be sure," says the king.

"Sure, do you think he could kill him," says the lord, "when all the stoutest knights in the land wasn't aiquil to it, but never kem back, and was ate up alive by the cruel desaiver?"

"Sure, don't you see there," says the king, pointin' at the shield, "that he killed three score and tin at one blow? and the man that done *that*, I think, is a match for anything."

"So, with that, he wint over to the waiver and shuck him by the shouldher for to wake him, and the waiver rubbed his eyes as if just wakened, and the king says to him, "God save you," said he.

"God save you kindly," says the waiver, purtendin' he was quite onknowst who he was spakin' to.

"Do you know who I am," says the king, "that you make so free, good man?"

"No, indeed," says the waiver, "you have the advantage o' me."

"To be sure I have," says the king, moighty high; "sure, ain't I the King o' Dublin?" says he.

"The waiver dhropped down an his two knees forninst the king, and says he, "I beg pardon for the liberty I tuk; plaze your holiness, I hope you'll excuse it."

"No offince," says the king; "get up, good man. And what brings you here?" says he.

"I'm in want o' work, plaze your riverence," says the waiver.

"Well, suppose I give you work?" says the king.

"I'll be proud to sarve you, my lord," says the waiver.

"Very well," says the king. "You killed three score and tin at one blow, I understan'," says the king.

"Yis," says the waiver; "that was the last thrifle o' work I done, and I'm afeard my hand 'ill go out o' practice if I don't get some job to do, at wanst."

"You shall have a job immediantly," says the king. "It is not three score and tin or any fine thing like that; it is only a blaguard dhraggin that is disturbin' the counthry and ruinatin' my tinanthry wid aitin' their powlthry, and I'm lost for want of eggs," says the king,

"Throth thin, plaze your worship," says the waiver, "you look as yollow as if you swallowed twelve yolks, this minit."

"Well, I want this dhraggin to be killed," says the king. "It will be no throuble in life to you; and I am only sorry that it isn't betther worth your while, for he isn't worth fearin' at all; only I must tell you that he lives in Galway, in the middle of a bog, and he has an advantage in that."

"Oh, I don't value it in the laste," says the waiver; "for the last three score and tin I killed was in a *soft place*."

"When will you undhertake the job then?" says the king.

"Let me at him at wanst," says the waiver.

"That's what I like," says the king; "you're the very man for my money," says he.

"Talkin' of money," says the waiver, "by the same token, I'll want a thrifle o' change from you for my thravellin' charges."

"As much as you plaze," says the king; and with the word, he brought him into his closet, where there was an owld stockin' in an oak chest, burstin' wid goolden guineas.

"Take as many as you plaze," says the king; and sure enough, my dear, the little waiver stuffed

his tin clothes as full as they could howld with them.

"Now I'm ready for the road," says the waiver.

"Very well," says the king; "but you must have a fresh horse," says he.

"With all my heart," says the waiver, who thought he might as well exchange the miller's owld garron for a betther.

And maybe it's wondherin' you are, that the waiver would think of goin' to fight the dhraggin afther what he heerd about him, when he was purtendin' to be asleep: but he had no sitch notion; all he intended was to fob the goold, and ride back again to Duleek with his gains and a good horse. But you see, 'cute as the waiver was, the king was 'cuter still; for these high quolity, you see, is great desaivers; and so the horse the waiver was put an was larned on purpose; and sure, the minit he was mounted, away powdhered the horse, and the divil a toe he'd go but right down to Galway. Well, for four days he was goin' evermore, until at last the waiver seen a crowd o' people runnin' shoutin' a thousand murdhers and cryin', "The dragghin, the dragghin!" and he couldn't stop the horse nor make him turn back, but away he pelted right forninst the terrible baste that was comin' up to him; and there was the most nefaarious smell o' sulphur, savin' your presence, enough to knock you down; and faith the waiver seen he had no time to lose, and so he threwn himself off the horse and made to a three that was growin' nigh hand, and away he clambered up into it as nimble as a cat; and not a minit had he to spare, for the dragghin kem up in a powerful rage, and he devoured the horse body and bones, in less than no time; and then he began to sniffle and scent about for the waiver, and at last he clapt his eye an him, where he was up in the three, and says he, "In throth, you might as well come down out o' that," says he, "for I'll have you as sure as eggs is mate."

"Divil a fut I'll go down," says the waiver.

"Sorra care, I care," says the dragghin, "for you're as good as ready money in my pocket this minit, for I'll lie undher this three," says he, "and sooner or later you must fall to my share;" and sure enough he sot down, and began to pick his teeth with his tail, afther the heavy brekquest he made that mornin' (for he ate a whole village, let alone the horse), and he got dhrowsy at last, and fell asleep; but before he wint to sleep, he wound himself all round about the three, all as one as a lady windin' ribbon round her finger, so that the waiver could not escape.

Well, as soon as the waiver knew he was dead asleep, by the snorin' of him—and every snore he let out of him was like a clap o' thunder—the minit, the waiver began to creep down the three, as cautious as a fox; and he was very nigh hand the bottom when, bad cess to it! a thievin' branch he was dipindin' an bruk, and down he fell right atop o' the dhraggin: but if he did, good luck was an his side, for where should he fall but with his two legs right acrass the dhraggin's neck, and, my jew'l, he laid howlt o' the baste's ears, and there he kept his grip, for the dhraggin wakened and endayvoured for to bite him; but, you see, by raison the waiver was behind his ears, he could not come at him; and, with that, he endayvoured for to shake him off; but the divil a stir could he stir the waiver; and though he shuk all the scales an his body, he could not turn the scale agin the waiver.

"By the hokey, this is too bad intirely," says the dhraggin; "but if you won't let go," says he, "by the powers o' wildfire, I'll give you a ride that 'ill astonish your siven small sinses, my boy;" and with that, away he flew like mad; and where do you think he did fly? By dad, he flew sthraight for Dublin—divil a less. But the waiver bein' an his neck was a great disthress to him, and he would rather have had him an inside passenger; but, any way, he flew and he flew till he kem slap up agin the palace o' the king; for, bein' blind with the rage, he never seen it, and he knocked his brains out—that is, the small thrifle he had, and down he fell spacheless. An' you see, good luck would have it that the King o' Dublin was lookin' out iv his dhrawin'-room windy, for divarshin, that day also, and whin he seen the waiver ridin' an the fiery dhraggin (for he was blazin' like a tar-barrel), he called out to his coortyers to come and see the show. "By the powdhers o' war, here comes the knight arriant," says the king, "ridin' the dhraggin that's all afire, and if he gets into the palace, yiz must be ready wid the fire engines," says he, "for to put him out." But when they seen the dhraggin fall outside, they all run down-stairs and scampered into the palace-yard for to circumspect the curiosity: and by the time they got down, the waiver had got off o' the dhraggin's neck, and runnin' up to the king, says he, "Plaze your holiness," says he, "I did not think myself worthy of killin' this facetious baste, so I brought him to yourself for to do him the honour of decripitation by your own royal five fingers. But I tamed him first, before I allowed him the liberty for to dar' to appear in your royal prisince, and you'll oblige me if you'll just make your mark with your own hand upon the onruly baste's neck." And with that the king, sure enough, dhrew out his swoord and took the head aff the dirty brute, as clane as a new pin. Well, there was great rejoicin' in the coort that the dhraggin was killed; and says the king to the little waiver, says he, "You are a knight arriant as it is, and so it would be no use for to knight you over agin; but I will make you a lord," says he.

"I will," says the king; "and as you are the first man I ever heer'd tell of that rode a dhraggin, you shall be called Lord *Mount* Dhraggin," says he.

"And where's my estates, plaze your holiness?" says the waiver, who always had a sharp look-out afther the main chance.

"Oh, I didn't forget that," says the king. "It is my royal pleasure to provide well for you, and for that rayson I make you a present of all the dhraggins in the world, and give you power over them from this out," says he.

"Is that all?" says the waiver.

"All?" says the king. "Why, you ongrateful little vagabone, was the like ever given to any man before?"

"I b'lieve not, indeed," says the waiver; "many thanks to your majesty."

"But that is not all I'll do for you," says the king; "I'll give you my daughther, too, in marriage," says he. Now, you see, that was nothin' more

than what he promised the waiver in his first promise; for, by all accounts, the king's daughther was the greatest dhraggin ever was seen, and had the divil's own tongue, and a beard a yard long, which she purtended was put an her, by way of a penance, by Father Mulcahy, her confissor; but it was well known was in the family for ages, and no wondher it was so long, by rayson of that same.

MRS. BROWN ON FURNISHING.*

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

I SAYS, "Brown, do as you please," for knowin' what a worret he is, and one of those peculent dispositions, I thought it was as well as he should go hisself, and so he did; but when he come home and said as he'd gone in for a rosewood sweet at twenty-two guineas, all I says was "Rubbish!"

And true my words was proved as ever the sun set upon, for of all the things as that Tottingem Court Road can produce I never see the like.

When they was brought in, my heart misgive me for them men's feet, as I know'd must be filthy. So I says, "Bring 'em as far as the parlour-door, for bein' on castors me and Sarah can wheel 'em in easy." So we did; but, law bless you, them white cheney castors was that brittle as to crumble like ashes on the lips, as the sayin' is.

So I says to the young man, I says, "Them castors must be took off and proper ones put," as promised me faithful should be done the next day followin', as it's now more than a fortnight, and me never to set a eye on, as is a young man that conspicuous with coal-black whiskers and a squint as made your eyes water for to look at.

Well, we got the things in, as looked very well on my new carpet, as covers both rooms thro' bein' a large pattern of roses in bunches, with rugs of a Newfoundland and sleepin' lion, as is Brown's taste; not as I held with the furniture thro' its bein' green, as is a unlucky colour, for well I remembers Mrs. Whiteside, as lived near Horsleydown, a-havin' on it, and her husband thro' the court in no time, and obliged for to go back to her father, as was a bed-ridden man with twins.

Brown he would have green, and if he didn't go and buy curtains with yellow fringe, as was a different shade from the furniture, as was covered in rip, and rip it proved, for I never see such stuff to tear, and them is rips as sells it.

Certainly they was beautiful chimley-glasses, as come to ten guineas thro' takin' a pair, and the young man put up the front room one, a-takin' off his shoes, as proved he'd a tidy wife, for I never see stockings more darned nor neater, but thro' not havin' long nails wasn't able for to fix the back room as he stood agin the wall, and just as things was pretty straight who should come in but Mrs. Brodlins, as is own sister to Mrs. Yardley, and her figure all over, thro' them a-takin' after the mother's side, as was that lusty as brought on palpitations, as took her sudden, as the sayin' is.

Glad I was to see her, for I don't believe there is a fairer-hearted woman out, as would give you her last crust, which some begrudges. So I says, "Take a settin', Mrs. Brodlins, mum, on my new sofy, as nobody ain't more welcome."

Down she sets, and I heard a crunch like, as was the back leg give way, up goes her 'eels, down goes her 'ead with a hollar crash. I goes for to save her, and if she didn't pull me right on to her, as was more than that sofy could bear up agin, and away it went back'ards altogether, and I do believe as we should be in that corner to this very hour if Sarah hadn't called back the men as had brought the things, as managed to pull us up.

Certainly I don't see as there was anythink to laugh at, as I told Sarah pretty plain, and them men too, as was a-making free in their remarks about 'eavy-weights.

As to them easy chairs, they was a mockery, as gave way with Brown the second time as ever he set on it, and one of them six drawin'-room chairs, as was very bowed about the legs, I was a-settin' on it givin' of Sarah a character to a lady, as is goin' to better herself, as I don't see it myself with nine in family, and all the washin' done at home. I was a-sayin' as she was a willin' gal to that lady, tho' required lookin' after, when with no more warnin' than nothin' if that chair didn't fly to bits like splinter bars under me; there wasn't a bit bigger than my hand, and as to stuffed with horsehair, why, it was haybands, as no doubt is the case all round.

Brown he says to me, "You're always a-growlin' and a-howlin'," as if castors was trifles as come off everything. So he brings some home for to put 'em on hisself, but, law bless you! the wood wouldn't hold the screws as he got, so he had for to take 'em all off, as has made that sofy scrape my carpet raw.

Brown he wouldn't hear a word agin the things, and had the man in for to mend the leg of the sofy, as he said wasn't never intended for to bear two hipplepotumuses, illudin', in course, to Mrs. Brodlins and me, as brought on words thro' me a-sayin' as it wasn't a epitaph for to apply to a lady.

And glad I was for to see it come home to him thro'

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his own aunt, as is a elderly party, and that 'ard of 'earin' as she says thro' a sleepin' with a crack of the window open as come close agin her tester; but I say rubbish, for it's my opinion that seventy-eight is about the size on it, as she must be if she's a hour, thro' my own dear mother bein' only two years' difference, as never see but three-score and six.

Well, the old lady she'd come to tea, and precious cranky too, and made remarks about the 'ouse as I didn't care for. So I says, "Mrs. Carding, mum, is your tea agreeable?" but law, I might as well a-spoke to Aldgate Pump, for she only says, "It must be gone six," which it were not, and her temper ruffled thro' me not a-teain' at five punctual, as I should have done if the gal, thro' bein' a stranger, hadn't forgot the kittle.

Well, the old lady she'd got her mouth full of muffins, a-goin' to take a cup of tea, when a somethin' give way in that sofy, and shot her up like a cork from a bottle. I never see such a thing. If I didn't think she'd gone sudden mad when I see the cup and saucer fly up, and her give a jump ever so high, a-sendin' the tea all over the place, and her a-gulpin' at that muffin as wouldn't go up nor down.

Cough, I believe she did cough, till I thought as strangulation was to be her end; and when she drawed her breath agin she did set to and abuse everything, and made Brown cut the sofy open to prove as it wasn't no trick as we'd been and played, as was proved thro' its bein' a spring as had got broke, thro' that Sarah, I do believe, a-standin' on that sofy for to pull back the curtain, as got hitched the very day before as she was a-cleanin' up afore leavin', as was always too flyaway a gal for me. It was well as we proved to the old lady as it was the works as had give way, or I don't believe as she'd ever have spoke to us agin, for she thought as it was fireworks under her, as has a pretty income. Not as I cares for her money, though she can't take it with her, and not a soul but Brown for to leave it to. But she come round agin with a drop of something in her tea for to settle her nerves, as was shook to fiddlestrings I could see, and had give me a nasty all-overish turn as made me feel all of a chill, as something hot is the only thing as will check.

I was that put out with them things, for the weneer on the claw-table had bulged up like a human blister, that I says "I'm a-goin' for to see Mrs. Brodlins, as lives at Marrybone, and if I don't give that furniture man a bit of my mind my name ain't Martha." So I goes by the 'bus from Kennington, as put me down close by Mrs. Brodlins, where she appointed for to meet me, and as she was a-goin' shopping according to agreement.

We walks along Oxford-street, and after a-looking at the shops I asks her if she'd mind a-steppin' as far as Tottingem Court Road, and as soon as we got there I see the shop as I remembered the name on immediate, and there was a man and a woman a-standin' outside, with walnut sweets in the winder. The man he says to me, "What can I show you to-day?"

"Well," I says, "I wish as you'd show me some furniture, and not the rubbish as you've sent home to me, as is a mass of fragments, and a downright disgrace for any one to look at, leave alone to set upon." So he stares, and up comes the woman a-askin' what I was a-sayin'.

So I says, "I can speak agin, tho' pr'aps you mayn't care to hear it, as is a gang of swindlers."

"What are you a-talkin' about?" says she.

"Your furniture," says I, "as is ketchpenny rubbish as you sent to South Lambeth without a castor as didn't scrunch under your own weight." So she says, "You did ought to have cast-iron to bear you; but," she says, "I scorn your words, for I never sent you no furniture, and never see you before," and turns round.

I says, "You'll deny your own name, I suppose." So the fellow as was dustin' with a feather broom he says, "Now step along, if you please, and don't be kickin' up no row here."

I says, "You take back your rubbish, and give me back my money."

He says, "Who's got your money?"

I says, "You! for," I says, "I've got the card," as I was a long time a-gettin' out thro' my pocket bein' that deep; "but," I says, "here it is, deny that if you can." So he says, "That's not my card;" and if I hadn't been and made a mistake about the name, as it was the wrong shop, and I don't know what would have happened, only Mrs. Brodlins she ketched 'old on me and pulled me on quick, and that man and woman hollared after me as I must be mad or drunk, and hooted at us, and I do believe if we hadn't took a cab as we should have been mobbed.

And next time as Brown makes a bad bargain he may get out of it hisself, for the way as he abused me for interferin' was downright outrageous, and all I got to say is no more of your sweets for me, but steady-made furniture, as will bear the 'uman form.

KINKING SPEECH.

STAMMERING, says Coleridge, is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in preventing the duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was!" said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way, "but you know he is the Duke of Cu-cum-ber-land."

A WAGGISH fellow, somewhat troubled with an impediment in his speech, while one day sitting at a public table, had occasion to use a pepper-box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and turning it in various ways, he found that the crushed peppercorns were in no wise inclined to come forth. "T-t-th-this p-pe-pepper-box," he exclaimed, with a facetious grin, "is so-some-something li-like myself." "Why so?" interrogated a neighbour. "P-poo-poor delivery," was the reply.

A STRUTTING coxcomb asked a barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a monkey?" "No, sir; but if you'll be pleased to set down, I'll t-t-t-try."

"BAD AT THE BEST, AND BEAUTIFUL IN NEITHER."—Time, towards evening—place, forks of the road somewhere in North Carolina—log-cabin close by—red-headed boy whistling—enter traveller, on an old grey mare, both looking pretty well "beat out." *Traveller:* Say, boy, which of these roads go to Milton? *Stuttering boy:* B-b-both on 'em goes thar. *Traveller:* Well, which is the quickest way? *Boy:* 'B-b-bout alike; b-b-both on 'em gets there 'b-b-bout the same t-t-time o' day. *Traveller:* How far is it? *Boy:* 'B-b-bout four miles *Traveller:* Which is the best road? *Boy:* T-t-they ain't nary one the b-best. If you take the right-hand, and go about a m-mile, you'll wish you was back; and if you t-turn back, and take the l-l-left-hand one, by the time you have g-g-gone half a m-m-mile, you'll wish you had kept on the other r-r-road. G'lang!"

BEN HOLMES had an impediment in his speech—not a stammer, but a sticking fast when he wanted to speak quick. He was a horse-trader on the Mississippi; went down to New Orleans with a flat-boat load; finally succeeded in getting clear of all his stock but one inferior pony, which he had concluded, rather than be longer detained, to sell for the very low price of sixty dollars. In a short time a Frenchman came to the boat and asked the price of the pony. Holmes worked his lips and face violently, endeavouring to say "Sixty dollars," but no word could he get out. The Frenchman, becoming impatient, said, "I'll give you a hundred dollars." This loosened Holmes's tongue. "That is just what I was going to say." This, Mr. Holmes says, is the first and only instance in which his impediment was a profit to him; but he lied about it at that.

ELOCUTIONARY EXERCISES.

SMILING Selina Seamstitch was sewing superfine scarlet satin. So, as smiling Selina Seamstitch was sweetly singing, while sewing superfine scarlet satin, smiling Selina Seamstitch's small steel scissors slipt softly down; and in seizing her small steel scissors, smiling Selina Seamstitch slipt off the sofa, and broke her splendid silver spectacles in superfine shagreen cases, which made smiling Selina Seamstitch look sad and sulky.

A RAPID and emphatic recital of the following is said by a provincial paper to be an infallible cure for lisping:—Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs's fobs. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs's jobs," and Snobbs sobs.

A PHRIEND, pheeling phunnily phigurative, phurnishes the phollowing:—4ty 4tunate 4esters 4tuitously 4tifying 4lorn 4tresses, 4cibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4eigners 4ming 4aging 4ces.

A LOVE SCENE.—Overheard and phonographically reported by Phrederick Phinephun.—"Phairest of the phair," sighed the lover, "phancy my pheelings, when I phoresee the phearful consequences of our pheelings phrom your phather's phamily. Phew phellows could have phaced the music with as much phortitude as I have; and, as phickle phortune phails to smile on our loves, I phind I must phorego the pleasure of becoming your husband. Phairest Phrances, pharewell phor ever." "Hold, Phranklin, hold!" screamed Phrances; "I will phollow you phor ever." But Phranklin had phled, and Phrances phainted.

REPEAT without stopping: Bandylegg'd Borachio Mustachio Whiskenfusticus the bold and brave Bombardino of Bagdad helped Abomilique Blue Beard Basha of Babelmandab to beat down a Bumble Bee at Balsora.

HERE is a long sentence of thirty-two words, which some ingenious person has got up with just the letters found in the word "maiden:"—Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine.

THE old difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines, where the combination of the letters *ough* is pronounced in no less than seven different ways, namely, as *o*, *uf*, *of*, *up*, *ow*, *oo*, and *ogh*:—Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through, O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

FIXING THE DAY.*

BY SHIEL DHUV.

SAYS Patrick O'Brien to Kathleen Mulreddin,
"Now, why *won't* you be fixin' the day of our weddin'?"

Says Kathleen, "Why, Pat, what a hurry you're in!
Can't you wait till the summer comes round to begin?"

"O no, Kathleen," says Pat, "in all sinse and all raison
The winter's the properest marryin' saison;
For to comfort oneself from the frost and the rain,
There's nothing like weddin' in winter, 'tis plain."

KATHLEEN.

If it's only protection you want from the cowld,
There's a country called the Equator, I'm tould,
That for single young men is kept hot through the year—
Where's the use of your marryin'? Be off wid you there.

PATRICK.

But there's also a spot not so frequently warmed,
Set aside for ould maids, called the Pole, I'm informed,
Where some mornin', if still she can't make up her mind,
A misfortunate colleen called Kathleen you'll find.

KATHLEEN.

Is it threat'nin' you are that *I'll* die an ould maid,
Who refused for your sake Mr. Lawrence McQuaide;
Thin I think I'll forgive him—for this I'll be bound,
That *he'd* wait like a lamb till the summer came round.

PATRICK.

Now, it's thinkin' I am that this same Mr. Larry
Is what makes you so slow in agreeing to marry.

KATHLEEN.

And your wish to be settled wid *me* in such haste
Doesn't prove that you're jealous of *him* in the laste.

PATRICK.

Well, we'll not say that Kathleen will die an ould maid.

KATHLEEN.

And we'll bother no more about Larry McQuaide.

PATRICK.

But Kathleen, mavrone, sure them weddin's in spring,
When the Long Fast is out, are as common a thing
As the turfs on a rick, or the stones in a wall;
Why, you might just as well not be married at all.
But a weddin', consider, at this side of Lint
Would be thought such a far more surprisin' evint:
So delightful to all at this dull time of year—
Now say "Yes," for the sake of the neighbours, my dear

KATHLEEN.

No, Patrick, we'll wed when the woods and the grass
Wave a welcome of purtiest green as we pass
Through the sweet cowslip meadow, and up by the mill,
To the chapel itself on the side of the hill:
Where the thorn that's now sighing a widow's lamint,
In a bridesmaid's costume 'll be smiling contint;
Whilst the thrush and the blackbird pipe "Haste to the weddin'
Of Patrick O'Brien and Kathleen Mulreddin."

PATRICK.

Will you really now promise that, Kathleen, you rogue?

KATHLEEN.

Whisper, Patrick: the contract I'll seal with—
a pogue—(kisses him).

THE BASHFUL MAN.

AMONG the various good and bad qualities incident to our nature, I am unfortunately that being overstocked with the one called bashfulness; for you must know, I inherit such an extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion my blood rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose; in short, I am commonly known by the appellation of "The Bashful Man." The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me formerly avoid that social company I should otherwise have been ambitious to appear in: till at length becoming possessed of an ample fortune by the death of an old rich uncle, and vainly supposiug that "money makes the man," I was now determined to shake off my natural timidity, and join the gay throng. With this view I accepted of an invitation to dine with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly was an intimate acquaintance of my late uncle's, with two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I for some time took private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance." Having by his means acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a

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family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice! As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with the idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately in bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed closely. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description the number, I believe, is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to support his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, and observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of) greatly excited my curiosity, I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him; and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins, to wipe the surface off my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities par-boiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants.

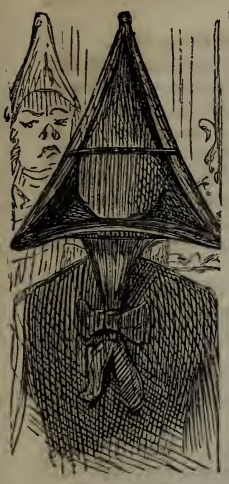
I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disaster overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony—my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was the best for drawing out fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, and rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

HEZ, on being told that Bunyan stands at the head of allegorical writers, sagely remarked that he had always thought bunions were confined to the feet.

MAN is a reasoning animal, who paints with the sunbeams, travels by steam, talks by lightning, specs in bread-stuffs, and swops jackets and jack-knives.

"I VANT TO FLY."



AT the close of a war there were a number of French officers, in a town, on their parole of honour. Now, one gentleman was tired with the usual routine of eating, drinking, gambling, smoking, and therefore, in order to amuse himself otherwise, resolved to go a-fishing. His host supplied him with a rod and line, but being in want of artificial flies, he went in search of a fishing-tackle maker's shop. Having found one, kept by a plain painstaking John Bull, our Frenchman entered, and with a bow, a cringe, and a shrug of the shoulders, thus began:—

"Ah, Monsieur Anglais! comment vous portez-vous?"

"Eh? that's French," exclaimed the shopkeeper; "not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what you mean."

"Bon bon, ver good; den, saire, I sall tell you, I vant deux fly."

"I dare say you do, Mounseer," replied the Englishman, "and so do a great many more of your outlandish gentry; but I'm a true-born Briton, and can never consent to assist the enemies of my country to leave it—particularly when they cost us so much to bring them here."

"Ah, Monsieur, you no comprehend; I sall repeat I vant deux fly, on de top of de vater."

"Oh! what, you want to fly by water, do you? then I'm sure I can't assist you, for we are at least a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and our canal is not navigable above ten or twelve miles from here."

"Diable, Monsieur! sare, you are un stup of the block. I sall tell you once seven times over again—I vant deux fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle at de end of de long pole."

"Ay, ay! you only fly, Mounseer, by land or water, and if they catch you, if they won't dingle dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole!"

"Sacré donc! ah sare! vat you mean by dat? diable? you are un bandit jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. Ba, ba! you are effronte, and I disgrace me to parley vid you. I tell you, sare, dat I vant deux fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle at de end of de long pole, to la trap poisson."

"What's that you say, you French Mounseer—you'll lay a trap to poison me and my family, because I won't assist you to escape? why, the like was never heard! Here, Betty, go for the constable."

The constable soon arrived, who happened to be as ignorant as the shopkeeper, and of course it was not expected that a constable should be a scholar. Thus the man of office began:—

"What's all this? Betty has been telling me that this here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family? Ay, ay, I should like to catch him at it, that's all. Come, come to the lock-up, you delinquent!"

"No, sare, I sall not go to de prison; take me before de—what you call it—de thing dat nibble de grass?"

"Oh, you mean the cow."

"No, sare, not de cow; you stup Johnny Bœuf—I mean de chevale, vat you ride. [Imitating.] Come, sare, gee up. Ah, ha!"

"Oh, now I know, you mean a horse."

"No, sare, I mean de horse's vife."

"What, the mare?"

"Oui bon, yes, sare, take me to de mayor."

This request was complied with, and the French officer soon stood before the English magistrate, who by chance happened to be better informed than his neighbours, and thus explained to the satisfaction of all parties:—

"You have mistaken the intention of this honest gentleman; he did not want to fly the country, but to go a-fishing, and for that purpose went to your shop to purchase two flies, by way of bait, or, as he expressed it, to la trap la poisson. Poisson, in French, is fish."

"Why, ay," replied the shopkeeper, "that may be true—you are a scholard, and so you know better than I. Poison, in French, may be very good fish, but give me good old English roast beef."

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potato-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"Ah! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, ma bochel! sure the praties will wait?"

"Och! no," sis Terry, "I must dig on this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" sis Mick, "sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there, before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it?

Sure the priest can spare it; an' it would be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gossoons at home, to say nothin' iv myself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying, "I won't take it—why wou'd I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," replied he, "an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it!"

Well, into his great-coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kilt and ruin'd, horse and foot, now, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thry an' make the best of it, anyhow," says he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Oh! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sur, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of niver having done the like afore, sur, niver!"

"Come!" said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your riverince, I will tell id; but, sur, I'm ashamed like."

"Oh, never mind! tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your riverince, I went out one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' ingaged, I was showed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hanging in the chimbly-corner. I looked at id, your riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaze, sur, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no, certainly not; give it back to the owner of it."

"Why, then, your riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest; "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately; but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaze, sur."

Terence received absolution, and went home rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

THOUGHTS IN A YACHT.

EXPRESSED IN PARENTHESIS.

Oh! 'tis pleasant to sail in a yacht,
(Rather rough weather this morning we've got,)
Breasting the tide with its billows of foam.
(How glad I shall be when I'm safely at home!)

Oh! 'tis pleasant to sail on the sea,
(Wretchedly ill I shall presently be,)
Watching the broad billows bear us from land.
(Think that it's better to sit than to stand.)

Light as the smoke from the pipe I have lit,
(Think that it's better to stand than to sit,)
Flies the *Fair Rosamond* over the wave.
(Zooks! what a lurch at that moment she gave!)

Sons of the sea-kings, we laugh at the storm;
(Beer? no, I thank you, it's rather too warm;)
Let the wind whistle—(I can't keep my legs—
Oh! the next thing for breakfast is coffee and eggs.)

Let the winds whistle, we love their wild tones;
(Cruel, that smile of the strong-stomached Jones!)
Here at our ease (every minute I dread,
Shifting the thingumbobs over our head)

Isn't it pleasant, this cruise in a yacht?
(Catch me again in it certainly not!)
Tossing about—(ah! the peril is past,
Thank goodness, we're back in the harbour at last!)

AMERICAN WISDOM.

THERE are some folks who think a good deal, and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are others, agin, who blurt out whatever comes uppermost; and I guess they are pretty considerable superfine asses.

THE littler the folks be, the bigger they talk. You never see'd a small man that didn't wear high-heeled boots and a high-crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight almost any one. to show that he was a man every inch of him.

BOOK-L'ARNED men seldom know anything but books; and there is one that never was printed yet, worth all they've got on their shelves, but which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves of, for they don't understand the handwriting, and that book is human natur'.

A WOMAN who wants a charitable heart, wants a pure mind. The measure of a female's judgment must be her own feelings; and if she judge harshly her feelings are not delicate. Her experience is her own, and if that is adverse, it ought at least to impose silence. Innocence is not suspicious, but guilt is always ready to turn informer.

LOVE and hope are both rascals. I don't pity any folks that is cheated by hope, it sarves 'em right, for all natur, is agin hope. "Good and evil seldom come where they are expected." We hante no right to rely on anybody but on Providence and ourselves.

BUTTERMILK.

A QUARTER-MASTER in a regiment of light horse, who was about six feet high, and very corpulent, was joking with an Irishman concerning the natural proneness of his countrymen to make bulls in conversation. "By my soul," said the Irishman, "Ireland never made such a bull in all her lifetime as England did when she made a *light* horseman of you."

THE other day an Irish servant girl in London, having finished her day's work, including the week's "washing," obtained a half-hour's furlough "to see a gintleman friend." The half extended to the whole hour, when Bridget appeared blushing and half smiling. "If you plase, ma'am, I must lave you to-day, for I'm to be married, if you plaze, to-night, ma'am." "Why, what does this mean, Bridget?" inquired her mistress; "I never heard you were engaged." "No more was I, ma'am; but a boy just now from the ould counthry wants me to have him, and me cousin thinks I had betther, and so I towld him I would."

"PRAY, poleshman," said a saucy jade from the Emerald Isle, "why do you wear that white thing round one of your wrists?" "To show we are on duty," was his reply. "Och, by the powers, I thought it was because ye didn't know yer right hand from yer left," said the sly minx.

AN Irish corporal, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good poteen, was thus accosted by his captain, whilst standing at ease: "Pat, what makes your nose so red?" "Plase yer honour," said Pat, "I always blush when I spakes to an officer."

A LANKY Irish peasant, on a little ragged pony, was floundering through one of the bogs so common in his country, when the animal, in its efforts to push through, got one of its feet into the stirrup. "Ah! now," said the rider, "if you are going to get up, it's time for me to get down."

A NATIVE of Cork, hiring himself to a needy alderman, was asked if he could live hard. "By my faith," says Pat, "and I can live upon bread and water, provided your honour will feed me well every day of my life."

"How many years have you been dumb?" said an Irish gentleman to an Irish beggar-man. "Five years last St. John's Eve, plase your honour," answered the mendicant, completely taken off his guard by the question.

TWO brothers of the name of Lawes, creating a disturbance at the Dublin Theatre, were called to order by the celebrated Felix McCarthy, who was in the same box. One of them, presenting his card, said, "You shall hear from one of us; our name is Lawes." "Lawes, is it?" quoth Felix, "then I'll give you an addition to your name;" and, exerting his well-known strength, handed them out of the box, exclaiming, "Now, by the powers, you're both outlaws!"

AN Irishman, in the course of a discussion touching the superior natural productions of various countries, said "You may talk as you plase about it, but Scotland is the finest counthry in the wurruld for nathural productions." "How so?" cries one. "Impossible!" exclaims another. "Give us your reason," demands a third. "Why, gintlemen," said he, "don't ye see that Scotland has got a whole river of Tay running through it?"

A SCUFFLE between some Irish labourers and St. Giles's sojourners took place on Putney Bridge, and, a battle royal ensuing, one of the Hibernians was very *nately* tumbled into the river. Whilst he was floundering in the water, he loudly exclaimed to his opponent, "Och, you spalpeen, come and hit me now if you dare!"

DENNIS O'SHAUGHNESSY, six weeks in "Ameriky," thus writes to his sweetheart in Ireland:—"Bridget, darling, come across to me; it's meself is doing a nate bisness here with a son of Father Malone's; sure it's with his brother I mean. He keeps a whiskey store, and I does the waiten. He tould me the other morning that he had no money, and I tould him that I would take part of the shtock every Saturday as wages. 'But,' says he, 'sure, Pat, if I pay you that way, I will soon have no shtock at all left, and you will have it all.' Says I to him, says I, 'Sure you can work for me then, alanna, and earn it back agin, and so we can keep it up, and be masters month in and month out, and wages will come aisy to both of us.'"

AN Irish gentleman, visiting some friends in the North, was received with so much hospitality, and drank so very hard, that he departed in a shorter time than was expected; and when asked the reason, very gravely said that "he liked them so much, and ate and drank so incessantly, that he was sure, if he lived there a month longer, he should die in a fortnight."

WINCHELL tells a story of a stranger seeing an Irishman leaning against a post, watching a funeral procession coming out of a brick house at his side, when the following dialogue ensued:—"Is that a funeral?" "Yes, sir, I'm thinking that it is." "Anybody of distinction?" "I reckon it is, sir." "Who is it that died?" "The gintleman in the coffin, sir."

ON the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, there is a stone with the following inscription:—"N.B. When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected some years since by the surveyors of the Kent roads:—"This is the bridle-path to Faversham; if you can't read this, you had better keep the main road."

AN Irishman coming to Boston from Lowell took the stage in preference to the cars, because, as he said, he could ride four times as long for the same money.

"Is Mr. Smith in?" asked an Irishman. "No," was the reply; "will you leave your name?" "Och, murther! Do you think I'd be after going home without a name?" rejoined Pat.

TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

BY BRET HARTE.

SPEAK, O man less recent!
Fragmentary fossil!
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of volcanic tufa!

"Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of earth's epidermis!

"Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoe'er the 'cene' was
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder—
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches—
Tell us thy strange story!

"Or has the professor slightly antedated
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted
For cold-blooded creatures?

"Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant
Carboniferous epoch?

"Tell us of that scene—the dim and watery woodland
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect;
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-mosses,
Lycopodiacea,

"When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

"Tell us of thy food—those half-marine refections,
Crinoids on the shell and brachipods *au naturel*—
Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo
Seems a periwinkle.

"Speak, thou awful vestige of the earth's creation,
Solitary fragment of remains organic!
Tell the wondrous secret of thy past existence—
Speak! thou oldest primate!"

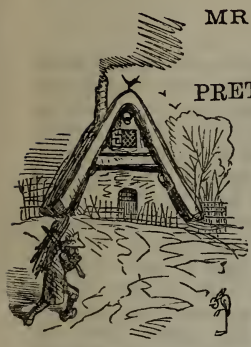
Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,
Ground the teeth together.

And, from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectoration:

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras county,
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!"

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.*

MR. CAUDLE HAS REMAINED DOWN-STAIRS TILL PAST ONE WITH A FRIEND.



PRETTY time of night to come to bed, Mr. Caudle. Ugh! As cold, too, as any ice. Enough to give any woman her death, I'm sure. What! *I shouldn't have locked up the coals?* If I hadn't, I've no doubt the fellow would have stayed all night. It's all very well for you, Mr. Caudle, to bring people home—but I wish you'd think first what's for supper. That beautiful leg of pork would have served for our dinner to-morrow—and now it's gone. *I* can't keep the house upon the money, and I won't pretend to do it, if you bring a mob of people every night to clear out the cupboard.

"I wonder who'll be so ready to give you a supper when you want one; for want one you will, unless you change your plans. Don't tell me! I know I'm right. You'll first be eaten up, and then you'll be laughed at. I know the world. No, indeed, Mr. Caudle, I don't think ill of everybody; don't say that. But I can't see a leg of pork eaten up in that way, without asking myself what it's all to end in if such things go on. And then he must have pickles, too! Couldn't be content with my cabbage—no, Mr. Caudle, I won't let you go to sleep. It's very well for you to say let you go to sleep, after you've kept me awake till this time. *Why did I keep awake?* How do you suppose I could go to sleep, when I knew that man was below, drinking up your substance in brandy-and-water? for he couldn't be content upon decent wholesome gin. Upon my word you ought to be a rich man, Mr. Caudle. You have such very fine friends. I wonder who gives you brandy when you go out!

"No, indeed, he couldn't be content with my pickled cabbage—and I should like to know who makes better—but must have walnuts. And you, too, like a fool—now, don't you think to stop me, Mr. Caudle; a poor woman may be trampled to death, and never say a word—you, too, like a fool—I wonder who'd do it for you—to insist upon the girl going out for pickled walnuts. And in such a night too! With snow upon the ground. Yes: you're a man of fine feelings, you are, Mr. Caudle; but the world doesn't know you as I know you—fine feelings indeed! to send the poor girl out, when I told you, and told your friend too—a pretty brute he is, I'm sure—that the poor girl had got a cold, and I dare say chilblains on her toes. But I know what will be the end of that; she'll be laid up, and we shall have a nice doctor's bill. And you'll pay it, I can tell you—for *I* won't.

"*You wish you were out of the world?* Oh! yes, that's all very easy. I'm sure *I* might wish it. Don't swear in that dreadful way! Aren't you afraid that the bed will open and swallow you? And don't swing about in that way. *That* will do no good. *That* won't bring back the leg of pork, and the brandy you've poured down both of your throats. Oh, I know it. I'm sure of it. I only recollected it when I'd got into bed—and if it hadn't been so cold, you'd have seen me down-stairs again, I can tell you—I recollected it, and a pretty two hours I've passed—that I left the key in the cupboard—and I know it—I could see by the manner of you, when you came into the room—I know you've got at the other bottle. However, there's one comfort; you told me to send for the best brandy—the very best—for your other friend, who called last Wednesday. Ha! ha! It was British—the cheapest British—and nice and ill I hope the pair of you will be to-morrow.

"There's only the bare bone of the leg of pork; but you'll get nothing else for dinner, I can tell you. It's a dreadful thing that the poor children should go without—but if they have such a father, they, poor things, must suffer for it.

"Nearly a whole leg of pork and a pint of brandy! A pint of brandy and a leg of pork!"

CLIPPED.

GEORGE ELIOT remarks:—There's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself.

SOME folks are so wise, they'll find you fifty reasons straight off, and all the while the real reason's winking at 'em in the corner, and they never see't.

LORD CHESTERFIELD remarked of two persons dancing a minuet, that "they looked as if they were hired to do it, and were doubtful of being paid."

A SCOTCH LADY, hearing that it was desirable in any danger to have presence of mind, replied, "I had rather have absence of body."

LADY HOLLAND, when she wanted to get rid of a fop, used to say, "I beg your pardon—but I wish you would sit a little further off; there is something on your handkerchief which I don't like."

WHEN any gentleman, to her great annoyance, was standing with his back close to the chimney-piece, she would call out, "Have the goodness, sir, to stir the fire!"

* By kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

ABOUT BARBERS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

ALL things change except barbers, the ways of barbers, and the surroundings of barbers. These never change. What one experiences in a barber-shop the first time he enters one, is what he always experiences in barber-shops afterwards till the end of his days. I got shaved this morning as usual. A man approached the door from Jones Street as I approached it from Main—a thing that always happens. I hurried up, but it was of no use; he entered the door one little step ahead of me, and I followed in on his heels and saw him take the only vacant chair, the one presided over by the best barber. It always happens so. I sat down, hoping that I might fall heir to the chair belonging to the better of the remaining two barbers, for he had already begun combing his man's hair, while his comrade was not yet quite done rubbing up and oiling his customer's locks. I watched the probabilities with strong interest. When I saw that No. 2 was gaining on No. 1 my interest grew to solicitude. When No. 1 stopped a moment to make change on a bath ticket for a new-comer, and lost ground in the race, my solicitude rose to anxiety. When No. 1 caught up again, and both he and his comrade were pulling the towels away and brushing the powder from their customers' cheeks, and it was about an even thing which one would say "Next!" first, my very breath stood still with the suspense. But when at the final culminating moment No. 1 stopped to pass a comb a couple of times through his customer's eyebrows, I saw that he had lost the race by a single instant, and I rose indignant and quitted the shop, to keep from falling into the hands of No. 2; for I have none of that enviable firmness that enables a man to look calmly into the eyes of a waiting barber and tell him he will wait for his fellow-barber's chair.

I stayed out fifteen minutes, and then went back, hoping for better luck. Of course all the chairs were occupied now, and four men sat waiting, silent, unsociable, distraught, and looking bored, as men always do who are awaiting their turn in a barber's shop. I sat down in one of the iron-armed compartments of an old sofa, and put in the time for awhile reading the framed advertisements of all sorts of quack nostrums for dyeing and colouring the hair. Then I read the greasy names on the private bay rum bottles; read the names and noted the numbers on the private shaving cups in the pigeon-holes; studied the stained and damaged cheap prints on the walls, of battles, early Presidents, and voluptuous recumbent sultanas, and the tiresome and everlasting young girl putting her grandfather's spectacles on; execrated in my heart the cheerful canary and the distracting parrot that few barber-shops are without. Finally, I searched out the least dilapidated of last year's illustrated papers that littered the foul centre-table, and conned their unjustifiable misrepresentations of old, forgotten events.

At last my turn came. A voice said "Next!" and I surrendered to—No. 2 of course. It always happens so. I said meekly that I was in a hurry, and it affected him as strongly as if he had never heard it. He shoved up my head, and put a napkin under it. He ploughed his fingers into my collar, and fixed a towel there. He explored my hair with his claws, and suggested that it needed trimming. I said I did not want it trimmed. He explored again, and said it was pretty long for the present style—better have a little taken off; it needed it behind especially. I said I had had it cut only a week before. He yearned over it reflectively a moment, and then asked, with a disparaging manner, who cut it. I came back at him promptly with a "You did!" I had him there. Then he fell to stirring up his lather and regarding himself in the glass, stopping now and then to get close and examine his chin critically or torture a pimple. Then he lathered one side of my face thoroughly, and was about to lather the other, when a dog-fight attracted his attention, and he ran to the window, and stayed and saw it out, losing two shillings on the result in bets with the other barbers, a thing which gave me great satisfaction. He finished lathering, meantime getting the brush into my mouth only twice, and then began to rub in the suds with his hand; and as he now had his head turned, discussing the dog-fight with the other barbers, he naturally shovelled considerable lather into my mouth without knowing it—but I did.

He now began to sharpen his razor on an old suspender, and was delayed a good deal on account of a controversy about a cheap masquerade ball he had figured at the night before in red cambric and bogus ermine, as some kind of a king. He was so gratified with being chaffed about some damsel whom he had smitten with his charms, that he used every means to continue the controversy by pretending to be annoyed at the chaffings of his fellows. This matter begot more surveyings of himself in the glass, and he put down his razor and brushed his hair with elaborate care, plastering an inverted arch of it down on his forehead, accomplishing an accurate "part" behind, and brushing the two wings forward over his ears with nice exactness. In the meantime the lather was drying on my face, and apparently eating into my vitals.

Now he began to shave, digging his fingers into my countenance to stretch the skin, making a handle of my nose now and then, bundling and tumbling my head this way and that as convenience in shaving demanded, and expectorating, what may be termed pleasantly, all the while. As long as he was on the tough sides of my face I did not suffer; but when he began to rake, and rip, and tug at my chin, the tears came. I did not mind his getting so close down to me; I did not mind his garlic, because all barbers eat garlic, I suppose; but there was an added something that made me fear that he was decaying inwardly while still alive, and this gave me much concern. He now put his finger into my mouth to assist him in shaving the corners of my upper lip, and it was by this bit of circumstantial evidence that I discovered that a

part of his duties in the shop was to clean the kerosene lamps. I had often wondered in an indolent way whether the barbers did that, or whether it was the boss.

About this time I was amusing myself trying to guess where he would be most likely to cut me this shave, but he got ahead of me, and sliced me on the end of the chin before I had got my mind made up. He immediately sharpened his razor—he might have done it before. I do not like a close shave, and would not let him go over me a second time. I tried to get him to put up his razor, dreading that he would make for the side of my chin, my pet tender spot, a place which a razor cannot touch twice without making trouble; but he said he only wanted to just smooth off one little roughness, and in that same moment he slipped his razor along the forbidden ground, and the dreaded pimple-signs of a close shave rose up smarting and answered to the call. Now he soaked his towel in bay rum, and slapped it all over my face nastily—slapped it over, as if a human being ever yet washed his face in that way. Then he dried it by slapping with the dry part of the towel, as if a human being ever dried his face in such a fashion; but a barber seldom rubs you like a Christian. Next he poked bay rum into the cut place with his towel, then choked the wound with powdered starch, then soaked it with bay rum again, and would have gone on soaking and powdering it for evermore, no doubt, if I had not rebelled and begged off. He powdered my whole face now, straightened me up, and began to plough my hair thoughtfully with his hands and examine his fingers critically. Then he suggested a shampoo, and said my hair needed it badly, very badly. I observed that I shampooed it myself very thoroughly in the bath yesterday. I "had him" again. He next recommended some of "Smith's Hair Glorifier," and offered to sell me a bottle. I declined. He praised the new perfume, "Jones's Delight of the Toilet," and proposed to sell me some of that. I declined again. He tendered me a tooth-wash atrocity of his own invention, and when I declined, offered to trade knives with me.

He turned to business after the miscarriage of this last enterprise, sprinkled me all over, legs and all, greased my hair in defiance of my protests against it, rubbed and scrubbed a good deal of it by the roots, and combed and brushed the rest, parting it behind and plastering the eternal inverted arch of hair down on my forehead; and then, while combing my scant eyebrows and defiling them with pomade, strung out an account of the achievements of a six-ounce black and tan terrier of his till I heard the whistles blow for noon, and knew I was five minutes too late for the train. Then he snatched away the towel, brushed it lightly about my face, passed his comb through my eyebrows once more, and gaily sang out "Next!"

This barber fell down and died of apoplexy two hours later. I am waiting over a day for my revenge—I am going to attend his funeral.

VARIOUS IDEAS.

SMART EITHER WAY.—A Mr. Smart was recently prosecuted by a young widow for breach of promise. He settled the difficulty by marrying her. He made her Smart lest she should make him.

IN the police court of a certain city, a musician was fined twenty dollars for pelting a woman with tomatoes. We hope this will have the effect of breaking up this disagreeable custom, for which there is no justification in a city paved with cobble stones.

"I AM striving to obtain a sufficiency," said a witness in the Court of Common Pleas. "And what is a sufficiency?" inquired the judge. "A little more, my lord," replied a witty barrister, "than what a person has already got."

A COUPLE were censured for going to country houses without an invitation. "Don't be hard on them," was Lord Palmerston's suggestion, "for if they waited to be invited they might go nowhere."

A NOBLE Gascon complaining that his pumps did not last long enough, the maker asked him of what stuff his lordship would wish to have them made. "Make the vamps," said he, "of the throat of a chorister, the quarters of the skin of a wolf's neck, and the sole of a woman's tongue." Crispin made bold to ask why. "Why, you blockhead," replied the wag, "because the first never admits water; the second never bends on either side; and the last, though always in motion, never wears out."

A WITTY rogue, brought before a Paris tribunal for a drunken riot, assured the bench that he was not a drunkard, but in his childhood he was bitten by a mad dog, and he ever since had a horror of water.

A COUNTRYMAN, walking through New York, found his progress stopped by a barricade of lumber, and he asked what it was for. "Oh, that's to stop the yellow fever," was the reply. "Eh? I have often heard of the board of health, but I never saw one before."

BURKE remarked, "Strip majesty of its exteriors (the first and last letters), and it becomes a jest."

AFTER Professor Porson's death, his head was dissected, when to the confusion of craniologists and the consolation of blockheads, it was discovered that he had a skull of extraordinary thickness. Professor Gall, on being called upon to reconcile the intellectual powers and tenacious memory of Porson with a skull that would have suited a prize fighter, is said to have replied, "How the ideas got into such a skull, is their business, not mine; but when they were once in, they certainly could never get out again."

MRS. BROWN ON THE MOVE.*

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

I'm sure truer words was never spoke than as three moves is as bad as a fire, as the sayin' is, for rack and ruin is the word, as well as I can prove by the wan-load as come in fragments, and of all the down-pourin' rain as I know'd it would be thro' the moon a-changin' on a Friday, as I've knowed it do often myself, with a wet Monday consequently as sure as ever it was my month's wash.

As to movin', it's a thing as I don't hold with, as has had my share, and bad enough when only a few streets; but all the way from Stepney to South Lambeth, as I holds to be the North Pole for farness, as is a day's journey, as the sayin' is, for I had a cousin as lived in Kennington Oval, as used to take me till dusk to get home again, tho' never stoppin' for a cup of tea. But Brown he says move he must, and that's the nearest where he could find a place with a bit of garden, as his heart is set on thro' bein' that passionate over flowers. Not as ever I fancied the house with a range as there wasn't no doin' nothin' with, and the oven as wouldn't hold a cheese-plate, with a biler as didn't supply itself, and not a bit of copper, not if it was to save your life.

As to the garden, I see nothin' in it, as no more there weren't, thro' its bein' new-made, with broken crockery on the walks, and the house a-smellin' mortary thro' its bein' all fresh cementary work.

Certainly the parlors is noble rooms with folding doors, and picked out with pink paint and marble mantel-pieces, not as I hold with them French windows with shutters only a-fastenin' half-a-way up, and a draught under enough for to cut your feet off; and a-makin' of the front kitchen a parlor is all very well, but don't seem nat'ral, as is on the ground after all, and if them two cupboards ain't damp my name's not Brown, that's all.

Of all the days as ever you see it was that Wednesday—as I will move on, thro' gettin' settled by Saturday night, but, law bless you, settled, why we shan't never be, for as to gettin' things done unless you do 'em yourself it's heart-breakin', and to see the way as I packed them things, tho' as to Mrs. Challin, she's a born fool to go and put them flat irons and two brass candlesticks in along with my tea-service, as can't be matched not for the Queen herself, as I valued nat'ral thro' bein' my own dear mother's, as is one I never had a angry word with, except that time as I knocked the spout off the teapot thro' a-fillin' it from the kettle contrary to her wishes, and could have cried my eyes out when I see it all come out piecemeal, as the sayin' is.

As to Mr. Pocock, as moved us, he's a false man, as I'd a told him to his face only Brown interfered, as is a party I can't a-bear thro' a marryin' two sisters afore the first was hardly cold in her grave, as brought on words atween us, thro' me a-sayin' she wasn't his lawful wife, as made Brown that wild with me, a-tellin' me to mind my own business.

Of all the wans as ever you see, eighteenpence an 'our, why, I'd have drawed myself nearly as well as them rats of horses. I got 'em started off by ten o'clock, Brown and me up before five, everything nearly ready over-night, when just as the milk come round atween seven and eight it begun for to drizzle, as I says foretels a wet day, though the milkman he thought different, a-sayin', "Rain afore seven, lift afore eleven;" as I says, "It's gone seven, as breaks the charm," as the sayin' is.

I'm sure I never knowed no peace till I was off myself in a cab, that full as the door wouldn't shut, and that cat a-strugglin' like wild in my arms, just for all the world like a Christian took anywhere agin his will.

Of all the rides as ever I had it certainly was the joltingest, and kep' a-throwin' me violent forward, and then a-checkin' me back like, thro' the horse a-actin' that contrary, and the abuse of that cabman was enough to make a worm turn as is trod on. So I up and give him a bit of my mind, and says, "If you ain't got your rights there's a sum-

* By kind permission of the Author.

mons open to you, as I can face any day; but," I says, "I'll have the law of you thro' not a givin' me a ticket, as is a mean action in my opinion, as I wouldn't stoop to." But, law, he up and forgot hisself that dreadful that I don't know what he wouldn't have done only Brown come in, as made him step it pretty quick, a willin as would have took a mean advantage of a lady, the same as that one did as I once give half-a-crown to, a-waitin' for change, when he jumps on his box quite sudden, and with a rude gesture, said as he'd carry me for nothin' next time.

I thought I should have gone wild a-waitin' hour after hour for them goods, with nothin' for to set on but a odd tressel, with a bit of bread and cheese, as Brown got me, tho' certainly the beer was relishin'.

It was quite dusk when the goods came, and when I see my beddin' all exposed thro' the tarpaulin' bein' blowed aside with the wind and rain a-blowin' violent, I could have cried my eyes out, and it's a mercy as I'd had some coals in, as is luck with salt for to bring first into a house. So the fires was a-burnin' bright, and of all the beastly drinkin' wretches it was them fellows with the wans, as stifled me out with their rum, as they was reg'lar reekin' with all over the place, and a-fallin' up the stairs with the bannisters knocked with their violent ways, a-bangin' things about as if they were cast-iron and had been and broke my lookin'-glass, as will bring no luck for seven years.

As to gettin' our bed up that wasn't possible, for Brown he reg'lar lost his temper, and went off in a huff, a-sayin' as I'd managed bad, and there was me and Mrs. Challin a-slavin' for to dry that beddin' as was a-steamin' like mad. I do think as that woman was born into the world for to be my bugbear, for tho' well-meanin', she is the most aggravatingest party, thro' bein' that foolish in her actions, a-pilin' up wood and coals like a furnace, a-sayin' as the chimbly must be all right thro' bein' quite uninhabited except the policeman and his wife as had lived in the front room, as kep' a-smokin' in volumes, as the sayin' is.

Well, I was that busy in the bed-room, a-seein' how I could contrive that bed, thro' not a-holdin' with' a-sleepin' on the floor, as is apt for to settle on the eyes thro' draughts under the door, as is not to be kept out, when I hears a hollarin' and a knockin' violent, as I thought was them wan-men come back, as I would not settle with, thro' a-seein' as they was far gone in liquor. So I says, "Let 'em knock, as will pr'aps attract the police," when I hears a rattlin' and a shoutin' "Fire!"

Well, I runs to the window, and there I sees such a mob a-shoutin'. So I throws up the sash and says, "Whatever is it?" Says the police, "It's

the engines, as ragin' flames is a-comin' out at the chimbly-pot," as I could hear a-roarin' like a lion.

It give me such a dreadful turn that I staggers all over the place, and it's a mercy as it was the beddin' I pitched on to, or I might have done for myself.

It was ever so long afore I could get up, and go down, and found the place full of firemen and police, as I says, "Keep out the mob, or I shan't have a thing left in the place," as was a deluge for water a-'swillin' all about, and it's lucky as I'd got the beddin' up-stairs afore the fire broke out, or I do believe it would have been washed away, as I nearly was myself afore the fire was got under.

And what do you think was its cause? Why, if that policeman and his wife hadn't been and stuffed a bundle of shavin's up that chimbly, as I should say the down draught would have done 'em good, as five was a-sleepin' in the room; but it's well as it was found out as it were, or we might have been burnt in our beds.

If you'd heard Brown when he come in a-seein' me that grimed as he busted out a-laughin', as set Mrs. Challin off, as tho' hard of hearin' could join in laughter, as she did in my opinion thro' bein' overtook in liquor, for if she didn't then begin a-weepin' and a-sayin' as she must go home to her husband, as is a wooden-leg cobbler, and brought home frequent in a frightful state, and she can only keep him in by hidin' away his leg with them drinkin' fits on him.

Well, what with her howls and Brown's goin'-on, I was that drove

wild that if my spasms didn't come on, as bends me double, and there I was a-settin' on my feather-bed a howlin' like a ram's horn, and if it hadn't been for a widder lady as lived next door, and is the landlady, a-comin' in, I don't think as I should have lived the night out. All as they could do with hot bricks perpetual, and brandy and peppermint took medicinal, didn't bring me round till past one o'clock, as made Brown bestir hisself for to get the bed up, and if it hadn't been as Jane came over the next day for to help me, as I packed Mrs. Challin off the first thing in the mornin', I don't believe as ever I should have got the place right any more, and as to the cat she took it that to heart as never to be heard on no more.

All I've got to say is, that I'd rather stop in a old house till it fell about your ears, as the sayin' is, than move to a palace, where the carpets won't fit, and everything seems topsy-turvy, and nothin' don't seem to be suitable. I'm sure as the cold I caught and the things I lost and got spoilt in that movin' was enough for to make a saint forget hisself, that it was.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

WHY are conundrums like monkeys?—Because they are far-fetched and full of nonsense.

"HAVE you ever seen a mermaid, captain?" asked a lady on board the Margate boat. "I've seen a good many fish-women, madam, if that's what you mean," was the reply.

"DON'T you think, husband, that you are apt to believe everything you hear?" "No, madam, not when *you* talk."

"I HAVE a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance. "Why do you have a fresh one? Why don't you have it cured?"

WHEN a person is afflicted with a cold, he generally assures you it is a bad one. Did any person ever hear of a good cold?

WHY is hot bread like a caterpillar?—Because it is the grub that makes the butter-fly.

IF necessity is the mother of invention, who is the father?

WHY is a pig's tail like a carving-knive?—Because it is flourished over a ham.

WHAT is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison?—One can't see to go, and the other can't go to sea.

WHY is it easy to break into an old man's house?—Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

WHAT is the difference between the sun and bread?—The sun rises in the east, and bread rises with the yeast in it.

WHICH has the greatest amount of animal heat, the beaver or the otter?—Why, of course, the otter of the two.

WHY is it better to be burnt at a stake than to have your head cut off at a block?—Because a hot steak is better than a cold chop.

WHY is sympathy like a man playing at blind-man's buff?—Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

HOW could you make a thin child fat?—By throwing it out of a window: it would come down plump.

WHEN is a smith less than a smith?—When he's a-filing.

WHEN is a mason more than a mason?—When he's a-building.

WHY is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning?—Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

WHEN sorrow has left its "traces," what has become of the rest of the "harness?"

WHAT was the difference between Napoleon Bonaparte and Queen Elizabeth?—The one was a wonder (one-der), and the other a Tudor (two-der).

WHY is a bad hat like a snarling, fierce lapdog?—Because its nap's (it snaps) awful.

WHY is your nose in the middle of your face?—Because it is the scent-er.

SHERIDAN, having been asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

"WHAT is the reason your wife and you always disagree?" asked one Irishman of another. "Because we are both of one mind. She wants to be master, and so do I."

WHY is an Englishman like nineteen shillings?—Because he is under a sovereign.

WHAT is a fist?—The hand doubled.—How then can one double up his fist?

IF all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where are the audience and orchestra to come from?

WHY is John Bigger's boy larger than his father?—Because he is a little Bigger.

WHY is a schoolmaster best off in summer?—Because he keeps his days cool (day school) from nine till five.

WHEN the day breaks, what becomes of the fragments?

WHY do old maids wear mittens?—Give it up?—To keep off the chaps.

THE difference between a man of blunt sincerity and a carpenter is, that one is a plain-dealer and the other a deal-planer.

WHY is wine spoilt by being converted into negus?—Because you make a mull of it.

A GENTLEMAN, having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her fort(e).

WHY is a talkative young man like a young pig?—Because he is likely to become a bore.

GIVEN, two men crying oysters—required, the difference between the oyster callers and the caller oysters?

WHAT is the difference between a seamstress and a groom?—One mends the tear, and the other tends the mare.

WHAT is the difference between a husbandman and a seamstress?—One gathers what he sows, the other sews what she gathers.

WHY is an oyster the greatest anomaly in nature?—Because it has a mouth without teeth, a beard without a chin, and leaves its bed to be tucked in.

YOUNG LADY: "Oh, I'm so glad you like birds; which kind do you admire most?" Old Squab: "Well, I think a goose with plenty of stuffing is about as nice as any."

"WHAT rifle carries the maximum distance?" asked a lady of an officer. "The minie, mum," was the reply.

WHAT is the difference between an attempted homicide and the butchering of swine?—Hold your breath for the answer! One is assault with intent to kill, and the other to kill with intent to salt.

"WHY don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a miner to one of his sons; "it is not a very hard job. There is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah," replied Ned, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

WHY is a reckless fellow like a man stabbing at a shadow?—Because he sticks at nothing.

IF the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

"HAVEN'T you finished scaling that fish yet, Sam?" "No, master; 'tis a very large one." "Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

WHAT wind does a hungry sailor like best?—One that blows foul, then chops, and then comes in little puffs.

WHAT did the feather, when it first sprouted, say to the duck?—"I'm down on you this time."

"Do you enjoy good health?" "Yes," was the reply. "Who doesn't?"

WHY are washerwomen the most inconsistent persons?—Because they put out tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

WHY is a tight shoe like a fine summer?—Because it makes the corn grow.

A GENTLEMAN, meeting John Savage one day looking very dolorous, said "Why, Jack, what ails you? isn't your fiddle in tune?" "No, sir," replied Jack, "it's in pawn."

"DAN, Dan, what on earth *are* you doing up there?" "Nothing, sir," was the response. "Then stop doing it, sir, right off."

THE following question was up for discussion before the Trothollow Debating Association:—"When a man can't contain himself, is he too large or too small?" It was decided in the affirmative.

"PRAY, Mr. Lecturer," asked a lady, "what is a periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir."

A GENT was asked what kind of "gal" he preferred for his wife. "One," he said, "that wasn't prodi-gal, but fru-gal—a true-gal, and suited to his conju-gal taste."

WHAT tables are most used through the world?—Vege-tables, ea-tables, cons-tables, and time-tables.

THE inventor of the steam engine was certainly a man of engine-uity. Watt's his name.

WHEN has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee?—When he has sufficient grounds.

WHY do the patent laws tend to promote discovery?—Because they tax invention.

WHY do you suppose a glass-blower can make the letter E gallop?—Because he makes a D canter (decanter).

WHY is a pig in a parlour like a house on fire?—Because the sooner it is put out the better.

WHY is an insolent fishmonger likely to get more business than a civil one?—Because when he sells fish he gives sauce.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—If four dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch twenty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs, with thirty-two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half?

A DAIRYMAN, on being asked how many cows he had, very candidly replied, "Nineteen—and the hydrant."

"JOHN, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir; if she laid any, she mislaid them."

WHEN is a rushlight like a tombstone?—When it is set up for a late husband.

WHY does a pie-bald pony never pay toll?—Because his master pays it for him.

WHEN is a lawyer like a donkey?—When he draws out a conveyance.

WHY does a bricklayer resemble a bird?—Because he has often raised a wing and flue.

IN what respect do modern customs differ materially from the ancient ones?—In this: formerly there were hewers of wood and drawers of water; now we have drawers of wood and ewers of water.

WHAT'S the difference between your greatcoat and a baby?—One you wear, the other you was.

WHAT is the difference between a market-gardener and a billiard-marker?—One minds his peas, and the other minds his cues.

BARNY O'REIRDON.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

BARNY O'REIRDON was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net or cast a line into deep water: indeed Barny, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whiskey, was rather looked up to by his brother fishermen as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Reirdon's.

Seated one night in a public house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects—at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new-comer made a regular out-break by exclaiming, "Ah, tare-an'-'oun's, lave off your balderdash, Mr. O'Reirdon, by the powdhers o' war it's enough. so it is, to make a dog bate his father, to hear you goin' an as if you wor Curlumberus or Sir Crustyphiz Wran, when ivery one knows the divil a farther you ivir wor nor ketchin' crabs or drudgin' oysters."

"Who towld you that, my Watherford Wondher?" rejoined Barny: "what the dickins do you know about sayfarin', farther nor fishin' for sprats in a bowl wid your grandmother?"

"Oh, baithershin!" says the stranger.

"And who made you so bowld with my name?" demanded O'Reirdon.

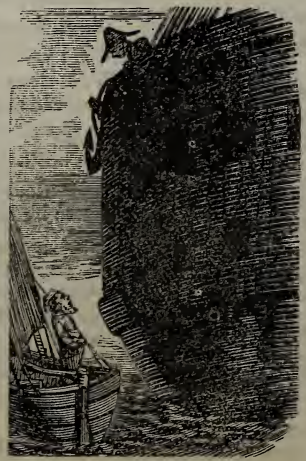
"No matther for that," says the stranger; "but if you'd like for to know, shure it's your cousin Molly Mullins knows me well, and maybe I don't know you and yours as well as the mother that bore you—ay, in throth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reirdon."

"By my sowl thin you know betther thoughts than your own, Mr. Whippersnapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No, it's not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Reirdon, for want of a betther, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Throth there's more than there's good o' them," said Barny.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own twice removed by the mother's side."



"And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be, that left this come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Throth thin you might know betther manners to your eldhers, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin: but a little thravellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barny, rather contemptuously.

"Throth, Inivir bragged out o' myself yit, and it's what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare in the regard o' thracthericks wid a man that has sailed to Fingal." This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but, unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address to his countrymen.

* * * * * *

"Well," said O'Reirdon, "and the divil may care if we never seen them; I'd rather dipind an wind and canvas any day then the likes o' them. What are they good for, but to turn good sailors into kitchin-maids, all as one, bilin' a big pot o' wather and oilin' their fire-irons, and throwin' coals an the fire? Augh! thim staymers is a disgrace to the say; they're for all the world like owld fogies, smokin' from mornin' till night, and doin' no good."

"Do you call it doin' no good to go fasther nor ships ivir wint before? . . . . . Well, maybe you'll own to the improvemint they're makin' in the harbour o' Howth, beyant in Dublin, is some good."

"We'll see whether it 'ill be an improvemint first," said the obdurate O'Reirdon.

"Why, man alive, sure you'll own it's the greatest o' good it is, takin' up the big rocks out o' the bottom o' the harbour."

"Well, an' where's the wondher of that? sure we done the same here."

"Oh yis, but it was whin the tide was out and the rocks was bare; but up in Howth, they cut away the big rocks from under the say intirely."

* By kind permission of the Publishers.

"Oh, be aisy; why, how could they do that?"

"Ay, there's the matther, that's what larnin' can do; and wondherful it is intirely! and the way it is, is this, as I hear it, for I never seen it, but hard it described by the lord to some gintlemin and ladies one day in his garden where I was helpin' the gardener to land some salary (celery). You see the ingineer goes down undher the wather intirely, and can stay there as long as he plazes."

"Whoo! and what o' that? Sure I heerd the long sailor say, that come from the Aysthern Ingees, that the Ingineers there can a-most live undher wather; and goes down lookin' for dimonds, and has a sledge-hammer in their hand, brakein' the dimonds when they're too big to take them up whole, all as one as men brakein' stones an the road."

"Well, I don't want to go beyant that; but the way the lord's ingineer goes down is, he has a little bell wid him, and while he has that little bell to ring, hurt nor harm can't come to him."

"Arrah, be aisy."

"Divil a lie in it."

"Maybe it's a blessed bell," said O'Reirdon, crossing himself.

"No, it is not a blessed bell."

"Why thin, now, do you think me such a born nath'ral as to give in to that: as if the ringin' iv a bell, barrin' it was a blessed bell, could do the like. I tell you it's impossible."

"Ah, nothin's unpossible."

"Sure I wasn't denyin' that; but I say the bell is unpossible."

"Why," said O'Sullivan, "you see he's not altogether complate in the demonstheration o' the machine; it is not by the ringin' o' the bell it is done, but——"

"But what?" broke in O'Reirdon impatiently. "Do you mane for to say there is a bell in it at all at all?"

"Yes, I do," said O'Sullivan.

"I towld you so," said the promulgator of the story.

"Ay," said O'Sullivan, "but it is not by the ringin' iv the bell it is done."

"Well, how is it done then?" said the other, with a half offended, half supercilious air."

"It is done," said O'Sullivan, as he returned the look with interest, "it is done intirely by jommethry."

"Oh! I undherstan' it now," said O'Reirdon, with an inimitable affectation of comprehension in the Oh! —"but to talk of the ringin' iv a bell doin' the like is beyant the beyants intirely, barrin', as I said before, it was a blessed bell."

* * * * *

Barny sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was; and, from the frequency of this action, it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighbouring field, and stretching himself at full length, basked in the sun, and began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered, than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic—he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "Couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strided along the shore; and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one whom he never perceived he was approaching, so immersed was he in speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend "the long sailor from the Aysthern Ingees." This was quite a godsend to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and accordingly he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion there was only a duet performance in honour of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barny's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was, I will not dilate on, but keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself did, and content myself with saying that Barny looked a much happier man the next day.

He thought it probable that Peter Kelly, being one of the "snuggest" men in

the neighbourhood, would be a likely person to join him in a "spec," as he called it (a favourite abbreviation of his for the word speculation), and accordingly, when he reached the "big farm-house," he accosted its owner with the usual "God save you." "God save you kindly, Barny," returned Peter Kelly; "an' what is it brings you here, Barny," asked Peter, "this fine day, instead o' bein' out in the boat?" "Oh, I'll be in the boat soon enough, and it's far enough too I'll be out in her; an' indeed it's partly that same is bringin' me here to yourself."

"Why, do you want me to go along wid you, Barny?"

"Throth, an' I don't, Mr. Kelly. You are a knowledgeable man an' land, but I'm afeard it's a bad bargain you'd be at say."

"And what wor you talking about me and your boat for?"

"Why, you see, sir, it was in the regard of a little bit o' business, an' if you'd come wid me and take a turn in the praty field, I'll be behouldin' to you, and maybe you'll hear somethin' that won't be displazin' to you."

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The boat was laden and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the jib of his hooker.

But this order Barny refrained to give, and for the first time in his life exhibited a disinclination to leave the shore. One of his fellow-boatmen, at last, said to him, "Why thin, Barny O'Reirdon, what the divil is come over you, at all at all? What's the maynin' of your loitherin' about here, and the boat ready and a lovely fine breeze aff o' the land?"

"Oh! never you mind; I b'lieve I know my own business anyhow, an' it's hard, so it is, if a man can't ordher his own boat to sail when he plazes."

"Oh! I was only thinkin' it quare—and a pity more betoken, as I said before, to lose the beautiful breeze, and ——"

"Well, just keep your thoughts to yourself, i' you plaze, and stay in the boat as I bid you, and don't be out of her on your apperl, by no manner o' manes, for you see I don't know when it may be plazin' to me to go aboord an' set sail."

"Well, all I can say is, I never seen you afeard to go to say before."

"Who says I'm afeard?" said O'Reirdon; "you'd betther not say that agin, or in throth I'll give you a leatherin' that won't be for the good o' your health—throth, for three straws this minit I'd lave you that your own mother wouldn't know you with the lickin' I'd give you; but I scorn your dirty insinuation; no man ever seen Barny O'Reirdon afeard yet, anyhow. Howld your prate, I tell you, and look up to your betthers. What do you know iv navigation? maybe you think it's as easy for to sail an a voyage as to go a start fishin';" and Barny turned on his heel and left the shore.

Well, the next day was Friday, and Barny, of course, would not sail on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping aboard, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Why, thin, you tuk the notion mighty suddint, Barny," said the fisherman next in authority to O'Reirdon, as soon as the bustle of getting the boat under way had subsided.

"Well, I hope it's plazin' to you at last," said Barny; "throth one 'ud think you were never at say before, you wor in such a hurry to be off; as new-fangled a'most as a child with a play-toy."

"Well, said the other of Barny's companions (for there were but two with him in the boat), "I was thinkin' myself as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, maybe, now, if we sail'd three days agon."

"Don't b'lieve it," said Barny emphatically. "Now, don't you know yourself that there is some days that the fish won't come near the lines at all, and that we might as well be castin' our nets an the dhry land as in the say, for all we'll catch if we start an an unlooky day? and sure I towld you I was waitin' only till I had it given to me to undherstan' that it was looky to sail; and I go bail we'll be there sooner than if we started three days agon, for if you don't start with good look before you, faix, maybe it's never at all to the end o' your thrip you'll come."

"Well, there's no use in talkin' about it now anyhow; but when do you expec' to be there?"

"Why, you see we must wait antil I can tell you how the wind is like to hould on, before I can make up my mind to that."

"But you're sure now, Barny, that you're up to the coorse you have to run?"

"See now, lay me alone and don't be crass-questionin' me—tare-an-'oun's, do you think me sitch a bladdherang as for to go to shuperinscribe a thing I wasn't aiquil to?"

"No; I was only goin' to ax you what coorse you wor goin' to steer?"

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there—and so I bid you agin, lay me alone—just keep your toe in your pump. Shure I'm here at the helm, and a woight on my mind, and it's fitther for you, Jim, to mind your own business and lay me to mind mine. Away wid you there and be handy, haul taut that foresheet there, we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make everything dhraw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbour before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this particular render it peculiarly suitable for the purposes to which it is applied, namely, pilot and fishing boat.

We have said a ship left the harbour before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, "then lying in the harbour, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided in a moment; he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

But Barny, like many a great man before him,

BARNY O'REIRDON.

"Oh! I was only thinkin' it quare"—*See p.* 298.

seemed not to be aware of how much credit he was entitled to for his invention, for he did not divulge to his companions the originality of his proceeding; he wished them to believe he was only proceeding in the common-place manner, and had no ambition to be distinguished as the happy projector of so simple a practice.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy everybody is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"By my sowl," thought Barny, "the channel must be mighty wide in these parts, and for the last day or so we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wondher we aren't closin' in wid the shore by this time; or maybe it's farther off than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year; and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did; and Barny began then to conjecture what the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke to him. He was soon being put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going.

"Faith thin, I'm goin' an my business," said Barny.

"But where?" said the captain.

"Why, sure, an' it's no matther where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what you've been following my ship for, for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship!—Why thin, blur-an-agers, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people niver thravel the same road before?"

"I don't say they didn't; but there's a great difference between a ship of seven hundred tons and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matther," said Barny, "the same high road sarves a coach and four, and a low-back car; the thravellin' tinker an' a lord a' horseback."

"That's very true," said the captain, "but the cases are not the same, Paddy, and I can't conceive what brings *you* here."

"And who ax'd you to consayve anything about it?" asked Barny, somewhat sturdily.

"Hang me, if I can imagine what you're about, my fine fellow," said the captain, "and my own notion is that you don't know where you're going yourself."

"O baithershin!" said Barny, with a laugh of derision.

"Why then do you object to tell?" said the captain.

"Arrah sure, captain, an' don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail *saycret ordher?*" said Barny, endeavouring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship, at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders: for, by this time, the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

"Oh, it's a thrifle makes fools laugh," said Barny.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long; for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. Can't you tell what brings you here?"

"Why thin, by gor, one id think the whole say belonged to you, you're so mighty bould in axin' questions an it. Why, tare-an'-oun's, sure I've as much right here as you, though I haven't as big a ship nor so fine a coat—but maybe I can take as good sailin' out o' the one, and has as bowld a heart under th' other."

"Very well," said the captain, "I see there's no use in talking to you, so go your own way." And away bore the ship, leaving Barny in indignation, and his companions in wonder.

"An' why wouldn't you tell him?" said they to Barny.

"Why, don't you see," said Barny, whose object was now to blind them, "don't you see, how do I know but maybe he might be goin' to the same place himself, and maybe he has a cargo of *scalpeens* as well as us, and wants to get before us there?"

"Thrue for you, Barny," said they. "By dad you're right." And their inquiries being satisfied, the day passed as former ones had done in pursuing the course of the ship.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance; and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the likely greater length, for anything he could see to the contrary; and, urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship, and when he found himself alongside he demanded a parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck, and as soon as he appeared Barny cried out—

"Why, thin, blur-an'-agers, captain dear, do you expec' to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the captain.

"Thrue for you, indeed, your honour," said Barny in his most insinuating tone; "but whin will you be at the end o' your voyage, captain jewel?"

"I dare say in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months!—arrah, it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honour, to tell the thruth, I heerd you were goin' *there*, an' as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgeable gintleman like yourself, and save myself the trouble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I *am* going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain, "'tis to *Bengal*."

"Oh! Gog's blakey!" said Barny, "what'll I do now, at all at all? Oh, my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor, it's a purty scrape yiv let me into. By gor, I thought it was *Fingal* he said, and now I hear it is *Bingal*. Oh! the divil sweep you for navigation, why did I meddle or make with you at all at all! And my curse light on you, Teddy O'Sullivan, why did I iver come acrass you, you onlooky vagabone, to put sitch thoughts in my head! An' so it's *Bin*gal, and not *Fin*gal, you're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes, indeed, Paddy."

"An' might I be bowld to ax, captain, is Bingal much farther nor Fingal?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru! how 'll I iver get there, at all at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come, as fast as you can."

"Is it back? Oh! Queen iv heaven! an' how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix I knew it, iligant, as long as your honour was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honour."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The divil a betther hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barny, with his usual brag.

* * * * *

"Do you know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinal! faix an' it's a great respect I have for them, your honour. Sure, ar'n't they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain in a rage—"'twould take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"By my sowl I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"By dad it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man didn't know somethin' about the wind anyhow. Why, captain dear, you must take me for a nath'ral intirely to suspect me o' the like o' not knowin' all about the wind. By gor, I know as much o' the wind a'most as a pig."

"Indeed I believe so," laughed out the captain.

"Oh, you may laugh if you plaze, and I see by the same that you don't know about the pig, with all your edication, captain."

"Well, what about the pig?"

"Why, sir, did you never hear a pig can see the wind?"

"I can't say that I did."

"Oh, thin he does, and for that rayson who has a right to know more about it?"

"You don't for one, I dare say, Paddy; and maybe you have a pig aboard to give you information."

"Sorra taste, your honour, not as much as a rasher o' bacon; but it's maybe your honour never seen a pig tossin' up his snout, consaited like, and running like mad afore a storm."

"Well, what if I have?"

"Well, sir, that is when they see the wind acomin'."

"Maybe so, Paddy, but all this knowledge in piggery won't find you your way home; and, if you take my advice, you will give up all thoughts of endeavouring to find your way back, and come on board. You and your messmates, I dare say, will be useful hands, with some teaching; but, at all events, I cannot leave you here on the open sea, with every chance of being lost."

"Why thin, indeed, and I'm behowlden to your honour; and it's the hoighth o' kindness, so it is, your offer; and it's nothin' else but a gentleman you are, every inch o' you; but I hope it's not so bad wid us yet, as to do the likes o' that."

"I think it's bad enough," said the captain, "when you are without a compass, and knowing nothing of your course, and nearly a hundred and eighty leagues from land."

"An' how many miles would that be, captain?"

"Three times as many."

"I never larned the rule o' three, captain, and maybe your honour id tell me yourself."

"That is rather more than five hundred miles."

"Five hundred miles!" shouted Barny. "Oh! hiven look down on us! how 'll we iver get back!!"

"That's what I say," said the captain; "and, therefore, I recommend you to come aboard with me."

DEFINITIONS.

TONGUE.—A little horse which is continually running away.

DENTIST.—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

BARGAIN.—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.

AUTHOR.—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.

THE ROSE OF KENMARE.*

BY SHIEL DHUV.

I've been soft in a small way
On the girleens of Galway,
And the Limerick lassies have made me feel quare;
But there's no use denyin',
No girl I've set eye on
Could compate wid Rose Ryan of the town of Kinmare.

O, where can her like be found?
Nowhere the counthry round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughter as thrue,
Sets in the reel
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
wittier,
purtier colleen than you,
Rose, aroo!

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
And the soft silver moonshine,
Neck and arm of the colleen completely eclipse;
Whilst the nose of the jewel
Slants sthraight as Carn Tual,
From the heaven in her eye to her heather-sweet lips.

Did your eyes ever follow
The wings of a swallow
Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadow field glance?
For if not you've no notion
Of the exquisite motion
Of her sweet little feet as they dart in the dance.

If y'inquire why the nightingale
Still shuns the invitin' gale
That wafts every song-bird but her to the west,
Faix she knows, I suppose,
Ould Kinmare has a Rose
That would sing any Bulbul to sleep in her nest.

When her voice gives the warnin'
For the milkin' in the mornin',
Ev'n the cow known for hornin' comes runnin' to her pail;
The lambs play about her
And the small bonneens snout her,
Whilst their parints salute her wid a twisht of the tail.

Whin at noon from our labour
We draw, neighbour wid neighbour,
From the heat of the sun to the shelter of the tree,
Wid spuds fresh from the bilin'
And new milk she comes smilin',
All the boys' hearts beguilin', alanah machree!

But there's one sweeter hour
Whin the hot day is o'er,
And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,
And she sittin' in the middle,
Whin she's guessed Larry's riddle,
Cries, "Now for your fiddle, Shiel Dhuv, Shiel Dhuv."

O, where can her like be found?
Nowhere the counthry round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughther as thrue,
Sets in the reel
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
wittier,
purtier colleen than you,
Rose, aroo!

MAXIMS AND SAYINGS.

A WELL-CONDUCTED cab-stand is an umbrella to the neighbourhood.

Needs must when the Exhibition 'busman drives.

There's many a slip 'twixt the door and the step.

An hour any morning is two in a cabman's afternoon.

Your neck goes often safe by the 'bus, but it is broken at last.

Between two 'busses we come to the ground.

In at one jerk, and out at the other.

Abuse is a cabman's second nature.

Cut off, and never come again.

'Busses of a feather race together.

Faint cad never won fair lady.

Half a foot is better than no seat.

If the 'bus will come towards Mahomet, Mahomet must get out of the way of the 'bus.

'Busses, like other misfortunes, seldom come alone.

A westward 'bus is the thief of time.

The last passenger on the roof makes the 'bus turn over.

When a passenger is thrust in at the door, his hat very often flies out at the window.

Write the fares in dust and the overcharges in marble.

* By kind permission of the Author.

A SENSATION NOVEL.

WELTHY METILLDY; OR, THE FATHER'S KURS.

CHAPTER I.

METILLDY was welthy, shee wos ann onley dorter. her farther roled in his kerridge, and soled shoose fur a livin, att holesell. he lived on the bak ba, nere beekon strete, inn thee sitty ov bosting, & his mete bil was tremenjuice!

CHAPTER II.

jaikobb jinkersun luved metildy! afoursed. jaik wos poore! inn facked, hee wos soe poore hee koodent stan a draught fur thre hundred thowsend moer! hee head know dosh! know spons, knot mutch! metilldy luved jaik kornsidderabble! Sutch is life.

CHAPTER III.

metilldy's father sed shee shood marri fitzklarense fitzpewdel. how hard! as shee disgustid hymn eckstreamly. shee koodent tollyrait hymn bekos hee achtyoualley skwinted! thar's soe.

CHAPTER IV.

things are gitting kornsidderabley twisted up.

CHAPTER V.

jaik eloaped with meetilday! tha was marrid! meetilday & her husband wreturned 2 bosting. tha beged metillday's farther 2 forgiv & forgit; hee reefewsed! hee will never forgit! . . . eye jest past 2 poore fookes, tha wos vary see day; itt wos meetildy & pore meetildy's husband! tha wos lookin fur wurk. tha dident fined it. metillday mite havye marrid fitzklarense fitzpewdel, ann hev lived inn palashal stile, and also mite hev perewsed the forgwoin! Sutch is life!

SIMILES.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone;
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;
As plain as a pike-staff—as rough as a bear;
As light as a drum—as free as the air;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;
As steady as time—uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as the tortoise—as swift as the wind;
As true as the Gospel—as false as mankind;
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig;
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast;
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks;
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow;
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;
As brittle as glass—as tough as gristle;
As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle;
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch;
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;
As full as a tick—as solid as brass.

MAXIMS OF MR. CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

I HAVE always remarked that in families where the wife is internally talking about the merits of her branch, the husband is invariably a spooney.

THE three W's is my maxum: plenty of work, plenty of wittles, and plenty of wages.

IF ever there is a noosance in the world, it's a house where faintin' is always goin' on.

WHEN high words begin in a family, drink generally follows on the genlman's side; and then fearwell to all conjubial happiness.

THE Honrabble Halgernon was a gambler. For a man of wulgar family, it's the wust trade that can be—for a man of common feelinx of honesty, this profession is quite imposbil; but for a real thorough-bread genlmn, it's the esiest and most prophetable line he can take.

A MAN who plays the floot is a simpleton.

WHEN a raskle and a simpleton is always together, and when the simpleton is rich, one knows pretty well what will come of it.

HE who eats a fine dinner, and drinks too much over-night, wants a bottle of soda-water, and a gril, praps, in the morning.

ALL we ask is nollidge, never mind how we have it. Nollidge, as our cook says, is like trikel-possit—it's always good, though you was to drink it out of an old shoo.

I'VE always found through life, that if you wish to be respected by English people, you must be insalent to them.

THE moor I travvle, the more I see of the world, and other natiums, I am proud of my own, and despise and deplore the retchid ignorance of the rest of Yourup.

INQUISITION.

THE first question I put to a stranger, on board the steamer from Stonington, subjected me to a reply which I considered to be so much deliberate rudeness. A knot of individuals was smoking at a table in the fore part of the vessel, and the atmosphere, from tobacco and kerosene lamps, being rather hot and choky, I asked one of them if there were any means of reaching the upper deck. I did not know that on this upper deck no passenger was allowed. The person whom (civilly enough) I addressed, "guessed I might get there by climbing up the guys." That night I asked no more questions. I have sometimes fancied that the churlishness and bearishness I so frequently encountered were due to the fact of an Englishman carrying his country about with him in his countenance and on his tongue, but this I am led to believe now is not the case. The Americans are quite as surly to their own compatriots as to foreigners—unless they are introduced to them. For example, it is all but impossible to obtain a civil answer from the *employés* on a railway; yet, on the occasion of my second journey from Boston to New York, having with me a young gentleman from Harvard University, he was good enough to introduce me to the mail agent of the train, with whom, of course, I shook hands. This functionary inducted us into his private van, found a seat for us on the mail-bags, allowed us to smoke, accepted a nip from a private brandy-flask, entertained us with political and social discourse, and was in all respects a model of obliging politeness. I was somewhat tickled also, many months later, when at a depôt at New York, and having a lady with me, I had asked at least a dozen times, and quite unavailingly, which was the shore-line train to Boston, being ultimately hailed by a gaunt gentleman in a yellow "duster," who was smoking, and reading the *Evening Post*, with his body on one chair and his feet on the top of the back of another, and who accosted me (we had wandered very far up the platform) in these remarkable words, "My Christian friend, you're goin' a darned sight out of your way." I dare say this gentleman was in the employ of the railway company; still we took his intimation as an extreme act of condescension. On the other hand, every American friend has scores of stories to tell you of the loquacity of eccentrics they have met in railway cars. Here are two or three culled at random. An esteemed Bostonian told me that once happening to take out his watch (which was a repeater) in a car, a bony finger (the nail in half-mourning) was pointed over his shoulder until it touched the dial, and a nasal voice asked, "What do yer gi'n for sich?"—meaning how much he had paid for his watch. So, too, an Englishman in our legation at Washington told me that going to Grover's Theatre one night, and happening to have a very handsome fur coat on (it was mid-winter), the box-keeper proceeded to stroke him, as though he had been a cat, exclaiming, "My! that's fine!" Then there is the story, familiar perhaps to English ears, of the man with the wooden leg, who, being asked by a fellow-traveller how he had lost that limb, promised to tell him, only on condition that he should ask him no more questions, and the pledge having been given, proceeded to say that it was bit off. Finally, there is the anecdote of the gentleman who, anticipating the flood of questions with which he was about to be overwhelmed, forestalled his interrogators by making a clean breast of it in this wise: "My name's Colonel Zeph. B. Tomkins. I was born to hum, and raised down ter Martha's Vineyard; I'm forty-seven year old, and I kyant help it. I'm goin' ter New York, and if I like it, why, I'll buy it."

PECULIAR PROBLEMS.

WHICH can "smell a rat" the quickest—the man who knows the most, or the man who has the most nose?

IF a dog's tail is cut off entirely, will it not interfere with his locomotion?—Not exactly; it will not affect his carriage, but it will stop his wagging.

WHY is a baker a most improvident man?—Because he is always selling what he kneads himself.

A WRITER on ornithology inquires what kind of eagles fly highest?—We don't know; but unquestionably "golden eagles" generally fly fastest.

WHY should a man, when he's eating salt fish on a Good Friday, take no egg-sauce with it?—For fear his appetite should get egg-sauce-ted.

IF a ship makes eight knots an hour, how long will she take to make a crochet collar?

IF twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed upon turnips? Multiply the flakes by the hairs on the cow's tail, then divide the product by a turnip, add a pound of chalk, multiply the whole by the pump, and the total will be the answer.

WHAT is the difference between a locomotive driver and a schoolmaster?—One minds the train, the other trains the mind.

IF distance lends enchantment to the view, and the view refuses to return it, can distance recover any legal redress?

IF a pair of stockings are hose, is a single stocking a hoe?—If a pair of glasses are spectacles, is one a spectacle? And if not, why not?

IN selling a Newfoundland dog, do you know if it is valued for what it will fetch, or what it will bring?

WHY is mortar adhesive?—Because it is of a confiding nature, and imagining that every object is a "brick," it will attach itself to anything.

WIG-WISDOM, AND WORSE.

MANY years ago, a certain justice was called to liberate a worthless debtor, by receiving his oath that he was not worth five pounds. "Well, Johnny," said the justice, as he entered, "can you swear that you are not worth five pounds, and never will be?" "Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount at present." "Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear to the rest—so step forward."

A PERSON who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger." "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

THE Rev. Dr. Hopkins, of Hadley, Massachusetts, when on an exchange with the Northampton minister, went home to dine with Governor Strong between the services. At dinner Mr. Strong offered him some pudding, which he declined, saying that pudding before preaching made him dull. The governor, with more wit than manners, instantly asked, "Doctor, did you not have pudding for breakfast?"

"PRAY, sir, of what profession are you?" said a learned counsel to a witness who had come prepared to prove a fact, and who was not deemed a very respectable gentleman. "Sir, I am a shoemaker and a wine merchant. "A what, sir?" said the learned counsel. "A wine merchant and a shoemaker." "Then," said the counsel, "I may describe you as a sherry-cobbler."

A STUDENT of the Middle Temple, being just called to the bar, sent for the peruke-maker to measure him for a new tie-wig. The perruquier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile; upon which the young barrister desired to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth. The barber replied that he could not but remark the extreme length of his honour's head. "That's well," said the student, "we lawyers have occasion for long heads." The barber, who had by this time completed the dimensions, now burst out into a fit of laughter. An explanation being insisted on, he at last declared that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that his honour's head was just as thick as it was long.

A RESPECTABLE public functionary in Dundee, of parsimonious habits, was one day rallied by a friend from the country upon the extreme shabbiness of his attire. "Hoot, man!" answered the baillie, "it's nae matter; everybody kens me here;" meaning that, his character being perfectly known in the place, it was quite unnecessary that he should fortify his pretensions by fine clothes. It happened that the same friend met him afterwards in the streets of London; and, finding his clothes no better, expressed still greater surprise than before, adding that surely his former excuse would not now avail him. "Hoot, man!" answered the pertinacious miser, "*naebody* kens me here!"

A HUMOROUS writer in the *Chicago Post* describes how he got out of a bad scrape in the police court:—"The next morning the judge of the police court sent for me. I went down, and he received me cordially; said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast, 'Guilty or not Guilty?' I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, I was requested to lend the city ten dollars."

MR. WALTER ROSS, writer to the *Signet*, Edinburgh, by way of protecting his property from midnight marauders, published the following handbill:—"Thou shalt not steal! All persons whom it may concern are desired to take notice, that steel traps, of the largest size, for catching breakers of the eighth commandment, are every night regularly placed in the garden of St. Bernard's, between Stockbridge and the Water of Leith, on the north side of the water; that spring-guns are set to rake the walls with shot upon the touch of a wire, and that a tent, having in it an armed watchman, is pitched in the middle, with orders to fire without mercy. If, therefore, any evil-disposed person, or persons, shall attempt to break into the grounds of St. Bernard's, his blood be upon his own head!—Amen." This seemed very well for some time; but, at length, a suspicion arose that the arrangements were all of a fictitious nature, and the boys and blackguards of the city began to pick up their scattered courage. On learning that such was the state of matters, Mr. Ross adopted the strangest expedient that could perhaps have entered the head of a country gentleman. He procured the limb of a corpse from the Royal Infirmary, dressed it in a stocking, shoe and buckle, and sent it through the streets of the city with the public crier, proclaiming that it had been found last night in the grounds at St. Bernard's, and that it would be restored to the owner on being properly vouched. The garden of St. Bernard's was no more broken into.

"WELL, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, who had been "admitted" about a year, "how do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion: "My profession is much better than my practice."

"HE VAS A VERY JONTEEL MAN FOR ALL DAT."

Messieurs! I am Monsieur Jean François Marie Louis Grenoble. In Angleterre here, I vas vat you call de emigrant; because in the revolution, ma foi! ven my countree, dat I love so much, vant to cut off my head, I take to my feet, and ran avay very fast, so dat de guillotine, by gar, can no cut short my valk over de sea—not at all. Here I make de montre, vat you call de vatch. I am de horloger, de clock maker, and get de living by de *tick*.

De other day I vas valk in vat you call your High Park, vere dere are no bucks vid de horns, but de bucks dat come from de Londres de city, and leave dere wives to valk here; and no deer, but the pretty little girls, and parbleu! dey are very dear indeed, pretty indeed, very. Vell, I vas valk dere, and see sit on de bench for vat dey call to dine vid de Duke Humphrey, un pauvre homme; he seem very hungry, very cold; he look very dirty, very ragged, and very poor indeed—but he appear a very jonteel man for all dat.

I go to him, and I say to him (for I see in de twinkle of de eye he vas von Frenchman, vas my countreman), "Mon ami, my friend, my countreman, for vat you sit on dis bench here, to dine vid de Duke Humphrey? vy you no go to de cook-shop de restaurateur, vere dey eat de beef and de mouton, and de salad, and de pomme de terre?"

He say to me, "I am brave François—I am jontilhomme—I am one of de first men in all France—but I am sans sous, point d'argent; I have not one single farthing dans tout le monde; not a halfpenny in all de world, and no credit at all."

Den he show me his pockets filled vid very large holes, but nothing else; but he appear very jonteel man for all dat; and all at once, immediately, directly, instamment, in de half-second, I recollect to have seen him in Paris, dress in all de silver and de gold lace—jontilhomme or noble, I forgot vhich, but it vas all de same. I look at him again—ma foi! he have no lace but de rags, and no silver but de grey hair dat grow out of de great hole in de crown of his hat, like you see de pigeon's claw out of de top of de pie—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

He make de graceful bow to me; ah, oui! his knee come out of de pantaloon, and I see his great toe look at me out of de end of his pump—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

I say to him, "My countreman, mon ami, no l'argent, no credit, no dinner; vat for you leave your logement den? vy you no take de refreshment, de sleep in your bed?"

He say to me, "Ah, mon ami! I have no lodgment, no bed; I lodge in the open air, vere I pay no rent, and I sleep here; de bench is my mattress, and de tree dat hang over my head de curtain, and sometime de sentinal he come and tuck me in vid de butt-end of his bayonet."

"Ma foi! no logement, no bed; pauvre homme, my heart is all melt with de great big pity for you, my friend, my countreman; I shall take you home to my maison, and give you de dinner and de sleep, for de night; for though you have no money, no credit, no dinner, no logement—though your hair grow out of de top of de hat, your knee valk out of de pantaloon, and your great toe peep out of de end of your pump—your shoe, I see you are a very jonteel man for all dat. My landlady she is particulaire, she no like de stranger sleep in her domicile, so ve vill vait and get de bon appetite till it is dark—den you sall pull off you shoe, and ve vill steal up de stair, and nobody sall know ve are dere."

So he pay de great compliment, give me de grand thanks; for though his beard vas like de great black shoe-brush stuck on his chin, and had no been shave for one month, he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve valk under de tree, and talk of de grand restaurateur, vere dey have de five hundred dishes for dinner, and de splendid palace of de Great Monarque à Versailles, till at last it grow to de dark night—den ve steal home to my logement, and I open de door vid de little key vot I have in my pocket; den I rub my shoe on de mat, and I leave de dirt—mon ami, my countreman, he rub his shoe on de mat and he leave de sole dere—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Ve have de littel joke on his lose de sole; den I pull off my shoe and dere is my stocking — mon ami, my countreman, he pull off his shoe, and dere is only his foot, he have no stocking at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke because he no have de stocking, and ve creep up de stair, light as de feather, vidout anybody hear; for mon ami, my countreman, pauvre homme, he have no flesh, only de bone, for vant of de something to eat very often—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, he get into my room, mon apartment, mon chambre à lit; dere I strike de light, make de fire, lay de cloth, and get my dinner from de cupboard. I pull out de large piece of bread, de neck of de mouton dat vas boiled yesterday, and de great dish of soup maigre, dat I make hot; and I say, "Now, mon ami, my countreman, ve vill have de dinner;" but before I commence I say de grace. Parbleu! my friend no say de grace at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I got up for de cloth to put under my chin, dat I may no grease my frill vid de soup maigre; begar, ven I came back to help myself, begar, dere is none! mon ami, my countreman, he have swallowed it all up—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke about de soup maigre, sure not to grease de frill den, and I go to take some mouton; begar, dere is only de bones! mon

ami, my countreman, he have eat up all de meat—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke, and I laugh a littel on de wrong side of my mouth, about my friend eat all de meat and leave me de bone, and I go to make a shift with de crust of de bread, but by gar, dere is no bread at all! mon ami, my countreman, he eat all de bread vhile he eat de soup—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat. Ve *not* have de littel joke dis time, and I content myself vid de cheese-paring and de bit of salt.

At last it came time to go to bed—and I say, "Mon ami, my countreman, ve vill aller coucher, put our heads in de night-cap." In de matin I vake and look for my countreman, and by gar, he is no dere!

Vell, I say I vill put on my vaistcoat and my coat, and see if he is gone down-stair. By gar, dey are no dere! nor more is my hat nor my stocking, nor my shoe, nor my anything; but dare is de chapeau, vid de hole in de top, de pantaloon out of de knee, de shoe dat have no sole and very little body, and de greasy, rusty, ragged habit of mon ami, my countreman.

Vell, I say, he has dress himself in all my tings by mistake; he have no money, no credit, no logement, his hair grow out of de top of his hat, his knee valk out of his pantaloon, his toe look out of his pump, his sole come out of his shoe; he eat my supper vhile I turn my head, and no leave me none—he have no vaistcoat, no clothes—he sleep in my potato sack—he get up vhile I sleep and run avay vid all my clothes, it is all bad, ma foi—but he is very jonteel man for all dat.

So I make de fire vid his old clothes, as dey were too bad for de Jew—wrap myself in de blanket, and I think I vill go to my vork again; ven, by gar, I find all de vatch les montres dat vas left by my customers, because dey would not go, had all go vhile I vas asleep; mon ami, my countreman, had taken them vhile I vas dormi, and I vas ruin, and obliged to run avay—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

BY BRET HARTE.

It was the stage-driver's story, as he stood with his
back to the wheelers,
Quietly flicking his whip, and turning his quid of
tobacco;
While on the dusty road, and blent with the rays
of the moonlight,
We saw the long curl of his lash and the juice of
tobacco descending.

"Danger! Sir, I believe you—indeed, I may say
on that subject,
You your existence might put to the hazard and
turn of a wager.
I have seen danger? Oh, no! not me, sir, indeed,
I assure you.
'Twas only the man with the dog that is sitting
alone in yon wagon.

"It was the Geiger Grade, a mile and a half from
the summit:
Black as your hat was the night, and never a star
in the heavens.
Thundering down the grade, the gravel and stones
we sent flying
Over the precipice side—a thousand feet plumb to
the bottom.

"Half-way down the grade I felt, sir, a thrilling
and creaking,
Then a lurch to one side, as we hung on the bank
of the cañon;
Then, looking up the road, I saw, in the distance
behind me,
The off hind wheel of the coach just loosed from its
axle, and following.

"One glance alone I gave, then gathered together
my ribbons,
Shouted, and flung them, outspread, on the strain-
ing necks of my cattle;
Screamed at the top of my voice, and lashed the
air in my frenzy,
While down the Geiger Grade, on *three* wheels, the
vehicle thundered.

"Speed was our only chance, when again came the
ominous rattle;
Crack, and another wheel slipped away, and was
lost in the darkness.
Two only now were left; yet such was our fearful
momentum,
Upright, erect, and sustained on *two* wheels, the
vehicle thundered.

"As some huge boulder, unloosed from its rocky
shelf on the mountain,
Drives before it the hare and the timorous squirrel,
far-leaping,
So down the Geiger Grade rushed the Pioneer
coach, and before it
Leaped the wild horses, and shrieked in advance
of the danger impending.

"But to be brief in my tale. Again, ere we came
to the level,
Slipped from its axle a wheel; so that, to be plain
in my statement,
A matter of twelve hundred yards or more, as the
distance may be,
We travelled upon *one* wheel, until we drove up to
the station.

"Then, sir, we sank in a heap; but, picking myself
from the ruins,
I heard a noise up the grade; and, looking, I saw
in the distance
The three wheels following still, like moons on the
horizon whirling,
Till circling, they gracefully sank on the road at
the side of the station.

"This is my story, sir; a trifle, indeed, I assure
you.
Much more, perchance, might be said; but I hold
him, of all men, most lightly
Who swerves from the truth in his tale. No, thank
you—Well, since you *are* pressing,
Perhaps I don't care if I do.—You may give me
the same, Jim—no sugar."

THE MILLER'S PORTRAIT.

There is nothing like being satisfied. A worthy miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished.

"But," said he, "I am a very industrious man. I wish to be painted as looking out of the window of my mill. But when any one looks at me, I wish to pop my head in; so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window."

"Very well," said the painter, "it shall be done so."

He painted the mill and the mill-window. The miller looked at it.

"Very well," said he, "but where is myself looking out?"

"Oh," said the painter, "whenever one looks at the mill, you know, you pop your head in to preserve your credit for industry."

"That's right—that's right," said the miller. "I'm content—just so. I'm in the mill now, ain't I? Just so; that will do."

AN ILLUSTRATION.

A priest in Ireland, having preached a sermon on miracles, was asked by one of his congregation, walking homewards, to explain a little more lucidly what a miracle meant.

"Is it a merakle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk on then there forninst me, and I'll think how I can eplxain it to you,"

The man walked on, and the priest came after him and gave him a tremendous kick.

"Ugh!" roared the man, "why did you do that?"

"Did you feel it?" asked the priest.

"To be sure I did," replied the man.

"Well, then, it would have been a merakle if you had not."

WORSE OFF THAN BEFORE.

A child was crying in a street close by Charing Cross. A compassionate lady, passing at the time, stopped and asked him what was the matter.

The child replied, "Cos I've lost a penny mother gave me."

"Ah, well, never mind that," said the lady; "here is another for you," and proceeded on her way, but had not gone far when she heard the little fellow bellowing even more lustily than before.

She turned back and again asked the cause, upon which the little urchin answered, "Why, if I 'adn't lost that there first one, I should 'ave 'ad tuppence."

POOR FOOD.

A good Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly instalment. He had called on his steward a number of times, but had each time been put off with some excuse. His wants at length becoming urgent, he went to his steward and told him that he must have his money, as his family wanted the necessaries of life.

"Money!" replied the steward. "You preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls!"

"Souls!" replied the minister; "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal."

A SHARP DIALOGUE.

The following dialogue occurred between a magistrate and an Irishwoman, a shoplifter:—"What's become of your husband, woman?"

"What's gone of him, yer honour? Faith, and he's gone dead."

"Ah! Pray what did he die of?"

"Die of, yer honour? He died of a Friday."

"I don't mean that, but what complaint?"

"Oh, what complaint, yer honour? Faith, and it's himself that did not get time to complain."

"Oh, ay—he died suddenly?"

"Rather that way, yer honour."

"Did he fall in a fit?"

"Why, no, not exactly in a fit, yer honour. He fell out of a window, or through a cellar-door—I don't know what they call it."

"Oh, ay—and broke his neck?"

"No, not quite that, yer worship."

"What then?"

"There was a bit of a shtring, or cord, or that like, and it throttled poor Mike."

"Quite likely. Call the next case."

RENOUNCING BACHELORISM.

"MY good friends," says the editor of an American newspaper, who went to another State, and took to himself a wife, "in announcing the fact of our return home with a rib, we cannot refrain from expressing our profound disgust of bachelorism and bachelors — and we expect to be disgusted with both — several weeks. We are well aware that, in days gone by, we occasionally made ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men, by upholding the bachelor state as the only life of happiness, independence, and earthly glory. But we were young and green then, and of course knew but one side of the subject. Now stand up here, you consarned ugly picters of humanity, rejoicing in the name of bachelors, and answer us a few questions. What are you fit for in this world? What interest have you in 'the generations yet unborn' you read of? Where will you be when old men, if your vile habits ever permit you to arrive at a good old age? Won't you be like lonely, scarred, and scathed trees standing in a big clearing without a companion, and your life unprotected from the frosts by young saplings and shrubs at your feet? Or won't you be like pumpkins in a corn-field, more prominent, because or your prodigious ugliness, than the stalks at your side laden with golden grain? Hold your heads up, and talk like men, whether you can act so or not.

"Now don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? Look at the girls about you, all smiling and sugar—hearts overflowing with love ready to be spilled on the first good fellow that can touch their sympathies—feelings rich as cream, which by a kindred spirit can soon be worked into butter, and spread over your life, till you are as happy as the birds of spring. Look at 'em, and feel the disgusting position which you occupy in the cabbage-garden of humanity! What are you holding back for? Now, just reform—put on your best looks and your other coat—visit the girls, ice-cream them—then propose, get accepted, marry, and—the country will rely on you as a faithful and well-disposed citizen."

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

THERE are two little songsters, well known in the land,
Their names are I-Have and O-Had-I;
I-Have will come tamely and perch on your hand,
But O-Had-I will mock you most sadly.

I-Have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
But his worth is by far more enduring
Than a thousand O-Had-I's, that sit far and high
On roofs and on trees so alluring.

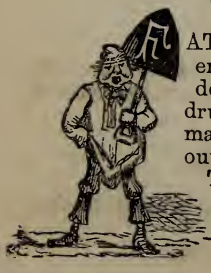
Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing you, "Be cheery! be cheery!"
O merrily then will the day glide away,
And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.

But let an O-Had-I but once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die—
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
Now racing, now panting and creeping;
While far overland this sweet bird at his will,
With his bright golden plumage, is sweeping.

Then every wise man who attends to my song
Will count his I-Have a choice treasure,
And where'er an O-Had-I comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

CON. FOR POLITICIANS AND INEBRIATES.



"FATHER," cried a schoolboy, as he entered the house and banged the door after him, "I've got a conundrum that's all original, 'cause I made it myself, all alone, and without any help from any one."

The proud parent delayed throwing a bootjack at the youngster's head, and motioned for him to express it.

"Why is a drunkard," asked the lad, "like a bad politician?"

"Do you mean to be personal, you young jackanapes?" roared the parent, scratching his head.

"No, dad, nary a personal."

"Then I gives it up."

"'Cause," the youngster said, "he's always sticking his nose into measures to hurt the Constitution."

DICTIONARY OF LADIES' DRESS.

GIMP.

SORT of nail used in their high-heeled boots, or something to do with the ring of a parasol; can't make out which.

TICKEN.—Shawls are usually made of this, and those fancy scarfs for evening dress.—N.B. It is called "dear" when they like it best, though only sixpence a yard.

GUSSETS.—Same as "Linsey Wolsey," I think—a fine calf-skin leather for ornamenting riding-habits.—Note. It has very sharp prickles, as I found once when I sat down on a bonnet made of it, mistaking the thing for a bunch of flowers.

TULLE.—Not yet sure of this, but suspect it is the needle they use in backstitch.—Mem. "Curtain of a bonnet" seems to have something to do with it.

TUCK.—This is either a species of Scotch brooch, or a light blue ball-sash, though I have also heard it spoken of in relation to a reticule for a pic-nic, with a sandwich inside.

BOMBAZINE.—Much mystery about this. Four years ago, however, I satisfied myself it has something to do with a baby's bottle. Sometimes it is called a "love of a barège."

BOBBINNET.—Only a little bobbin. Their work-boxes are full of them. I once upset one.

FLOUNCE.—Every one knows what this is. It is put on gowns, and a new one is put on each year as the wearer grows too tall for the former length.

DIMITY.—A regular poser this. Used to think it was a "finger stall," but have found out now it is a sort of ball put inside the back hair to fill it out. However, my niece, Miss Mary, aged "thirty——" never mind—says positively, "No!"

CRINOLINE.—Man's horror—woman's sphere.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S PRISMS.

ON DAMAGED GOODS.

"AH!" said Mrs. Partington, as she stood looking at the placards stuck all over the front of a shop, advertising damaged goods for sale. It was not a big R like those with which doctors begin their prescriptions, but the simple ejaculation, "Ah," and as she said it, people going along listened to what she had to say. "This," continued she, running on like a wheelbarrow, "is what is meant by Mr. Jaqueths, where he says 'Sweet are the uses of advertisements,' but"—(and here she butted against the word "damaged," making two syllables of it, with a profane construction of the first, that made her hold her hands up in unqualified horror)—"but though the goods are aged, I don't see the need of putting it quite so strong—so much stronger than the goods are, I dare say." Ike here pulled her sleeve, at the same time kicking a big dog on the nose who was smelling at her "ridicule," and the old lady moved on amid the crowd.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

"WHERE did you get so much money, Isaac?" said Mrs. Partington, as he shook half a handful of copper coin before her, grinning all the while, like a rogue that he is. "Have you found the hornicopia, or has anybody given you a request?" She was a little anxious. "I got it from bets," said he, chucking the coin into the air, and allowing half of them to clatter and rattle about the floor. "Got them from Bets, did you?" replied she. "And who is Bets, that she should give you money?—she must be some low creature, or you would not speak of her so disrespectably. I hope you will not get led away by any desolate companions, Isaac, and become an unworthy membrane of society." How tenderly the iron-rimmed spectacles beamed upon him! "I mean bets," said he, laughing, "that I won on running Rein." "Dear me," she exclaimed, "how could you do so? 'tis such a horrid habit?" She was really uneasy until he promised to attend to his book, which he told her was a very good book indeed.

GUESSING A DOG'S NAME.

"DRIVE him out!" screamed Mrs. Partington, as Ike whistled in an immense dog one wet day, who perambulated the kitchen, dotting the newly-washed floor with flowers of mud, and audaciously smelling Mrs. Partington's toes as the old lady stood up on a chair to avoid him. "Drive him out! What is his name, Isaac?" "Guess, aunt," replied Ike. "I can't; perhaps it's Watch, or Ponto, or Cæsar; what is it?" "Why, Guess." "I tell you I can't guess; perhaps it's Hector, or Tiger, or Rover. What is his name?" "Guess, aunt." "You provoking creatur, I'll be tempted

to whip you within an inch of your skin, if you teaze me so. Why don't you tell me?" "I did tell you the first time," blubbered Ike; "his name is Guess." The old lady was melted by his emotion, and as soon as the dog was sent out, some nice quince jelly settled the difficulty. "He is such a queer child," said she to herself—"so sharp; I suppose because he was weaned on pickles."

THE SOGERS.

"HERE comes the sogers, aunt," cried Ike at the door. "Here they come in their bear-skins!" "In their bare skins!" said Mrs. Partington, and she glanced out of the window into the cold, towards the weathercock, that had looked obstinately east for three days, much to the danger of a return of her rheumatism, which an east wind always induced—"in their bare skins, sich a day as this! Highlanders, I guess." She hastened to the door, and a company with huge and hideous caps were then marching by. She saw that she was sold. "Ah!" said she, "this is one of the horrors of war—to go looking so; and s'pose one of them poor creaturs should fall down—he's so top-heavy, his heels would go up in the air, like a cornstalk witch, and his brains would run down into his head. I can't bear to look at 'em." She closed the door carefully, but she stood in the entry, and beat time to the music till it had got far past the house.

WEDDINGS.

"I LIKE to 'tend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from one in church, and hung her shawl up and replaced her black bonnet in her long-preserved bandbox; "I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish, and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing, is matrimony—a very solemn thing—where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them 'man and wife.' It ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget how I felt when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said 'With my goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry-goods store then, and I thought he was a-going to give me all there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterwards that it only meant one cotton gown a-year. It is a lovely sight to see young people 'plightin' their trough,' as the song says, and 'consume their vows.'" She bustled about and got tea ready, but abstractedly put on the broken tea-pot that had lain away unused since Paul was alive, and the tea-cup mended with putty and dark with age, as if the idea had conjured the ghost of past enjoyment to dwell for the moment in the home of her present widowhood. A young lady who expected to be married wept copiously at her remarks, but kept on hemming a veil that was to adorn her brideship, and Ike sat pulling the bristles out of the hearth-brush in expressive silence.

THE HOLIDAYS.

"FIVE weeks' vexation in December," said Mrs. Partington, when she learned that the school had had a vacation for five weeks; "five weeks' vexation. Christmas is a trying season for mothers, and wearing and tearing to their patience, and the jackets and trousers of their children. Talk about the relaxation from study! I don't believe it's half as bad as the green apples they get in the country. But I do love to see the little dears enjoying themselves, frisking about like pigs in clover, as happy as the days is long. What an idea of freedom there is in a little boy with his face and hair full of treacle and gingerbread, and fun and good-nature. Be still, you good-for-nothing," cried she, as one of the children attempted to take her snuff-box; "be still, I say!" But it was not in anger; for she felt in her capacious pocket, and from away down under her snuff-box and thimbles and bone buttons and needles and pincushions and beeswax, she brought up a ball of variegated hues, and smiled as she gave it into his eager hand, and bade him be a good boy.

MRS. P. COMES TO GRIEF.

"How solemn these funeral obstacles is!" said Mrs. Partington, as she looked down from an upper chamber window on the day of President Taylor's funeral procession. She took off her specs to wipe the moisture from their discs, tapped her snuff-box mournfully to the measured time of the distant drum, and looked anxiously to catch the first glimpse of the funereal train. "Here it comes at last," quoth she, "with the soldiers all playing with muzzled drums, and their flags a-flying at half-mast.—Is that the catastrope?" whispered she to a gentleman near her. "That is the catafalque, madam," replied he. "Well, well!" said she, "no matter, I know'd there was a cat about it, and I didn't know but it might be a cataplasm; but it will be a catastrope, I guess, after all. Catafalque! some furrin name, I guess. Will you tell me, sir, when the artillery flies over," continued she; "I mean the flying artillery that came away from Mexico, to 'tend the funeral?" "Gracious heavens, madam!" cried he impatiently, "they don't fly; they are artillerymen on horseback only!" "Dear me!" said she, "I thought they were one of the wings of the army, and flew when they marched. How apt we are to get mistaken!" She pensively gazed upon the pageant that passed before her. "What a pity it is," said she, "that we don't vally people till arter they are dead! I dare say more paragorics will be poured on him now, than there would have been if he had lived as long as I have." She here paused—a silence pervaded the chamber: the procession had passed, the company had departed, and two hours after the old lady was found still sitting by the open window, fast asleep! So powerful is grief.

MRS. P. REFLECTS TO ADVANTAGE.

"DEAR me!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, and her hands were raised above a potato basket, as if asking a blessing upon it. It was in response to the shopkeeper, as he said, in sepulchral tones, at the same time holding a Yorkshire red in his hand, "Potatoes, marm, is all rotting." "Oh, dear me!" cried she, "if the potatoes is rottin' what upon airth will people do for bread? What will the poor Paddygonians do, that don't eat anything else? And flour is so high! They tell us, every now and then, of an improvement in the market, but flour is always jest as dear arter it; you have to give jest as much for a shilling's worth.

And how hard it is for people to get along, to be sure! Why, it takes almost a remissness of Californy gold to get along anyhow, now-a-days. Heaven help the poor!" What a heartiness there was in that simple prayer! The dealer was affected; he dropped the ruddy red pensively into the basket, and wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his blue frock. The stern man, who had unrelentingly cut up myriads of beeves, nor shed one tear over the struggles of expiring lambkins, showing no quarter while he was quartering them—that stern man wiped his eyes on his frock-sleeve, and murmured, "Yes'm." It was touching. Everything was sixteen ounces to the pound for that day.

ONE OR T'OTHER.—"A dozen children may seem a large family with some folks, who are moderate," remarked Mrs. Partington; "but my poor husband used to tell a story of a woman in some part of the world, where he stopped one night, who had nineteen children in five years, or five children in nineteen years, I don't recollect which—but I remember it was one or t'other."

"How changeable the wind is!" said Mrs. Partington, upon her return from a walk in Boston. "It is the changeablest thing I ever did see. When I went to Washington Street it was a blowin' in my face, and when I turned to go down it went blowin' on my back!"

"WARTS on the mind!" she exclaimed the other day, as she glanced into a library through her dim spectacles. "I have heerd of warts on all parts of the human cistern, but never before on the mind. Oh, dear! I should think it would defect the brain."

MRS. PARTINGTON was delighted and edified when she saw some large vessels in the Pool towing their boats astern. "Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed the old soul, "how parfect is all the works of nature! Even the great big ships have all got their little ones runnin' along after 'em just as playful as lambs."

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know: If it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bridle ceremony?

MYSTIFICATION.

THE following is a genuine piece of Irish logic:—An old woman was what was termed a "general dealer," and among other things sold bread and whiskey. A customer, entering her shop, inquired if she had anything to eat and drink. "To be sure," she replied; "I have got a thimbleful of the cratur, my darling, that comes ounly to twopence; and this big little loaf you may have for the same money." "Both twopence?" "Both the same, as I'm a Christian woman, and worth double the sum." "Fill me the whiskey, if you please." She did so, and he drank it; then rejoined, "It comes to twopence, my jewel: I am not hungry, take back the loaf," tendering it. "Yes, honey, but what pays for the whiskey?" "Why, the loaf, to be sure!" "But you haven't paid for the loaf!" "Why, you wouldn't have a man pay for a thing he hasn't ate?" A friend going by was called in by the landlady to decide this difficulty, who gave it against her; and, from some deficiency in her powers of calculation, she permitted the rogue to escape.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

"DILATORY fellow," said the lexicographer (for such, by his conversation, he evidently was), "where have you beeen loitering, defalcating in your time so egregiously?"

"What did you say, measter?" replied the countryman.

Lexi.—Did you meet with any casualty in your way, that stopped you so?

Coun.—Na, he wur an old acquaintance that stopped me—Jemmy Hancock.

Lexi.—Hum! and so you procrastinated with him, eh?

Coun.—Na, I didn't; I went to the Goat in Boots wi' him.

Lexi.—Ah, had you dinner in the interim?

Coun.—Na, we had it in the tap-room.

Lexi.—Blockhead! the terms are synonymous.

Coun.—Are they? I thought 'em very dear—tenpence for eggs and bacon.

Lexi.—Confound the fellow!—how does this amalgamate?

Coun.—Oh, I never stopped for that.

Lexi.—Ah, totally abstracted from the consequences—fell into a reverie on your road, I dare say.

Coun.—Na, I didn't—I fell into a ditch though; ale were so strong.

Lexi.—And came out covered with chagrin?

Coun.—Na, but there were plenty o' mud.

Lexi.—Impervious dolt! Chagrin, I said.

Coun.—*Green!* oh, I know now; we call it duck-weed in our parts.

Lexi.—I shall lose all patience. You were born incorrigible.

Coun.—No, I wern't; I wur born in Yorkshire—High Street, Wakefield.

Lexi.—Again mistaking! Do you never deviate?

Coun.—No, I only goes out to work.

Lexi.—You want common ratiocination, fellow.

Coun.—Na, I don't; I only want you to settle my account, one-and-eightpence; that can't be dear—such a load as this.

Lexi.—I am foiled with my own weapons. Can you not discriminate even a common case?

Coun.—Na, can't take any less; it's more nor three miles, and case, as you call it, be heavy.

Lexi.—I must succumb; there is your money, fellow; go your ways, and let me thank Heaven I am released from the purgatory of your obtusity.

MICKEY FREE AND THE EDITOR.*

BY CHARLES LEVER.

THE waiter entered with a large placard. He was followed by another with a ladder, by whose assistance he succeeded in attaching the large square of paper to the wall, above the fireplace. Every one about rose up, curious to ascertain what was going forward; and I myself joined in the crowd around the fire. The first glance at the announcement showed me what it meant; and it was with a strange mixture of shame and confusion I read:

"Fall of Ciudad Rodrigo; with a full and detailed account of the storming of the great breach—capture of the enemy's cannon, &c.—by Michael Free, 14th Light Dragoons."

Leaving the many around me busied in conjecturing who the aforesaid Mr. Free might be, and what peculiar opportunities he might have enjoyed for his report, I hurried from the room and called the waiter.

"What's the meaning of the announcement you've just put up in the coffee-room? Where did it come from?"

"Most important news, sir; exclusively in the columns of the *Bristol Telegraph;* the gentleman has just arrived——"

"Who, pray? What gentleman?"

"Mr. Free, sir, No. 13—large bed-room—blue damask—supper for two—oysters—a devil—brandy-and-water—mulled port."

"What the devil do you mean? Is the fellow at supper?"

Somewhat shocked by the tone I ventured to assume towards the illustrious narrator, the waiter merely bowed his reply.

"Show me to his room," said I; "I should like to see him."

"Follow me, if you please, sir—this way—what name shall I say, sir?"

"You need not mind announcing me—I'm an old acquaintance—just show me the room."

"I beg pardon, sir, but Mr. Meekins, the editor of the *Telegraph*, is engaged with him at present; and positive orders are given not to suffer any interruption."

"No matter: do as I bid you. Is that it? Oh! I hear his voice. There, that will do. You may go down-stairs, I'll introduce myself."

So saying, and slipping a crown into the waiter's hand, I proceeded cautiously towards the door, and opened it stealthily. My caution was, however, needless; for a large screen was drawn across this part of the room, completely concealing the door; closing which behind me, I took my place beneath the shelter of this ambuscade, determined on no account to be perceived by the parties.

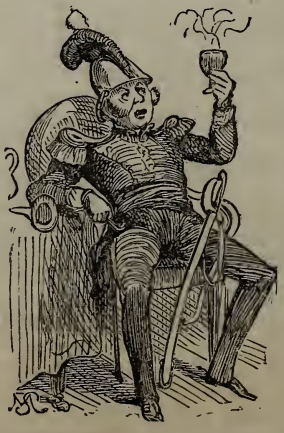
Seated in a large arm-chair, a smoking tumbler of mulled port before him, sat my friend Mike, dressed in my full regimentals, even to the helmet, which, unfortunately for the effect, he had put on back foremost; a short "dudeen" graced his lip, and the trumpet lay near him.

Opposite him sat a short, puny, round-faced little gentleman, with rolling eyes and a turned-up nose. Numerous sheets of paper, pens, &c., lay scattered about; and he evinced, by his air and gesture, the most marked and eager attention to Mr. Free's narrative, whose frequent interruptions, caused by the drink and oysters, were viewed with no small impatience by the anxious editor.

"You must remember, captain, time's passing; the placards are all out; must be at press before one o'clock to-night; the morning edition is everything with us. You were at the first parallel, I think."

"Devil a one o' me knows. Just ring that bell near you. Them's elegant oysters; and you're not taking your drop of liquor. Here's a toast for you: 'May——' whoop—raal Carlingford's, upon my conscience. See now, if I won't hit the little black chap up there, the first shot."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when a little painted bust of Shakspeare fell in fragments on the floor as an oyster-shell laid him low.



A faint effort at a laugh at the eccentricities of his friend was all the poor editor could accomplish, while Mike's triumph knew no bounds.

"Didn't I tell you? But come now, are you ready? Give the pen a drink, if you won't take one yourself."

"I'm ready, quite ready," responded the editor.

"Faith, and it's more nor I am. See now, here it is: The night was murthering dark; you could not see a stim."

"Not see a—a what?"

"A stim, bad luck to you; don't you know English? Hand me the hot water. Have you that down yet?"

"Yes. Pray proceed."

"The fifth division was orthered

* From "Charles O'Malley," by kind permission of the Publishers.

up, bekase they were fighting chaps; the Eighty-eighth was among them; the Rangers——Oh! upon my soul, we must drink the Rangers. Here, devil a one o' me will go on till we give them all the honours—hip—begin."

"Hip," sighed the luckless editor, as he rose from his chair, obedient to the command.

"Hurra—hurra—hurra! Well done! there's stuff in you yet, ould foolscap! The little bottle's empty—ring again, if ye plaze.

"Oh, Father Magan
Was a beautiful man,
But a bit of a rogue, a bit of a rogue.
He was just six feet high,
Had a cast in his eye,
And an illigint brogue, an illigint brogue.

"He was born in Killarney,
And reared up in Blarney——

"Arrah, don't be looking miserable and dissolute that way. Sure I'm only screwing myself up for you; besides, you can print the song av you like: it's a sweet tune—'Teddy, you Gander.'"

"Really, Mr. Free, I see no prospect of our ever getting done."

"The saints in heaven forbid," interrupted Mike, piously; "the evening's young, and drink plenty. Here now, make ready!"

The editor once more made a gesture of preparation.

"Well, as I was saying," resumed Mike, "it was pitch dark when the columns moved up, and a cold, raw night, with a little thin rain falling. Have you that down?"

"Yes. Pray go on."

"Well, just as it might be here, at the corner of the trench I met Dr. Quill. 'They're waiting for you, Mr. Free,' says he, 'down there. Picton's asking for you.' 'Faith and he must wait,' says I, 'for I'm terrible dry.' With that, he pulled out his canteen and mixed me a little brandy-and-water. 'Are you taking it without a toast?' says Doctor Maurice. 'Never fear,' says I; 'here's Mary Brady——'"

"But, my dear sir," interposed Mr. Meekins, "pray *do* remember this is somewhat irrelevant. In fifteen minutes it will be twelve o'clock."

"I know it, ould boy, I know it. I see what you're at. You were going to observe how much better we'd be for a broiled bone."

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you. For Heaven's sake, no more eating and drinking."

"No more eating nor drinking! Why not? You've a nice notion of a convivial meeting. Faith, we'll have the broiled bone sure enough, and, what's more, a half-gallon of the strongest punch they can make us; an' I hope that, grave as you are, you'll favour the company with a song."

"Really, Mr. Free——"

"Arrah! none of your blarney Don't be misthering me. Call me Mickey, or Mickey Free, if you like better."

"I protest," said the editor, with dismay, "that here we are two hours at work, and we haven't got to the foot of the great breach."

"And wasn't the army three months and a half in just getting that far, with a battering train, and mortars, and the finest troops ever were seen? and there you sit, a little fat creature, with your pen in your hand, grumbling that you can't do more than the whole British army. Take care you don't provoke me to beat you; for I am quiet till I'm roused. But, by the Rock o' Cashel——"

Here he grasped the brass trumpet with an energy that made the editor spring from his chair.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Free——"

"Well, I won't; but sit down there, and don't be bothering me about sieges, and battles, and things you know nothing about."

"I protest," rejoined Mr. Meekins, "that, had you not sent to my office intimating your wish to communicate an account of the siege, I never should have thought of intruding myself upon you. And now, since you appear indisposed to afford the information in question, if you will permit me, I'll wish you a very good night."

"Faith, and so you shall, and help me to pass one too; for not a step out o' that chair shall you take till morning. Do ye think I am going to be left here by myself, all alone?"

"I must observe," said Mr. Meekins——

"To be sure, to be sure," said Mickey; "I see what you mean. You're not the best of company, it's true; but at a pinch like this——There now, take your liquor."

"Once for all, sir," said the editor, "I would beg you to recollect that, on the faith of your message to me, I have announced an account of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo for our morning edition. Are you prepared, may I ask, for the consequences of my disappointing ten thousand readers?"

"It's little I care for one of them. I never knew much of reading myself."

"If you think to make a jest of me," interposed Mr. Meekins, reddening with passion——

"A jest of you! Troth it's little fun I can get out of you; you're as tiresome a creature as ever I spent an evening with. See now, I told you before not to provoke me: we'll have a little more drink; ring the bell: who knows but you'll turn out better by-and-by?"

As Mike rose at these words to summon the waiter, Mr. Meekins seized the opportunity to make his escape. Scarcely had he reached

the door, however, when he was perceived by Mickey, who hurled the trumpet at him with all his force, while he uttered a shout that nearly left the poor editor lifeless with terror. This time, happily, Mr. Free's aim failed him, and, before he could arrest the progress of his victim, he had gained the corridor, and with one bound cleared the first flight of the staircase, his pace increasing every moment as Mike's denunciations grew louder and louder, till at last, as he reached the street, Mr. Free's delight overcame his indignation, and he threw himself upon a chair and laughed immoderately.

THE GREAT FISH CONVENTION.

IT is not often that we come across more natural punning than will be found in the following extract from a "Comical Report of a Fish Convention." It is to be understood that all the marine monsters, big fish, and "small fry" of the great deep are assembled in conclave, the Whale "in the chair."

He opened the Convention by stating that he did not wish to make a speech; he would take up as little room, and be no longer than possible.

(Here the Shark whispered to the Swordfish that it was not possible for the Whale to be much longer, as he was over eighty feet now. In *his* opinion, he only wanted a chance to spout—in fact, he considered him a regular old blower.)

The Whale continued, and contended that he had been grossly insulted by man—he might say, lampooned; not that he would pun upon the use made of his fat, as he did not wish to make light of such a matter. He had been harpooned at least. Men were sarcastic toward him, and their shafts were sharp and pointed. Some of his fellow-Whales had been very much cut up and exceedingly tried. He had lately learnt that a substitute for oil had been invented, which might lessen the persecution of Whales; but he feared it was all gas. The Whale alluded to a harpoon which had lately hit him; it had made a great impression on him, and, he feared, had affected him deeply.

Here his feelings overpowered him, and he sat down (on the Shark) amid a general blubber.

The Shark rose with some difficulty, and remarked that the tale of the Whale had moved him; in fact it was very striking. His own situation was far from pleasant. He was by profession a lawyer, and, he flattered himself, one of the deep kind. But business was bad, and he had been obliged to take in a few pupils. He had lately presented a fine opening for a young man who fell overboard, but was soon after obliged to reject his suit as indigestible. Unless he had more cases, he should leave the law and open as a dentist.

The Sea-serpent did not wish to intrude upon the Convention: he did not know whether he properly belonged to the fish tribe or not. All he asked was not to be classed with the Eel, whom he considered to be a very slippery character. (Here the Eel was observed to wriggle violently.) Lately, he was passing a certain species of the Eel, when just happening to touch him, he had been so shocked that he hardly recovered.

The Eel hastily arose, and said he was shocked—he might say electrified—at these remarks. It was evident to him that the Serpent must get himself into a coil. As for his being a "slippery character," he thanked Neptune he didn't belong to such a scaly set as the Serpent

The Whale called the Eel to order, and the Eel called the Whale an "old swell-head," and was then summarily put out of the Convention.

The Turtle said he was suffering from a slight indisposition. He was walking on shore, he said, a short time since, when he met a party of jolly young sailors. The result was, that he was laid flat on his back, and was unable to move for some time, and since then he had not felt so lively as usual. There was *one* thing to which he would call the attention of the Convention; he prided himself upon the purity of his political principles. He was the alderman's best friend. The Shark had lately insulted him by calling him a "regular old hard-shell."

Here the Shark interrupted him by asking, "Is not that your *case?*"

The Turtle replied that he "should say nothing more at present, but should have something to lay before the next meeting."

"Yes," replied the Shark contemptuously; "a few eggs, probably."

The Porpoise undertook to speak, but was speedily silenced. The expression of the Convention was that he was "a blower."

The "Small Fry" were next called upon—Oysters, Lobsters, and others. The Oyster opened his *case*, which was a hard one. He was always in trouble—a perpetual stew or broil. His half-brother, Clam, was a disgrace to the family; always in liquor, and generally considered a "squirt." Some of his family were indolent, and spent most of their time in "beds." There had been some rakes among them, who had created great disturbance.

There was one of his neighbours, he said—"he would not call any names, for he scorned scandal"—who was very surly and crabbed. He was a one-sided individual and nobody approved of his motions.

The Crab protested against this abuse, and said that the rest took advantage of him because he was "soft." He respectfully retired backward.

The Codfish, who had been visiting a "school;" the Shad, much net-tled at what he had heard; the aristocratic Salmon, who got into a row with a York State Trout, who called him a Northern Fish with Southern principles; and the Flying-fish, who flew into a tremendous passion, all took part in the proceedings of the Convention.

But so it was, at last, as the erudite Dogberry has it, that "the whole dissembly disappeared" in good order, notwithstanding an attempt at disturbance made by a "jolly old Sole" and a lot of "Suckers.'

THE ASS IN OFFICE.

Jake Denton told this story in the village tavern:

"A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a-hunting, and, after summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he called his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he departed.

"While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted upon a donkey. He advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it will certainly rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as, a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him it would be clear when it was not. 'I met a countryman, and he knows a great deal more than you, for he said it would rain, whereas you told me it would not.'

"The king then gave the philosopher his walking-papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"'Tell me,' said the king, 'how you knew it would rain?' 'I didn't know,' said the rustic; 'my donkey told me so.' 'And how, pray, did he tell you so?' 'By pricking his ears, your majesty.'

"The king now sent the countryman away. Procuring the donkey, he placed him in the office the philosopher had filled. And here," observed Jake, "is where he made a great mistake."

"How so?" inquired his auditors.

"Why, ever since then," said Jake, "every donkey wants an office."

NATIONAL TRAITS.

The traits of character peculiar to the many peoples that make up Americans are very happily hit off in the following anecdote:—It was agreed to make a proposition to the representatives of the several countries as they were met in the street, to ascertain the answer that each would make. The first was Mr. John Bull, who was asked—

"What will you take to stand all night in the tower of that church?"

"I should not wish to do it for anything short of a guinea."

The Scotchman came along, and to the same inquiry said—

"And what would you be willing to give?"

A Frenchman was met, and, bowing politely, answered—

"I would be most happy to oblige you, but I beg to be excused at present, as I am engaged."

Jonathan promptly replied to the question—

"I'll take a dollar."

And last of all came Patrick, who replied—

"An' sure, I think I would take cowld."

MONSIEUR ACHILLE ON AMERICAN DRINKS.

By gar, zese cockstails brak' me 'eart,
Zey gife me moche ze bloos:
I wiss' I s'all ratturn to France,
I fell so eendispose.
I go to dine my soazial frenz,
I gife zem one "blow-wout;"
Ma foi! ze wine cet costs so dear,
Zat mak's me moche poot out.

Vrai Cognac, zat ees not so bad,
Beeg thing ees brandy strait;
Bote zen ze price, zat mak's me sad,
Zat is not var' fust rate!

Zen in ze one hoss groggariz
Zey concoc' emmetations
I sink zey most 'ave vinyards zere
Of all ze forraigne nations.

Zey mak' you s'erry, port, or ailse
Ze vary bes' champagne;
Gredin! zat's mad' of goazbarriz,
And gifes one stomach pain.
I ron srough all zey geevs to drink,
But more cet rons me srough.
Lak one man mad, I'm off for France,
And beeds zis land adieu!

O'CONNELL'S TACT IN CROSS-EXAMINATION.

He was once examining a witness, whose inebriety at the time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to his client's case to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described as "half-foolish with roguery." "Well, Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?" "Yes, your honour, Counsellor O'Connell." "How do you know my name?" "Ah! sure every one knows our own pathriot." "Well, you are a good-humoured, honest fellow; now tell me, Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?" "Why, your honour, I took my share of a pint of spirits." "Your share of it! now, by virtue of your oath, was not your share of it all but the pewter?" "Why, then, dear knows, that's thrue for you, sir." The court was convulsed at both question and answer. It soon came out that the man was drunk, and not a competent witness.

JERROLD'S JEUX.

IN the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically, he began—"Gentlemen, all I want is common sense." "Exactly," interrupted Jerrold; "that is precisely what you do want."

IT is with the tree of genealogy as with the oak of the forest—we may boast of the timbers it has given to a state vessel, but say naught of the three-legged stools, the broomsticks, and tobacco-stoppers made from the ends and chips.

JERROLD was an excessively nervous man, and on the first representation of any of his pieces he suffered indescribable torments. A brother dramatist—remarkable for his successful specimens of "fair adaptation or imitation" from the French—on one such occasion sought to rally the trembling scribe by stating that he himself never felt any nervousness on the first production of his own pieces. "Oh, my boy," said Douglas, "but you are always so sure of success: your pieces have all been tried before."

SOME friends were talking with Jerrold about an eminent *littérateur*, who was a devoted admirer and constant companion of Charles Dickens. "In fact," said one of the friends, "he is to Dickens what Boswell was to Johnson." "With this difference," Jerrold replied, "that —— doesn't do the Boz well."

AT an evening party, Jerrold was looking at the dancers. Seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said to a friend at hand, "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the mile-stone."

"WE row in the same boat, you know," said a literary friend to Jerrold. "True, my good fellow, we do row in the same boat," Jerrold replied, "but not with the same skulls."

WHATEVER promises a man may make before marriage, the licence is as a receipt in full.

MY notion of a wife at forty is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank note, for two twenties.

IF an earthquake were to engulf England tomorrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.

FRIENDSHIP in ill-luck turns to mere acquaintance. The wine of life—as I have heard it called—goes into vinegar; and folks that hugged the bottle, shirk the cruet.

BEELZEBUB'S SHIP.—It is neither privateer, bombship, nor letter of marque. It is built of green timber, manned with loblolly boys and marines; provisioned with mouldy biscuit and bilge-water, and fires nothing but red-hot shot: there's no grappling with or boarding her: she always sails best in a storm, and founders in fair weather.

WHEN Douglas Jerrold applied at the Austrian Office in London for a passport to travel on the Continent, he was told that "Douglas Jerrold could get no passport from the Austrian Government." He replied, "That shows its weakness, not my strength."

A NEW FABLE.

A DOG was once lying dozing beneath a tree when a bull, tormented by the flies in the sunshine, sought the pleasant, cool shade where the dog reclined.

"Come," said the bull to the cur, "you have been lying there now some time, get up and let me lie down."

"Not I," said the dog. "I was here first, and I shall stay. You have no right here at all."

The bull stood looking gruffly at his canine opponent, whisked his tail, and seemed ready to give up; but made another attempt to be civil.

"Oh! come now," said the bull good-humouredly, "if you put it in that light, I tell you what I'll do: if you won't get up, I'll toss you for the place."

"No," said the dog, "I don't like gambling," and he got up and walked away.

ERIN'S CHILDREN.

PADDY'S LEG.

AN Irish woodcutter slipped one day with his load, and broke his leg. Dr. Abernethy saved the leg from being amputated, as the other doctors had recommended. The doctor was afterwards going over the wards of the hospital with a number of students, when the poor fellow, with all his country's eloquence, poured out a torrent of thanks, making pantomimic displays of his leg. "That's the leg, yer honour! Glory! Yer honour's the boy to do it! may the heavens be your bed! long life to your honour!" &c. With some difficulty the patient was got into bed, and Abernethy took the opportunity of giving a clinical lecture. Every sentence Abernethy uttered, Pat confirmed. "Thrue, yer honour—niver a lie in it! His honour's the grate docther intirely!" While at the slightest allusion to his case, off went the bed-clothes, and up went the leg, as if he were taking aim at the ceiling with it. "That's it, by gorra! and a bitther leg than the villins' that wanted to cut it off!"

POWERFUL.

A WORTHY baronet, of Erin's clime,
Had a famed telescope in his possession,
And on a time
Of its amazing powers he made profession.
"Yon church," cried he, "is distant near a mile,
Yet when I view it steady for awhile,
Upon a bright and sunny day,
My glass, so strong and clear,
Does bring the church so near
That often I can hear the organ play."

BURNT.

A RICH tradesman, accompanied by his son, went to a bookseller's shop to purchase a map of France. The son, wishing to test the accuracy of the map, endeavoured to find on it the city of Moscow, and expressed to his father his astonishment at not being able to do so. "What nonsense," replied the parent, "to look for the city of Moscow on the map! Do you not know that it was destroyed by fire?"

IRISH REASONING.

A POOR Irishman who was on his death-bed, and who did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good-natured friend with the common-place reflection, that we must all die *once*. "Why, my dear, now," answered the sick man, "that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half a dozen times, I should not mind it."

A GOOD JOKE.

WHEN Lord Townshend was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the then Lord Mayor of Dublin lost no opportunity of repeating his solicitations for places. "My dear Hely," said his lordship, "you have a great many things, and I have nothing to give but a majority of dragoons." "I accept it, then," answered the mayor. "What? you take a majority?" replied his lordship; "zounds! it is impossible; I only meant it as a joke." "And I accept it," rejoined the other, "merely to show you how well I can take a joke."

A "SETTLER."

A SHOPKEEPER, a few days since, purchased of an Irishwoman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he "weighed in the balance and found wanting." "Shure, it's yer own fault if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to a complaint of the buyer; "it's yer own fault, sir; for wasn't it a pound o' soap I bought here myself that I had in the other end of the scale when I weighed 'em?"

THE ART OF SHOPPING.

"WHAT'S the price of this article?" inquired a deaf old lady. "Seven shillings," said the draper. "Seventeen shillings!" she exclaimed; "I'll give you thirteen." "Seven shillings," replied the honest tradesman, "is the price of the article." "Oh! seven shillings," the lady sharply rejoined; "I'll give you five."

COMPARISON OF SPEED.

THE ordinary rate of speed per second—

Of a man chased by a bailiff, is	. . .	12	feet.
Of a dog with a kettle to its tail	. . .	16	„
Of an oyster at full gallop	. . . .	20	„
Of a snail at a jog trot	. . . . .	24	feet.
Of a Greenwich pensioner's wooden-leg		30	„
Of a gouty alderman at a [de] canter	.	38	„
Of a libel going the circuit.	. . . .	40	„

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, that's lose, their books
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks!

Who call and take some favourite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

Behold the book-shelf of a dunce
Who borrows—never lends;
Yon work, in twenty volumes, once
Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut
From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut,"
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are spilt;
But when they take a book that's bound,
'Tis surely extra-guilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd volume left, to be
Like all the rest, a-lone.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
I could not save my "Bacon."

My "Hall" and "Hill" were levelled flat,
But "Moore" was still the cry;
And then, although I threw them "Sprat,"
They swallowed up my "Pye."

O'er everything, however slight,
They seized some airy trammel;
They snatched my "Hogg" and "Fox" one night,
And pocketed my "Campbell."

And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
Like Hamlet's, backward go;
And as my tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

I wondered into what balloon
My books their course had bent;
And yet, with all my marvelling, soon
I found my "Marvell" went.

My "Mallett" served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker;
And once, while I was out of town,
My "Johnson" proved a "Walker."

While studying o'er the fire one day,
My "Hobbes," amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away,
And carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more
Than Bramah's patent's worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you let them lift,
Another they'll conceal;
For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"
As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,
Where late he stood elated:
But, what is strange, my "Pope" himself
Is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave
Is sunk, to swell the ravage;
And what 'twas Crusoe's fate to save,
'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote"
My "Bunyan" has been gone.

My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went; oppressed,
My "Taylor" too must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
In vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see
The "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
Oh! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"

I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,
Yet could not "Tickell" touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle"—
And surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
My sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
Nor even use my "Hughes."

To "West," to "South," I turn my head,
Exposed alike to odd jeers;
For since my "Roger Ascham's" fled,
I ask 'em for my "Rogers."

There's sure an eye that marks as well
The blossom as the sparrow;
Yet all unseen my "Lily" fell—
'Twas taken in my "Barrow."

They took my "Horne," and "Horne Tooke" too;
And thus my treasures flit;
I feel when I would "Hazlitt" view,
The flames that it has lit.

My word's worth little, "Wordsworth" gone,
If I survive its doom;
How many a bard I doted on
Was swept off with my "Broome!"

My classics would not quiet lie,
A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Doctor Primrose, I may cry,
"My 'Livy' has eloped!"

My life is wasting fast away,
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on "Gray,"
There's gray upon my locks.

I'm far from "Young"—am growing pale—
I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my *ail*,
"'Tis 'Burton,'" I reply.

HIS ANSWER TO "HER LETTER."

Reported by Truthful James.

Being asked by an intimate party—
Which the same I would term as a friend—
Which his health it were vain to call hearty,
Since the mind to deceit it might lend;
For his arm it was broken quite recent,
And has something gone wrong with his lung—
Which is why it is proper and decent
I should write what he runs off his tongue:

First, he says, Miss, he's read through your letter
To the end—and the end came too soon;
That a slight illness kept him your debtor
(Which for weeks he was wild as a loon);
That his spirits are buoyant as yours is;
That with you, Miss, he challenges Fate
(Which the language that invalid uses
At times it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer
For once being held in your thought;
That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer
Than ever by gold-seeker sought
(Which are words he would put in these pages,
By a party not given to guile;
Which the same not, at date, paying wages,
Might produce in the sinful a smile).

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,
And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,
And the rose that you gave him—that very
Same rose he is treasuring now
(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk, Miss,
And insists on his legs being free;
And his language to me from his bunk, Miss,
Is frequent, and painful, and free);

He hopes you are wearing no willows,
But are happy and gay all the while;
That he knows (which this dodging of pillows
Imparts but small ease to the style,
And the same you will pardon)—he knows, Miss,
That, though parted by many a mile,
Yet were he lying under the snows, Miss,
They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your pleasures,
In your brief twilight dreams of the past;
In this green laurel spray that he treasures,
It was plucked where your parting was last;
In this specimen—but a small trifle—
It will do for a pin for your shawl,
Which the truth not to wickedly stifle,
Was his last week's "clean up"—and *his all.*

He's asleep, which the same might seem strange, Miss,
Were it not that I scorn to deny
That I raised his last dose for a change, Miss,
In view that his fever was high;
But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive.
And now my respects, Miss, to you;
Which my language, although comprehensive,
Might seem to be freedom—it's true.

Which I have a small favour to ask you,
As concerns a bull-pup, which the same—
If the duty would not over-task you—
You would please to procure for me, *game;*
And send per express to the Flat, Miss,
Which they say York is famed for the breed,
Which though words of deceit may be that, Miss,
I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

P.S.—Which this same interfering
Into other folks' way I despise;
Yet if it so be I was hearing
That it's just empty pockets as lies
Betwixt you and Joseph, it follers
That, having no family claims,
Here's my pile; which it's six hundred dollars,
As is yours, with respects,—Truthful James.

SURELY FALSE.

The lovely hair my Celia wears
Is hers; who would have thought it.
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For—I know where she bought it.

AN ODE ON GAS.

[A country town having been recently lighted with gas, the local editor electrifies the community with an ode.]

Luminous blaze!
I never seen the like in all my born days!
Tallow candles ain't no mor'n tar
When you're about;
And spirit lamps is nowhar,
Bein' clean dun out.

Sparkling lite!
I think I never seen anything half so brite—
Everything is amazing clear;
The hidjus glume
Is defunct; and every cheer
Is aparient in the rume.

Glorious halo!
Your skintelashuns make a surprising display;
You don't need no snuffers,
But you are just scrude out;
When you're squenched by puffers,
Ojus fumes aryse.

Brillyant flame!
The nites was next to darkness when you came;
But candles has vanisht
Before you, and lard oil gone to grass:
Every greasy nuisance has been banisht—
Hurraw for Gass!

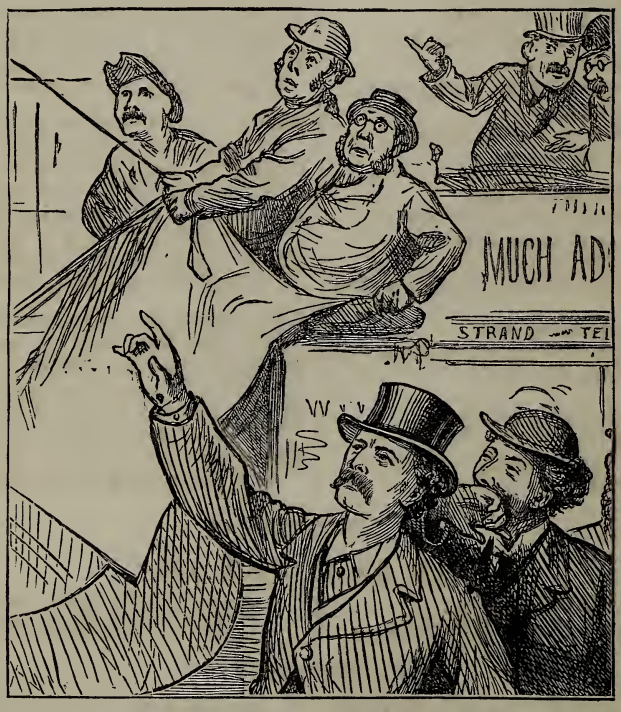
THE COMET.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And Satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail.

On, on by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forest gleam.
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!



I saw a tutor take his tube,
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not—but all the while
The breaks went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine,
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul:
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still—
The steaming sea, the crimson glare
That wreathed each wooded hill.
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

TWO BULLS.

A HARD-HEADED BULL.—An Irishman quarrelling with an Englishman, told him if he didn't hold his tongue he would break his impenetrable head, and let the brains out of his empty skull.

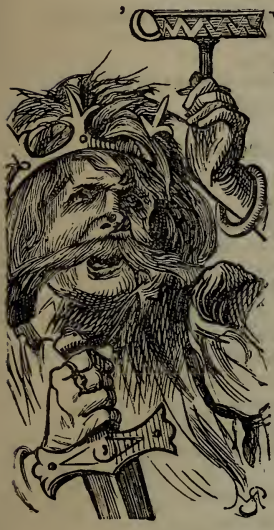
A GRAVE BULL.—A Hibernian gentleman, when told by his nephew that he had just entered college with a view to the Church, said, "I hope that I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon."

THE MAIDEN MASQUE.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

SHOWING HOW TURGESIUS THE DANE INVADED IRELAND. HIS BARBAROUS RULE AND CRUELTIES COMMITTED THEREIN, AND HIS FINAL OVERTHROW BY MAOLSEACHLIN, KING OF MEATH, A.D. 866.

FYTTE THE FIRST.



'TWAS a thief audacious,
One call'd Turgesius,
A Dane pugnacious from the Frozen Say;
When the ice was melted,
Away he pelted,
Swoorded and belted, all for Dublin Bay.
He had no flocks,
For his own bare rocks
Wouldn't feed a fox, much less a sheep:
Without a flitch in
His stinted kitchen,
Some prog to pitch into he went to seek.

There's no denyin'
(Unless through lyin')
That given to flyin' was the Pats that day:
Thy sons, Milaysius,
The fierce Turgesius
Compell'd most spaciously to clear the way.
With fierce aggression
He took possession
(The thievin' robber!) of the Emerald Isle;
And his bad behav'or
To every neighbour
In tears soon dhrowned that nation's smile.

For 'twas his ordhers
That at free quarthers
His throops should live upon the natives then,
Which made it hardher
To keep the lardher—
For them Danes was mighty purty trencher-men.
Of a feast right hearty
That would feed a party
Of a dozen Irish—ay, and sparin' some—
One Dane was able
To clear the table,
And wouldn't lave the flies a single crumb.

If a widow lonely
Had one cow only
To feed her orphans with a dhrop o' milk,
In that the ruffi'ns
Would steep their muffins,
And the young Hibernians of their breakfast bilk.
They saw no harm in
To see *them* starvin',
So for their *own* selves they got enow;
And if any glutton
Had a taste for mutton,
He scorn'd the widow and he kilt her cow.

'Twas hard times thin
For the thrimblin' hin,
As her screechin' chickens all disappear'd;
In deep despond, sure,
She paced the pond, sure,
And wish'd 'twas ducklin's that she had rear'd.
For his posterity,
In loud temerity,
The cock did crow all in bitter wrath,
Foreseeing clearly
How very nearly
His own fate tended towards chicken-broth,

Then the Hierarchy
Grew starin'-starky
Mad and outrageous at these goin's on,
And proclaim'd at last
That a solemn fast
Should be kept, with prayer, until the Danes were gone;
But the starvin' crowd,
With a murmur loud,
Cried, "Fasts can't save us, you must allow:
Could fasts bring freedom
We should not need 'em—
For we can't fast faster than we're fastin' now.

Turgesius ruled, then,
An ounce of goold, men
Of Irish blood ev'ry year should pay,
Or of each defaulther
He the face would althor
By loss of nose on the thribute day.
What noses *then* cost
The art my pen's lost
In sterlin' value to calculate;
But now, at Mint price,
'Twould (at the stint price)
Be three pounds seventeen and tinpince nate.

All eddication
From out the nation
He next detarmins to undhermine,
And who refuses
To renounce the Muses,
The floggin' cat is his tuneful ninc.
The Sates of Larnin'
(Arm-chairs so charmin')
Was knock'd to smithers by the Tyrant's tools,
Till in saycret places
Each professor taches—
The sates of larnin', but three-legged stools.

No Irish wench, sure,
Could ever venture
To take a walk in the rurial shade;
For the Danes—the blackguards—
Did haunt the stack-yards,
And small attintion to manners paid.

* From "Once a Week." By kind permission of the Publishers.

So the girls kept knittin',
To keep them sittin'
At home, unknownst to these furrin' Turks,
In saycret spinnin',
Or weavin' linen—
A thrade that still in this nation works.

No lady's scarf flowed
By sweet Clontarf road,
The sai-breeze coortin' in the settin' sun;
For if Dane did spy it,
To saize he'd thry it,
And for her life was Beauty forced to run.
If the robbers *could* close
With her, the good clothes
From off the Irish ladies' backs they tore,
Their own dhrabs dhressing,
With much caressing,
In silks and satins they ne'er saw before;

While the rags *they* cast off
Were basely pass'd off
Upon the lovely Irish ladies fair,
Who, mad as hatters,
To match their tatters,
Began (no wondher) for to tare their hair!
But stars disastherous,
When they o'ermasther us,
Sweet Pity plasther us at last bestows
For wounds past bearin';
And so poor Erin
A friend in need found to aise her woes.

'Twas one Maolseachlin,
And not in Lochlin—
Renown'd by Ossian that Prince of Bards—
Could one be found who
Was more profound—who,
In game of life, betther play'd his card.
He had the knack, sir,
To cut the pack, sir,
Where'er the king might approach the knave;
And though odd thricks
In his acts might mix,
His honour always he conthrived to save,

His head was long, sir,
His sinse was sthrong, sir,
His manes was narrow, but his shouldhers broad
To bear the griefs
Such as Irish chiefs
Time immemorial have sustain'd unaw'd.
His voice was low,
And his speech was slow,
So his temper quick could not get the start
Of that hesitation
Which gave contimplation
Full time to measure what he said with art.

He had a daughther
Of "the purest wather,"
A jewel rarest from beauty's mine!
If Hunt and Storr, sir,
Had such, be-gor, sir,
From all their stock it would take the shine!
And fierce Turgesius,
That brute salacious,
This princess proud when he chanced to spy,
He kick'd up a shindy
At her dhrawin'-room windy,
And swore that none should his love deny.

So the king, her father,
Though he would rather
(If he had his will) knock the villain down,
With smiles dissemblin'
His rage and thremblin'
He plann'd a deed that gave him much renown.
He knew that Cupid
Makes people stupid,
Knowin' no differ betune wrong and right;
Or like thrav'lers silly
That wispy Willy
Deludes to death with his false rushlight;

"O Great Turgesius!"
Says the sire sagacious,
"'Tis well you know that you cannot wed;
The Church delares
We must love in pairs,
Nor exceed the measure of a double bed.
Therefore, Turgesius,
Your heart capacious
Expands beyant the bounds of Canon Law:
But as you're a dashin'
High man of fashion,
'Tis little *you* think of a small *faux pas*.

"Now 'tis well known, sir,
Bone of your bone, sir,
You have already an ould scraggy dame;
Though you'd like betther a
Plump young *et cætera*,
You know it can't be without sin and shame.
So some restraint, sir,
In this Isle of Saints, sir,
I hope you'll put upon your passions wild,
Nor in this nation
Mar the reputation
And the marriage prospects of my lovely child.

"Not but upon her
I know 'tis honour
That you should cast your discernin' eye,
And, like a bellows,
Thro' her window-threllis
Fan love's soft flame with your stormy sigh.
But love's bright candle
Might enlighten scandal,
Which soon explodes with an amorous spark;
So my advice is,
In this tindher crisis,
We use some prudence *to keep it dark*.

"Think how they'd boast, sir,
In *The Morning Post*, sir,
Of this *escapade* made in circles high;
And how ironical
The *Morning Chronicle*
To cut a joke at our cost would thry!
And think what rhymes
Would o'erflow the *Times*,
And how *Th' Observer* would in riddles speak;
And what lucubrations,
With illustrations,
Would illume the columns of *Once a Week!*

"Now my suggestion
Will avoid all question
Of a lady's honour, I'm sartin sure;
Let her repair, sir,
To some back stair, sir,
Near the posthern-gate—*vulgo*, the back-door—
Of your castle splindid,
Where she'll be attinded
By fifteen vargins of beauty bright,
And you may revel,
Like the Barber of Seville,
That coortyer famous and ladies' knight."

Now here the Bard
Dhraws his breath so hard
At this bowld ascent up Parnassus Hill,
That, to win your smile,
He would rest awhile,
And slake his thirst in Castalea's rill:
Refresh'd thereby,
He will proudly thry,
In the second fytte, to record such deeds
As far surpasses
Owld Halicarnassus,
Historic craving who so amply feeds.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Now Turgesius, smitten
Like some foolish kitten
That plays deludher'd with a sthring and cork,
Of the sweet delusion
Jump'd the conclusion,
And to Fox Maolseachlin he play'd the Stork.
For the divil a taste
Of a dainty waist
Did the Irish king think to give the Dane;
But through this invintion
It was his intintion
The land's redimption for to obtain.

Turgesius home went,
And not a moment
Was lost in summoning a bowld fifteen
Of scamps he cared for,
And then prepared for
Such feast of love as they had seldom seen;
While the Irish king went,
On mortal sting bent,
Among the purtiest youths his coort could brag,
Round the brimming cup, too,
Saying, "What are you up to?—
Have you the pluck Turgesius fierce to lag?"

"And no mistake!"
Cried each beardless rake.
With that a chest of ladies' clothes was brought,
And with bib and tucker,
And flounce and pucker,
They were transmogrified as quick as thought.
"Don't sthride so wide, boys,"
The king then cried, boys,
"And keep your swords underneath your gown;
Could you hide your swagger
As well as your dagger,
I'd be prouder of it than half-a-crown.

"But why so meekly
Of half-crown speak we?
We'll win a whole one by this night's work!
I'll freely bet it,
Our fish is netted—
Them Northern sharks!—worse than pagan Turk!
Now no more gostherin',
But to the posthern
Conduct the princess, and keep her snug;
Don't look too bowld, boys,
Till you get your howld, boys,
Then give the tyrants 'their tay in a mug!'"

But 'twas not tay
That the Dane would lay
On his rampant table, that night to hail;
In the chamber upper
Of his castle, supper
Was laid upon a most extinsive scale.
There was shins of beef,
And in bowld relief
(As the sculpthors say—and likewise the cooks)
There was divill'd turkey,
And (rather murky)
A pie of crows—meant to pass for rooks.

There was no lack, sir,
Of puddin's black, sir,
With flour well dhredg'd, in a goodly row—
They cut such figure
As might a nigger
Who had lately pass'd through a storm o' snow;
There was bacon rashers,
With eggs for thatchers,
And thripe and cowheel, with ingyan sauce,
And other dishes—
That famed Apicius,
If he was there, would have had no loss.

With latch half-rais'd
And the hinges grased
Of the sly back-door, to prevent a creak,
That no sharp senthry
Might mark the enthry
Of the gentle vargins with blushin' cheek;
Turgesius, waitin'
At the little gratin'
To watch their comin', himself did stay;
And when they came, sure,
With tindher flame, sure,
He said, "You're welkim as the flow'rs in May!"

Through crannies crooked,
In many a nook hid,
Turgesius layding, away they goes,
And along the passages
The smell of sassiges
Was mighty plazin' to the native nose.
And one young lady
(Call'd Jack O'Grady),
A great admirer of that luck call'd "pot,"
With an awful snifther
Alarm'd each sisther,
And very nearly bethray'd the plot.

For the soundin' snort
Stopp'd the party short;
"What noise is that?" fierce Turgesius said;
When the Princess sweetly
Replied discreetly,
"My cousin Onah's got a cowld in the head;
'Tis a sevare case,
And up this staircase
A blast is blowin' might turn a mill;
So hurry up, sir,
And let us sup, sir,
For our walk has given us a right good will."

"Faix, little jew'l, sure,
You're not a fool, sure,"
Says fond Turgesius, in a loving tone;
"You're in the nick, dear,
Of time—so quick, dear,
Pick your steps up-stairs, and then pick a bone;

And to wet your whistle
I've a purty dhrizzle
Of mountain-dew as did ere impearl
The flowers of fancy,
Which best we can see
With a jug o' punch and a purty girl!"

Now the Danes were dhrinkin',
Their cans loud clinkin',
Anticipatin' Love's comedié,
While the *Male*pomenes
(The Irish *homines*)
Were just as aiger for the thragedié.
They soon did clamber
To the festal chamber,
Were the dhrunken Danes was at jinks so high,
And with shouts did greet
These young vargins sweet,
Who curtsheed low with a downcast eye.

The Danes advancin'
With saucy glancin'
Each of a maiden would make a prize;
But the hug he got
Made each dhrunken sot
To open first—and then close his eyes!

For to the hilt,
With a home-thrust kilt,
Each Dane was spitted in a minute's space,
And the clargy boasted
They'd all be roasted
In proper time, in the proper place.

For the bishop stepp'd in
As Maolseachlin leap'd in,
With a hundhred sojers in steel complate—
For one (Tim Riley)
Of the vargins slily
Stole back and open'd the posthern-gate.
The Danes they leather'd,
And Turgesius tether'd
Like a calf for market, by neck and heels,
And exposed him proudly
Next day, while loudly
The joy-bells clatther'd in merry peals.

The Danes, dishearten'd,
Their movements smarten'd,
To run away "while their shoes were good,"
With sail and oar, too,
From Erin's shore—Whoo!—
They made the most of that mornin's flood;
The tether'd king
Did the Irish bring
To special thrial, to find a way
The best for killin'
So great a villin,
When ev'ry talker had his word to say.

The paviours, gronin',
Proposed a stonin';
The gamblers wish'd to choose his death by lot;
The hangman's hope
Was the good owld rope,
While the sojers shouted to have him shot.
Some wish'd to starve him,
As right 'twould sarve him
Who starved the Irish through his evil days;
And the larnéd cronies
Cried "Lex talionis,"
But that Latin sintince did not seem to plaze.

Some gentle Quakers,
Who were coffin-makers,
Proposed to bury the Dane alive:
They would not kill,
And who had the will,
Though screw'd down tight, to get out might sthrive.
If he *could* get out,
Which they much did doubt,
'Gainst his future doings they could say "Nay;"
And this proceeding,
While it spared all bleeding,
Would quiet keep him for many a day.

But Maolseachlin, wiser
Than each deviser,
Cried, "Let *me* say how the Dane should die.
From sthrongest dhrink, boys,
He ne'er would shrink, boys,
And the more he dhrank, he the more was dhry.

Now hear my plan, boys:
To ev'ry man, boys,
Who's never happy except when dhrunk,
The direst slaughther
Is to die by wather;
So let Turgesius in the say be sunk!"

The Dane was dhrownded,
And Maolseachlin crownéd
Upon the spot, by the bishop's grant;
On Maolseachlin's poll he,
As monarch solely
Of Ireland all, a goold crown did plant.

He first assoil'd him,
And then he oil'd him,
To slip him aisy through his future reign;
With oaths then probed him,
And then he robed him—
Och! the like I'm sure will ne'er be seen again.

And now I've indid
This record splindid
Of the Maiden Masque, which success did crown;
'Twas the grandest lesson
(By all confessin')
That e'er proceeded from cap and gown!
The king's bright daughther—
Sweet cause of slaughther—
By monarchs coorted both high and low,
Made a right good marriage,
And kep' her carriage,
And all this pass'd a thousand years ago.

And so my song—since
It is so long since
That airly date—it might come to pass
That scribes persuadin'
May be mislaydin',
For fact is fadin', as flesh is grass;
While lies engendhers,
Through false pretendhers
Patching Clio's robe with their figments new;
So the tale foregoin'
There is no knowin'
But not a word of the same is thrue.

A REASON, AND A GOOD ONE TOO.

"It is to be called the *Pall Mall Gazette*, sir, and we shall be very happy to have you with us," Shandon said.

"*Pall Mall Gazette*—why '*Pall Mall*' *Gazette?*" asked Wagg.

"Because the editor was born at Dublin, the sub-editor at Cork; because the proprietor lives in Paternoster Row, and the paper is published in Catherine Street, Strand. Won't that reason suffice you, Wagg?"—*Thackeray.*

THE MARBLE CLUB.

THE following institutes, for a social establishment upon a new plan, were composed by the late Lord Barrymore:—

Rules to be observed by the Marble Club, held monthly at the sign of "The World's End," at Leatherhead, Surrey.

1. There shall be no more members admitted than the room will hold.

2. Resolved, that this amicable society have two anniversary dinners every year.

3. Resolved, that if any one member has more sense than another, he is to be kicked out of the company.

4. Resolved, that any man who cannot tell his right hand from his left, after being asked three times, shall be denied the honours and privileges of the society.

5. Resolved, that no member of this society presume to eat garlic, unless it can be proved that he likes it better than any other vegetable.

6. Resolved, that no member shall marry until he come to years of discretion; and as that is a desperate hope, it is recommended to all to live bachelors.

7. Resolved, that if any curate, being a member, build a church out of his own private pay, he is to be branded as the outcast of policy, and sent handcuffed to his diocesan.

8. Resolved, that every man who is more ugly than his neighbour shall pay a fine of threepence monthly, to be expended in tobacco.

9. Resolved, that every member who has two ideas shall be obliged to give one to his neighbour.

NEIGHBOURLY CORRESPONDENCE.

"MR. THOMPSON presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that, in future, he should not spell pigs with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter E to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

The correspondence here terminated.

AN AMERICAN SAM WELLER.

THE prisoner in this case, whose name was Dickey Swivel *alias* "Stove Pipe Bill," was placed at the bar, and questioned by the judge to the following effect:—

Judge. Bring the prisoner into court.

Bill. Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said when he was all a-fire.

Judge. We will take a little of the fire out of you. How do you live?

Bill. I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried.

Judge. We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirits of turpentine either. What do you follow?

Bill. Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over the little shoeblack.

Judge. We don't care anything about the locomotive. What's your business?

Bill. That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table.

Judge. That comes nearer the line, I suppose?

Bill. Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate.

Judge. If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months.

Bill. I'm done, as the beef-steak said to the cook.

Judge. Now, sir, your punishment shall depend upon the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks?

Bill. No, sir, I can't go around the docks without a boat, and I ain't got none.

Judge. Answer me, how do you get your bread?

Bill. Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat taters.

Judge. No more of your stupid insolence. How do you support yourself?

Bill. Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a chair.

Judge. I order you to answer this question correctly. How do you do?

Bill. Pretty well, I thank you, judge. How do you do?

Judge. I shall have to commit you.

Bill. Well, you've committed yourself fust; that's some consolation for me.

VERDICT OF A JURY OF SENSE.

WE believe that Mrs. Zebedee was a nice woman, and that Mr. Zebedee was the father of his own children. We believe that guano and lime mixed together will make splendid hartshorn. It is our opinion that a donkey's kick and editing a newspaper are two of the hardest things in creation. We believe that getting tipsy loosens the morals, but we shall always contend that it is cheaper in the long run to try the experiment with good whiskey than with a mean article. We believe that a man who can be kept awake six nights in the week with jumping toothache, and be "roused" by a squalling baby just as he has fallen into a doze on the seventh night, without getting mad or wondering why babies and toothache were invented, is a greater philosopher than Newton, and a greater hero than Leonidas and all his Spartans put together. We believe that a man is not likely to be sick so often if he pays his physician by the year, as if he pays him by the visit. We believe that every well-regulated family ought always to have one baby in it, just for the fun of the thing. We believe that the man who invented tallow candles must have been too poor to afford pine-knots. It is our opinion that if a number of gentlemen are sitting together, talking sensibly upon some subject, and a lady enters, they will immediately commence talking foolishly, and keep it up till she makes her exit. We believe they do so by way of complimentary condescension to female weakness.

A GOOSE'S REASON.

"A GOOSE," my grandam one day said,
"Entering a barn, pops down its head;"
I begged her then the cause to show;
She told me she must waive the task,
For nothing but a goose would ask
What nothing but a goose could know.

RATHER TRICKY.

OUR landlords are getting mighty particular about their tenants as well as their rents. If a body has half a dozen children, and of course more need of a house than if he had none at all, he is very coolly told that he cannot have the premises.

"Have you children, madam?" inquired one of these sharpers of a lady in modest black, who was looking at one of his houses just finished and in perfect order.

"Yes," said the gentle mother, "I have seven, sir, but they are all in the churchyard." A sigh and the dew of a tear gave impressiveness to the painful remark, and, without farther parley, the bargain was closed. Her little flock were waiting for her in the churchyard round the corner, and were delighted to hear that she had found a snug house so speedily. The landlord says he shall never trust a woman in black after this.

IN MEMORY.

HERE lies Pat Steele.—
That's very true.
Who was he? What was he?—
What's that to you?

APHORISMS FROM THE CHINESE RESPECTING MEDICINE.

1. HE who doth not love tea, covets wine.

2. Honour the dead, as you would honour them if they were alive.

3. If the excesses of debauchery make great havoc of the body, the vexations of the body make still greater.

4. In China are more tutors than scholars, and more physicians than patients.

5. Not one in ten thousand dies by poison, yet the bare mention strikes with horror. What multitudes by intemperance! yet, how little is it feared!

6. See that moth, which flies incessantly round the candle—it is consumed! Man of pleasure, behold thine own image.

7. Temperance is the best physic.

8. The life of man is a fever, in which very cold fits are followed by others equally hot.

9. The man who hath never been sick, doth not know the value of health.

10. The man who is pointed at with the finger, never dies of a disease.

11. The medicine that doth not cause the patient to wink (sleep), never cures him.

12. When a family rises early in the morning, conclude the house to be well governed.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.*

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

"YOU ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds? But so it is: a wife may work and may slave. Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds. As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have entirely bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your poor family pays for it.

"All the girls want bonnets, and where they're to come from I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em—but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle!

"The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them?

"Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttle-cock through his bed-room window. I was going to send for a glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him. If the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head; for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things too, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

"Next Tuesday the fire insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid? Why, it can't be paid at all! That five pounds would have more than done it—and now insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night—but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance *must* drop. And after we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

"I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home—all of us must stop at home—she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that! yes—sweet little angel!—I've made up my mind to lose her, *now*. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away their five pounds too.

"I wonder where poor little Mopsy is? While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

"Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes—I know what it wants as well as you; it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day, but now it's out of the question; *now* it must bang of nights, since you've thrown away five pounds.

"Ha! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I hate the smell of anything, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you? *Sweep the chimney!* Yes, it's all very fine to say, sweep the chimney—but how are chimneys to be swept—how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds?

"Do you hear the mice running about the room? *I* hear them. If they were to drag only you out of bed, it would be no matter. *Set a trap for them!* Yes, it's easy enough to say, set a trap for 'em.

But how are people to afford mouse-traps, when every day they lose five pounds?

"Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down-stairs.

* By kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it *may* be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back-door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when people won't take care of their five pounds.

"Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing, so you can squander away five pounds."

"And thus," comments Caudle, "according to my wife, she, dear soul! couldn't have a satin gown—the girls couldn't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire insurance couldn't be paid, so that we should all fall victims to the devouring element—we couldn't go to Margate, and Caroline would go to an early grave—the dog would come home and bite us all mad—the shutter would go banging for ever—the soot would always fall—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—thieves be always breaking in the house—our dear Mary Anne be for ever left an unprotected maid—and with other evils falling upon us, all, all because I would go on lending five pounds!"

RANDOM JOKES.

SPEAKING on the subject of metempsychosis, a silly young Irishman observed that he well remembered having been the golden calf. "Very likely," replied a lady, "as you have lost nothing but the gilding."

A SENSITIVE old bachelor says that pretty girls always affect him just as ornamental confectionery does—they give him the heart-burn.

WHAT kind of bat flies without wings?—A brick-bat.

THE drum-major who ran away from Chickamauga, when reproached with cowardice, replied, "I'd rather be a coward all my life than be a corpse fifteen minutes."

WHEN a man hasn't paid his whiskey bill, the due is on the rye.

WHO ever saw anybody near a fire who didn't want to play poker?

THE best person, indeed the only person, to fill a vacuum is a dentist.

A LOBSTER never comes ashore without great risk of getting into hot water.

THE man who popped the question by starlight got his answer in a twinkling.

A SAILOR, whose sweetheart had a very handsome set of teeth, attempted to kiss her; but she eluded him, and gave him a box on the ear. "Just my luck," said the good-natured sailor; "I'm always getting wrecked on the coral reefs."

A MAN broke his leg in kicking off a boot. It is not stated whether his wife was talking to him at the time about coming home "in that condition."

SHERIDAN'S solicitor, calling one day, found the wit's wife alone, and walking about in a state of violent excitement. He asked what was the matter. Her only reply was that "her husband was a villain." After a time she added, with some hesitation, "Why, I have discovered that all the love-letters he sent me were the very same as he sent to his first wife."

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Virginia, once had occasion to spend the night at a country inn. The landlord tried several times to ascertain the destination of his distinguished guest, without success. Mr. Randolph turned upon him, and in a very decided tone said, "Landlord, do I owe you anything?" "Nothing, sir," was the reply. "Well, then, I am going where I please." The road forked not far from the tavern, and it so happened that Mr. Randolph was at a loss which road to take, and sent a servant back to inquire which of these roads led to the village of ——. The landlord, standing in front of the tavern, cried at the top of his voice, "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me a cent; take just which road you please."

A JESUIT, who had been particularly recommended to the captain of a vessel, was sailing from France to America, when the captain, who saw that a storm was approaching, said to him, "Father, you are not accustomed to the rolling of a vessel. You had better get down as fast as possible into the hold. As long as you hear the sailors swearing and blaspheming, you may be assured there are

good hopes; but if you should hear them embracing and reconciling themselves to each other, you may make up your worldly accounts." As the storm increased, the Jesuit from time to time dispatched his companion to the hatchway to see how matters went upon deck. "Alas! father," said he, returning, "all is lost. The sailors are swearing like demoniacs: their very blasphemies are enough to sink the vessel." "Oh, Heaven be praised," said the Jesuit, "then all's right!"

A LONDON paper once informed its readers that an additional number of sentinels were to be placed in Hyde Park, to "prevent the robberies which happened last winter."

"I SAY, Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start soon?" said a Cockney on board a steamer lying-to during a fog. "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the pilot. "Well, it's starlight now overhead," said the Cockney. "Oh! yes," said the pilot, "but we're not going that way."

"YOU flatter me," said a thin exquisite the other day to a young lady who was praising the beauties of his moustache. "For Heaven's sake, ma'am," interposed an old skipper, "don't make that monkey any flatter than he is."

PICKPOCKET'S TOAST.—The 'and that can feel for another's pocket-handkerchief, and the art that can steal it without detection.

A RASH ACT.—The vaccination law.

A GOOD CALLING.—Painting must be a most lucrative profession, for there is scarcely an artist who has not his own "vehicle."

MOTTO FOR A SERVANTS' HALL.—Learn to labour and to wait.

MIND AND MATTER-OF-FACT.—Cotton man (fro' Shoddydale): "What dun yo co' that wayter?" Coachman: "Ah, ain't it beautiful? That's Grassmere Lake, that is——" Cotton-man: "Yo' co'n 'um all la-akes an' meres i' these pa-arts. We co'n 'um rezzer-voyers where a com' fro'."

THE commercial consonants—L, s, d.

THE financiering vowels—I O U.

TO NEWLY-MARRIED PEOPLE.—Don't go to India; there is so much "tiffin" there.

SENTIMENT.—May we never have to shed the tear of regret that we ever denied ourselves anything that we liked. And may we never have occasion to serve a friend—with a writ.

TOAST.—To brothers who are not bothers, and sisters who are not blisters.

AN APPROPRIATE OFFERING.—A printseller wishing to give the lady to whom he was engaged some proofs of his affection, presented her with several choice engravings.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION QUESTION.—How much does a fool weigh generally?—A simple-ton.

ADVICE TO AN OLDISH BACHELOR.—Repent at leisure, and then marry in haste.

IN Colorado a bald person finds himself alluded to as "a man with his head above timber line."

"A LADY was lately hugged to death in Minnesota"—another illustration of the power of the press.

COWLES, in his History of Plants, notices the virtue of hemp thus laconically:—"By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, and rogues are kept in awe."

INSULT ADDED TO IMPUDENCE.—"Oh! if you please, sir, here's the income-tax gatherer has called for his Christmas-box."

SMITH and Brown running opposite ways round a corner struck each other. "Oh, dear," says Smith, "how you made my head ring!" "That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "Didn't yours ring?" said Smith. "No," said Brown. "That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

DIDN'T EXPECT IT.—A couple of pedestrian "gents from town," passing a toll-bar, attempted a joke at the expense of a young woman who stood at the door, by asking what the charge was for passing through the bar. "If you are gentlemen, nothing; if you are donkeys, a penny each," replied the damsel, much to their discomfiture.

CORK-SCREWS have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever save.

WHEN may a ship be said to be in love?—When she is in want of a mate, or she's attached to a buoy.

WHY is a kiss like some sermons?—Because there are two heads and an application.

AN old lady, looking at the curiosities in a museum, came to a couple of sea-dogs, and after gazing at them with wonder, inquired of a wag who stood near if they barked. "No, madam," says the wag, "their bark is on the sea."

IT is beautiful to behold at a wedding the sorrow-stricken air of the parent, as he "gives the bride away," when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying his best to get her off his hands.

A RACING boat has just been built, which is so nicely poised that the rowers are obliged to be particular in parting their hair down the middle, to keep their balance.

A YOUNG gentleman on the eve of marriage said he was certain that two persons could live more economically than one. An acquaintance asked him, if two persons could live more cheaply than one, how much might twelve live for?

A GROWL.

HE that's married once may be
Pardoned his infirmity;
He that marries twice is mad;
But if you can find a fool
Marrying thrice, don't spare the lad—
Flog him, flog him back to school.

A QUEER COMPLAINT.

JOHN FITZGERALD enlisted lately in the United States Army, for the purpose of putting down "them 'ere saints at Utah." Soon afterwards Mr. Fitzgerald appeared at the police-office, to enter complaint against the United States for "obtaining soldiers under false pretences." Mr. Fitzgerald was slightly inebriated.

"What do you want?"

"A warrant — (hiccup) — 'gainst States of 'Meriky." (Hiccup.)

"For what?"

"False—(hiccup)—false 'tenses — for obtaining soldiers under false 'tenses." (Hiccup.)

"In what respect?"

"Agreed to give me eight dollars a month, and a first-rate suit of clothes. (Hiccup.) Call *that* a suit of clothes? Look at that coat—too short-waisted in the back; it lifts you off the ground. (Hiccup.) Look at them pants—(hiccup)—too long-waisted in the seat; might use the slack—(hiccup)—for a back room to sleep in."

"And for that you want a warrant for false pretences against the Government?"

"I don't want nothing else. (Hiccup.) I'm not to be done by such a pair of trousers no day."

The justice refused to grant a warrant; whereupon Mr. Fitzgerald left the office, promising to write to the President, and have "another pair of trousers—or blood."

The moment the President's letter is received it will be published, as a matter of course.

POLITE TERMS.

"GREAT age," this, we live in. People don't laugh now-a-days—they indulge in merriment. They don't walk—they promenade. They never eat any food—they masticate it. Nobody has a tooth pulled out—it is extracted. No one has his feelings hurt—they are lacerated. Young men do not go courting the girls—they pay the young ladies attention. It is vulgar to visit any one—you must only make a call. Of course, you would not think of going to bed—you would retire to rest. Nor would you build a house—you would erect it.

IRISH BLUNDERS AND WIT.

THE following emphatic declaration of the celebrated Irish orator, Sir Boyle Roche, has a true national flavour:—"If the question is put to me, Mr. Speaker, I'll answer boldly at once in the affirmative—NO."

Another Irish member said, on one occasion, with similar felicity, "Sir, if I have any partiality for the honourable gentleman, it is a partiality against him."

Here is another Irish story:—An Irishman, who had jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, on receiving sixpence from him as a reward, looked first at the sixpence, then at him, and exclaimed, "I'm *over*-paid for the job."

HOW THEY TURNED OUT.

A GENTLEMAN had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to become useful and respectable characters in life. These daughters married one after another, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor, the second a Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters with their husbands were there, and the old gentleman said to the guests:—"I have taken pains to educate my daughters, that they might act well their part in life; and, from their advantages and improvements, I fondly hoped that they would do honour to my family. I find that all my pains, care, and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."

HIBERNIAN TOASTS.

Two very gallant "sons of Erin," being just discharged from service, were rejoicing over the event with a "wee taste of the cratur," when one, who felt all the glory of his own noble race, suddenly raised his pot above his head and said, "Arrah, Mike, here's to the gallant ould 69th—the last in the field, and always, me boy, the first to leave it." "Tut, tut, man!" said Mike; "ye don't mane that. You mane," said Mike, and he raised his glass high and looked lovingly at it, "here's to the gallant 69th, equal to none." And so they drank.

PICCALILLI.

A SAILOR, explaining a quadrille to his messmate, thus described the third figure:—"You first heave ahead," said he, "and pass your adversary's yard-arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order, take your station with your partner in line, back and fill, and then fall on your keel, and bring up with your partner; she then manœuvres ahead, off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line, make a stern board, cast her off to shift for herself, regain your place the best way you can, and let go your anchor."

THE Baillie de Ferrette was always dressed in tight smalls, with a cocked hat and a Court sword, the slender proportions of which greatly resembled those of his legs. "Do tell me, my dear baillie," said Montrond, one day, "have you got three legs or three swords?"

A SENSIBLE writer advises those who would enjoy good eating to keep good-natured; "for," says he, "an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or a stewed umbrella."

A YOUNG lady in Lancashire being asked how, she could possibly afford, in hard times, to take music lessons, replied, "Oh, I confine myself to the low notes."

SOME one remarked to Mrs. Siddons that applause was necessary to actors, as it gave them confidence. "More," replied the actress; "it gives us breath."

"COME, don't be proud," said a couple of silly young roysterers to two gentlemen; "sit down and make yourselves our equals." "We should have to blow our brains out to do that," replied one of them.

"How folks differ! We chew tobacco, the Hindoo takes to lime. The children of this country delight in candy, those of Africa in rock-salt. A Frenchman 'goes his length' on fried frogs, while an Esquimaux Indian thinks a stewed candle the climax of dainties."

DURING a steamboat trip down the Ohio, the berths became so scarce that a tall Vermont Yankee let his at two dollars per night, and slept in it by day.

"WEIGH your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They won't weigh much if he does," said the antagonist coolly.

A LOCAL poet indited a sonnet to his sweetheart, entitled "I kissed her sub-rosâ." The compositor knew better than that, and set it up in printer's Latin, "I kissed her sub-nosa."

THERE is a certain species of young animal held by many mothers as at best a doubtful blessing; by many sisters of slightly superior years as an irrepressible nuisance; by settled spinsters and contemplative old ladies as a sort of small Red Indian skirmishing upon the outposts of civilisation, and specimens of which these good people would voluntarily invite into drawing-rooms or flower-gardens no sooner than wild horses. This creature is a boy.

"OH, Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?" "No, ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor; "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket."

"I DIDN'T denounce you," said a saucy young fellow to an editor, "but only your subordinates; I merely made a fling at your staff." "Well, sir," replied the editor, suiting the action to the word, "then my staff shall have a fling at you."

NOT long since, a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect:—"Do you not know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?" "And, mayhap," retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mine here when they comed." The noble lord felt that he had the worst of it.

AT one of our commercial hotels a stout, red-faced gentleman, in a white beaver, blue coat, and buff vest, offered to wager a sovereign that he would close his eyes, and simply by taste name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of winning or losing commenced forthwith. "That is genuine brandy," said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wine-glass; 'and this—this is whiskey," and so on. At length, a wag poured out a glass of water, which he handed to the connoisseur. "This is—ah—ah! this is," said he, tasting it again—"by thunder! gentlemen, I lose the bet! I never tasted this liquor before."

AN old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser. "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success." "Have you tried victuals?" inquired the friend.

"WHEN a great man dies," says Quilp, "the first thing

done is to resolve to build a monument to his memory; and the second is, not to build it."

"WELL!" exclaimed an old bachelor, on entering his cold bed on a cold winter night, "of all the ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow would be going about town such nights as this, and getting into bed for other folks."

A YOUNG lady has been turned out of society at New Jersey for having, upon the impulse of the moment, exclaimed at a tea-table, "How pleasant it is to travel! When you are at sea, what can be more delightful than a smack?—or on land, than a good bus?"

THE oddest mnemonic curiosity is, that a woman, who never knows her own age, knows in half an hour that of all her female friends.

A POOR fellow, with a very scanty wardrobe, was accosted by a man in the street with the words, "Will you buy a trunk?" A trunk!" inquired the needy one; "what for?" "To put your honour's clothes in." "What!" exclaimed the poor gentleman, "and go without any?"

"HERE, John," said a gentleman to his servant on horseback in the rear, "come forward, and just take hold of my horse while I dismount; and after I am dismounted, you dismount too. Then, John, ungirth the saddle of your horse and put it down; then also ungirth the saddle of my horse and put it down. Afterwards, John, take up the saddle of your horse, and put and girth it on my horse. Next, John, you must take up the saddle of my horse, and put and girth it on your horse. Then, John, I will seat myself in your saddle, and we will resume our journey." "Bless me, master," said the astonished servant, "why couldn't you have simply said, 'Let's change saddles?'"

IT is told of a well-known American map agent, that on one of his trips he was suddenly attacked by highway robbers, who demanded his money. Being more prudent than to carry money in the country, they failed in making a haul. "But," said our Yankee, "I have some splendid maps of the country along with me, which I would like to show you;" and in a twinkling he was off his horse, had a map stuck up on a pole, and explained it so effectually that he sold each of the banditti a map, pocketed the money, and resumed his journey.

WHEN a friend, in a running hand, writes to you about what looks like the "Cluuuluug Cuuuuuu," you may safely conjecture that he means the "Chamber of Commerce." When he speaks of a pamphlet by "M. de Cuuuuuu," and you know something of the writer's drift, and of the person named, conjecture that it is "M. Cormenin" of whom he writes; but however are you to guess that "Suuuuluuuuu" is "Scaricalsino," somewhere within a day's journey of Florence; or how even decipher, in the hand of some new correspondent, that "S. S. TIMmmmn" is Mr. "J. G. Williams?"

"JOHN, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, sir," said John; "attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents him from getting up again."

A STRANGER from the country, observing an ordinary roller-rule on the table, took it up, and inquiring its use was answered, "It was a rule for counting-houses." Too well-bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over and up and down repeatedly, and at last in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity inquired, "How in the name of wonder do you count houses with this?"

"Is there anything the matter with you?" said a physician to a person who had sent for him. "Oh dear, yes, I am ill all over, but I don't know what it is, and I have no particular pain anywhere." "Very well," said the doctor, "I'll give you something to take away all that."

A CARMAN was a few days ago driving his wagon down a narrow lane in the City, when, seeing a comrade who had a remarkably large nose standing at a shop-window, he called out, "I say, Tom, turn your head while my fore-horse passes, for if he sees your nose he'll be sure to take fright."

WHEN we are drawn by iron horses on iron roads, construct iron houses, build iron ships, sleep on iron beds, sit in iron chairs, drink from iron fountains, and those of us who have any money keep it locked up in iron safes, and those who have not are locked up in iron gaols, may we not with propriety call this the "age of iron?"

"I WISH," said a slight and elegant lady to her friend, whose *embonpoint* was strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat, and you had some of my lean." "I'll tell you," replied the fair wit, "what is the father to that wish; you think too much of me, too little of yourself."

A BAD-TEMPERED judge was annoyed by an old gentleman who had a very bad chronic cough, and after repeatedly desiring the crier to keep the court quiet, at length told the offender that he would fine him £100 if he did not cease coughing; when he was met with the reply, "I'll give your lordship £200 if you will stop it for me."

A GENTLEMAN in a steam-boat asked the man who came to collect the passage-money if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

"HAVE you heard of the man who got shot?" said one fellow to another. "Got shot? No!" exclaimed the other. "How did he get shot?" "He bought 'em."

MRS. FLOWERDALE had been a pretty girl, and was a pretty woman still, when, after a long

absence, Captain Sparkler of the Guards called upon her. "What an age since we met!" she exclaimed as he entered. "Twelve years," replied the gallant soldier, "by the almanack, but only yesterday by your looks." The lady was more convinced than ever that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

THEY were amusing themselves one night at the Duchess du Maine's, with finding ingenious differences between any two given subjects. "What is the difference between me and a watch?" said the duchess to the Cardinal de Polignac, who was present. "A very material one, madam," said the cardinal; "when we look on a watch we remember the flight of time, but when we look on your grace we forget it."

A YOUNG lady, in a class studying physiology, made answer to a question put, that in six years a human body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it. "Then, Miss L——," said the young tutor, "in six years you will cease to be Miss L——." "Why, yes, sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly, looking at the floor.

A SCHOOLMASTER in Paris wished to prove that he was the finest person in the world. He argued thus:—"Europe is the finest quarter of the world: France is the finest country in Europe: Paris is the finest town in France: the University is the finest place in Paris: my room is the finest in the University: I am the finest in my room, *ergo*, I am the finest person in the world."

DURING a late Court mourning, a gentleman wishing to be very polite to a lady, said, "You look like so many brilliants displayed to the best advantage on black." "Everything here is brilliant except your observation," she replied, "and that is mournful indeed."

"BOYS," said Admiral Trunnion, when his fleet closed in combat with the Dutch fleet under Admiral de Winter, "you see a severe winter approaching, and I advise you to keep a good fire."

"THIS snow-storm the boys regard as a joke," said one to Dr. S—— during a storm. "Yes," replied the doctor, "and it is a joke that any one can see the drift of."

A CITIZEN of Hallowell has taken a fancy to the head of a dog that howls in his vicinity, and offers five dollars for a sight of the head, minus the body.

A GENTLEMAN at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "how he should stir the fire without interrupting the music." "Between the bars," replied the friend.

A LAD who had borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he got through, with the remark that "it was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often." It was his sister who thought the first ice-cream she tasted was "a leetle touched with the frost."

SHOOTING THE MOON.

ONE night General —— was out on the line, and observed a light on the mountain opposite.

Thinking it was a signal-light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it. Whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said—

"Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it," ordered the captain.

The corporal sighted the gun; and when all was ready he looked up and said—

"Captain, that's the moon."

"Don't care for that," was the captain's ready response; "put a hole through it anyhow."

INNOCENT JOKING.

THE man that makes a joke without intending it frequently amuses us more than the most ingenious of professional jokers—as when the milkman in a play is charged with putting calves' brains in his milk he answers—

"Brains! I never had such a thing in my head!"

It was the same sort of a case when a juryman having asked the judge to excuse him from serving on account of deafness, the latter said—

"Couldn't you hear my charge to the grand jury?"

"Yes, I heard it," said the man, "but I couldn't make any sense of it."

LONG RANGE.

A FIRE-EATING Irishman, covered with wounds received in duels, challenged a barrister, who gratified him by accepting. The duellist, unable to stand without support, requested that he might have a prop.

"Suppose," said he, "I lean against this milestone?" "With pleasure," replied the lawyer, "on condition that I may lean against the next."

The challenger burst into a fit of laughter at the joke, and swore he would not fight so good-humoured a gentleman.

A SQUIRREL HUNT.

At a famous hotel in Cairo, they are not noted for despatch in fulfilling orders for meals. If a warm dinner is ordered, some time is taken to cook it. Not long since I stopped there, and sat down at a table with an elderly gentleman, who ordered squirrel.

I waited some time for dinner, but was almost through, and the old gentleman was still waiting for his squirrel. But his patience was at last exhausted, and he beckoned the steward to him, and said—

"Has the man got a good gun?"

"What man?" asked the steward.

"The man that's gone to shoot the squirrel I ordered," said the old gentleman, with great gravity.

Just then I choked, and did not hear the steward's answer; but I saw him disappear, and in a few seconds the old man was devouring his squirrel with apparent relish.

PAT'S PUZZLE.

In a jovial company, each one asked a question. If it was answered he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself he paid a forfeit.

An Irishman's question was, "How does the little ground-squirrel dig his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?"

When they all gave it up, Pat said, "Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole."

One of the rest exclaimed, "But how does he get there?"

"Ah," said Pat, "that's your question—can you answer it yourself?"

CHINESE DEFINITIONS OF MAN.

The inquisitive man thrusts his head into a beehive.

The contented man cuts his own hair.

The extravagant man keeps his coals in a volcano.

The hasty man drinks his tea with a fork.

The reckless man is like a dog in a sausage-shop.

The passionate man picks his teeth with the tail of a dragon.

ROMANCES.

The way of writing modern romances:—Albert rode with the speed of an arrow to the garden, sprang like the wind from his steed, climbed like a squirrel over the hedge, writhed like a snake through the palings, flew like a hawk to the arbour, crept up to her all unseen, threw himself passionately at her feet, swore frantically that he would shoot himself; was, however, immediately heard, seated himself in blessed delight at her side, sank on her bosom, swam in a sea of bliss—and this—this—ay, all this was the work of a second.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A BALLOONIST.

Passing a cloud, I put out my hand and took a piece of it, and squeezed it like a sponge, and the water ran out. The sun went north about, but never set. At the distance of about fifty leagues above the earth, we saw a white swan sitting on the corner of a cloud. If we had had a gun we could have shot it. Passing by the moon, we saw a fellow selling land at auction. He wished us to give a bid, but we told him we had not come to buy lands in the moon. We came across a comet, but it was asleep. It looked like a terrapin, but had a tail like a fox. We came near a hail-bank, and filled a hat to bring down with us. The hailstones were about as large as a pigeon's egg. A thousand miles above the earth we passed through a field of turkey buzzards. This would seem to be their region, and accounts for the circumstance that no one has ever found a nest of one of these. These rookeries are out of sight in the atmosphere. As we approached one of the heavenly bodies, it appeared like an island. We struck upon a planet, but Garnerin got out, and pushed off the balloon. We supposed it to be Mercury, as we heard orators haranguing, and a multitude of tongues. There were marriages going on in Venus, and in Mars we heard the drums beat. We meant to have a pull at one of Saturn's rings, but we were blown off the coast, and found ourselves in the latitude of Herschel. Provisions failing, we thought proper to shape our course towards the earth again. The first thing we saw was the forest of Ardennes, which appeared like a shamrock. The Pyrenean mountains seemed like a bed of parsley; and the Atlantic Ocean about as large as Loch Swilley. Within a furlong of the earth, Garnerin gave me a parachute, and I came down.

BLACK AS INK.

A DARK prospect may be illustrated by a black woman looking down a dark alley, on a dark night, for a nigger baby, among a flock of black cats.

"MARIA," said a lady to a coloured servant, "that's the sixth silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray, how many do you own?" "Only seven, missis; but I'se saving my wages to buy anoder." "Seven! why, I don't own so many even as that." "'Spect not, missis," said the smiling darkey; "you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You see, you quality folks everybody knows is quality; but we bettermost kind of cullud pussons has to dress smart to distinguish ourselves from common niggers."

"CUFFEE, is that the second bell?" "No, massa, dat's de second reading of de fuss bell. We habn't got no second bell in dis hotel."

SAM: "Gumbo, whar does you live now, eh?" Gumbo: "I doesn't live nowhars now. I gib up residing three weeks ago, and moved off on account of de wedder."

SOME years since, a prominent business man of Northampton, Mass., who began to sow his wild oats when a boy, and who hasn't got all through yet, attended a coloured ball in Market Street, in that town. After each "breakdown" he noticed that a well near the house—by the way, a shallow one—was resorted to by the men to quench their thirst. Unobserved, while the dance was going on, he slipped out of the house, moved the curb a few feet beyond the well, and awaited the result. Presently out came one of the dancers, and plump into the well he went. Blowing and puffing, he came up to the top, and exclaimed, "By golly! who moved dat well since I'se out here last?"

DISTINCTIONS WITHOUT DIFFERENCES.

IF a gintleman brakes a horse's heart, he's only a bowld rider, while a poor servant is a careless blackguard for only taking a sweat out of him. If a gintleman drinks till he can't see a hole in a laddher, he's only fresh, but dhrunk is the word for the poor man. And if a gintleman kicks up a row, he's a fine-spirited fellow, while a poor man is a disordherly vagabone for the same; and the justice axes the one to dinner, and sends th' t'other to gaol. Oh, faix, the law is a dainty lady; she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, and lades thim tinderly along, but people with brown fists must keep their distance.

ADDRESS TO CHILDREN.

MY little dears, who learn to read,
pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which
people call a pun.
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be
found how simple an offence
It is to make the self-same sound
afford a double sense.
For instance ale may make you
ail, your aunt an ant may
kill,
You in a vale may buy a veil, and
Bill may pay the bill.
Or if to France your bark you
steer, at Dover it may be
A peer appears upon the pier, who,
blind, still goes to sea.
Thus one might say when to a
treat good friends accept our
greeting,
'Tis meet that men who meet to
eat, should eat their meat when
meeting.

Brawn on the board's no bore indeed, although from boar prepared,
Nor can the fowl on which we feed
foul feeding be declared—
Most wealthy men good manors
have, however vulgar they;
And actors still the harder slave,
the oftener they play;
So poets can't the baize obtain unless their tailors choose,
While grooms and coachmen not
in vain each evening seek the
mews.
The dyer, who by dyeing lives, a
dire life maintains;
The glazier, it is known, receives
his profits from his panes;
By gardeners thyme is tied, 'tis
true, when Spring is in its
prime,
But time or tide won't wait for
you, if you are tied for time.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.*

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT AN ACQUAINTANCE THE FAMILY UMBRELLA.

THAT'S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. *What were you to do?* Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow? They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir: if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence! two-and-eightpence, for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; *I* can't pay for 'em, and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman, it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs: and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. *Needn't I wear 'em then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows it isn't often that I step over the threshold! indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go like a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows!

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this: if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear

* By kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

"Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation!—pretty lords when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will, else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it, nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrella."

"At length," writes Caudle, "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world turned round under a tremendous umbrella!"

THE INCONVENIENCES OF A HANSOM.

1. In getting in, you knock your hat in.

2. In getting out, you knock your hat off.

3. In getting in or out, the rubs are about 100 to 1 in favour of your coat-tail taking a proof impression of the wheel.

4. If two of you get in, the vehicle is so small that you have to sit almost in each other's laps.

5. That if you wish to speak to the driver, you have to throw your head back, and nearly dislocate your neck, before you can communicate with him through that miserable little trap-door in the roof.

6. That if you direct the cabman to lower the glass-blind, it is advisable to hold yourself far back, for fear the descending portcullis should fall on the bridge of your nose, and do it serious damage.

7. That it is also expedient to take the same precaution when the blind is being pulled up, or else you will infallibly receive such a slap in the face as no vindictive woman, in her angriest mood, could possibly inflict.

8. That when the window is down, though it may be some slight protection against rain, it is none whatever against suffocation.

9. Should the hansom be spinning along at anything like its ordinary speed, you are seized with a panic at the sight of every old woman or child who is crossing the road, that you are inevitably going to run over them.

10. That if you pay your right fare, the hansom-driver looks upon himself as personally insulted because you have not paid him half as much again—it being a standing rule with these upper Ten Thousand of the cabstand, that if any one is allowed to get into a hansom cab he should look upon it, not as a right, but rather as a favour.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face:
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated,
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same—and the next—and the next:
He perspired like an ox, he was nervous, and vex'd;
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him,
For his skin like a lady's loose gown hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds. Make me well. There's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise: "A slow fever," he said:
Prescribed sudorifics, and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kick'd out the doctor—but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?

"Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in;
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I have been so red-hot, that I'm sure I caught cold."

Quoth the landlord, "Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"The oven!" says Will. Says the host, "Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds," cried Will, in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms: cried the host, with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been going away half a year."
"Friend, we can't well agree—yet no quarrel," Will said;
"But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread."

AN AMERICAN EDITOR'S LETTER.

"FELLER CITIZENS,—By the time you git this I shall probably be on the boundin' biller. In our great and glorious country, events follers each other in quick succession, and wafted by favorin' gales, I shall naturally strike New York immediately after. In taking leave of scenes so charmin', which fond remembrance my heart is warmin', I find it difficult to express the anxious hopes I cherish for your individool and collective welfare. But all may be simmered down into one fervent aspiration, that you may be happy yit! There is a tide in the affairs of men, feller citizens, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortin', and I've concluded to take this 'ere tide and sail in. And as some one on ye might think it kind o' prematoor that I take so much of my sheer to once, I hereby make over all the rest of my undivided interest in the bar to you, Kurnel, for the benefit of the company. I hope nobody won't feel riled. Who steals my puss steal trash. 'Tis somethin' nothink. 'Twas mine, 'tis his'n; and altho' the gold on the bar haint been slaves to thousands, cash circoolates rapidly in this happy land, so nothin' extenooate or set down ought in malice. As to your repoortations, you can leave 'em with confidence in the hands of Pangburn, which not enricheth him, and makes you poor indeed. I think the canon's about gin eout. And it would be a small business in me to be sharin' your toils, your feelin's, and your fame, when there ain't nothink else to divide. But time flies, and the etarnal ages roll on. My bark is by the shore, and sails on Wednesday precisely at twelve. No birth secured until paid for. Farewell for ever! And yit, no. We shall meet agin, when the memory of these scenes will be but as a Parson Bell, a dream too sweet to last, when you shall forgit the feverish thirst for gold in karmer pursoots, and when the name of Pangburn shall be proudly enrolled among the merchant-princes of his country. With affectionate compliments to the ladies, I am, feller citizens, yourn, while this mashine is to him,

"Z. PANGBURN.

"P.S. I have ordered a copy of the *Mountain Clarion* to be sent to each of yer for six months, post-paid."

NONGTONGPAW.

BY CHARLES DIBDIN.

JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance,
Some time ago, to peep at France;
To talk of sciences and arts,
And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.
Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
And answer'd John in heathen Greek:
To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,
'Twas "*Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.*"

John to the Palais-Royal come,
Its splendour almost struck him dumb.
"I say, whose house is that there here?"
"House! *Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"
"What, Nongtongpaw again!" cried John;
"This fellow is some mighty don;
No doubt he's plenty for the maw—
I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
And cried, astonished at the sight,
"Whose fine estate is that there here?"
"State! *Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"
"His? what! the land and houses too?
The fellow's richer than a Jew:
On everything he lays his claw!
I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw."

Next tripping came a courtly fair:
John cried, enchanted with her air,
"What lovely wench is that there here?"
"*Vench! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"
"What, he again? Upon my life!
A palace, lands, and then a wife
Sir Joshua might delight to draw:
I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw."

"But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John.
"*Je vous n'entends pas.*" "What, is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
Poor Nongtongpaw then from the grave!
His race is run, his game is up.
I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup;
But since he chooses to withdraw,
Good night t'ye, Mounseer Nongtonpaw!"

REELING.

A NOBLE of Windsor enjoying a stroll,
One day when the evening was fine,
Met one of his people, a right jolly soul,
Now rather elated with wine.

"Ah! sir," said the latter, a little dismayed,
"To see me you wonder, no doubt;
I've stayed over long with my friend, I'm afraid—
Indeed we've been spinning it out."

"From your manner of walking, your tale I don't doubt,
Though 'tis wrong in these follies to roam;
I see," he replied, "you've been spinning it out,
And now you are reeling it home."

WHY ENGLISHMEN ARE BELOVED UPON THE CONTINENT.

BECAUSE they always are so careful to abstain from either word or action which, in any way, might hurt the feelings of a foreigner.

Because they never institute odious comparisons between things in general abroad and those they've left at home, unless indeed it is to the disparagement of the latter.

Because they never brag about the "freedom of a British subject," in countries which are under a despotic form of government.

Because they speak so fluently in any continental language, and always are so affable when publicly accosted by a stranger, and so ready at all times to enter into conversation with those they may be travelling with.

Because they don't bawl for beer at a first-class *table d'hôte*, nor make wry faces at the wine as though it disagreed with them.

Because they never in the least let trifles put them out, and however much they are annoyed, they do their utmost to conceal it, instead of (as has been maliciously asserted) seizing with delight on every opportunity to give their temper vent, and express themselves dissatisfied with everything that's done for them.

Because whatever provocation they may think they have received, they are so careful not to let strong language pass their lips; and, so far from making extracts from the Commination Service, are never heard to use an exclamation more forcible than "Dear me!" or "Now really, how provoking!"

Because they always pay such nice attention to their dress, invariably appearing in what is most becoming to them, and never coming out in what, if seen in London, would be followed by the street-boys as a fancy-ball costume.

Because, when they happen to have caught a smattering of what they conceive to be the foreign mode of swearing, they do not practise it habitually on every possible occasion, just to show off their proficiency and knowledge of the language.

Because they never hold themselves aloof from other tourists, and evince such pleasure always when they find another party wishes to join company.

Because by no chance do they ever disturb a *table d'hôte* by their grumbles at the cookery, and what they puzzle waiters so by calling "furrin kickshaws." Nor, if the beefsteaks, which they will persist in ordering, are brought a trifle overdone, do they threaten the poor "garsong" with the terrors of our consul, or the Foreign Office.

Because, when they are inspecting churches, palaces, or picture galleries, they never strut about as though the places all belonged to them, and everybody else were seeing them on suffrance; nor, generally, do they demean themselves as though they were the monarchs of all that they surveyed, and as if their survey were an act of the extremest condescension.

HOW TO MAKE LIFE EMINENTLY DISAGREEABLE.

BY A STRONG-MINDED MARRIED WOMAN.

ALWAYS provide for everything beforehand. As things are sure to turn out differently from what you have arranged, this will familiarise you with disappointment.

Always go back upon a mistake or a misfortune, and so take the opportunity of proving how much better things would have been if something had been done that hasn't.

Never give way in trifles, as there is no saying how soon you may be called upon to give way in matters of more importance.

A mistress may talk at her servants, but should never lower herself so far as to talk to them.

Never dress for your husband, which will teach him to value you for your gifts of mind, not your attractions of person.

Never give expression to your affections, as there is no saying how soon they may alter, and you may thus be guilty of great inconsistency.

Never consult the taste of your husband, or he will in time come to look on his house as a club, where all is comfort and self-indulgence.

A MAN'S OPINION OF HIMSELF.

I'm the yellow blossom! I can lick any man slick and smooth from Georgia to Maine. I've got the handsomest wife, the pootiest sister, the straightest shootin' rifle, and the quickest horse for a quarter; can out-walk, out-jump, and out-steam the Great Western; can blow up, pull down, set straight, put together, and fine-draw the four quarters of the 'tarnal universe to sitch a degree, that you must get a 140 horse-power telescope to diskiver the seams.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

In the following love-couplet, there is a great paucity of words, but as much meaning as there is in many most moving love-songs that have a fashionable run :—

"I looked and loved, and loved and looked, and looked and loved again;
But looked and loved, and loved and looked, and looked and loved in vain."

INNKEEPER AND ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman. Holloa, house!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir, the fair of Mullingar and Ballinaslee are the next week.

Eng. I see. How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (buttermilk) to burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go anywhere.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soles?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Psha! have you any plaice!

Inn. No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see myself.

Inn. And welcome, sir; I'll fetch you the looking glass.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

The man who could not trust his feelings, is supposed to do business on the cash principle.

The young man who cast his eye on a young lady coming out of church, has had it replaced, and now sees as well as ever.

The lady who went off in hysterics, came back in an omnibus.

The gent who went too far in an argument, was brought home on a stretcher.

The man who wrestled with adversity, wore out his silk stockings and got worsted.

The man who jumped up on the spur of a moment, was soon glad to sit down again.

The jolly fellow who split his sides with laughter, has had them repaired.

The young lady who burst into tears, has been put together again.

The gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow," caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

The young gentleman who flew into a passion, has had his wings clipped.

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river, has sprained his foot while attempting to spin a mountain-top.

The man who was "taken by surprise" has come back.

THE man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap, has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave off a barrel.

THE Dampshire editor who wrote his editorials with chalk on the soles of his shoes, and went barefoot while the printers set up the copy, has purchased a ream of second-hand envelopes, and engaged a girl to turn them inside out.

THE man who plays at once on the trump of fame and the horn of a dilemma, got his first ideas of music on hearing a hay-cock crow, while he was tying a knot in a plank of wood.

THE youth who cut open the bellows to see where the wind came from, is now trying his hand at fattening greyhounds.

THE last Yankee invention is a new-fashioned travelling-bag in which a man can stow himself upon a journey, and travel without the knowledge of such sponges as dun a man for his fare. He places himself in the bag, and, taking it in his hand, passes for baggage.

A MAN in Missouri planted some beans late one afternoon, and next morning they were up—thanks to his hens.

THE swell of the ocean is said to be a dandy midshipman.

THE lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, empanneled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter.

THERE is a man, somewhere in America, who is so tall that he is obliged to run up a ladder every time he brushes his hair.

THERE is a man in the West, who has moved so often, that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house his chickens all march up and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping-place.

THE man who painted the "signs of the times" is in want of a job.

THERE is a chap out West with hair so red, that when he goes out before day he is taken for sunrise, and the cocks begin to crow.

THERE is a grocer up-town who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by the hind-legs, and look in the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his best sugar.

THE woodman who spared that tree came near freezing to death the past winter, on account of the scarcity of wood.

TOOTHACHE.

To have it out or not? that is the question—
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
Or to take steel against a host of troubles,
And, by extracting, end them? To pull—to tug!—
No more: and by a tug to say we end
The tooth-ache, and a thousand natural ills
The jaw is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To pull—to tug!—
To tug—perchance to break! Ay, there's the rub,
For in that wrench what agonies may come,
When we have half-dislodged the stubborn foe,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
The old wife's nostrum, dentist's contumely;
The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep's delay;
The insolence of pity, and the spurns,
That patient sickness of the healthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
For one poor shilling? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sink beneath a load of pain?—
But that the dread of something lodged within
The linen-twisted forceps, from whose pangs
No jaw at ease returns, puzzles the will,
And makes it rather bear the ills it has
Than fly to others that it knows not of.
Thus dentists do make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And many a one, whose courage seeks the door,
With this regard his footsteps turns away,
Scared at the name of dentist.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

BY WILLIAM ALLAN BUTLER.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind—above or below:
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, or fall;
All of them different in colour and pattern—
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin;

"NOTHING TO WEAR"—*See p. 342.*

Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and at every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore;
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo;
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those.
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave GOOD-BYE to the ship, and GO-BY to the duties.
Her relations at home all marvell'd, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,
Which, in spite of collector, and custom-house sentry,
Had enter'd the port without any entry.
And yet, though scarce three months have pass'd since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!
NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress,
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!
I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains, which she called "her affections,"
And that rather decayed but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas fixtures we whispered our love,
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes!
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions;
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaim'd, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff;
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free;
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus woo'd Miss M'Flimsey and gain'd her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night:
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—
I consider'd it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found; I won't say, I caught her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more;
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your duty and grace and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answer'd quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear!"
"Nothing to wear! Go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon." I stopp'd, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Open'd on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade"
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy." "Your pink"—"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose-coloured, then, the best of the batch"—
"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."
"Your brown moiré antique"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker."
"The pearl-coloured"—"I would, but that plaguy dress-maker
Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*——" "Yes, but, dear me! that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dress'd like a chit of sixteen."
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That superb point d'aiguille, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine"—
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crush'd
Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turn'd the head of the head of the nation;
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously tipped up
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation.
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here I ripp'd out something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh, you men have no feeling!
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures!
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And 'tis perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher).
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,
Pickpocket and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief.
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew and it rain'd, thunder'd, lighten'd, and hail'd
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite fail'd
To express the abusive; and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too;
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say.
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On door-step and side walk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up-stairs, in my own easy-chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited

Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject; and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!"
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch,

Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another large mansion, near the same place,
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace.
In a neighbouring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long-continued, of camels'-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific;*
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars;
And all, as to style, most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic,
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic;
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in religion the slightest relief,
And philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets;
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance.
One case of a bride was brought to my view,

Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear;
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout.
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.
But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city.

And spur up humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter; or won't Peter Cooper
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of honour and fame;
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear;
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claim'd,
The Laying-out Hospital well might be named?
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply those distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh, ladies, dear ladies! the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gather'd, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broider'd skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouch'd from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,
As you sicken and shudder, and fly from the door!
Then home to your wardrobes, and say—if you dare—
Spoil'd children of Fashion, you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreen'd by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love—
Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins! beware,
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

THE SPANISH BOAR AND THE IRISH BULL.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A DISTINGUISHED member of the Dublin Zoological Society waited upon Mrs. ——, as she sat at breakfast one morning, and requested permission to see "her Boar." It would have been a great delight a fortnight before, to have a member of the Zoological Society soliciting the honour of seeing *her* Boar, but the truth was that Don Pig had rendered himself so intolerable, that nothing could compensate for the nuisance; and this additional offering to her vanity as a wonder-proprietor came too late to be valued; still she affected a tone of triumph, and led the zoological professor to the treat he sought for, and pointing with dignity to the loophole cut in the door, she said, "There, sir."

After the professor, in silent wonder, had feasted his eyes for some time on the barbarian through this safety-valve, he exclaimed, "What a noble specimen!—The finest boar I ever saw!"

"Isn't he a lovely creature?" said Mrs. ——.

"Charming, madam."

"And his tail, doctor!"

"Has the true wild curl, madam.—Oh, madam, you surely do not mean to keep this fine creature all to yourself! You really ought to present him to the Society."

"How could you think of asking me to part with my pet, doctor?"

"I'm sure your own public spirit, madam, would suggest the sacrifice—and of course a very handsome vote of thanks from the Society, as well as the gift securing to you all the privileges of a member——"

Here was something to be gained, so instead of Mrs. —— giving her lodger a dose of prussic acid, or something of that sort, which she contemplated, she made a present of him to the Zoological Society, and the professor took his leave, in great delight at having secured so fine an animal, but not half so happy as the lady was in getting rid of him.

The next day the proper authorities secured the bristly don, and he was consigned to the cart of the Zoological Society, to be carried forthwith to the Phœnix Park, where the Gardens of that learned body are situated. The driver of the cart, who, it happened, was quite ignorant of the pains it had cost to place his inside passenger in his seat, was passing by Barrack Street when he was accosted by a friend on the flags with—

"Why then, blur-an-agers, Mike, is that you?"

* By kind permission of the Publishers.

"By gor it's myself and no one else," says Mike —"and how is yourself?"

"Bravely!" says Jim: "and it's myself is glad to see you lookin' so clane and hearty, Mikee dear, and well off to all appearance."

"By dad I'm as happy as the day's long," says Mike, "and has an iligant place, and devil a thing to do, good, bad, or indifferent, but to dhrive about this cart from morning till night, excep'n when I may take a turn at feedin' the bastes."

"Why, have you more horses nor the one you're dhrivin' to mind?" says Jim.

"Oh, they're not horses at all," says Mike, "but *un*nathral bastes, you see, that they keep up in the Park beyant."

"And what would they be at all?" says Jim.

"Och, the quarest outlandish craythurs ye iver seen," says Mike, "and all belongin' to the gintlemin that employs me; and indeed a pleasant life I have, dhrivin' all day; indeed it's a'most as good as a gintleman's, only I sit an a cart instead of being sayted in a Cabrowley."

"And what do you call them at all?" asked the inquisitive Jim.

"They call themselves the Sorrow-logical Sisiety, and indeed some o' them is black-lookin' enough, but others o' them is as merry as if they worn't belongin' to a Sorrow-logical Sisiety at all, at all."

"And what is it y'r dhrivin' now?" asked Jim.

"Indeed an' it's a wild boar," says Mike.

"And is he like a nath'ral boar?" says Jim.

"Faix, myself doesn't know, for I never seen him, bekase while they wor ketchin' him and puttin' him in the cart, the masther sint me for to ordher gingerbread nuts for the monkeys."

"Oh, Queen iv Heaven, an' is it gingerbread nuts they eat?" says Jim, in amazement.

"Throth, an' it is," says Mike; "they get gingerbread nuts when the hazels is not in sayson; and sure, I hear, in their own counthry the gingerbread grows nath'ral."

"Tare an' ouns, do you tell me so?" says Jim.

"Divil a lie in it," says Mike.

"And where would that be at all?" says Jim.

"Undher the line, I heard them say."

"And where's that?" says Jim.

"Oh, thin don't you know that, you poor ignorant craythur?" says Mike; "sure that's in the north of Amerikay, where the Hot-in-pots lives."

"Ah, you thief!" says Jim, "you didn't know that yourself wanst; but you're pickin' up larnin' in your new place."

"Indeed and I always knew that," says Mike; "and sure you never seen a monkey yet that they hadn't a line for him to run up and down, accordin' to the nathur o' the beast."

"Well, I give up to you as for the monkeys, but as I never seen a wild boar yet, don't be ill-nathured to an owld frind, but let me have a peep at him, Mike, *agrah!*"

"Throth an' I will, and welkim," says Mike; "just get up behind, and rise the lid of the cart."

Jim did as he was desired; and the moment the lid of the cart was raised, so far from the sense of seeing being gratified in the explorer, according to his own account, "he thought the sight id lave his eyes when he seen all as one as two coals o' fire looking at him, and the unnath'ral brustly divil making a dart at him, that it was the marcy o' hivin didn't take the life iv him."

Jim was sent heels over head into the mud, by the boar brushing past him in plunging out of the cart, and preferring the "pedestrian to the vehicular mode," as Dominie Sampson says, the foreigner, again in freedom, charged down Barrack Street in all the glory of liberty regained. Now Barrack Street, as its name implies, being in the neighbourhood of the garrison, it may be supposed is much more populous than the street of Bilboa, where the boar made his first appearance in public; and in fulfilment of the adage, "The more the merrier," the consternation was in proportion to the numbers engaged. Apple-stands, stalls of gilt gingerbread, baskets of oysters, and still more unlucky eggs (for the boar, like many, was one of those ignorant people who don't know the difference between an egg and an oyster) were upset with the utmost impartiality; and ere he had arrived at Queen's Bridge, full five hundred pursuers, with ten times the number of all sorts of the most elaborate curses upon him, were at his heels. Were I to give a "full and true account" of the chase, the far-famed Kilruddery hunt would be nothing to it; suffice it to say, he never cried "Stop" until he arrived at the Meath Hospital, a run of about a mile and a half. There, his flank being turned he was driven into a court, where he held his pursuers at bay for some time, as in the Bilboa affair, until a Paddy, more experienced than his neighbours in the taming of unruly cattle, flung his frieze coat over the head of the fugitive, and finally, with some help, secured him.

A LOVE-SONG BY A LUNATIC.

THERE's not a spider in the sky,
  There's not a glowworm in the sea,
There's not a crab that soars on high,
  But bids me dream, dear maid, of thee!

When watery Phœbus ploughs the main,
  When fiery Luna gilds the lea,
As flies run up the window-pane,
  So fly my thoughts, dear love, to thee!

LEADING PAPERS.

THE paper known to have the largest circulation —the paper of tobacco. Paper for the roughs—sand-paper. Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles. Ruled paper—the French press. The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins. Spiritualists' paper—(w)rapping paper. Drawing paper—the dentist's bill. A taking paper —sheriff's warrant. The paper that most resembles the reader—'tis you (tissue) paper. That's about all.

FIN MAC COOL.

BY EDWARD IRWIN.

ONCE on a time — in ages gone by—
Ocean blue fell in love with blue sky,
And their union was blest with an isle in the west,
Which smiles to this day from its mother's breast;
For Erin, dear Erin, continues to be
The favourite child of the sky and the sea.
Fondly over it leans the blue sky,
The sun stoops to kiss it when eve draws nigh,
And ocean, its mother, with tender alarms
Encircles it round with her trembling arms.

At the period remote to which I've referred,
Giants there were—as you've doubtless heard;
But the greatest of all, and the most defiant
(When they vexed him), was Erin's native giant,
Whom no one defied except a fool—
So great was the fame of Fin Mac Cool.
Broad-shouldered and tall, and strong withal,
He was feared and loved by the great and small.
The tallest men his neighbourhood in,
In spite of themselves, looked up to Fin.
To treat men like carpets was his delight,
Beating them well to make them bright,
And when he had beaten them o'er and o'er
Always laying them flat on the floor.
But the neighbours well knew 'twas only his fun,
And they'd gladly die for him, every one;
For though hard his fist, his heart was soft—
As he made them know on occasions oft,
When he pummelled a man and then paid his rent for him,
Both being equally kindly meant for him.

To look at Fin's back you'd tremble with fear,
So brawny and huge did his figure appear;
But the moment he turned his kind big face,
All fear dissolved, nor left a trace.
His nose was small, but he made it do,
For his mouth was large enough to do two;
His teeth were white, and his cheeks were brown,
And his hair on his forehead fell curling down;
While his hands, though flinty, were fair and small—
So he wasn't a bad-looking giant at all.

But Fin was now by grief weighed down,

For another big giant was coming to town,
To try his strength in mortal fight
And settle which had the greater might.
The giant who caused Fin such dismay
Was Cucullin, from Scotland all the way,
To whom rumour assigned enormous strength,
And brawny breadth and towering length;
In such a degree, that Fin felt small,
And hoped his foe wouldn't come at all.

But come he did: already the ground
Did to his heavy step resound.
His passing shadow awed each bird
In the tree whose boughs his breathing stirred;
And children ran to their mothers in dread,
And cattle in fear to shelter fled,
As he stepped from Scotland over the tide
And crossed the country—miles at a stride.

* * * * *

On the marge of a river where willow-herbs grew,
And where, meeting an isle, the stream parted in two,
One half running round through the bulrushes high
Just to kiss the forget-me-nots—nobody by;
Where the water-hen, scared by the plash of the oar,
Half swam and half flew to the opposite shore;
Where the sun, shining through the thin willow-twigs, made
On the water beneath a dim net-work of shade;
Where the birds did their courting—just by the same rule
Loitered Thady O'Neill, courting Sheela Mac Cool.
They were crossed in their loves, for the great giant Fin
To the wish of his daughter refused to give in;
But Thady had news for his Sheela just now
That would brighten—if joy could—her beautiful brow:
For Sheela, though Fin Mac Cool's daughter so dutiful,
Was—be it known—a young maiden most beautiful.
She was to him as the gem to the mine,
Or as is to the marble the statuette fine;
What was vigour in him, in her became grace,

And, though like him, the likeness
was such as we trace
'Twixt the weather-beat sea and the
virgin sky
That blushes at eve, loves night-
time nigh.
Nature did all for her, Art had no
share in her,
Fresh as the flowers, then, was all
that was fair in her:
Snowdrops her teeth were, poppies
her cheeks,
Her forget-me-not eyes you'd re-
member for weeks;
Her hair was like meadow-sweet,
golden in hue,
And—passing—you'd think 'twas
as odorous too;
While her motions, unstudied, were
graceful to see
As the wave of the barley or bend of the tree.

Now Thady, suspecting—and sure he was right—
That Fin had no wish the Scotch giant to fight,
Had offered, provided Fin gave him his daughter,
To frighten Cucullin back over the water.
The offer accepted, with joy in his heart
Now did Thady the news to his Sheela impart;
But they loitered not long the stream beside,
For home to Mrs. Mac Cool they hied,
And—putting their heads together—planned
How they'd frighten the Scotchman out of the land.

* * * * *

Thady O'Neill sat nursing his leg
And cutting his stick without stirring a peg
By the side of the road, when there came that way
The giant Cucullin, and said "Good day!
Where could I find, young man," says he,
"A lodging that would be suited for me?"
"A suitable lodging," says Thady, "I know
Round the corner a hundred miles or so,
In a nice round tower—where you'll have, when
you doze,
To lie down standing up, and be woke by the
crows."
"I want to see Fin Mac Cool," says the giant,
Looking at Thady mighty defiant.
"Tell me at once the way to go."
"O! with pleasure," says Thady, rising to show.
"What road you take I don't much mind—
To the right or the left, on straight or behind;
But the way to go, my braw Scotch brother,
Is—by putting one leg before the other."
Saying which, Thady whistled and went his way
With his hands in his pockets; but turned to say
When he'd got a bit on—"You've come over the sea,
But you shan't, Mr. Giant,
come over me."

In Fin's family mansion
Miss Sheela Mac Cool
Blew the fire as she sat on
a three-legged stool.
The sparks went mad and
jumped, poor fellows,
As no wonder they should,
before such a bellows—
For Sheela's sweet mouth
was the bellows that blew,

And with a good will she used it
too.
O fortunate fire, to be blown up by
her!
For such blowing-up surely 'twere
sweet to err!
The dullest of blocks and the driest
of chips
Must have glowed and looked bright
when so near her lips.

Mrs. Mac Cool was baking a cake
On the fire with which Sheela such
pains did take;
And she stood with a knife, just
turning the squares,
When a tap at the door came un-
awares.
"Holy Biddy!" says she. Sheela
sprang from her stool—
'Twas Cucullin come looking for Fin Mac Cool.
He entered the room and sat by the fire
And, looking about, did for Fin inquire.
But Thady had tutored his mother-in-law
What to say when the great Cucullin she saw;
So—"My husband's at market," says Mrs. Mac
Cool,
"He eats a whole heifer each day as a rule."
"Your house is exposed on the side of the hill"—
says he.
"Till it was turned it was more exposed still"—
says she.
"Turned?" "Yes; my husband so cold the house
found,
In his arms he up took it and turned it round."
"What sort is your cake?" says Cucullin, quite
glum.
"It's too hard for my taste," says she—giving
him some—
"But that little gorsoon in the cradle would rather
So have it, because he takes after his father."

Now, the little gorsoon was no other than Fin,
Whom his wife had in a large cradle tucked in.
"And you call that a little gorsoon?" says Cucullin.
"Fury!—woman, you've broken the teeth my poor
skull in!"
He bawled, as he danced round the cottage in
pain;
Then, beholding the child, he grew quiet again.
The fact was, the woman had right in the middle
Of the cake she had given him slipped a griddle;
But pain at the present time yielded to fright,
Thinking how *that child's father* he'd face in a
fight.
"And so that's a gorsoon?" says he, deep in
a fix.
"Throth," says she, "the
poor child is the youngest
of six;
All fine strapping fellows,
but nothing to Fin.—
By-the-by, it's so late now,
he'll soon be in."

Cucullin, with steps both
cautious and slow,
Across the room on his
toes did go.

Till—finding himself safe outside the door—
He took to his heels, nor was heard of more.
Then Fin with a grin called Thady in,
And gave him what he deserved to win;

And as droops a rose with the weight of a bee
That clings to kiss it in extasy,
So Sheela Mac Cool, the pride of his life,
Hung her head as bold Thady called her "wife."

QUAINT CONCEITS.

BY THOMAS FULLER.

THE elder brother is one who made haste to come into the world, to bring his parents the first news of male posterity; and is well rewarded for his tidings.

LOGIC: that is the armoury of reason, furnished with all offensive and defensive weapons. There are syllogisms, long swords; enthymemes, short daggers; dilemmas, two-edged swords that cut on both sides; sorites, chain shot: and for the defensive, distinctions, which are shields; retortions, which are targets with a pike in the midst of them, both to defend and oppose.

POETRY is music in words, and music is poetry in sound: both excellent sauce; but they have lived and died poor that have made them their meat.

O, IT is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

LIONS, they say, except forced with hunger, will not prey on women and children; though I would wish none to try the truth thereof.

ONE braved a gentleman to his face, that in skill and valour he came far behind him. "It is true," said the other, "for when I fought with you, you ran away before me."

A (T)REASONABLE EPIGRAM.

AFTER tea
Don't talk reason,
For you see,
'Twill be T-reason.

KICKED BY A MULE.

JAKE JOHNSON had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about this mule. He (the animal) could kick higher, hit harder on the slightest provocation, and act uglier than any other mule known on record.

One morning, riding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs's weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him accordingly—

"How are you, Jim? Fine morning."

"Hearty, squire," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you air riding on. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will do that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in this country."

"Great smash! is that so?" ejaculated Jim.

"Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I am taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off from any man without its hurting him."

"Now look here, squire," said Jim, "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself."

"Jim, there's no use—don't bet. I don't want to win your money."

"Don't be alarmed, squire. I'll take such bets as them every time."

"Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake—say five dollars."

"All right, squire, you're my man. But who'll he kick the fly off? There is no one here but you and I. You try it."

"No," says Johnson, "I have to be by the mule's head to order him."

"Oh, yaas," says Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Wa'll, I'll do it; but you are to bet ten against my five if I risk it."

"All right," quoth the squire. "Now, there's a fly on your shoulder. Stand still." And Johnson adjusted the mule.

"Whist, Jervey!" said he.

The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird, and alighted on all-fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail fence.

Rising in a towering passion, he exclaimed—

"Yaas, that is smart! I knew your darned mule couldn't do it. You had all that put up. I wouldn't be kicked like that for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them ere stakes for it, any way."

"Not so fast, Jim. Jervey did just what I said he would; that is, kick a fly off a man without its hurting *him*. You see the mule is not hurt by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try it again as often as you wish."

"The deuce take you," growled Jim. "I'd rather have a barn fall on me at once than have that critter kick me again. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it."

And Boggs trudged on in bitterness of soul, murmuring to himself—

"Sold—and kicked by a mule!"

THE CORK LEG.

A distinguished member of the legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather prosy, and showed no disposition to "let up," although the audience waxed thinner. Finally the presiding officer got excited, and repairing to a friend of the speaker's, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak? Whereupon the friend answered, "he didn't exactly know—when he got on that branch of the subject, he generally spoke a couple of hours."

"That will never do; I've got a few remarks to make myself," said the president; "how shall I stave him off?"

"Well, I don't know; in the first place I should pinch his left leg, and then if he shouldn't stop I'd stick a pin in it."

The president returned to his seat, and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon afterwards he returned to the "brother" who had prescribed "the pin style of treatment," and said, "I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all; I stuck a pin into his leg, and he didn't seem to care; I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever!"

"Very likely," said the wag; "that leg is cork!" Nothing has been seen of that president since.

THE BUMPKIN'S COURTSHIP.

While on a visit to a relation in the celebrated city of York, I was acquainted with an honest farmer in the neighbourhood, who having resided there from a youth, was respected, and admitted into the society of most of the country gentlemen. He was a constant visitor at the house of my uncle, and his conversation, teeming with merry stories which serve to delight the ear at the expense of our sides, told in his simple, unadorned manner, could not but render his society agreeable to me.

Honest old farmer Burton had an only son, who had reached the age of forty without entering into the matrimonial state; he was, in fact, as true a picture of a country bumpkin as ever graced a pitch-fork. One day our discourse happening to turn upon the said bumpkin, I expressed my surprise that he should never have had the good fortune to get married. "Why," said the farmer, "it be not the fau't o' his face, I reckon; for he be as pratty a lad as here and there be one; ees, an' he ha' had his chances, by my feekins! and had he been as 'cute as mysen, he might ho' had a buxom lass, with no little o' money either." This excited my curiosity, and I requested the farmer to acquaint me with the particulars, which he did as follows:—

"You mun know, that my son used to work wi' me in the field; that is he drived plough, sowed and reaped, and all other 'cultural works loike; and a steady hard-working lad he wur too; till all on a sudden he becomed lazy loike, and wouldn't work at all. So I couldn't tell what to make on't; if I snubbed un 'twur all the same; and so at last, thinks I to mysen, I'll speak to un about it calmly loike; an' so I did, and axt un what wur the matter wi' un; and so says he, 'Why, I dosen't know disactly, he, he, he! but ever sin' I ha' seed Molly Grundy at our village church, feather, I ha' felt all over in sic' conflagration loike, he, he, he!' 'Why, ye 'beant in love, be ye?' 'Why, he, he, he! I can't say for sartin; haply I mought; but dang my buttons, feather! if I dosen't think Molly bees in love wi' I, he, he, he!' 'Be she?' says I. 'Ods dickens! then, you mun mind your P's and Q's, lad; for she ha' money. But did she speak to ye?' 'Ees, to be sure she did, and said I wur a pratty lad—he, he, he!' 'And what answer did you make?' 'Why, I, I—la'ft!' 'Ah, but,' said I, 'you should ha' made loove to her.' 'But I don't know how, feather; what be I to say?' 'Why, I'll tell ye; when you see her again, you thus address her: "Oh! thou most incomparable of thy sex; thy eyes of diamond light have pierced my heart's core; thy cheeks are carnation red; thy lips like coral—thy alabaster skin!—thy teeth, good lack!—and graceful mien, have scorched and burned up all the particles of my heart! Deign then to dispense thy passions to me alone, thy faithful swain, who is this moment ready to espouse thee, thou irresistible and adorable woman!'"

"Well," said I, "and did he say so?"

"Why, no," said the farmer; "a sad blunder he made on it, all through his being no scholard; and lost both his sweetheart Molly, and her money into the bargain. When he got to Molly Grundy's, he dropped on both his knees, scratched his head, and thus began:—

"'Oh! Molly Grundy, feather ha' sent I here to dress ye. Oh! thou most unbearable of my sex! Thy eyes of light and pierced my heart sore! thy cheeks are tarnation red; thy lips like mackerel—thy plaster skin—thy teeth so black—and hateful and mean—have scorched and burnt up all the articles of my heart. Feign then to expend thy passion on me alone, thy hateful swine, who is this moment ready to spouse thee, thou detestable and deplorable 'ooman!'

"Molly Grundy no sooner heard his speech, than she took up a long hair-broom, wopped poor Robin out o' the house, and he has never been able to get a wife, or had courage enough to make love to another woman since."

A HARD NUT-CRACKER.

"Hulloo, stranger! you appear to be travelling?"

"Yes, I always travel when I'm on a journey."

"I think I have seen you somewhere?"

"Very like. I've often been there."

"Mightn't your name be Smith?"

"Well, it might—if it wasn't something else."

"Have you been long in these parts?"

"Never longer than at present—five feet nine.

"Do you calculate to remain here some time?"

"Well, I guess I'll stay till I'm ready to leave."

"I reckon you were born in New England?"

"Well, my native place was either there or somewhere else."

"You travel as if money were plenty with you?"

"Well, I might have more, and be richer."

"Have you anything new?"

"Yes, I bought a whetstone this morning."

"I thought so; you're the sharpest blade I ever saw on this road."

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOM-STICK.

THIS single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk. It is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside-down, the branches on the earth and the root in the air. It is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself. At length worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself, "Surely mortal man is a broom-stick! Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head. But now should this our broom-stick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be able to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!"

But a broom-stick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth? And yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in folly, and generally the least deserving; till worn to the stumps, like his brother Besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

EMANCIPATION.

ABOUT sixteen years ago, the writer of this article was conversing with an Irishman who farmed a few acres of land, and was not well satisfied with the general state of affairs; "but," said he, "things won't be so bad when we are 'mancipated."

"What, Barney," said I, "are you a politician? do you understand the question of emancipation?"

"Understand it!" said Barney, "do you think I am a goose? Who is it that doesn't understand it?"

"Well, and what do you mean by emancipation?"

"Mane by it! why, what everybody else manes by it, to be sure. But tell me what you mane by it yourself, and then in troth I'll tell you what I think of it."

"Well, Barney, if you were emancipated, your son Paddy might propose himself as a candidate to represent the county in Parliament; and your son Peter, who is now clerk to ——, might become Lord Chancellor; and your son Jack, the sailor, might be High Admiral of the British Navy; and——"

"Balderdash and babbles!" said Barney; "who would make my gorsoons mimbers of Parliament, and admirals, and the likes of that? No, that's not 'mancipation at all."

"Well, Barney, now let me have your meaning of the term."

"Do you know," said he, "S. K. of Dublin?"

"Very well," said I; "he is your landlord and mine."

"And do you know who lives in that big house at the top of yon hill?"

"Yes, 'tis the Rev. L., the rector of the parish."

"In troth it is. Now, that same S. K., do you see, that never entered a plough on my land, and never set a rig of praties in it in all his life, makes me give him thirty shillings an acre for it; and that same L. charges me thirteen-pence an acre for it besides; and if I won't give it to him, his proctor comes and takes away the tinth stock from my field of oats and whate, as if he sowed and raped it himself. Now, if I was 'mancipated, d'ye mind, I wouldn't give S. K. a rap farding for my own land, which I labour myself; and as to the rector, as you call him, instead of giving him oats, whate, or money, I'd give him (if he'd ax any) a kick. And that's what I call bein' 'mancipated."

IRISH BULLS.*

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH

I ASSURE you the difficulty of selecting from the vulgar herd of Irish bulls one that shall be entitled to the prize, from the united merits of pre-eminent absurdity and indisputable originality, is greater than hasty judges may imagine.

Many bulls, reputed to be bred and born in Ireland, are of foreign extraction; and many more, supposed to be unrivalled in their kind, may be matched in all their capital points: for instance, there is not a more celebrated bull than Paddy Blake's.

When Paddy heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the Lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed, "Faith, that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway: if you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.'"

Now this echo of Paddy Blake's, which has long been the admiration of the world, is not a prodigy unique in its kind; it can be matched by one recorded in the immortal works of the great Lord Verulam.

"I remember well," says this father of philosophy, "that when I went to the echo at Port Charenton, there was an old Parisian that took it to be the work of spirits, and of good spirits; 'for,' said he, 'call Satan, and the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say, *Va-t'en.*'"

Among the famous bulls recorded by the illustrious Joe Miller, there is one which has been continually quoted as an example of original Irish genius. An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Hephæstion used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the curious impertinent, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice: he concluded writing his letter in these words: "I would say more, but a tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

This blunder is unquestionably excellent; but it is not originally Irish; it comes, with other riches, from the East, as the reader may find by looking into a book by M. Galland, entitled "The Remarkable Sayings of the Eastern Nations."

"A learned man was writing to a friend; a troublesome fellow was beside him, who was looking over his shoulder at what he was writing. The learned man, who perceived this, continued writing in these words: 'If an impertinent chap, who stands beside me, were not looking at what I write, I would write many other things to you which should be known only to you and to me.'"

"The troublesome fellow, who was reading on, now thought it incumbent upon him to speak, and said, 'I swear to you that I have not read or looked at what you are writing.'

"The learned man replied, 'Blockhead as you are, why then do you say to me what you are now saying?'"

Making allowance for the difference of manners in Eastern and Northern nations, there is certainly such a similarity between this Oriental anecdote and Joe Miller's story, that we may conclude the latter is stolen from the former. Now, an Irish bull must be a species of blunder peculiar to Ireland; those that we have hitherto examined, though they may be called Irish bulls by the ignorant vulgar, have no right, title, or claim to such a distinction. We should invariably exclude from that class all blunders which can be found in another country. For instance, a speech of the celebrated Irish beauty, Lady C——, has been called a bull; but as a parallel can be produced, in the speech of an English nobleman, it tells for nothing. When her ladyship was presented at Court, his Majesty George the Second politely hoped "that, since her arrival in England, she had been entertained with the gaieties of London." "Oh, yes, please

* Extracts from "An Essay on Irish Bulls."

your majesty, I have seen every sight in London considered worth seeing, except a coronation."

This *naïveté* is certainly not equal to that of the English earl-marshal, who, when his king found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said, "Please your majesty, I hope it will be better next time."

A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis on the manner in which she had just acted Zara. "To act that part," said she, "a person should be young and handsome." "Ah, madam!" replied the complimenter, "you are a complete proof to the contrary."

We know not any original Irish blunder superior to this, unless it be that which Lord Orford pronounced to be the best bull he ever heard:—

"I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at one who had been his nurse, "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse."

In the late proclamation of an Irish mayor, we are informed that certain business is to be transacted in that city "every Monday (Easter Sunday only excepted)." This seems rather an unnecessary exception; but it is not an inadvertency caused by any hurry of business in his worship: it is deliberately copied from a precedent, set in England, by a baronet formerly well known in Parliament, who, in the preamble to a bill, proposed that certain regulations should take place "on every Monday (Tuesday excepted)." We fear, also, that an English mayor has been known to blunder. Some years ago the mayor of a capital English city published a proclamation and advertisement, previous to the races, "that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, but the horses that are to run." A mayor's blundering proclamation is not, however, worth half so much in the eye of ridicule as a lord-lieutenant's.

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

A bull on the throne is worth twice as much as a bull in the chair.

"By the Lord-Lieutenant and Council of Ireland.
"A proclamation.

* * * *

"Whereas, the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of all species of grain, and especially in the consumption of potatoes," &c.

"Given at the Council-chamber, in Dublin."

The next article in our newspaper is an advertisement of lands to be let to an improving tenant: "A few miles from Cork, in a most sporting country, bounded by an uncommon fine turf bog, on the verge of which there are a number of fine lime-kilns, where that manure may be had on very moderate terms, the distance for carriage not being many hundred yards. The whole lands being now in great heart, and completely laid down, entirely surrounded and divided by impenetrable furze ditches, made of quarried stone laid edgeways.

We can never sufficiently admire these furze ditches made of quarried stone; they can, indeed, be found only in Ireland; but we have heard in England of things almost as extraordinary. Dr. Grey, in his erudite and entertaining notes on Hudibras, records the deposition of a lawyer who, in an action of battery, told the judge "that the defendant beat his client with a certain wooden instrument called an iron pestle."

* * * * * * * *

During the late rebellion in Ireland, at the military execution of some wretched rebel, the cord broke, and the criminal, who had been only half-hanged, fell to the ground. The major, who was superintending the execution, exclaimed, "You rascal, if you do that again, I'll kill you as sure as you breathe."

A man was fined five pounds by a magistrate at the College police-office, Dublin, for assaulting another; and, as he paid the money into court with considerable reluctance, he shot glances at the victim of his indiscretion, and said, "Wait till I get you in Limerick, where beating's cheap, and I'll take the change out of you."

An Irish boy (a'cute lad) saw a train of his companions leading their cars, loaded with kishes* of turf, coming towards his father's cabin; his father had no turf, and the question was how some should be obtained. To beg he was ashamed; to dig he was unwilling; but his head went to work directly. He took up a turf which had fallen from one of the cars the preceding day, and stuck it on the top of a pole near the cabin. When the cars were passing, he appeared throwing turf at the mark. "Boys!" cried he, "which of ye will hit?" Each leader of the car, as he passed, could not forbear to fling a turf at the mark; the turf fell at the foot of the pole, and when all the cars had passed, there was a heap left sufficient to reward the ingenuity of our little Spartan.

* * * * * * * *

Mixed with keen satire, the Irish often show a sort of cool good sense and dry humour, which gives not only effect but value to their impromptus. Of this class is the observation made by the Irish hackney coachman, upon seeing a man of the *ton* driving four-in-hand down Bond Street.

"That fellow," said our observer, "looks like a coachman, but drives like a gentleman."

As an instance of humour mixed with sophistry, we beg the reader to recollect the popular story of the Irishman who was run over by a troop of horse, and miraculously escaped unhurt.

"Down upon your knees and be thankful, you reprobate!" said one of the spectators.

"Be thankful! for what? Is it for letting a troop of horse run over me?"

In this speech there is the same sort of humour and sophistry that appears in the Irishman's celebrated question, "What has posterity done for me, that I should do so much for posterity?"

* Baskets.

THE FALL OF ADAM.

IN the village of Newhaven, there lived a fisherman of the name of Adam L——, who, upon the birth of his first child, called on Dr. Johnston, the worthy minister of the parish; the doctor, as is usual on such occasions, interrogated him about his religious knowledge, which was very slender indeed. This deficiency elicited a pretty severe reproof from the reverend doctor; and the next time he went on his parochial visitation to Newhaven, he left a catechism in the house for his perusal, with instructions to get it by heart.

The perusal of the catechism occasioned the poor fisherman sad forebodings of the ordeal he was to pass through. In the meantime another parochial visitation took place; and, after visiting one side of the street, intimation was given the day before, that to-morrow the minister would visit the other.

This intelligence horrified Adam; the idea of being questioned upon his religious acquirements struck him with terror. The day the visitation took place, Adam constantly kept the other side of the causeway; but, unluckily falling in with some companions, got so drunk, that after several falls he was carried home, and put to bed. Upon the minister calling, he inquired of Jenny the wife, for her husband, who, to excuse his not appearing, said he was at the fishing. The doctor then asked her if she had read with care the catechism he left with her the last visit, and how she had improved in knowledge.

"Ay, hae I, I've read it mony times," was the answer.

"Well, Jenny," says the minister, "what was the cause of Adam's fall?"

"Clashin' neighbours, sir," says Jenny.

"Sin, Jenny," quoth the doctor, "was the cause of Adam's fall."

"It's no true, sir, it was sin nane—it was drink," replied Jenny; and calling to her husband, "Adam, ye may as weel rise; he kens a' about it: the clashin' neighbours hae tald a'."

Immediately the poor fisherman appeared on the floor, to the no small astonishment of the doctor.

WIT BY MARRIAGE.

AN English gentleman visiting the widow of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, at Dumfries, was exceedingly anxious to obtain some relic of the bard, as he called it; that is, some scrap of his handwriting, or any other little object which could be considered a memorial of the deceased.

Mrs. Burns replied to all his entreaties, that she had already given away everything of the kind that was remarkable, or which she could think of parting with; that, indeed, she had no relic to give him. Still the visitant insisted, and still Mrs. Burns declared her inability to satisfy him; at length, pushed by his good-humoured entreaties to every extremity, she as good-humouredly said—

"Well, sir, unless you take myself, I really can think of no other relic (relict) of him that it is in my power to give, or yours to receive." Of course, this closed the argument.

THE FREEMASON'S SECRET.

A YOUNG lady having heard that her brother had become a Freemason, with the natural curiosity of her sex, wrote to him and asked him what the *modus operandi* of the initiatory ceremony consisted of. She is confused with his reply. The brother's letter is as follows:—

"Of course you would like to know how Masons are made. Well, now, give me your attention, if you please. A member of some lodge tells you that the hew-gag needs a new cog-wheel. You ask what that means. He replies, it is a fresh albedum for the great universal salphratum plume-niddle of the A. Y. M. He then gives you a word to say, and you go on the street some dark night, when the lightnings flash and the thunder roars, and shutting one eye, you repeat the word to everybody you pass. At length, you meet a man carrying a dark lantern, who recognises the word. He at once gags you, and leads you to a great nimthumbulon. (The nimthumbulon is the room in which the great prothonbulorum sits.) There you see several brethren around a table, drinking 'sunshine.' In this room is also a large black dog with two tails. The procedorum asks if you know why this dog has two tails. Of course you answer nix. He then says: 'My brother, one of those tails is to wag, and the other is not to wag.' He next tells you to tie a knot upon the two tails of the large black dog which stands before you. You do so, and I tell you that the tails crack mighty quick when you tie the knot. He (the procedorum, not the dog) now says, 'If you split you will be tied in a double-bow knot.' You are told to stand on your right foot and point your left foot over your right shoulder. (Pretty hard to do, I can tell you.) However, you do this, when suddenly the large black dog aforesaid sinks his teeth into your right leg. This, you are informed, is the "Masonic grip." You are then placed in a wheel, and shut up. This wheel is run swiftly round the room forty-seven times. It stops, and you are lifted out, being too dizzy to help yourself. Of course, you cannot clearly distinguish anything, but you seem to be surrounded by heads, arms, legs, chairs, windows, carpets, tables, and gas-lights. This constitutes one of the mysteries of the order.

When you come-to, the brethren all take you by the hand, and express great satisfaction in receiving you into their society.

"I hope the foregoing will be satisfactory, and that you will endeavour to start a similar order among the women. If there is any further information I can give you on the subject, you have only to command me."

EXPRESSIONS OF OPINION.

"CAUGHT in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

"PREVENTION is better than cure," as the pig said when it ran away with all its might to escape the killing attentions of the butcher.

"COME, shear off," as the ram said to the man who was cutting off his wool.

"I DON'T believe it's any use, this vaccination," said a Yankee. "I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of winder a week arter, and got killed."

A COUNTRYMAN was standing on one of the wharfs the other day, watching the process of hoisting an anchor of a ship which was getting under weigh, and as he saw the huge iron rise from the water to the "Yo, heave, Oh!" of the sailors, he remarked, "You may heave high and heave low, but you will never get that great crooked thing through that little hole. I know better."

FOR a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered under-sleeves, would be considered indecently dirty; but to drag the pavement with her skirts seems to be very genteel.

SENTIMENTS FROM THE SERVICE.—*Naval:* It is well for a man to get the start in a race, but bad for a ship's plank to start in a storm. *Military:* Many a man who is proud to be quartermaster, has a wife at home who is wholemaster.

"WHEN I goes a-shopping," said an old lady, "I allers asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it,

and it's cheap, and it can't be got at any place for less, I almost allers take it, without chaffering about it all day, as most people do."

THE other day, at the Central Criminal Court, a prisoner was upon his trial, and at the conclusion of it he was told that the jury had found him guilty. "Exactly," replied the culprit; "that's just my conviction."

IF time is money, some people have a good deal more money than they know what to do with.

"YOU don't look a-miss," as the young lady said to her beau when he had got her bonnet on.

IT is supposed that the thief who was reported in the morning papers as having left the house, did so because he was not able to take it with him.

"IF you call this skinning," said Tom to the barber, "it's not so bad; but if you call it shaving, I should prefer your using the other side of the razor."

A GENTLEMAN fond of good living refuses to start his colt for the "two-year-old stakes," on the ground that if he wins them they won't be worth the eating.

"SOME folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong in their own inside."

A JOCKEY who incautiously burned his fingers by taking up his toast from the fire, and broke the plate by letting it fall, observed that it was too bad to lose the plate after having won the heat.

"I BELIEVE the jury has been inoculated with stupidity," said Briefless. "That may be," said his opponent, "but the bar is of opinion that you had it in the natural way."

"WOTEVER is, is right, as the young nobleman sweetly remarked ven they put him down in the pension list 'cos his mother's uncle's vife's grandfather vunce lit the king's pipe vith a portable tinder-box."

"YOU'RE doing a smashing business," said the gardener to the hailstones.

"OUT of darkness cometh forth light," as the printer said when he looked into the ink-keg.

MY WIFE'S MOTHER.

BY JAMES SMITH.

My uncle George was never easy till he got all the males of the family married. He has said to me, at least a hundred times, "John, I'm surprised you don't settle." I did not at first understand his meaning. I was walking with him in the Temple Gardens, and while we were in the act of contemplating the beauties of the majestic Thames — I allude to a man in a red night-cap walking to and fro on a floating raft of tied timbers, and a coal-barge embedded in mud — he stopped short on the gravel walk, and said, "John, why don't you settle?" Concluding that he was tired, I answered, "Oh, by all means," and sat down in the green alcove at the eastern extremity of the footpath. "Pho!" said my uncle, "I don't mean that; I mean why don't you marry? There's your brother Tom settled, and has had seven children, not reckoning two who died of the measles; and Charles is settled, and he has nine; his eldest boy, Jack, is tall enough to thump him; and Edward is settled, at least he will be, as soon as Charlotte Payne has made up her mind to live in Lime Street. I wonder why you don't settle." "Pray, uncle," said I, "of what Bucks' Lodge are you a noble brother?." "Why do you ask?" said he. "Because," replied I, "you seem to think men are like masonry—never to be depended upon till they settle."

As we walked homeward, we saw that adventurous aëronaut Garnerin flying over our heads; and while we were wondering at his valour, he cut the rope that fastened his balloon to his parachute, and began to descend in the latter towards the earth. My uncle George began to run as fast as his legs could carry him, looking all the while so intently upwards, that he did not advert to a nurse-maid and two children, whom he accordingly upset in his course, and nearly precipitated into the subjacent ooze. "What's the matter, uncle?" said I. "Matter!" answered my relative, "why, I'm going to look after Garnerin; I shall never be easy till I see him settled."

In process of time, my uncle began to be seriously displeased at my not settling. Population, he seemed to opine, was on the wane; and if anything should happen to my brothers Tom and Charles, and their respective families, not omitting Edward and his issue, when his intended wife should have conquered her repugnance to Lime Street, what would become of the House of Jackson? It might be dead, defunct, extinct, like the Plantagenets and Montmorencies of other days, unless I, John Jackson, of Finsbury Circus, underwriter, became accessory to its continuation.

The dilemma was awful, and my uncle George had money to leave. I accordingly resolved to fall in love. This, however, I found to be a matter more easily resolved upon than accomplished. A man may fall in a ditch whenever he pleases—he must fall in love when and where he can.

My mother recommended Susan Roper to me as a suitable match; and so she was, as far as circumstances extend. Her father was a reputable coal-merchant, living in Chatham Place. I tried very much to be in love with her, and one warm evening when she sang "Hush every breeze," in a boat under the second arch of Blackfriars Bridge, and accompanied herself upon the guitar, I thought that I was in love—but it went off before morning. I was afterwards very glad it was so, for Susan Roper turned out very fat, and ate mustard with her roast beef. She married Tom Holloway, the policy broker, and I wished him joy. I wish it him still, but I doubt the efficacy of my prayers, inasmuch as his wife's visage bears a strong resemblance to the illuminated dial-plate of St. Giles's church-clock.

My next affair was more decisive in its results. Old Mrs. Cumming, of St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate Street, had a daughter named Jane, who taught me some duets. We sang "When thy bosom heaves a sigh," "Take back the virgin page," and "Fair Aurora," with impunity; but when it came to "Together let us range the fields," where the high contracting parties talk about "tinkling rills" and "rosy beds," the old lady, who had hitherto sat in seeming carelessness on the sofa, hemming doyleys, requested to speak with me in the back drawing-room, and, after shutting the door, asked

me my intentions. My heart was in my mouth, which plainly implied that it was still in my own keeping. Nevertheless, I had no answer ready; so Jane Cumming and I were married on that day month.

My uncle George was so delighted at my being settled that, after making us a present of a silver coffee-pot, he exclaimed, "I shall now die happy;" an intention, however, which he has since shown himself in no hurry to carry into effect.

Now came my wife's mother into play. Sparrows leave their daughters to shift for themselves, the moment they are able to take to the wing. (My uncle George calls this barbarous, and says they should wait till they are settled.) But in Christian countries, like England, one's wife's mother is not so unnatural. Mrs. Cumming lives, as I before mentioned, in St. Helen's Place; I reside in Finsbury Circus; so that the old lady has only to cross Bishopsgate Street, pass the churchyard, and issue through the iron bars at the base of Broad Street Buildings, and here she is. This makes it so very convenient, that she is never out of my house. Indeed, all the congratulations of my wife's friends, verbal and epistolatory, ended with this apophthegm, "Then it must be so delightful to you to have your mamma so near!"

It is, in fact, not only delightful, but quite providential. I do not know what my wife would do without my wife's mother. She is the organ-blower to the organ—the kitchen jack to the kitchen fire—the verb that governs the accusative case.

* * * * * *

By the way, talking of book-clubs, it makes a great difference as to the utility of those institutions, whether the members of them are married or single. My wife's mother is a woman of uncommon purity of mind, and so consequently is my wife. We have accordingly discarded our Malone and Steevens, to make way for Bowdler's Family Shakespeare. My expensive quarto edition of "Paradise Lost," printed in the year 1794, is dismissed to an empty garret, because it contains cuts of our first parents undecorated by the tailor and milliner. It is to be succeeded by a Family Milton, edited by the late Mr. Butterworth, in which our aforesaid progenitors are clad, like the poet's own evenings, "in sober grey." . . . . Our family nomenclature is thoroughly unexceptionable. Water, according to us, is the elemental fluid; a mad dog is a rabid animal. Little Charles was yesterday rebuked for alleging that he had seen a mad bull, and informed by my wife's mother that the animal which had excited his fears was an over-driven ox. A pair of trousers is the rest of a man's dress; newspaper reporters are gentlemen connected with the press; and a sheep-stealer, making his exit under the gallows, is not hanged, but launched into eternity.

Neither do our obligations to my wife's mother end here. Our workmen she has changed to operatives; and by parity of reasoning she would have denominated the parish workhouse an opera-house, had she not been apprehensive in doing so she might then cause Miss Fanny Ayton, in error, to call upon us in quest of a re-engagement. Old Bethlem is already Liverpool Street, and we only wait to see Edinburgh fairly launched as the modern Athens, to call Broker's Row Cabinet Crescent.

But to return awhile to our book-club. My wife and my wife's mother have an amazing knack of grasping all the quartos and octavos that come to my share. They all get into my wife's boudoir, as my wife's mother has christened it, whence they seldom emerge till a week or ten days after they are transferable. This costs me an extra sixpence per book per diem—but that's a trifle. I sent upstairs yesterday for something to amuse me, hoping for De Vere, and down came little Billy with Baverstock on Brewing, with a portrait of the author prefixed. I myself drink nothing but water, but the secretary of the club brews his own beer. I sent back Baverstock on Brewing, with a request for something more funny; whereupon my wife's mother sent me down Sermons by the Rev. Something Andrews, of Walworth, with a portrait of the author likewise prefixed.

Mr. Burridge, the indigo broker, happened to be with me when this latter publication arrived, and when we happened also to be discoursing about what trade my nephew Osgood should be brought up to. Mr. Burridge cast his eye upon the portrait, and said, "Has your nephew got a black whisker?" "Yes," I answered. "And a white shirt-collar?" "Yes." "Then bring him up to the Church." It appears to me that a book-club would be a good thing if we could but get the books we want, and when we want them. But perhaps I am too particular.

We never have a dinner without, of course, inviting my wife's mother. Indeed, she always settles the day, the dishes, and the party. Last Wednesday I begged hard to have Jack Smith invited; but no—my wife's mother was inexorable. The last time he dined with us he was asked for a song. Mrs. Cumming wanted him to sing "My mother had a maid called Barbara;" thinking that daughters should bear in mind not only their mothers, but their mothers' maids; whereupon, what does Jack do but break cover as follows:—

"The Greeks they went fighting to Troy;
The Trojans they came out to meet 'em:
'Tis known to each little schoolboy
How the Greeks they horse-jockey'd and beat 'em.

"No house in that day was secured;
They made them too hot for their holders;
And Æneas, not being insured,
Pack'd off with his dad on his shoulders,
Singing Rumpti," etc.

This was intolerable. A man who would mention a husband's father thus irreverently, could only wait for an opportunity in order to lampoon a wife's mother. Jack is, consequently, suffering under the ban of the Finsbury empire.

This reminds me of an odd incident that happened under my cognisance before I had a wife's mother. I went one night into the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre. When young girls are called upon to perform in London playhouses, it is customary for their mothers to come to look after them, to adjust their dress, rub their cheeks with a rouged hare's-foot, and prevent viscounts from falling in love with them. It so happened that five young girls were wanted in the drama; the consequence was that five black-bonneted mothers blockaded the green-room. "Did you ever see anything

like it?" ejaculated Munden, in an undertone; "I'll bring my own mother to-morrow night; I've as much right as they have!"—Munden's mother!!!

I own I am puzzled to know what my wife will do when my wife's mother dies, which, in the course of nature, she must do first. The laws of this country prevent her from mounting the pile like a Hindoo widow, or descending into the grave like Sinbad the sailor. But I will not anticipate so lamentable an epoch.

Two incidents more and I have done. We went, last Wednesday, with my uncle George and my wife's mother, to Covent Garden Theatre, to see *Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians*, whom, by the way, my wife's mother mistook for defeated Burmese. Miss M. Glover and Miss J. Scott acted two flying Gowries, and were swinging across the stage, when Mrs. Cumming expressed a wish to go home. "No, no, wait a little," said my uncle, looking upward to the theatrical firmament, "I'm quite uneasy about those two girls; I hope they'll soon settle."

Last-Sunday Doctor Stubble gave us an excellent sermon—the subject was the fall of man—in which he descanted eloquently upon the happiness of Adam in Paradise. "Alas!" ejaculated I to myself as we walked homeward, "his happiness even there must have been incomplete; his wife had no mother!"

THE VALUE OF A WORD.

FROM "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FREDERIC REYNOLDS."

BY HIMSELF.

WANTING to walk on the pier (at Calais), I asked the *garçon*, who spoke English very tolerably, the French for it. He, thinking as *Milord Anglais* I could mean nothing but peer, a lord, replied *paire*. Away I then went, and passing over the market-place, and drawbridge, stumbled on the pier, without having had occasion to inquire my way to it by the *garçon's* novel appellation. There I remained, strutting my half-hour, till dinner-time.

At the *table d'hôte*, the commandant of the troops of the town sat next me; and among other officers and gentlemen at the table, were the President of the Council at Ratisbon, a Russian count, and several Prussians, in all amounting to about twenty—not one of whom, as it appeared to me, spoke a word of English.

I thought I could never please a Frenchman so much as by praising his town. "Monsieur," I said condescendingly to the commandant, "J'ai vu votre paire," meaning, "I have seen your pier;" but which he naturally understood, "I have seen your *père* (father)." This address from a perfect stranger surprised him. "Il est beau et grand, monsieur," I continued. The commandant examined me from head to foot, with an astonishment that imparted to me an almost equal share. I saw there was a mistake, and I attempted to explain by pronouncing very articulately—

"Oui, monsieur, j'ai vu votre *paire*—votre *paire*, sur-le-havre."

"Eh bien, monsieur," replied the commandant, "et que vous a-t-il dit?" (what did he say to you?)

I was astounded, and looking round the room for the keeper to the supposed madman, I discovered that the eyes of the whole of the company were upon me.

"Monsieur," I cried, again attempting to explain, with as much deliberation and precision, and in as good French, as I could command—"Monsieur, est-il possible que vous résidez ici, et que vous ne connoissez pas votre *paire*—votre *paire*—si long?"

This speech only increased the incomprehensibility of the whole conversation; and the commandant beginning, in rather *haut en bas* terms, to demand an explanation, like all cowards when driven into a corner I became desperate.

"Monsieur," I cried, somewhat boisterously, "il faut que vous connoissez votre *paire!* le *paire* de votre ville, qui est fait de pierre, et a la tête de bois, et à ce moment on travaille à lui raccommoder sa fin, à laquelle le vent a fait du mal."

This was the *coup de grace* to all the decorum; every Frenchman abandoned himself to his laughter, till the room fairly shook with their shouts, and even the commandant himself could not help joining them.

"Allow me, sir," said a gentleman whom I had not previously observed——

"My dear sir," interrupted I, "you are an Englishman—pray, pray, explain!"

"Sir," he replied, "you have just told this gentleman," pointing to the commandant, "that his father is the father of the whole town, that he is made of stone, but has a wooden head; and at this moment the workmen are engaged in mending his end, that the wind has damaged."

I was paralysed. "Tell me," I cried, as if my life depended on an answer, "what is the French for pier?"

"*Jetée*," he replied, "or according to the common people, *pont*."

I had scarcely sense enough left to assist the Englishman in his good-natured attempts to unravel the error. He succeeded, however, and then commenced in French an explanation to the officers. At this moment the waiter informed me that the St. Omer diligence was about to depart. I rushed from the scene of my disgrace, and stepped into the vehicle, just as the termination of the Englishman's recital exploded an additional *éclat de rire* at my expense.

ASPIRING MISS DE LAINE.

A CHEMICAL NARRATIVE. BY BRET HARTE.

CERTAIN facts which serve to explain
The physical charms of Miss Addie De Laine,
Who, as the common reports obtain,
Surpassed in complexion the lily and rose;
With a very sweet mouth and a *retroussé* nose;
A figure like Hebe's, or that which revolves
In a milliner's window, and partially solves
That question which mentor and moralist pains,
If grace may exist *minus* feeling or brains.
Of course the young lady had beaux by the score,
All that she wanted—what girl could ask more?—
Lovers that sighed, and lovers that swore,
Lovers that danced, and lovers that played,
Men of profession, of leisure, and trade;
But one, who was destined to take the high part
Of holding that mythical treasure, her heart—
This lover, the wonder and envy of town,
Was a practising chemist—a fellow called Brown.

I might here remark that 'twas doubted by many,
In regard to the heart, if Miss Addie had any;
But no one could look in that eloquent face,
With its exquisite outline and features of grace,
And mark, through the transparent skin, how the tide
Ebbed and flowed at the impulse of passion or pride—
None could look who believed in the blood's circulation
As argued by Harvey, but saw confirmation
That here, at least, nature had triumphed o'er art,
And, as far as complexion went, she had a heart.

But this *par parenthesis*. Brown was the man
Preferred of all others to carry her fan,
Hook her glove, drape her shawl, and do all that a belle
May demand of the lover she wants to treat well.
Folks wondered and stared that a fellow called Brown—
Abstracted and solemn, in manner a clown,
Ill-dressed, with a lingering smell of the shop—
Should appear as her escort at party or hop.
Some swore he had cooked up some villanous charm,
Or love philter, not in the regular Pharm-
Acopœa, and thus, from pure *malis prepense*,
Had bewitched and bamboozled the young lady's sense;
Others thought, with more reason, the secret to lie
In a magical wash or indelible dye;
While Society, with its censorious eye
And judgment impartial, stood to condemn
What wasn't improper as being a sham.

For a fortnight the townfolk had all been agog
With a party, the finest the season had seen,
To be given in honour of Miss Pollywog,
Who was just coming out as a belle of sixteen.
The guests were invited; but one night before,
A carriage drew up at the modest back-door
Of Brown's lab'ratory; and, full in the glare
Of a big purple bottle, some closely-veiled fair
Alighted and entered: to make matters plain,
Spite of veils and disguises—'twas Addie De Laine.

As a bower for true love, 'twas hardly the one
That a lady would choose to be wooed in or won:
No odour of rose or sweet jessamine's sigh
Breathed a fragrance to hallow their pledge of troth by,
Nor the balm that exhales from the odorous thyme;
But the gaseous effusions of chloride of lime,
And salts, which your chemist delights to explain,
As the base of the smell of the rose and the drain.
Think of this, oh ye lovers of sweetness! and know
What you smell when you snuff up Lubin or Pinaud.

I pass by the greetings, the transports and bliss,
Which of course duly followed a meeting like this,
And come down to business; for such the intent
Of the lady who now o'er the crucible leant,
In the glow of a furnace of carbon and lime,
Like a fairy called up in the new pantomime;
And give but her words, as she coyly looked down
In reply to the questioning glances of Brown:
"I am taking the drops and am using the paste,
And the little white powders that had a sweet taste,
Which you told me would brighten the glance of my eye,
And the depilatory, and also the dye.
And I'm charmed with the trial; and now, my dear Brown,
I have one other favour—now, ducky, don't frown—
Only one, for a chemist and genius like you
But a trifle, and one you can easily do.

Now listen: to-morrow, you know, is the night
Of the birthday *soirée* of that Pollywog fright;
And I'm to be there, and the dress I shall wear
Is *too* lovely; but"—"But what then, *ma chère?*"
Said Brown, as the lady came to a full stop,

And glanced round the shelves of the little black shop.
"Well, I want—I want something to fill out the skirt
To the proper dimension, without being girt
In a stiff crinoline, or caged in a hoop
That shows through one's skirt like the bars of a coop;
Something light, that a lady may waltz in or polk,
With a freedom that none but you masculine folk
Ever know. For, however poor woman aspires,
She's always bound down to the earth by these wires.
Are you listening? nonsense! don't stare like a spoon,
Idiotic; some light thing, and spacious, and soon—
Something like—well, in fact—something like a balloon!"
Here she paused; and here Brown, overcome by surprise,
Gave a doubting assent with still wondering eyes,
And the lady departed. But just at the door
Something happened—'tis true it had happened before
In this sanctum of science—a sibilant sound,
Like some element just from its trammels unbound,
Or two substances that their affinities found.

The night of the anxiously looked-for *soirée*
Had come, with its fair ones in gorgeous array;
With the rattle of wheels, and the tinkle of bells,
And the "How do ye do's," and the "Hope you are well's;"
And the crash in the passage, and last lingering look

You give as you hang your best hat on the hook;
The rush of hot air, as the door opens wide;
And your entry—that blending of self-possessed pride
And humility shown in your perfect-bred stare

At the folk, as if wondering how they got there;
With other tricks worthy of Vanity Fair.
Meanwhile that safe topic, the heat of the room,
Already was losing its freshness and bloom;
Young people were yawning and wondering when
The dance would come off, and why didn't it then.
When a vague expectation was filling the crowd,
Lo, the door swung its hinges with utterance proud!
And Pompey announced, with a trumpet-like strain,
The entrance of Brown and Miss Addie De Laine.

She entered: but oh, how imperfect the verb
To express to the senses her movement superb!
To say that she "sailed in," more clearly might tell
Her grace in its buoyant and billowy swell.
Her robe was a vague circumambient space,
With shadowy boundaries made of point lace.
The rest was but guess-work, and well might defy
The power of critical feminine eye
To define or describe: 'twere as futile to try
The gossamer web of the cirrus to trace,
Floating far in the blue of a warm summer sky.

Midst the humming of praises and glances of beaux,
That greet our fair maiden wherever she goes,
Brown slipped like a shadow, grim, silent, and black,
With a look of anxiety, close in her track.
Once he whispered aside in her delicate ear
A sentence of warning—it might be of fear:
"Don't stand in a draught, if you value your life."
(Nothing more—such advice might be given your wife

Or your sweetheart, in times of bronchitis and cough,
Without mystery, romance, or frivolous scoff.)
But hark to the music: the dance has begun.
The closely-draped windows wide open are flung;
The notes of the piccolo, joyous and light,
Like bubbles burst forth on the warm summer night.
Round about go the dancers, in circles they fly;
Trip, trip, go their feet as their skirts eddy by,
And swifter and lighter, but somewhat too plain,
Whisks the fair circumvolving Miss Addie De Laine.

Taglioni and Cerito well might have pined
For the vigour and ease that her movements combined;
E'en Rigalboche never flung higher her robe
In the naughtiest city that's known on the globe.
'Twas amazing, 'twas scandalous: lost in surprise,
Some opened their mouths and a few shut their eyes.

But hark! At the moment Miss Addie De Laine,
Circling round at the outer edge of an ellipse,
Which brought her fair form to the window again,
From the arms of her partner incautiously slips!
And a shriek fills the air, and the music is still,
And the crowd gather round where her partner forlorn
Still frenziedly points from the wide window-sill
Into space and the night—for Miss Addie was gone!

Gone like the bubble that bursts in the sun;
Gone like the grain when the reaper is done;
Gone like the dew on the fresh morning grass;
Gone without parting farewell; and, alas!
Gone with a flavour of Hydrogen Gas.

* * * * *

When the weather is pleasant, you frequently meet
A white-headed man slowly pacing the street;
His trembling hand shading his lack-lustre eye,
Half-blind with continually scanning the sky.

Rumour points him as some astronomical sage,
Re-perusing by day the celestial page;
But the reader sagacious will recognise Brown,
Trying vainly to conjure his lost sweetheart down,
And learn the stern moral this story must teach,
That Genius may lift its love out of its reach.

KING O'TOOLE AND ST. KEVIN.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

"Av coorse y'iv often heerd o' King O'Toole, your honour?"

"Never," said I.

"Musha, thin, do you tell me sc?" said he; "by gor, I thought all the world, far and near, heerd o' King O'Toole—well, well! but the darkness of mankind is ontellible. Well, sir, you must know, as you didn't hear it afore, that there was wanst a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that owned the Churches in the airly days."

"Surely," said I, "the Churches were not in King O'Toole's time?"

"Oh, by no manes, your honour—throth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The Churches,' bekase they wor built afther by Saint Kavin, and wint by the name o' the Churches iver more; and, therefore, av coorse, the place bein' so called, I say that the king owned the Churches—and why not, sir, seein' 'twas his birthright, time out o' mind, beyant the flood? Well, the king, you see, was the right sort—he was the rale boy, and loved sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partic'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer: and the fine times them wor; for the deer was as plinty thin, ay throth, far plintyer than the sheep is now; and that's the way it was with the king, from the crow o' the cock to the song o' the redbreast.

* * * * *

"Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but, you see, in coorse o' time the king grew owld, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got sthricken in years his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o' divarshin, bekase he couldn't go a-huntin' no longer; and, by dad, the poor king was obleeged at last for to get a goose to divart him."

Here an involuntary smile was produced by this regal mode of recreation, "the royal game of goose."

"Oh, you may laugh if you like," said he, half affronted, "but it's thruth I'm tellin' you; and the way the goose divarted him was this-a-way: you see, the goose used for to swim acrass the lake, and go down divin' for throut (and not finer throut in all Ireland than the same throut), and cotch fish on a Friday for the king, and flew every other day round about the lake divartin' the poor king, that you'd think he'd break his sides laughin' at the frolicsome tricks av his goose; so, in coorse o' time, the goose was the greatest pet in the counthry and the biggest rogue, and divarted the king to no end, and the poor king was as happy as the day was long. So that's the way it was; and all went on mighty well, antil, by dad, the goose got sthricken in years, as well as the king, and grewn stiff in the limbs, like her masther, and couldn't divart him no longer; and then it was that the poor king was lost complate, and didn't know what in the wide world to do, seein' he was gone out of all divarshin, by raison that the goose was no more in the flower of her blume.

* By kind permission of the Publishers.

"Well, the king was nigh hand broken-hearted, and melancholy intirely, and was walkin' one mornin' by the edge of the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, an' thinkin' o' drownin' himself, that could get no divarshin in life, when all of a suddint, turnin' round the corner beyant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin' up to him.

"'God save you,' says the king (for the king was a civil-spoken gintleman, by all accounts), 'God save you,' says he to the young man.

"'God save you kindly,' says the young man to him back again; 'God save you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.'

"'Thrue for you,' says the king, 'I am King O'Toole,' says he, 'prince and plennypennytinchery o' these parts,' says he; 'but how kem ye to know that?' says he.

"'Oh, never mind,' says Saint Kavin.

"For you see," said old Joe, in his under tone again, and looking very knowingly, "it *was* Saint Kavin, sure enough—the saint himself in disguise, and nobody else. 'Oh, never mind,' says he, 'I know more than that,' says he, 'nor twice that.'

"'And who are you?' says the king, 'that makes so bowld—who are you, at all at all?'

"'Oh, never you mind,' says Saint Kavin, 'who I am; you'll know more of me before we part, King O'Toole,' says he.

"'I'll be proud o' the knowledge o' your acquaintance, sir,' says the king, mighty p'lite.

"'Throth, you may say that,' says Saint Kavin. 'And now, may I make bowld to ax, how is your goose, King O'Toole?' says he.

"'Blur-an'-agers! how kem you to know about my goose?' says the king.

"'Oh, no matther; I was given to understand it,' says Saint Kavin.

"'Oh, that's a folly to talk,' says the king; 'bekase myself and my goose is private friends,' says he, 'and no one could tell you,' says he, 'barrin' the fairies.'

"'Oh, thin, it wasn't the fairies,' says Saint Kavin; 'for I'd have you to know,' says he, 'that I don't keep the likes o' sitch company.'

"'You might do worse then, my gay fellow,' says the king; 'for it's they could show you a crock o' money as aisy as kiss hand; and that's not to be sneezed at,' says the king, 'by a poor man,' says he.

"'Maybe I've a betther way of making money myself,' says the saint.

"By gor,' says the king, 'barrin' you're a coiner,' says he, 'that's impossible!'

"'I'd scorn to be the like, my lord!' says Saint Kavin, mighty high, 'I'd scorn to be the like,' says he.

"'Then, what are you,' says the king, 'that makes money so aisy, by your own account?'

"'I'm an honest man,' says Saint Kavin.

"'Well, honest man,' says the king, 'and how is it you make your money so aisy?'

"'By makin' ould things as good as new,' says Saint Kavin.

"'Is it a tinker you are?' says the king.

"'No,' says the saint; 'I'm no tinker by thrade, King O'Toole; I've a betther thrade than a tinker,' says he—'what would you say,' says he, 'if I made your ould goose as good as new?'

"My dear, at the word o' making his goose as good as new, you'd think the poor ould king's eyes was ready to jump out iv his head, and says he, 'Throth thin I'd give you more money nor you could count,' says he, 'if you did the like; and I'd be behoulden to you into the bargain.'

"'I scorn your dirty money,' says Saint Kavin.

"'Faith, thin, I'm thinkin' a thrifle o' change would do you no harm,' says the king, lookin' up sly at the old caubeen that Saint Kavin had on him.

"'I have a vow agin it,' says the saint; 'and I am book-sworn,' says he, 'never to have goold, silver, or brass in my company.'

"'Barrin' the thrifle you can't help,' says the king, mighty 'cute, and looking him straight in the face.

"'You just hot it,' says Saint Kavin; 'but though I can't take money,' says he, 'I could take a few acres o' land, if you'd give them to me.'

"'With all the veins o' my heart,' says the king, 'if you can do what you say.'

"'Thry me!' says Saint Kavin. 'Call down your goose here,' says he, 'and I'll see what I can do for her.'

"'With that, the king whistled, and down kem the poor goose, all as one as a hound, waddlin' up to the poor ould cripple, her masther, and as like him as two pays. The minute the saint clapt his eyes an the goose, 'I'll do the job for you,' says he, 'King O'Toole!'

"'By Jaminee,' says King O'Toole, 'if you do, bud I'll say you're the cleverest fellow in the sivin parishes.'

"'Oh, by dad,' says Saint Kavin, 'you must say more nor that—my horn's not so soft all out,' says he, 'as to repair your ould goose for nothin'; what'll you gi' me if I do the job for you?—that's the chat,' says Saint Kavin.

"'I'll give you whatever you ax,' says the king; 'isn't that fair?'

"'Divil a fairer,' says the saint; 'that's the way to do business. Now,' says he, 'this is the bargain I'll make with you, King O'Toole: will you gi' me all the ground the goose flies over, the first offer, afther I make her as good as new?'

"'I will,' says the king.

"'You won't go back o' your word?' says Saint Kavin.

"'Honour bright,' says King O'Toole, howldin' out his fist."

Here old Joe, after applying his hand to his mouth, and making a sharp blowing sound (something like "*thp*"), extended it to illustrate the action.

"'Honour bright,' says Saint Kavin, back agin, 'it's a bargain,' says he. 'Come here!' says he to the poor ould goose—'come here, you unfort'nate ould cripple,' says he, 'and it's I that 'ill make you the sportin' bird.'

"With that, my dear, he tuk up the goose by the two wings—'Criss o' my crass an you,' says he, markin' her to grace with the blessed sign at the same minute—and throwin' her up in the air, 'whew!' says he, jist givin' her a blast to help her; and with that, my jewel, she tuk to her heels, flyin' like one o' the aigles themselves, and cuttin' as many capers as a swallow before a shower of rain. Away she wint down there, right forninst you, along the side o' the clift, and flew over

Saint Kavin's bed (that is where Saint Kavin's bed is now, but was not thin, by raison it wasn't made, but was conthrived afther by Saint Kavin himself, that the women might lave him alone), and on with her undher Lugduff, and round the ind av the lake there, far beyant where you see the watherfall (though indeed it's no watherfall at all now, but only a poor dhribble iv a thing; but if you seen it in the winther, it id do your heart good, and it roarin' like mad, and as white as the dhriven snow, and rowlin' down the big rocks before it, all as one as childher playin' marbles)—and on with her thin right over the lead mines o' Luganure (that is where the lead mines is now, but was not thin, by raison they worn't discovered, but was all goold in Saint Kavin's time). Well, over the ind o' Luganure she flew, stout and studdy, and round the other ind av the little lake, by the Churches (that is, av coorse, where the Churches is now, but was not thin, by raison they wor not built, but afterwards by Saint Kavin), and over the big hill here over your head, where you see the big clift (and that clift in the mountain was made by Fin Ma Cool where he cut it acrass with a big swoord, that he got made a purpose by a blacksmith out o' Rathdrum, a cousin av his own, for to fight a joyant [giant] that darr'd him an the Curragh o' Kildare; and he thried the swoord first an the mountain, and cut it down into a gap, as is plain to this day; and faith, sure enough, it's the same sauce he sarv'd the joyant, soon and sudden, and chopped him in two like a pratie, for the glory of his sowl and owld Ireland)—well, down she flew, over the clift, and fluttherin' over the wood there at Poulanass (where I showed you the purty watherfall—and by the same token, last Thursday was a twelvemonth sence, a young lady, Miss Rafferty by name, fell into the same watherfall, and was nigh hand drownded—and indeed would be to this day, but for a young man that jumped in afther her; indeed a smart slip iv a young man he was—he was out o' Francis Street, I hear, and coorted her sence, and they wor married, I'm given to understand—and indeed a purty couple they wor)—well, as I said, afther flutterin' over the wood a little bit, to plaze herself, the goose flew down, and lit at the fut o' the king, as fresh as a daisy, afther flyin' roun' his dominions, just as if she hadn't flew three perch.

"Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king standin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor ould goose flyin' as light as a lark, and betther nor ever she was; and when she lit at his fut, he patted her an the head, and 'Mavourneen,' says he, 'but you are the darlint o' the world.'

"'And what do you say to me,' says Saint Kavin, 'for makin' her the like?'

"'By gor,' says the king, 'I say nothin' bates the art o' man, barrin' the bees.'

"'And do you say no more than that?' says Saint Kavin.

"'And that I'm behoulden to you,' says the king.

"But will you gi' me all the ground the goose flewn over?' says Saint Kavin.

"'I will,' says King O'Toole, 'and you're welkim to it,' says he, 'though it's the last acre I have to give.'

"'But you'll keep your word thrue?' says the saint.

"'As thrue as the sun,' says the king.

"'It's well for you,' says Saint Kavin, mighty sharp—'it's well for you, King O'Toole, that you said that word,' says he; 'for if you didn't say that word, the divil receave the bit o' your goose id ever fly agin,' says Saint Kavin.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," said old Joe, half offended at detecting the trace of a suppressed smile—"you needn't laugh, for it's thruth I'm telling you.

"Well, whin the king was as good as his word, Saint Kavin was plazed with him, and thin it was that he made himself known to the king. 'And,' says he, 'King O'Toole, you're a dacent man,' says he; 'for I only kem here to thry you. You don't know me,' says he, 'bekase I'm disguised.'

"'Throth, then, you're right enough,' says the king, 'I didn't perceave it,' says he; 'for indeed I never seen the sign o' sper'ts an you.'

"'Oh! that's not what I mane,' says Saint Kavin; 'I mane I'm deceavin' you all out, and that I'm not myself at all.'

"'Musha! thin,' says the king, 'if you're not yourself, who are you?'

"'I'm Saint Kavin,' said the saint, blessin' himself.

"'Oh, queen iv heaven!' says the king, makin' the sign o' the crass betune his eyes, and fallin' down on his knees before the saint. 'Is it the great Saint Kavin,' says he, 'that I've been discoorsin' all this time without knowin' it,' says he, 'all as one as if he was a lump iv a gossoon?—and so you're a saint?' says the king.

"'I am,' says Saint Kavin.

"'By gor, I thought I was only talking to a dacent boy,' says the king.

"'Well, you know the differ now,' says the saint. 'I'm Saint Kavin,' says he, 'the greatest of all the saints.'

"Well, my dear, that's the way that the place kem, all at wanst, into the hands of Saint Kavin; for the goose flewn round every individyial acre o' King O'Toole's property, you see, bein' let into the saycret by Saint Kavin, who was mighty 'cute; and so, when he done the ould king out iv his property for the glory of God, he was plazed with him, and he and the king was the best o' frinds iver more afther (for the poor ould king was dotin', you see); and the king had his goose as good as new, to divart him as long as he lived; and the saint supported him afther he kem into his property, as I tould you, antil the day iv his death—and that was soon afther; for the poor goose thought he was ketchin' a throut one Friday, but, my jewel, it was a mistake he made—and instead of a throut, it was a thievin' horse-eel; and, by gor, instead iv the goose killin' a throut for the king's supper, by dad, the eel killed the king's goose—and small blame to him; but he didn't ate her, bekase he darn't ate what Saint Kavin laid his blessed hands on.

"Howsumdever, the king never recovered the loss iv his goose, though he had her stuffed (I don't mane stuffed with pratees and inyans, but as a curiosity), and preserved in a glass-case for his own divarshin; and the poor king died on the next Michaelmas-day, which was remarkable—throth, it's thruth I'm tellin' you—and when he was gone, Saint Kavin gev him an illigant wake and a beautiful berrin'; and more betoken, he said mass for his soul and tuk care av his goose."

CALEB QUOTEM'S SHOP.

QUOTEM. Wife! where are you? Mrs. Quotem, I say! look to the shop! Silence in the school, there. Be good boys—mind your writing and ciphering. I'm coming in directly. Here, Dick! Dick Drudge, where are you?

Dick. Here, sir.

Quot. Come *here*, then, as the poet says. What have you been doing these four hours?

Dick. As you ordered me, sir. After helping you to chime the bells for prayers, I drove out the dogs and boys playing in the church-porch. While you were singing psalms, I carried the drugs and drenching-horn to old Leach, the farrier. Coming back, I met the vicar, who bade me run to Ben the barber for his best wig, as he was going to the wedding-dinner.

Quot. A good lad; try to please everybody.

Dick. I do, sir. I thrashed young Master Jackey just now, handsomely.

Quot. For what?

Dick. He was making fun, sir, of blind Bob the fiddler, who came to our shop for a hap'orth of rosin.

Quot. Oh, he musn't offend a customer. Well, what else? as the poet says.

Dick. Why, sir, I filled the drawer with yellow ochre, ground the green paint, bottled the red ink, blacked the shoes, and white-washed the chimney-corner.

Quot. Talking of white-washing puts me in mind of Swilltub, the great brewer, now a bankrupt—has he sent for the handbills we printed?

Dick. Yes, sir; and desired you to put a new light into his dark lantern. A job for you, too, in the glazing line, over the way at the public-house—Sam Solid, dead drunk, turning round, broke three squares of the bow-window.

Quot. That must wait till to-morrow. Have you mixed up the medicine for the mad Methodist parson?

Dick. Yes, sir; but there's no more bark.

Quot. Talking of bark puts me in mind of my little terrier dog—have you fed him?

Dick. Oh, yes; a terrible good one for vermin—he'll kill all the rats in the parish.

Quot. Oh, then kill *him*, or he'll hurt the sale of arsenic.

Dick. Ecod, right, master; we sell as much poison as all the doctors in the parish.

Quot. Talking of poison, have you taken the last new novel out of the girls' school-room? as the poet says.

Dick. Yes, sir; hang it! I wonder how you spare time for poets and books—so much business; but there—you be often painting and writing poetry at the same time.

Quot. Poetry and painting are nearly the same thing, Dick.

Dick. That be what I thought myself; so, as I mixed up colours for one, I'd a mind to try my hand at the other. Yesterday I set-to with a bit of chalk, and got on famously. I finished the first line in a crack, but when I got to the end of the second I could not think of a rhyme, and so I—stuck fast.

Quot. (*Aside*) Bother the fellow! if he takes to poetry I shall get no work done. (*Aloud*) Don't try again, Dick—one poet's enough in a family.

Dick. That be what mistress do say, sir. She complains that poetry has spoilt you, and that you don't do half what you used to do.

Quot. She's mistaken; I only change about—don't stick so much to the same job. Now, Dick, for business. You've done all the jobs I set you about?

Dick. Yes, sir, you may be certain of that.

Quot. Why, I believe you're pretty punctual, though not always so expeditious as I could wish. Sure, though somewhat slow, as Swift says.

Dick. Oh, you may depend upon me.

Quot. Did you run with the articles I wrapped up this morning?

Dick. Odd rabbit it! no—I quite forgot. Here they be [brings forward two parcels]. What's this?—[reads] "For"—Hang it! sir, I can't well make out the directions—you wrote in such a hurry.

Quot. No! mine's a good running hand.

Dick. Running! I think it be galloping, the letters seem to be scampering away from one another so fast, there's no catching them.

Quot. Let me see; that's for Squire Fudge—this for the attorney's clerk in the next street.

Dick. Squire Fudge! Oh, the old gentleman who lately married his smart young housekeeper. What be the articles, sir?

Quot. Essence of hartshorn, a pair of spectacles, and a quire of large foolscap.

Dick. For old Fudge?

Quot. And a quizzing-glass for the attorney's clerk.

Dick. I'll go with them directly, and when I come back, take my lunch. Oh, sir, our beer do want drinking sadly, it be getting sour.

Quot. Talking of what's sour, where's your mistress?

Dick. Busy among her scholars in the house.

Quot. Right! let her stay there; she's *in* and I'm *out*, as Ovid says. Take my apron—I'm off. As to my wife——

Dick. Hush! she'll hear you and be angry.

Quot. Nonsense! who rules? Am not I (as Milton says) "cock of the walk?" Get you gone, and haste back, as I am going out soon—I've peeped into the school.

Dick. I'm afraid the boys will play the dickens when they find you're from home; what am I to do?

Quot. Flog 'em all round.

Dick. I will, sir; I've put a new rod in pickle on purpose. [*Exit.*

Quot. Now go I to make a bold push for a fresh customer, as Cowley says. Busy day! a wedding this morning—and talking of wedding puts me in mind of a christening. Festival, too, in the next parish! fine fun going on—bull-baiting, boxing, and backsword—jumping in sacks, grinning match, and donkey race. I promised to meet the change-ringers—hope I shall be in time just to take a touch at triple-bobs, as the poet says. [*Exit.*

THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS-SHAY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah! but stay,
I'll tell you what happen'd without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five:
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake-day
That the deacon finished the one-hoss-shay.
Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always somewhere a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or cross-bar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,
Above or below, or within or without;
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

But the deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown:
"Fur," said the deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;*
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "settler's ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em;

Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I'll tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less.
Colts grew horses, beards turn'd grey,
Deacon and deaconess dropp'd away,
Children and grand-children—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED: it came and found
The deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten:
"Hahnsum kerridge" they call'd it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came:
Running as usual much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,
Without both feeling and looking queer.

* Shafts.

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth
(This is a moral that runs at large ;
Take it. You're welcome. No extra charge).

FIRST OF NOVEMBER—the earthquake-day :
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, for the deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree* neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle, and hub† *encore*.
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt,
In another hour it will be worn out;

First of November, 'fifty-five :
This morning the parson takes a drive.

Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
Drawn by a rat-tail'd, ewe-neck'd bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopp'd perplex'd
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the earthquake-shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?—
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic is logic—that's all I say.

* Splinter-bar. † Nave.

THE LOGUE FAMILY.

THE crier of a county court was, upon a certain occasion, required to go to the court-house door, and, as is usual in the absence of a witness, call out for Philip Logue, one of the sons of Erin, who was summoned in a certain case then pending. The man of the bâton, accordingly, stepping to the door, sang out at the top of his voice, "Philip Logue!"

A wag of a lawyer, happening to be passing the door at the time, whispered in his ear, "Epilogue, also."

"Epi Logue!" sang out the crier.

"Decalogue," said the lawyer in an undertone.

"Deca Logue!" again sang out the crier at the top of his voice.

"Apologue," whispered the lawyer.

"Apo Logue!" reiterated the crier, at the same time expostulating with the lawyer, "You certainly want the whole family of the Logues."

"Prologue," said the persevering lawyer.

"Pro Logue!" rang again through the halls of the court-house, from the stentorian lungs of the public crier, attracting the attention of everybody, and shocking even the tympanum of the dignitaries on the bench themselves, who, not understanding the cause of his vociferousness, dispatched the sheriff, with all haste, to stop the crier from his further summonses of the family of the Logues.

ABSURDITIES.

To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty.—To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it.—To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week.—To ask a wine-merchant how old his wine is.—To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it.—To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache.—To spend your earnings on liquor, and wonder that you are ragged.—To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November.—To suppose that reviewers generally read more than the title-page of the works they praise or condemn.—Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bed-time."—To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves.—To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them.—To render a man a service voluntarily, and expect him to be grateful for it.—To expect to make people honest by hardening them in a gaol, and afterwards sending them adrift without the means of getting work.—To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it.—To say that a man is charitable because he subscribes to an hospital.—To keep a dog or a cat on short allowance, and complain of its being a thief.—To degrade human nature in the hope of improving it.—To praise the beauty of a woman's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to somebody else.—To expect that your tradespeople will give you long credit if they generally see you in shabby clothes.—To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity your fellow-creatures may be guilty of.

A VALENTINE.

IN a place not a hundred miles from Dublin, a young man of the name of Cook sent the following valentine to his sweetheart, who rejoiced in the name of Crozier:—

"I would I were a bishop;
The reason you may guess;
For if a bishop I could be,
A Crozier I'd possess."

To which he received the following reply:—

"I do not wish your plan success;
The reason you may see;
For though a Crozier you'd possess,
I but a Cook should be."

FRIENDLY SAYINGS.

A BELLMAKER, endeavouring to sell a large bell to a Quaker gentleman, remarked that it would be very useful in the country, for it would not only serve as a dinner-bell, but would also, in case of an attempt to break into the house, enable the inmates to give an alarm to the surrounding neighbourhood. "Friend," replied the Quaker gentleman, after listening attentively to these recommendations, "I will not purchase thy bell; for if I put it to both these uses, how should my friends distinguish between a late dinner and an early burglary?"

A TRAVELLER once lost on a Yorkshire moor, after desperately pursuing a rather hopeless track for some time, had the good fortune to meet a member of a shrewd and plain-speaking sect. "This is the way to York, is it not?" said the traveller; to which the other replied, "Friend, first thou tellest a lie, and then thou askest a question."

"FRIEND JOHN,—I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called attorneys, and let him take out an instrument with a seal thereunto, by means whereof we may seize the outer tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lambskin men at Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by.—Thy friend, B. C."

IRISH ECHOES.

BEAUTY and gaiety, wit, wine, and worth, made that day's dinner the most charming of domestic convivialities, and it was succeeded by many equally delightful. The custom was (when the elements were propitious), after the removal of the cloth, to enjoy the dessert and wine *al fresco*, in the portico. One of the pastimes on such occasions was a remarkable echo, which the rector used to call his oracle; the mode of consulting it being to frame the question so that the last word or syllable would be a plausible answer, on the plan of a well-known dialogue of Erasmus.

"Now you shall hear, Mr. Vivyan, how well our echo understands the state of Ireland." Then he proceeded to catechise the nymph as follows, taking care to pronounce the final words of each sentence in a sufficiently loud tone:—

"What is the chief source of the evils of Ireland?"—*Land.*

"What is the state of Munster?"—*Stir.*

"What are they doing in Connaught?"—*Naught.*

"Why don't they reclaim their morasses?"—*Asses.*

"Should we not excite them to industry?"—*Try.*

"Inform us what the derivation of Erin is?"—*Erinnys.* (The ancient name of the Furies.)

Then the curate, with his stentorian lungs, uttered the following interrogatories, shaped with a view to show that the echo was of his way of thinking:—

"What would you give the Catholics?"—*Licks.*

"Who best deserves a fat rectory?"—*Tory.*

But the echo answered questions of another kind, equally to the satisfaction of the company, for on being asked, "In what wine shall we drink the health of Colonel Dabzac?" the airy tongue replied, with the same promptitude and sharp distinctness, *Sack.*

PADDY AND THE BEAR.

ABOUT the time I was a boy, Archy Thompson lived in Cushendall, lower part of the county Antrim. He was a great man; kept a grocer's shop, was like Jack Factotum —sold everything portable; he was a ponderous fellow, wore a wig like a beehive, and was called King of Cushendall. He one night found a male child at the shop-door, some months old; he embraced it—swore he would keep it, and was as fond of him as ever Squire Allworthy was of Tom Jones. A woman was sent for to nurse him; they called her Snouter Shaughnessy, because she wanted the nose. Paddy (for so he was christened) soon grew a stout, well-built fellow; and to show his gratitude (for Paddy had a heart), would do all about the house himself. He was like Scrub in the *Beaux' Stratagem*, servant of all work; he milked the cow, he cleared the byre, and thatched it; he went to market; he soled the shoes; he cleaned the knives; he shaved; and powdered his master's wig, which after being drenched in a journey, he would put a poker in the fire, and change it from its state of flaccidity to its pristine form, as well as Charley Boyand, or ever a peruke-maker among them. Paddy's delight was in frequenting wakes, listening with avidity to anything marvellous. His master being at Belfast, he went to old Brien Sollaghan's wake, where a lad just from a foreign voyage was telling stories out of the course of nature, improbable. Paddy believed all but something about blackamoors he was relating; for he swore "'twas impossible for one man to be black and another man white, for he could not be naturally black without he was painted; but I'll ask the master in the morning when he comes home, and then I'll know all about it." So he says in the morning, "Master, is there any such thing as a blackamoor?" "To be sure there is, as many as would make regiments of them, but they're all abroad." "And what makes them black?" "Why, it's the climate, they say." "And what's the climate?" "Why, I don't know: I believe it's something they rub upon them when they're very young." "They must have a deal of it, and very cheap, if there's as many of them as you say. The next time you're in Belfast, I wish you'd get a piece of it, and we'll rub little Barney over with it, and then we can have a blackamoor of our own. But as I'm going in the *Irish Volunteer* from Larne to America in the spring, I'll see them there."

Paddy went over as a redemptioner, and had to serve a time for his passage. He was sent by his master six miles from Baltimore, to the heights of Derby, on an errand.

Paddy, thinking and ruminating on the road that he had not yet seen a blackamoor, forgot the directing-post on the road, and got entangled in a forest; it happened to be deep snow, and there was a large black bear lying at the foot of a tree, which he did not observe till within a few yards of him.

"Hurra! my darling," says he, "here's one of

them now at last—queen of glory! such a nose as he has! they talk about Loughey Fudaghen's nose; why, the noses of all the Fudaghens put together would not make this fellow's nose. I never saw one of your sort before," says Paddy; "why, man, you'll get your death of cowld lying there; I have an odd tester yet left from Cushendall, and if there's a shebeen near this I'll give you a snifter, for I'd like to speak to you." "Boo!" says the bear. "Lord, what a voice he has! he could sing a roaring song." "Boo, boo!" again cries the bear. "Who are you booing at? If it's fun you're making of me, I'll ram my fist up to the elbow in you." Up gets the bear, and catches Paddy by the shoulder. "Is it for wrestling you are?—Cushendall for that—soul, but you grip too tight, my jewel; you had better take your fist out of my shoulder, or I'll take an unfair advantage of you." Paddy went to catch him by the middle: "Oh, sweet bad luck to you, you thief, and the tailor that made your breeches—you're made for wrestling, but I'll neck you." Paddy pulled out his tobacco-knife, and gave him a dart in the right place—down he fell to rise no more. "Oh, sweet father! what will become of me now?" says he. "I've killed this black blaguard, and I'll be hanged for him. Oh, what'll I do? That ever I left Cushendall! Oh, murder, murder! Oh, what will become of me?"

A gentleman, proprietor of the place, and who had blacks on his estate, comes up at the moment. "What is all this about?—what's the matter, sir?" "Nothing, but I'm from Cushendall, saving your honour's worship: I never seen a blackamoor before, and I just asked one of them to take a drop with me; but he would do nothing but make fun of me, so I gave him a prod, for I could not get a hould of him." "Stop, stop! there's a bear lying, take care." "Faith, he was going to make me bare, sure enough;

see where he tore my coat." "Was that the black-amoor you were wrestling with? Why, sir, that's a bear, that ten men in the forest could not kill." "By the holy father, I'll drop them to you for a tester a dozen," says Paddy.

The gentleman admired his courage and honest appearance so much, that he went to Baltimore, bought off his time, and made him an overseer of his estate, which place he filled with integrity; and after seventeen years' servitude, came home to his native country, left what he had to old Snouter's children, and at last had his bones laid in the same grave with his old and loving master, in the ancient burying-place of Cushendall.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipp'd their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar—so runs the ancient tale;
'Twas hammer'd by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaff'd a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas fill'd with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reach'd at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next, it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the *Mayflower* came, a hundred souls and more,
Along with all their furniture, to fill their new abodes—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and fill'd it to the brim;
The little captain stood and stirr'd the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He pour'd the fiery Hollands in—the man that never fear'd—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and pray'd—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest the screaming eagle flew—
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild hallo;
And there the sachem learn'd the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flatten'd down each little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was fill'd, but not in mirth or joy—
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good; poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep away the chill;"
So John did drink—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here:
'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past—its press'd yet fragrant flowers—
The moss that clothes its broken walls—the ivy on its towers;
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeath'd, my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanish'd joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words—"My dear, where have you been?"

WITH A BIT OF THE BROGUE.

THE question, Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put at rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whiskey. "Oh, Biddy! it's a trate intirely, to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one."

O'CONNELL, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, "this naufrageous ruffian." When afterwards asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said, "he thought it sounded well."

AN Irish servant being asked whether his master was within, replied, "No." "When will he return?" "Oh, when master gives orders to say that he is not at home, we never know when he will come in."

"WELL, Mike, and have ye heard what they're going to do with Barney Hannegan?" "Indade and I have," replied Mike; "they're going to transport him for life, but I don't believe the poor sowl will live all the time."

A POOR Irishman, who applied for a licence to sell ardent spirits, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied, "Ah! sure it is not much of a character a man needs to sell rum."

AN Irishman, in great fright and haste, rushed into Abernethy's surgery and exclaimed, "Be dad, the boy Tim has swallowed a rat!" "Then, be dad," said the doctor, "tell the boy Tim to swallow a cat."

AN athletic specimen of a man from the Emerald Isle called into the counting-room of one of our merchants, and there took off his hat to make his best bow. "The top of the morning to ye, Misther P——; I've been told ye're in want of help." "I've but little to do," replied Mr. P——, with mercantile gravity. "I'm the boy for yees. It's but little I care about doin'—shure it's the money I'm afther."

"THAT'S a favourite stream for trout, friend," observed a piscatorial acquaintance the other day, to a genuine sprig from the Emerald Isle, who was whipping away with great vigour at a well-known subscription pool. "Faith, and it must be that same, sure enough," returned Pat; "divil a one of em 'll stir out of it."

"IDLENESS covers a man with rags," says the proverb. An Irish schoolmaster, thinking to improve on this, wrote a copy for one of his boys with the proverb thus altered—"Idleness covers a man with nakedness."

A STEAMER was on a voyage when a gale came on, in which some boxes filled with herrings broke loose, so that the herrings were strewn about the deck. A tall Hibernian, who had been in the steerage, on coming up to see how the weather looked, saw the herrings floundering about, and in his dismay exclaimed, "Ah, boys, it's all up wi' us now; the very herrin' are seeking shelter on deck!"

AN excellent bull is attributed to an Irish coroner, who, remarking on the recent excessive mortality in his county, said he could not account for it, but it was a fact that great numbers of persons had died this year who had not died last.

"THE sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but in my opinion the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night time, when we really want it; whereas we have the sun with us in the day time, when we have no occasion for it."

THE coats of the Irish reapers have been described as "a parcel of holes sewed together."

"YOU are a regular muff, sir," said a traveller to another, in a great passion, whilst disputing in a London coffee-house. "Thank you," replied Mr. O'R., very coolly; "if I'm a muff, I've done my duty—I've made you warm."

"THE blackbird whistles for his dinner just like mesilf," said an Irishman to his companion. "How's that, Paddy, my darlint?" "Why, you spalpeen, don't you see that when he whistles he's calling for his mate?"

TWO WRONGS MAKE A RIGHT.

THERE are certain "arguments," so called, that might be easily controverted, if "the principle" were made "patent" (to use a hackneyed and not over-felicitous term) to the human understanding. A friend mentioned to us a case in point, up in old Saratoga, the other day. Some one had made the remark, "Two wrongs don't make a right."

"Sometimes they do," interposed a seedy-looking bystander, with a deown-East nasal twang; "they did with me once."

"How was that?" asked his interlocutor; "it is agin the very natur' of things."

"Can't help that; there was a fellow passed onto me once a one-dollar bill, and it was a counterfeit. Wasn't that wrong?"

"Certainly it was wrong if he knew it to be a counterfeit."

"Wal, expect he did; I did, any way, when I passed it onto another chap. Neow, wasn't that wrong?"

"Wrong!—of course; very wrong."

"Wal, it made me 'all right,'" was the triumphant rejoinder; "so two wrongs does make a right sometimes."

THE BANDIT'S FATE.

He wore a brace of pistols the night when first we met,
His deep-lined brow was frowning beneath his wig of jet,
His footsteps had the moodiness, his voice the hollow tone,
Of a bandit-chief who feels remorse, and tears his hair alone—
I saw him but at half-price, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.

A private bandit's belt and boots, when next we met, he wore;
His salary, he told me, was lower than before;
And standing at the O. P. wing he strove, and not in vain,
To borrow half a sovereign, which he never paid again.
I saw it but a moment—and I wish I saw it now—
As he button'd up his pocket with a condescending bow.

And once again we met—but no bandit chief was there;
His rouge was off, and gone that head of once luxuriant hair;
He lodges in a two-pair back, and at the public near
He cannot liquidate his "chalk," or wipe away his beer.
I saw him sad and seedy, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.

ALARUM.

A YANKEE has got up a capital invention to turn lazy people out of bed in the morning. The whole apparatus is stowed away in a cask, which is rolled into the room when the person is about to retire, and the contents thereupon taken out and distributed, in due form, as follows:—The first article is a Yankee clock, which is arranged on a vibration board over the top of the cask, and set at the hour required. You then, with the assistance of several men, lift the whole affair on to a chair at the head of your bed, and retire. Immediately at the hour designated the alarum runs down, and the vibration of the board sets in motion several revolving dinner-gongs, which in turn discharge a pistol aimed with precision at a peg supporting fifty pans of buck-shot. This of course upsets the whole affair, and by a curious contrivance gives an inclination to the cask; and, unless the sleeper gets out of bed marvellously quick, lands the whole concern, Yankee clock and all, on the top of him.

PLAINT OF THE OLD MAN.

Some boast of their fore-fathers—I—
I have not *one;*
I am, I think, like Joshua,
The son of *none.*

Heedless in youth, we little note
How quick time passes,
For then flows ruby wine—not sand—
In *our* glasses.

Rich friends (most poor in honour) all have fled
Sooner or later;
Psha! had they India's spices, they'd not be
A nutmeg *greater.*

I've neither chick nor child—as I have nothing, why,
'Tis lucky rather;
Yet who that hears a squalling babe wishes not to be
A little *farther?*

Some few years back, my spirits and my youth
Were quite amazing;
Brisk as a pony—or a lawyer's clerk
Just fresh from *Gray's Inn.*

What am I now?—weak, old, and poor, and by
The parish found;
Their pence keep me, while many an ass enjoys
The parish *pound.*

SHORT AND SWEET.

UNION JACKS.—Sailor friends.

THE RAW MATERIAL.—Underdone steak.

NEW NAME FOR A FOG.—The air apparent.

PLEASANT CHECKS IN LIFE.—Bank cheques.

IT is said that good musicians execute their music, while bad ones murder it.

A PARTY hearing of a dog after Landseer, wanted to know what he was after him for.

WHAT is the best kind of shooting in winter?—To have coals shot into your cellar for nothing.

A LADY who has a pretty hand is anxious to learn whether some people are more liable to burn their fingers than others, through their having taper

ones. It is difficult to say; but it would be advisable not to let a spark get at them.

"You will grow up ugly, Ada, if you make faces." "Did you make faces when you were a little girl, auntie?"

A SHOPKEEPER, recommending a piece of silk for a gown, told his customer, "Ma'am, it will wear for ever, and make a petticoat afterwards."

A CAUTIOUS old bachelor, who knows that the present is Leap Year, says, "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

"WHAT is the principal business carried on in this place?" asked a traveller of a person in the village. "The manufacture of ready-made clothing," was the reply. "You are a queer set to spend your time in the manufacture of what is already made," said the traveller.

A MEMBER of the Peace Society is said to have objected to live on the earth, because it is a revolver.

"WELCOME, little stranger!" as the man said when he found half-a-sovereign within the lining of an old waistcoat.

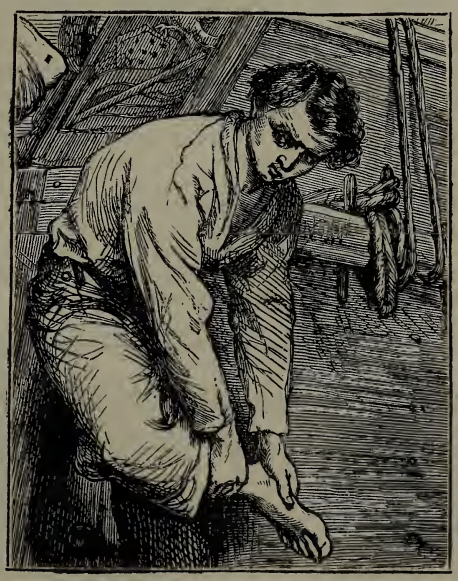
A YOUNG gent says he cannot understand why the fox should have a brush, and no other animal. He imagines that the hare would be much more in want of a brush than the fox.

"It's all over with me!" as the pancake said when it was turned.

A LEG.

DR. HILL, the celebrated botanist, having quarrelled with the members of the Royal Society who had refused to admit him as an associate, set himself quietly to think out a plan, and then proceeded to avenge himself upon them in a novel manner.

He addressed to their secretary a letter purporting to be written by a country surgeon, and reciting the particulars of a cure which he had effected. "A sailor," he wrote, "broke his leg, and applied to me for help. I bound the broken portions together and washed them with the celebrated tar-water. Almost immediately the sailor felt the beneficial effects of this remedy, and it was not long before his leg was



completely healed!" This cure was published abroad at the very time that Bishop Berkeley had issued his work on the marvellous virtues of tar-water, and excited, consequently, great attention. The letter was read and discussed at the meetings of the Royal Society, and caused considerable difference of opinion. Papers were written for and against the tar-water and the restored leg, when a second letter arrived from the (pretended) country practitioner: "In my last I omitted to mention that the broken limb of the sailor was a wooden leg."

Upon the letter being first read, there was a dead pause; then a smile; then a laugh; and at last a perfect roar.

RIDING A DROMEDARY.*

BY CHARLES LEVER.

"WELL, well!" sighed the old squire, "when I was a young man, we'd have thought of bringing over a dromedary from Asia as soon as an English horse, to cross the country with."

"Dick French was the only one I ever heard of backing a dromedary," said a fat old farmer-like man, from the end of the table.

"How was that, Martin?" said Daly, with a look that showed he either knew the story, or anticipated something good.

"And by all accounts it's the divil to ride," resumed the old fellow; "now it's the head down and the loins up, and then a roll to one side, and then to the other, and a twist in the small of your back as if it were coming in two; oh, by the good day! Dick gave me as bad as a stitch in the side, just telling me about it."

"But where did he get his experience, Martin? I never heard of it before," said Daly.

"He was a fortnight in Egypt, sir," said the old farmer, "he was in a frigate, or a man-of-war of one kind or another, off—sorra a one o' me knows where it was, but there was a consul there, a son of one of his father's tenants: indeed, ould French

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got him the place from the Government, and when he found out that Dick was on board the ship, what does he do but writes him an invitation to pass a week or ten days with him at his house, and that he'd show him some sport. 'We've elegant hunting,' says he, 'not foxes or hares, but a big bird, bigger nor a goose, they call——' by my conscience I'll forget my own name next, for I heard Dick tell the story at least twenty times."

"Was it an ostrich?" said Tom.

"No; nor an oyster either, Mr. Conolly," said the old fellow, who thought the question was meant to quiz him.

"'Twas an ibis, Martin," cried Daly; "an ibis."

"The divil a doubt of it, that's the name; a crayture with legs as long as Mr. Beecham O'Reilly's, and a way of going, half-flying, half-walking, almost impossible to catch, and they hunt him on dromedaries. Dick liked the notion well, and, as he was a favourite on board, he got lave for three days to go on shore and have his fun; though the captain said at parting, 'It's not many dromedaries you'll see, Dick, for the pasha has them all up the country at this time.' This was true enough, sorra a bit of a camel or dromedary could be seen for miles round; but however it was, the consul kept his word, and had one for Dick the next morning—a great strapping baste, all covered with trappings of one kind or other, elegant shawls and little hearth-rugs all over him.

"The others were mounted on mules or asses, any way they could, and away they went to look after the goose—the 'ibis' I mean. Well, to be short with it, they came up with one on the bank of a river, and soon gave chase; he was a fine strong fellow, and well able to run. I wish you heard Dick tell this part of it; never was there such sport in the world, blazing away all together, as fast as they could prime and load, at one time at the goose, more times at each other; the mules kicking, the asses braying, and Dick cantering about on his dromedary, upsetting every one near him, and shouting like mad. At last he pinned the goose up in a narrow corner, among some old walls, and Dick thought he'd have the brush, but sorra step the dromedary would stir; he spurred and kicked, and beat away with a stick as hard as he could, but it was all no good—it was the carpets, maybe, that saved him, for there he stood fast, just for all the world as if he was made of stone.

"Dick pulled out a pistol and fired a shot in his ear; but all to no use, he minded it no more than before. 'Bad luck to you for a baste,' says Dick, "what ails you at all? are you going to die on me? Get along now.' 'The divil receave the step I'll go, till I get some spirits and wather!' says the dromedary, 'for I'm clean smothered with them blankets,' and with them same words the head of the baste fell off, and Dick saw the consul's own man wiping the perspiration off his face, and blowing like a porpoise. 'How the divil the hind legs bears it I can't think,' says he, 'for I am nigh dead, though I had a taste of fresh air.'

"The murther was out, gentlemen, for ye see the consul couldn't get a raal dromedary, and was obliged to make one out of a Christian, and a black fellow he had for a cook; and sure enough in the beginning of the day Dick says he went like a clipper—'twas doubling after the goose destroyed him."

THE COUNTRY MAID AND HER MILK-PAIL.

ATTEND while I relate a tale
Of blooming Nancy and her pail:
So well she poised it on her head,
Or bore it in her hand instead,
As tripping to the market town,
Arrayed in plaid or russet gown;
And thus upon her way she thought:
"When I've my milk to market brought
And sold the same, I'll then employ
My market money eggs to buy;
These eggs I'll set, and in three weeks
They'll doubtless bring as many chicks;
And, spite of Reynard, surely I
Shall gain enough a pig to buy;
With little feed this pig will grow,
And soon become a common show;
Then, after that, if all be well,
This fatted porket I will sell;
Of moneys I shall have enow
To buy at length a little cow;
She'll certainly a calf produce—
For store, or for the butcher's use;
Delightful thought! how pleased I am!
I see it frisk beside its dam!
What heart is proof against the charm?
I'll sell them both, and buy a farm;
Then lovers shall around me press"
(Their object, readers, you will guess)—
"A hundred pretty toys they'll bring
To tempt me to accept the ring;"
She reckoned thus—but, sad to tell,
She slipped—and down the milk-pail fell!
Alas! the silly maiden found
Her hopes were scattered on the ground;
The cow and calf and pig were gone,
And chickens too—she had not one.
So, readers, henceforth all beware,
Nor build your castles in the air,
Lest your foundation prove unstable
Like milk-maid Nancy's in the fable.

LAZINESS.

"WHY don't you stop the leaks in your house?"

"You wouldn't have me go out in the rain to do it, would ye?" was the reply.

"No; but why don't you stop them when it don't rain?"

"Oh, they don't leak then! what's the use?"

THE BALLAD OF MR. COOKE.

A LEGEND OF THE CLIFF-HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

BY BRET HARTE.

WHERE the sturdy ocean breeze
Drives the spray of roaring seas
That the Cliff-House balconies
Overlook,
There, in spite of rain that baulked,
With his sandals duly chalked,
Once upon a tight-rope walked
Mr. Cooke.

But the jester's lightsome mien,
And his spangles and his sheen,
All had vanished, when the scene
He forsook;
Yet in some delusive hope,
In some vague desire to cope,
One still came to view the rope
Walked by Cooke.

* * * * *

Amid beauty's bright array,
On that strange eventful day,
Partly hidden from the spray
In a nook,
Stood Florinda Vere de Vere;
Who with wind-dishevelled hair,
And a rapt, distracted air,
Gazed on Cooke.

Then she turned, and quickly cried
To her lover at her side,
While her form with love and pride
Wildly shook,
"Clifford Snook! oh, hear me now!
Here I break each plighted vow:
There's but one to whom I bow,
And that's Cooke!"

Haughtily that young man spoke:
"I descend from noble folk;
'Seven Oaks,' and then 'Se'nnoak,'
Lastly Snook,
Is the way my name I trace:
Shall a youth of noble race
In affairs of love give place
To a Cooke?'

"Clifford Snook, I know thy claim
To that lineage and name,
And I think I've read the same
In Horne Tooke;
But I swear, by all divine,
Never, never to be thine,
Till thou canst upon yon line
Walk like Cooke!"

Though to that gymnastic feat
He no closer might compete
Than to strike a *balance*-sheet
In a book,
Yet thenceforward, from that day,
He his figure would display
In some wild athletic way,
After Cooke.

On some household eminence,
On a clothes-line or a fence,
Over ditches, drains, and thence
O'er a brook.

He, by high ambition led,
Ever walked and balanced;
Till the people, wondering, said,
"How like Cooke!"

Step by step did he proceed,
Nerved by valour, not by greed,
And at last the crowning deed
Undertook:
Misty was the midnight air,
And the cliff was bleak and bare,
When he came to do and dare
Just like Cooke.

Through the darkness, o'er the flow,
Stretched the line where he should go
Straight across, as flies the crow
Or the rook:
One wild glance around he cast;
Then he faced the ocean blast,
And he strode the cable last
Touched by Cooke.

Vainly roared the angry seas;
Vainly blew the ocean breeze;
But, alas! the walker's knees
Had a crook;
And before he reached the rock
Did they both together knock,
And he stumbled with a shock—
Unlike Cooke!

Downward dropping in the dark,
Like an arrow to its mark,
Or a fish-pole when a shark
Bites the hook,
Dropped the pole he could not save,
Dropped the walker, and the wave
Swift engulfed the rival brave
Of J. Cooke!

Came a roar across the sea
Of sea-lions in their glee,
In a tongue remarkably
Like Chinnook;
And the maddened sea-gull seemed
Still to utter, as he screamed,
"Perish thus the wretch who deemed
Himself Cooke!"

But on misty moonlit nights,
Comes a skeleton in tights,
Walks once more the giddy heights
He mistook;
And unseen to mortal eyes,
Purged of grosser earthly ties,
Now at last in spirit guise
Outdoes Cooke.

* * * * *

Still the sturdy ocean breeze
Sweeps the spray of roaring seas,
Where the Cliff-House balconies
Overlook;
And the maidens in their prime,
Reading of this mournful rhyme,
Weep where, in the olden time,
Walked J. Cooke.

THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

BY E. IRWIN.

MORNING came—as morning will—
Shedding its beams on tower and hill;
Lighting up the river with smiles
Till it ran on laughing for miles;
Peeping into the shadiest bowers,
And kissing the lids of the sleeping flowers;
Waking the lark, that waked the linnet,
That waked the flower with the butterfly in it,
That carried the news that 'twas time to rise,
To worms and beetles, and bees and flies.

Some simple folks lie down when it's dark,
And rise in the morn with the linnet and lark;
While others there are for a lark who go,
And don't go to bed at all, you know;
But the wisest of all a medium pursue,
And do as the bees and the butterflies do,
Get up when shops open and flowers unfold,
When honey's at hand and hot rolls are sold.
Jerry O'Slutherem rose at cock-crow—
I do so myself, I should let you know—
Not always the first time he crows, 'tis true,
For he sometimes crows, to give him his due,
Lusty and loud for an hour or so
Before I awake to hear him crow—
Jerry stood airing his shins at the pump,
Of boiled potato rubbing a lump,
By way of soap, to his bristly face,
Which—holding his nose—he shaved apace.
On the spout of the pump was perched a glass
That had seen better days, but now, alas!
Was like some men in this world of ours—
Minus silver, and minus reflective powers.
So mottled it was, as Jerry looked in
He saw half a nose, no mouth,
and some chin;
But still he good-humouredly
rasped away,
Till his wife cried—"Jerry, come
to your tay!"

* * * * *

The banquet over, the patriarch
rose—
Grief at his heart, and a scar on
his nose;
The scar was small, but the grief
was big,
For that was the day to sell the
Pig:
The family circle would broken
be,
For one of the family quite was
he;
In the chimney-corner he warmed
his phiz,
And the second-best bed in the house was his.
Gentlefolks may the feeling despise,
But if they'd a pig he'd open their eyes:
To the poor he's a friend not easy to match—
He pays the rent and mends the thatch;
Seed-potatoes are bought by the pig,
And cabbages small that grow to be big;
He buys the hens that lay the eggs,
And helps to cover the children's legs:
His virtues are many and long to tell,
But the poor Irish peasantry know them well.

* * * * *

As Jerry O'Slutherem went to the fair
The neighbours looked after his carriage and pair,
While he held the whip and handled the rein,
And tried his spirited beast to restrain;
For, in commoner speech, a carriage erect
And pair of good legs he had, I expect;
Though his whip was only a birchen twig,
And his rein—a straw rope from the leg of the pig.
And spirit enough the pig had to show,
For he went everywhere where a pig shouldn't go:
He went between a man and his wife—
Thus severing those who were joined for life;
He frightened some geese, and gave a shock
To a couple of hens, that incensed the cock;
A dog that was dreaming of bones unpicked
Was awoke by him to think he was kicked;
And finally, just when near the fair,
He sulky grew and wouldn't go there.
Seeing that whooping and jumping and yelling,
And flapping his coat, on the pig were not telling,
Jerry faced home—the pig wouldn't go there,
But backed, tail foremost, into the fair.

Pigs from all parts were there by dozens:
Like the people of Kerry, they all were cousins:
Pigs so fat that they staggered about,
Pigs so lean that they seemed all snout;
Pigs with pale faces, from family griefs;
Pigs with rings in their noses, like Indian chiefs;
Dapper young pigs whose tails were curled,
And elderly pigs that had seen the world;
Pigs with a morbid length of ear,
Stretched by the very strange
things they hear;
Small-eyed pigs with plenty of
cheek,
That wouldn't go on, but cried
"We-e-e-k! we-e-e-k!"
Then suddenly dragged their
drivers along,
For pigs that were weak, in a way
quite strong.

Groups of men were selling and
buying;
Women were into the peep-shows
prying;
Bargains were bawled of pipes
and boot-laces,
Gingerbread nuts, and gentle-
men's braces;
And a fellow who owned a steam-
ing pot

Announced to the crowd 'twas beef he'd got,
And made an offer, availed of by many,
Of giving a "prod in the pot" for a penny:
There you might see a hungry thief
Aim with a fork at a piece of beef,
Getting—'mid shouts from great and small—
A potato, some cabbage, or nothing at all.

To vary the scene there rose a shout—
A bull was coming—look out! look out!
On the bull tore thro' the thick of the fair,
And tossed Jerry Slutherem high in the air,
And lucky it was that he came down
Plump in the muddiest place in the town.
Sometimes a mistake is called a bull,
And of such the Green Isle is said to be full;
But Jerry, just then, his oath could take
That that was a bull and no mistake.

* * * * *

Every one liked O'Slutherem's pig—
It wasn't too small, nor yet too big;
But though 'twas the sort to please the eye,
It wouldn't appear 'twas the sort to buy;
For Jerry grew sad, the day waxed old,
And evening came, with the pig unsold.
The sun—in a heat from his noon-tide race—
Bathed in the sea his burning face,
While evening flew on her shadowy wings
To warn to bed all beautiful things.
Then the daisy closed its crimson lid,
And the violet went to bed when bid;
But the streamlet leaped in its bed with delight,
And babbled it wouldn't sleep that night.

* * * * *

In the drawing-room Mrs. O'Slutherem sat,
Knitting a pair of stockings for Pat;
Pat at the parlour fire was sitting,
Smoking a pipe while his mother was knitting;
Mary was giving the pots a wipe
In the kitchen, while Pat was smoking his pipe.
But as one little room in their cabin small
Served them for "parlour, kitchen, and all,"
Mother and daughter their industry plied,
And Pat smoked his pipe —all side by side.
By way of giving their modesty fitting room,
A partition of mud divided the sitting-room,
Reaching within two feet of the ceiling,
The top of a wagon-roofed bed revealing.
On the hearth a wood fire crackled and sparkled;
While up the chimney, where soot and smoke darkled,
Three pickled herrings hung on a twine—
Respected, no doubt, as the last of their line;
For there for months they had hung for show,
Tho' oft longing looks did towards them go.

The walls were embellished with pictures rare,
And engravings that never exhibited were;
All artists' proofs—proofs, if you will,
Of the artists' very surprising skill.
One work of art, that hung near the fire,
Represented St. Patrick in bishop's attire,
With crozier and mitre, chasuble, stole,
And white satin shoes, with a very thin sole,
Looking out to sea with a sanctified smile,
And banishing toads from the Emerald Isle.
Another, a grand historical thing,
Was the national saint crowning Munster's king;

Copied from one for which, says Pat,
St. Patrick in person standing sat.
A coop for the hens in one corner lay,
And a roost, between that and the roof half-way,
Where—each putting by one leg to keep
And her head in her pocket —they went to sleep.
In another corner, a vacant spot
Seemed the place of one not quite forgot—
It wore the hallowed and untouched air
Of a recently empty old arm-chair,
Linked in the mind with memories kind
Of one whose like it is hard to find;
This spot, with sweet reminiscences big,
Was where lately slept O'Slutherem's pig.

Apropos of the pig—poor Jerry and he
Have been left all this time in the cold by me.
Mary opened the door and ushered them in,
'Mid feelings of mingled joy and chagrin:
The pig unsold — what, what would they do?
He was dear—but then so were potatoes too.
By the light of the fire poor Jerry related
How on the bull's horn he had got elevated—

Elevated in body, depressed in mind,
Seeing no one to purchase his pig inclined.
The O'Slutherems went to bed, that night,
Untroubled by dreams or visions that fright
The minds of those who sup too late—
For some reason that night no supper they ate.
Perhaps they thought they were living so high
That fasting, for once, was good to try.
The pig was uneasy all night in his sleep,
And grunted and moaned and sighed very deep;
He woke up the family, filled them with dread,
And made Jerry jump from the wagon-roofed bed.
'Twas evident something the matter must be with him—
What did he take that didn't agree with him?
Nothing—no supper had he more than they,
Yet he grew worse and worse with the dawning of day.

Now, Jerry possessed some surgical skill,
Tho' he had no diploma, or licence to kill;
He practised the science as practised in Italy,
Where they bleed patients to death so prettily;
So, seizing a knife, with a dexterous dig
He sent to its bliss the suffering pig.

* * * * *

The rent was unpaid—he'd wants to supply—
And he killed the pig for fear it should die.
"'Tis pleasant to think," thought Jerry while sticking him,
"Pleasant to think I'm not beating or kicking him;
I kill him to cure him and save his bacon,
And still he'll be with us, tho' from us taken:
As pork, cheek, bacon, and ham 'll he
Still continue the Friend of the Family."

To see him cut up then in flocked the neighbours,
Who kindly gave Jerry help in his labours.
As often genteeler neighbours lend
Each other help to cut up a friend.
Then came to light a fact and a mystery
Worthy of note in natural history,
As proving that pigs have a sense very fine
Of the difference 'twixt what's yours and what's mine.

* * * * *

Lo! while the pig they gathered around,
A green silk purse rolled out on the ground,
Which Jerry up took, and found with delight
In it nine sovereigns, heavy and bright.
Poor Jerry O'Slutherem stood in an attitude
Joyful—yet mingled with tender gratitude:
All the neighbours so fortunate said it was—
He could have hugged the pig tho' dead it was.
Thoughts in his mind then crowded so pleasantly—
Twenty, at least, great things he'd do presently.
First of all, he'd go pay the rent;
And then pay off small sums he was lent.
He thought of the girl, he thought of the boy,
And of her who had shared his sorrow and joy
Thro' many long years of plenty and want—
The want being plenty, depend upon't.

* * * * *

All was joy in their little mud domicile,
Pleasures they'd more than to dwell upon promise I'll.

* * * * *

Inquiry was made, but no one could say
Who lost the purse in the fair that day.
'Twas supposed being green the pig down tossed it,
And 'twas also supposed some stranger had lost it.

JUDY OF ROUNDWOOD.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

THERE is a little straggling village in Wicklow, named Roundwood, which is a sort of outpost to the many beauties of that romantic and lovely country, and consequently often made a stopping place by those ramblers who can steal a day or two from toil and care, and have the dust of Dublin blown from them by the mountain breezes of the alpine country I have named. I, for one, confess the enormity of having eaten eggs and bacon in the little inn of Roundwood, served to me by the hand of Judy—her surname has never reached me, for as the Italians called many of their celebrated painters after the towns or cities that gave them birth, so Judy has been named "Judy of Roundwood."

Her principal peculiarity was stinting every word she could of its fair proportion, whether from any spite she had against the alphabet, or from wishing to clear her sex from the charge of overwordiness, I know not; but Judy talked shorthand, if an Irishman may be allowed this phrase. Her merits in this particular cannot be appreciated in modern times, but Judy would have been a darling among the Spartans.

At the door of the inn, which owed much of its custom to this original, Judy would salute the weary traveller with a low curtsey, crossing her hands before her upon her chequered apron, and say, "Consola to the gent"—meaning thereby consolation to the gentleman—Judy considering refreshment the greatest consola the gents could have. Whiskey she called by the poetical name of "Temptation"—abbreviated of course to Timpta. Dublin was either familiarly Dub, or dubbed with the more highly-sounding title of Metrop. And being also given to rhyming, whenever a tag was to be made she jumped at it.

When first I visited Judy, in company with a friend who was equally anxious with myself to draw her out, we affected not to comprehend the meaning of all her abbreviations, with a view to force her upon an explanation; and she said—

* By kind permission of the Publishers.

"You see, sir, Ju deals in abbrevia, because that is the perfec of the English lang. Din for dinner; brek for breakfast; rel for relish. Ju's conversa is allegor. I calls the dinner satisfac, and the drop o' comfort the timpta; and this little apart where we give consola to the gents, I call the bower of hap."

After having had some rustic refreshment, we ordered whiskey, and when Judy brought it to us her look and manner were highly amusing. With a stealthy step and an air of mock mystery she stole across the room towards us, and with one hand withdrawing her apron from over the measure of spirits which she held in the other, she said, "Ju was only throwing an obscu over the opportu." We then noticed to her some verses that were written on the walls of the apartment in her praise. "That's the rayson I call it the bower of hap," said she; "but sure I'm not such an ignora as to believe all the flat of the cits. Good-bye, dear; yiz are gay gents goin' round the world for sport; may you never be wretched, may you share in the wisdom of Sol; may you never have to climb the rocks of dif: or be cast on the quicksands of adver, or stray from the paths of vir."

But perhaps the best thing I can do to put Judy more completely in evidence is, to give a conversation in her own style; that will serve, as Judy herself would say, as the best exemplifica.

"Consola to the gents; happy to see you, dear! Walk in—you can sit in the bower of hap. If you want your brek, it's a good one you may expec; if you want your din, this is the place to walk in; and I will give you the opportu, the consola, and the materia, and the timpta; and if you only want a rel, ring the bell. That's what I said the other day to O'Toole; the ignorant people calls him Misther O'Toole, but he's not Misther O'Toole but O'Toole, bein' descinded from King O'Toole of these parts. 'Good morrow, Judy,' says he. 'Thank you kindly, sir,' says I. 'Here's a gent that is come to see you,' says he (for there was an artless sprisan along wid him). 'Kindly welkim, sir,' says I. 'You'll do all you can for us?' says he. 'Sir,' says I, 'Fidel is my mot—Ju's mot. The furriners call it Judy's mot—that's French, sir; but, as I said, fidel is my mot:

'Submissive to my supayriors,
Condescending to my infayriors,
Faithful to my friends,
Charitable to my inimies.'

'You had a great party here the other day, as I'm towld,' says he. 'Yis, sir,' says I. 'Who wor they?' says he. 'Indeed,' says I, 'they did not indulge me with much communica; so I could not come to a conclu; but though I could not be pos, I had my suspish.' 'And who wor they?' says he. 'They were no less than Sir Wal and Miss Edge.' 'Who are they?' says O'Toole's friend, for he was mighty artless. 'Why, then, don't you know Sir Wal,' says I, 'and Miss Edge? I hope you admire my abbrevia,' says I. 'Certainly,' says O'Toole, who was plased with me about my obscu, for the bothera of the innocent gent, and he could hardly help laughin' at him, and to hide his laughin' he took a pinch o' snuff; and he, bein' a rale gintleman, av coorse, liked the blackguard;* and so, takin' out his box, he said, like a rale gintleman, 'Judy,' says he, 'will you have a pinch?' 'Thank you, sir,' says I, 'for the condescen;' and with that his friend, not likin' to be worse nor another, said, 'Maybe you'll take a pinch from me,' says he—handin' me a box of the dirty, soft, wet thrash them furrinners takes. Sure there's no good in anything or anybody that isn't always dhry, as I says to the gents from Dub, when I keeps continually bringin' them the whiskey and the hot wather. Well, to come back to my story, the two handed me their boxes—and so O'Toole said, says he, 'Which will you have, Judy?—take whatever you plase;—which do you like, the common snuff or the scented snuff?' 'Sir,' says I—making a low curtshee for the civil—'I give the com the pref.' But I was forgettin' about Sir Wal and Miss Edge. Sure, they kem here to take the opportu to see Ju, to increase their admira for the buties of na—in the county Wick in partic—and so when they arrived in

'A post chay
From Quin Bray,'

I was ready to give consola to the gents; and they asked for brek. 'What do you expec?' says I.

'Coffee,' says he,
'Cushlamachree.'

Says I, 'There's no sich thing here at all, at all. There is neither coffee tay, nor chocolaritee tay; but there is the best of Bohay,' says I. 'Have you no green?' says he. 'Plenty in the fields,' says I. 'but nowhere else; but I'll make up for the defish.' 'How?' says he. 'I'll give you a rel,' says I. 'What's that?' says he. 'A rash,' says I. 'I don't know what you mane,' says he—so I was obleeged to explain. 'A relish or a rasher,' says I; for the artif of my abbrevia was beyond his conjec. 'Bring it in at wanst,' says he. So, no sooner said than done—but you see I was obleeged to bring in the rasher an a cracked plate—and very well I had it, for Roundwood was mighty throng that mornin'—loads o' gents—barrowfuls o' gents from Dub to see Ju—comin' into the county Wick with a short stick, to enjoy the admira of the beauties of na. Well, as I said, I brought in the rash an a cracked plate, and Sir Wal was indig, and says he, 'How dare you bring the like to a dacent man?' And what do you think I said? Says I, 'The necess is my apol.' I thought he'd split himself wid the laughin'. So with that he wint to readin' the po'thry an the walls; and at last he kem to one that a young vag—from the Col—the Univer—Trin Col, Dub, wrote an me—and I put my hand over it; 'Don't read that, sir,' says I—for I purtinded not to know who he was, though I knew very well all the time—'Don't read that,' says I. 'Why,' says he. 'Because,' says I, ''twas written by a vulgar, and 'twould shock your sensibil, if anything came under your contempla bordering on the indel.'

"Then says Miss Edge, 'That's very proper of you, Ju,' says she. 'Yis, ma'am, says I. 'I was always a Dia, for I have had a good educa.'

"'How could you have a good education?' says Sir Wal.

"'Bekase the gintlemin o' larnin' comes to see Ju; and where would I larn educa,' says I, 'if not from them?'

* Lundy Foot's celebrated snuff.

"'Why, what gintlemin o' larnin' comes here?' says Sir Wal.

"'More than owns to it,' says I—lookin' mighty signified at him.

"'Indeed!' says he. 'Yis,' says I, 'and one o' the gintlemin was no gintleman, he was only a vag; for he put me in a mag; but in gineral they are the rale quolity, and I know a power o' them.'

"'Name one,' says he.

"'T. M.,' says I.

"'Who's T. M.?' says he.

"'You're mighty ignorant,' says I to Sir Wal. Wasn't that a good thing to say to him? I thought Miss Edge and he would die with the laughin'.

"'Well, but who is T. M.?' says he.

"'Tom Moore,' says I, 'the glory of Ireland,' says I, crassin' myself.

"'Oh, Moore the poet,' says Sir Wal.

"'By dad he's no poet at all,' says I, 'but a rale gintleman; for he gev me half-a-crown.'

"Well, I thought the both o' them would die with the laughin'; and so when they were goin', says I to the lady, 'Good mornin', and many thanks to you, ma'am,' says I, 'for your condescen—long may you reign,' says I, 'Miss Edge.' Well, she looked mightily surprised at me; for you see I had a conjec who they wor from the servants, by a way o' my own.

"'You've taken the worth out of my name, Judy,' says she, mighty good-nathured.

"'Throth then, that's more nor I could do, ma'am,' says I, 'for there's more worth in the half o' your name than in the whole o' mine, though I am Judy O'Roundwood.'

"Well, with that Sir Wal laughed out; and, says he, 'How did you find the lady out?' says he.

"'Only by supposish,' says I; for I wouldn't be guilty of infidel to the sarvants who let on to me.

"'Then I suppose you found out who I am too,' says Sir Wal.

"'No, indeed, sir,' says I; 'how could I know the Great Un?'

"Oh, I wish you seen the look he gave when I said that!"

NATURAL HISTORY.

"MR. SHOWMAN, what is that?" "That, my dear, is the rhinocercrow. He is cousing Germon or Dutch relative to the unicorn. He was born in the desert Sary Ann, and feeds on the bamboo and missionaries. He never leaves his house unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He is a very courageous critter, and always when he conquers. He was brought to this country much against his will, which accounts for his low spirits when he's melancholy and dejected. He is now somewhat aged, although he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survey the ring-tailed monkey, a hanimal that can stand hanging like a feller-critter, only it's reversed, when he attaches himself to a tree in a native forest."

TWO HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

SCENE—Library in the house of an elderly gent, somewhere in Australia. Old gent telegraphs to the kitchen, and waiter ascends in a balloon.

Old Gent: John, fly over to Calcutta, and tell Mr. Johnson that I shall be happy to have him sup with me. Never mind your coat now. Go!

John leaves, and at the end of five minutes returns.

John: Mr. Johnson says he will come; he has got to go to St. Petersburg for a moment, and then he will be here.

Old Gent: Very well, John. Now start the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife's room, and tell her that Mr. Johnson is coming; then brush up my balloon, for I have an engagement in London at twelve o'clock.

John flies, and the old gentleman runs over to the West Indies to buy a fresh orange.

AN EXAMINATION.

AT an examination at the College of Surgeons, a candidate was asked by Abernethy, "What would you do if a man was blown up with powder?"

"Wait until he came down," he coolly replied.

"True," replied Abernethy; "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles would I put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my arms; for I would knock you down immediately."

He received a diploma from the old doctor, who sat and laughed.

COMPANION TO THE OMNIBUS.

DIRECTIONS FOR GETTING IN.

SEIZE the conductor firmly by the arm with one hand, and the brass rail on the inside of the door with the other; then swing your legs up into the omnibus, raise yourself by your hands, and throw your body gracefully forwards, to the admiration of the company, who are all anxious to receive you.

HOW TO ATTAIN A SEAT.

WE suppose the omnibus nearly full, and you have to find a narrow pinch of seat in a remote corner. The double row of knees nearly meet, and nobody moves. All sit with Saxon stolidity. Begin by treading upon the toes of the two persons nearest the door, extending your umbrella, parasol, or walking-stick so as to endanger the eyes and noses of those who sit next. This will at once produce a little commotion and liveliness near the door, and you may then tread your way forwards over toes, till a clear passage opens before you. Having thus attained a seat, look down the omnibus, on both sides, at the faces of the company. How very different in colour and expression to what they presented when the door was just opened for you! Draw a moral, but say nothing.

HOW TO SIT DOWN.

IF you are of a merry disposition, and have no immediate need of external excitement, sit down at once, and enjoy your own thoughts; but if you are of a grave disposition, or, feeling rather melancholy at the time, would like to have a little enlivening entertainment, then do not sit down at once, but stand fidgetting and arranging your coat-skirts or frock-folds; and when the omnibus goes on, as it always begins with a sudden jerk, you will be thrown right along the knees of those who sit next to you towards the door, or else at full length in the straw. This will afford a pleasant diversion to the company, and much gratification to yourself.

DANGEROUS WEAPONS.

No terms of reprehension can be too strong for the hasty entrance of a person with an umbrella, parasol, or walking-stick, held point-foremost, as if making a charge, in order to take a place by an assault at the visual or nasal organs of the alarmed and peaceful company there assembled.

OF SITTING SQUARE.

"SITTING SQUARE," or "sitting wide," otherwise known as the *roomy dodge*, is an elegant method of sticking out the elbows, and widening the space between the knees, so as to occupy as much room as possible, and to make the unfortunate persons who sit next, on each side, wretchedly uncomfortable and close—jammed, if not half suffocated. Reasoning would be lost upon anybody who could do such a thing: the best remedy (next to a dig in the side) is to call the attention of the whole omnibus to the fact.

A RAINY DAY.

LET us suppose thirteen people inside, each with a wet umbrella. Did any one ever witness the phenomenon of a single person placing his umbrella underneath the seat? No!—or by the rarest chance, once. These thirteen umbrellas are all held bolt upright between the knees, which they wet, while the ferrule drips a puddle for the feet to rest in.

FRENCH OPINIONS.

"ENGLAND," says the *Temps*, "is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, a universal counting-house. France is a rich farm, tending to turn itself into a manufactory. Germany is an ill-cultivated field, because they are philosophers and not peasants who till it. Southern Italy is a villa in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial prairie. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenters' yards. Poland is a sandy heath. Russia is an ice-house. Switzerland is a châlet. Greece is a field in a state of nature. Turkey is a field fallow. India is a gold mine. Egypt is a workshop for apprentices. Africa is a furnace. Algiers is a nursery-ground. Asia is a grove. The Antilles are sugar refineries. South America is a store.

TOBY TOSSPOT.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

ALAS! what pity 'tis that regularity
Like Isaac Shrove's is such a rarity!
But there are swilling wights in London town,
Term'd jolly dogs—choice spirits—*alias* swine,
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.
These spendthrifts, whose life's pleasures run on
Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.
One of this kidney, Toby Tosspot hight,
Was coming from the Bedford late at night:
And being *Bacchi plenus*—full of wine,
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twasn't direct—'twas serpentine.
He work'd with sinuosities along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew worming through a cork:
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don
Prong, a fork.
At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shrove's brass plate;
When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"
And being civil beyond measure—
"Ring it!" says Toby; "very well,
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."
Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down."
He waited full two minutes—no one came:
He waited full two minutes more, and then
Says Toby, "If he's deaf I'm not to blame;
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."
But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright,
Pale as a parsnip—bolt upright.
At length, he wisely to himself doth say,
Calming his fears,
"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung and run away"—
When peal the second rattled in his ears.
Shrove jumped into the middle of the floor,
And trembling at each breath of air that stirred,
He groped down-stairs, and open'd the street-door,
While Toby was performing peal the third.
Isaac eyed Toby fearfully askant,
And saw he was a strapper, stout and tall;
Then put this question: "Pray, sir, what d'ye
want?"
Says Toby, "I want nothing, sir, at all."
"Want nothing! Sir, you've pulled my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire."
Quoth Toby, gravely making him a bow,
"I pull'd it, sir, at your desire."
"At mine!"—"Yes, yours; I hope I've done it
well."
"High time for bed, sir."—"I was hastening to it;
But if you write up, 'Please to ring the bell,'
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

A WHEELING ARTICLE.

GOING to dinner the other day, we saw a little fellow, about two years old, sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself. It struck us that many people in this world are often caught in the same act, and we shall always think hereafter, when we see a business man trusting everything to his clerks, and continually seeking his own amusement—always absent from his counting-house, yet expecting to get along—he's sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself.

When we see a professional man better acquainted with everything else than his profession, always starting some new scheme, and never attending to his calling, his wardrobe and his credit will soon designate him as sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself.

When we see a farmer with an over-abundance of "hired help," trusting everything to their management—his fences down, implements out of repair, and land suffering from want of proper tillage—too proud or too lazy to take off his coat and go to work—he's sitting in a wheelbarrow trying to wheel himself.

When we see a mechanic run the length of a street every day to borrow a newspaper, and maybe have to wait ten or fifteen minutes before he can get it, we think that the time he loses would soon pay the subscription, and consider him sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself.

When we see a man busily engaged in circulating scandal concerning his neighbour, we infer that he is pretty deep in the mud himself, and is sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DINING.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"I never yet could dine in full dress. The digestive organs, sir, abominate close buttoning, and do their work sulkily, grumblingly. No, sir, a man in full dress may chew and swallow, but he never dines. The stomach performs its functions in state. Do you think it in the power of mortal man to give a fair, wise judgment upon any dish or sauce soever, the said man being, at the time of tasting, in tight boots? Sir, it is impossible. The judicial organ is too delicate, too exquisitely nerved, to vindicate its full prerogative unless the whole man, morally and bodily, be in a state of deep repose. And, therefore, can there be a greater wrong committed upon the cook than the common injury of dining to music? It is abominable. Once—I well remember it—I chewed to the clangour, crash, and thunder of a military band. Well, sir, the dinner was excellent—admirable as a dinner—but I have no more judgment than a beast, if I had any other taste in my mouth save the brass of the trumpets, and the tough parchments of the drum-heads."

A GARDENER'S LETTER.

The following is a copy of a letter sent by a market gardener to the secretary of a local horticultural society:—

"Sir,—The Satiety having been pleased to Complement Me before I beg Leaf to lie before Them agin as follow in particullers witch I hop They will luck upon with a Sowth Aspic. Sir, last year I paid my Atentions to a Tater. This ear I have turned my Eyes to Gosberris. I ham appy to say I have all most suckidid in making them too Big for Bottlin. I beg to Present some of itch kind—Pleas obsarve a Green Goose is larger in size then a Red Goosebry. Sir, as to Cherris my atention has Bean cheafly occupied by the Black Arts. Sum of them are as Big as Crickt Bales as will be seen I send a sample tyed to a Waulking-stick. I send like wise a Potle of stray berries which I hop will reach. They air so large as to object to lay more than too in a bed. I hop all thes will cum to hand in time to be at you Treat.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant.

"Thomas Frost."

THE REASON WHY.

WANTED:

The reason why you may ask for "greens" at a dinner-table, but on no account for "cabbage."

The reason why gentlemen, upon their healths being drunk, invariably feel it to be "the proudest moment of their life."

The reason why a cabman can't take his proper fare without grumbling.

The reason why ladies think it cheap to purchase things they don't want, simply because they happen to be announced as exceedingly great "bargains."

The reason why it is not considered theft to steal an umbrella.

The reason why they invariably give you boiled mutton for dinner in a steamboat.

A SUNNIT TO THE BIG OX.

(KOMPOSED WHILE STANDING WITHIN 2 FEET OF HIM, AND A TUCHIN OF HIM NOW AND THEN.)

All hale! thou mity annimal—all hale! Yu are 4 thousand pounds, and am purty well perporshuned, thou tremendous nuggit! I wunder how big yu wos when yu wos little, and if yur muther wud know yu now that yu have grone so long, and thick, and phat; or if yur father wud recogniz in yu his off spring and his kaff, thou elefanteen quodruped! I wunder if it hurts yu much to be so big, and if yu grode it in a munth or so. I spose wen yu wos yung they didn't gin yu skim milk, but all the kreem yu kud stuff intu yur little inside, jest tu see how big yud gro; and afturwords they no dout fed you on otes, and ha, and sich like. In all probability yu don't no yur enny bigger than a smal kaff; for if yu did yude brake down fenses, and switch yur tale and rush around, and beller, and run over fokes, thou owful beest! O, what a lot ov mince pize yud maik, and sassingers! and yur tale, which kan't wa fur frum phorty poundz, wud maik nigh untu a barril of ox-tale soop, and cudn't a heep of stakes be cut oph of you, which, with solt and pepar, wudn't be bad to taik. Thou great and glorious inseckt! But I must klose, O most prodijus reptile! And for my admirashun of yu, when you di, ile rite a note untu yur peddygree and remanes, pernouncen yu the biggest ov yur race; and az I don't expeckt to have haff a dollar agin tu spair for tu pa tu look at yu, I will sa fairwel, and bring my howed to a hend.

CLIPPINGS.

"WHY did you set your cup of tea on the chair, Mr. James?" asked a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast. "It is so very weak, ma'am," replied Mr. James, "I thought I would let it rest."

A POET was once walking with M. Talleyrand in the street, reciting some of his verses. Talleyrand, perceiving at a short distance a man yawning, pointed him out to the poet, saying, "Not so loud—he hears you."

A NERVOUS man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove, by the offer of a liberal pecuniary compensation. When the money was paid down, he kindly inquired what neighbourhood they intended to remove to. "Why, sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his phiz, "Tom Smith moves to my shop, and I move to his."

A STORY is told of a man living out West who completes eight pair of large boots every day. An editor says, "It would be considered small doings in this city. There is a ladies' shoemaker down in the swamps who, as fast as he finishes a boot, throws it over his shoulder into a box behind him. He keeps one in the air all the time, and don't half try."

IN the bull-fighting days a Wednesbury blacksmith, who was rearing a bull-pup, induced his old father to go on all-fours and imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding the paternal roaring, exclaimed, "Hold him, Growler boy, hold him!—Bear it, feyther, bear it! it 'll be the making of the pup."

A TRAVELLER was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving late, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, sir," said a gentleman, "what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir," said the traveller, "to conceive its luxury, you must conceive that it is the only leg that happens to be left."

JONES has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

ACCOMPANYING a Noah's ark, fresh from Germany, and on sale in our toy-shops, is a catalogue of the inmates thereof, in German, French, and English. Amongst them we find "two mices, two sheeps;" but, best of all, "eight men, viz., four men and four wives."

SOME one, praising our public schools to Charles Landseer, said, "All our best men are public-school men. Look at our poets. There's Byron, he was a Harrow boy." "Yes," interrupted Landseer, "there's Burns, he was a ploughboy."

ANY one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talking about stilettos, bodkins, gatherings, surgings, hemmings, gorings, cuttings, whippings, lacings, cuffings, and battings.

A NOBLEMAN, extremely rich but a miser, stopping to change horses at Athlone, the carriage was surrounded by paupers imploring alms, to whom he turned a deaf ear, and drew up the glass. A ragged old woman, going round to the other side of the carriage, bawled out in the old peer's hearing, "Please you, my lord, just chuck one tinpenny out of your coach, and I'll answer it will trait all your friends in Athlone."

TO DESTROY FLIES.—Get a four-horse power engine; put it in the back kitchen; run shafting in every room, connected with the engine aforesaid by belting. On the shafting place fly-wheels, smear the wheels with treacle, and set the engine going. The flies, being attracted by the treacle on the fly-wheels, will light on them, and the wheel revolving rapidly, they will be whirled off. Have a boy under each wheel with a bat, and let him smite them as they fall, and before they have time to recover from their dizziness. A smart boy has been known to kill fifty a day.

"MANY of our modern criticisms on the works of our elder writers," says Coleridge, "remind me of the connoisseur who, taking up a small cabinet picture, railed most eloquently at the absurd caprice of the artist in painting a horse sprawling. 'Excuse me, sir,' replied the owner of the piece, 'you hold it the wrong way; it is a horse galloping.'"

WHEN young Hodge first came up to town, his father told him it would be polite, when being helped at dinner, to say to the host, "Half that, if you please." It so happened that at the first dinner to which he was invited a sucking-pig was one of the dishes. The host, pointing with his knife to the young porker, asked, "Well, Mr. Hodge, will you have this, our favourite dish, or haunch of mutton?" Upon which, recollecting his lesson, he replied, "Half that, if you please."

A PROSY old gentleman was in the habit of meeting Douglas Jerrold, and pouring long, pointless stories into his ears. On one occasion Prosy related a lengthy account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information, "he really thought he should have died with laughter." Jerrold: "I wish to goodness you had!"

HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN BELT.

"A box of tea and a poodle dog"—*See p. 385.*

HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN BELT.

One of the "Nine Stories of China."

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A BEAUTIFUL maiden was little Min-Ne,
Eldest daughter of wise Wang-Ke;
Her skin had the colour of saffron-tea,
And her nose was flat as flat could be;
And never were seen such beautiful eyes,
Two almond-kernels in shape and size,
Set in a couple of slanting gashes,
And not in the least disfigured by lashes;
And then such feet;
You'd scarcely meet
In the longest walk through the grandest street
(And you might go seeking
From Nanking to Peking)
A pair so remarkably small and neat.

Two little stumps,
Mere pedal lumps,
That toddle along with the funniest thumps,
In China, you know, are reckon'd trumps.
It seems a trifle to make such a boast of it;
But how they *will* dress it,
And bandage and press it,
By making the least, to make the most of it!
As you may suppose,
She had plenty of beaux
Bowing around her beautiful toes,
Praising her feet, and eyes, and nose
In rapturous verse and elegant prose!
She had lots of lovers, old and young;
There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung,
Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,
Musical Sing, and, the rest among,
Great Hang-Yu and Yu-be-Hung.

But though they smiled, and smirk'd, and bow'd,
None could please her of all the crowd;
Lung and Tung she thought too loud;
Opulent Tin was much too proud;
Lofty Long was quite too tall;
Musical Sing sung very small;
And, most remarkable freak of all,
Of great Hang-Yu the lady made game,
And Yu-be-Hung she mock'd the same,
By echoing back his ugly name!

But the hardest heart is doom'd to melt;
Love is a passion that will be felt;
And just when scandal was making free
To hint "What a pretty old maid she'd be,"
Little Min-Ne,
Who but she?
Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!
A man, I must own, of bad reputation,
And low in purse, though high in station—
A sort of Imperial poor relation,
Who rank'd as the Emperor's second cousin
Multiplied by a hundred dozen;
And, to mark the love the Emperor felt,
Had a pension clear
Of three pounds a year,
And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt!

And gallant Ho-Ho
Could really show
A handsome face, as faces go
In this Flowery Land, where, you must know,
The finest flowers of beauty grow.
He'd the very widest kind of jaws,
And his nails were like an eagle's claws,
And—though it may seem a wondrous tale—
(Truth is mighty and will prevail!)
He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause
Under the Emperor's chancery laws!

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne
The men declared they couldn't see;
But all the ladies, over their tea,
In this one point were known to agree:
Four gifts were sent to aid his plea;
A smoking-pipe with a golden clog,
A box of tea and a poodle dog,
And a painted heart that was all a-flame,
And bore, in blood, the lover's name.
Ah! how could presents pretty as these
A delicate lady fail to please?
She smoked the pipe with the golden clog,
And drank the tea, and ate the dog,
And kept the heart—and that's the way
The match was made, the gossips say.

I can't describe the wedding-day,
Which fell in the lovely month of May;
Nor stop to tell of the honey-moon,
And how it vanish'd all too soon:
Alas! that I the truth must speak,
And say that in the fourteenth week,
Soon as the wedding guests were gone,
And their wedding suits began to doff,
Min-Ne was weeping and "taking-on,"
For *he* had been trying to "take her off."

Six wives before he had sent to heaven,
And being partial to number "seven,"
He wish'd to add his latest pet
Just, perhaps, to make up the set!
Mayhap the rascal found a cause
Of discontent in a certain clause
In the Emperor's very liberal laws,
Which gives, when a Golden Belt is wed,
Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed:
And if in turn he marry a score,
With every wife six hundred more.

First, he tried to murder Min-Ne
With a special cup of poison'd tea,
But the lady smelling a mortal foe,
Cried, "Ho-Ho!
I'm very fond of mild Souchong,
But you, my love, you make it too strong."

At last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,
Contrived the most consummate plan
Invented since the world began;
He went and got him a savage dog,
Who'd eat a woman as soon as a frog;

Kept him a day without any prog,
Then shut him up in an iron bin,
Slipp'd the bolt and lock'd him in;
Then giving the key
To poor Min-Ne,
Said, "Love, there's something you *mustn't* see
In the chest beneath the orange-tree."

* * * * * *

Poor mangled Min-Ne! with her latest breath
She told her father the cause of her death;
And so it reach'd the Emperor's ear,
And his highness said, "It is very clear
Ho-Ho has committed a murder here!"
And he doom'd Ho-Ho to end his life
By the terrible dog that kill'd his wife;
But in mercy (let his praise be sung!)
His thirteen brothers were merely hung,
And his slaves bamboo'd in the mildest way
For a calendar month three times a day.
And that's the way that justice dealt
With wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!

MRS. BROWN ON GAS EXPLOSIONS.*

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

DRAT the gas and them as invented it, says I, for never was there such stuff to blow up in this world as ever I see; but whatever can you expect if you only watches a gassy coal atween the bars how it will bust out, and as to livin' near gasometers, I'd as soon live near powder-mills, as did used to be near Hounslow, and went off with their own accord, and broke every window in Blackheath, though however it got across the water I can't think, and was heard by the lady as my own aunt was a-livin' with, though deaf and dumb and bed-ridden, as jumped out of bed sudden in the fright, and was found heels uppermost in the coal-scuttle on the landin'. So, as the sayin' is, you never can tell what you can do till you tries, for if you'd have laid her down ten thousand pounds that woman never could have put her foot to the ground in the nat'ral way. But as I was a-sayin', gas is all very well in its place; but if I had my way never in my settin'-room, as it makes that close and stifly as you can't draw your breath through in comfort, and was the death of both my birds, as died a-pantin' like overblown Christians, and I have always been in fears of through knowin' what happened at "The White Horse," Chelmsford, where the drunken pot-boy blowed out the gas in goin' to bed, a-fancyin' it was a candle, and was the death of the landlady a-comin' in unawares with a light, and hisself a cinder, as the sayin' is.

My constant words to Brown was, "Whatever you do, turn it off safe at night;" and he says, "All right."

"Well," I says, "Brown, do think what it would be if you was to leave a tap turned unbeknown through a-ketchin' your sleeve, and all the gas out of that large gasometer in the Lambeth Road was to work its way into our house." He says, "You'd be picked up somewhere about Wimbledon Common."

I says, "How you can lie like that in your own bed and say such awful things puzzles me, as might bring a judgment on you."

Well, the next day as ever were, Mrs. Treadfoot, as were Jane Collins, and married to a upholsterer's foreman, come to see me, and brought the infant, as is sixteen weeks, but not gettin' on as I could wish to see it. So I says to her, "Whatever food do you give it?" "Well," she says, "anythin' as we are a-takin' ourselves. He's fond of suckin' a bit of bread and butter, and I've give him a little broth and bread."

"Now," I says, "Jane Treadfoot, does it stand to reason as a infant's stomach is not to be trifled with like that, as is apt for to disagree with them as is grown-up adults, for broth is a thing as I don't hold with unless a heavy cold with extra meat in, and I'd be bound not left to be cold for to take the fat off, as no infant couldn't thrive on." So she says, "What is best?"

So I says, "Baked flour is what some can bear and some cannot; but," I says, "in a reg'lar way give me tops and bottoms boiled down and beat with a fork through a sieve till smooth as jelly, and a few carryway seeds boiled with it. Some gives milk, as I don't hold with, through bein' that heavy, as might be nat'rally expected when you come to consider as a infant ain't a calf as walks on four legs and requires more supports."

When we'd had tea I says to her, "Now as that infant is dropped off," as had been a-frettin' and a-dribblin' frightful all the time, "lay him down in a clothes-basket, as I'll make up comfortable for him with two large pillows," for I didn't care about him on my bed, as he might have rolled off on and done hisself a injury, and so she did.

Well, we was settin' a-talkin' very friendly, expectin' both Brown and Treadfoot for to come in. 'Liza Crellins was there, as is a gal with no nonsense about her, and works hard for to help clothe herself, not as she can make much by tattin', though I must say her work is lovely, not as ever I fancied that crochy worsted jacket as she made for me, as would always take me tight across the chest and under the arm-holes that small as it were painful; but then it certainly was warm and showed the figger.

Well, she was a-settin' there a-showing Jane Treadfoot a stitch in worsted works, when all of a sudden I says, "There's a dreadful smell of gas." So I goes to the top of the kitchen-stairs and says, "Susan, is that you as is a-lettin' the gas escape all over the place like that?"

Well, she didn't make no answer, so down I goes, a-knowin' as she's got a young man as she

* By kind permission of the Author.

will talk to through the airey-steps, as there ain't no gate to, but only three down to the kitchen-door. When I got down I found as all were dark, and though not afraid of them blackbeetles, don't hold with treadin' on 'em in the dark, as I slipped on one and very nigh put my elbow out Christmas night two years. So knowin' where Brown keeps a box of lucifers close to the back door, I goes up slow to get 'em, and down I goes agin, and was pretty nigh stifled with the gas in that back kitchen.

I draws a lucifer along the top of the box, I see the blaze, I heard a bang, and then remembers nothin' more till I come to and saw some strange faces round me as was gettin' me out through bein' wedged that tight into the coal-hole under the stairs as wiolence was necessary. The kitchen-winder blowed out smack and everythin' in the place a smash.

I says, "Whatever is it?" Says one party, as proved to be from next door, and had come in with the police, "You've had a narrow escape."

"Well," I says, "a fire-escape is what I wanted; but what has 'appened?" "Why," says they, "your gas has been and exploded, and nearly tore the house up by the roots."

I hadn't got my senses right when I hears piercin' shrieks up-stairs. I says, "Is the 'ouse in conflagrations?" They says, as they pulled me out with a jerk, little thinkin' how awful bruised I turned out to be afterwards, "No, it's all right."

Then says I, "Jane Treadfoot is took bad." So I hurries up, though scarified dreadful myself, and there she was in sterrics on the rug a-sayin', "He's gone!" "Blowed into hair!" and all that.

So I says, "Jane," a-speakin' stern, as will often bring 'em to, "Jane," I says, "what is up with you?" "Oh!" she says, "my own, my precious babby, to be blowed to atoms like this!"

I says, "Rubbish! Why, he's in my large clothes-basket in the back bed-room." She screams, "He's gone, I tell you, clean gone!"

Well, it give me such a turn; so I gets a light and up I goes, and there, sure enough, was the clothes-basket as empty as ever it was born.

I says, "Policeman, this is singler." "I believe you," says he.

"What do you think?" says I. "Chimbly," says he; "the draught have sucked that infant into the flue."

"Go along with you!" says I. "Well," he says, "you'll see."

So I looked up the chimbly, but I didn't see, for there wasn't a vestment of no infant to be seen.

"Where can that Susan be?" says I, "as is the cause of it all," through a-leavin' of the gas turned on, a-sayin' as she was obliged for to step out for some firewood, as she burns up as if it was forests, though only seven bundles for sixpence.

It's lucky as Brown came in just then, for I don't know what I should have done. He pretty soon see as there wasn't no harm done beyond the kitchen, as it's lucky as I would have the dresser put in the front or I should not have a plate to eat off, not if it was to save my life.

All this time poor Jane Treadfoot was half faintin', and I really was quite concerned to think what had become of that infant, when if that Susan didn't come in with it in her arms, as had been up-stairs when she heard the bang, and caught the child up and run over to Mrs. Crellins with it, a-sayin' as we was preys to a devourin' elephant, and give Mrs. Crellins that turn as she come over herself, though far from well.

Of course it was very good of the gal to think about savin' the child, but she might as well have stopped a minute just to see if we was blowed away or not.

The babby he was all right, and so was his mother when she see him, and by the time as Treadfoot come she was able to tell him about it with a smile, though she wouldn't part with the child no more, but had her supper with him across her knees, as isn't my ideas of comfort.

And though that gal wouldn't own to it, of course she'd been and done it through a-turnin' the gas off before goin' out, and no doubt her shawl ketched the tap and turned it on agin unawares, as is my constant fears. Then she goes up to the babby, as she found restless, and so was kep' a-nussin' him till the blow-up come.

If you could see our back kitchen you'd say it was a blow-up, reg'larly scarified, as the sayin' is, and what it must be when a whole gasometer goes off I can't think. No wonder it causes lots of widders and orphins, as it's a mercy my house wasn't full of, and for my part I'd go back to six-penny dips, only Brown says, "he ain't a-goin' to retrograde for nobody."

I don't know what he means; but if he had been blowed back'ards into the coal-hole as I was, he wouldn't use none of his fine words, I know; and I'm sure it was opidildoc as brought me through it rubbed in constant, as I didn't feel till the next mornin' when turn in bed I couldn't, and might have been a cripple to my dyin' day.

THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS OF COLERIDGE.

Coleridge relates:—"I have had a good deal to do with Jews in the course of my life, although I never borrowed any money of them. The other day I was what you may call floored by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked that I said to him, 'Pray, why can't you say "old clothes" in a plain way, as I do now?' The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said, in a clear and even fine accent, 'Sir, I can say "old clothes" as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute for an hour together, you would say "ogh clo" as I do now;' and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had."

IN Coleridge's time the discipline at Christ's Hospital was ultra-Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" Coleridge remembered Bona saying to him once, when he was crying, the first day after his return from the holidays, "Boy! the school is your father. Boy! the school is your mother. Boy! the school is your brother; the school is your sister; the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations. Let's have no more crying."

THELWALL and Coleridge were sitting once in a beautiful recess in the Quantock hills, when the latter said, "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in." "Nay, citizen Samuel," replied he; "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason."

COTTLE, in his Life of Coleridge, relates the following amusing incident:—"I led my horse to the stable, where a sad perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty; but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more skill than his predecessor; for after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on; 'for,' he said, 'it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow an aperture.' Just at this instant a servant-girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, 'Ah! masters,' said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this,' when, turning the collar upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained."

KEAN once played Young Norval to Mrs. Siddons' Lady Randolph: after the play, as Kean used to relate, Mrs. Siddons came to him, and patting him on the head, said, "You have played very well, sir, very well. It's a pity—but there's too little of you to do anything." Coleridge said of this "little" actor:—"Kean is original; but he copies from himself. His rapid descents from the hyper-tragic to the infra-colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. I do not think him thorough-bred gentleman enough to play Othello."

"IT is not easy to put me out of countenance, or interrupt the feeling of the time, by mere external noise or circumstance; yet once I was thoroughly done up, as you would say. I was reciting, at a particular house, the 'Remorse;' and was in the midst of Alhadra's description of the death of her husband, when a scrubby boy, with a shining face set in dirt, burst open the door and cried out—'Please, ma'am, master says, will you ha', or will you not ha', the pin-round?'"

THE POTATO BLOSSOM.*

AN IRISH IDYLL.

BY SHIEL DHUV.

AS fiddle in hand I
crossed the land,
Wid homesick heart
so weighty,
I chanced to meet a girl so
sweet,
That she turned my grief
to gai'ty.
Now, what cause for pause
had her purty feet?
Faix, the beautiful flower
of the pratee.

Then more power to the
flower of the pratee,
The beautiful flower of
the pratee,
For fixing the feet of that
colleen sweet
On the road to Cincinnati.

For a bit of blue sky you'd
be taking her eye,
And hercheek had a darlin' dimple.
Her footstep faltered; she blushed, and altered
Her shawl wid a timid trimple.
And "Oh, sir, what's the blossom you wear on your
bosom?"
She asked most sweet and simple.

I looked in her face to see could I trace
Any hint of lurkin' levity;
But there wasn't a line of her features fine
But expressed the gentlest gravity;
So quite at my aise at her innocent ways,
Wid sorra a sign of brevity,

Says I, "Don't you know where these blossoms
blow,
And their name of fame, mavourneen?
I'd be believin' you were deceivin'
Shiel Dhuv this summer mornin',
If your eyes didn't shine so frank on mine,
Such a schemin' amusement scornin'.

"Now I don't deny 'twould be asy why—
Clane off widout any reflection—
Barely to name the plant of fame
Whose flower is your eyes' attraction;

* By kind permission of the Author.

Asy for me, but to you, aroo,
Not the slinderest satisfaction;

For somehow I know if I answered you so,
You'd be mad, you could disrimimber
In what garden or bower you'd seen this flower,
Or adornin' what forest timber,
Or where to seek for its fruit unique
From June until Novimber.

Since thin, I reply, you take such joy
In its blossom I love so dearly,
Wid a blow like this shall I lave you, miss,
Whin I've mintioned the name of it merely;
Or take your choice, wid music and voice,
Shall I sing you its history clearly?"

"Oh, the song, kind sir, I'd much prefer,"
She answered wid eager gai'ty.
So we two and the fiddle turned off from the middle
Of the road to Cincinnati,
And from under the shade that the chapparal made
I composed her—

THE SONG OF THE PRATEE.

Whin after the Winter alarmin'
The Spring steps in so charmin',
So fresh and arch in the middle of March,
Wid her hand St. Patrick's arm in,
Let us all, let us all be goin',
Agra, to assist at your sowin',
The girls to spread your elegant bed,
And the boys to set the hoe in.

So rest and sleep, my jewel,
Safe from the tempest cruel,
Till violets spring and skylarks sing
From Mourne to Carn Tual.

Then wake and build your bower
Through April sun and shower,
To bless the earth that gave you birth
Through many a sultry hour.

Thus smile wid glad increasin',
Till to St. John we're raisin'
Through Erin's isle the pleasant pile
That sets the bonfire blazin'.

O 'tis then that the midsummer fairy,
Abroad on his sly vagary,
Wid purple and white, as he passes by night,
Your emerald leaf shall vary.

And once again, mavourneen,
Some mellow Autumn mornin',
At red sunrise both girls and boys
To your garden ridge we're turnin'.

Then under your foliage fadin'
Each man of us sets his spade in,
Whilst the colleen bawn her brown cashawn
Full up wid your fruit is ladin'.

COMING NOW.

It fell out once upon a time that the lady principal of the well-known young ladies' academy at —— desired to have a stove put up in her school-room, as the winter was descending upon the land, and blue and red noses and fingers began disadvantageously to diversify the beauties of the "sweet girl graduates," and so forth. So Miss —— sent word to old Mr. B., the stove man, to come and put up a stove. "Yes, certainly," replied the polite man of sheet-iron, "come to-morrow." Sly man! he knew that to-morrow comes never, and so came he. Miss —— sent again, and he promised more glibly than before. Thrice he did it, and then the schoolmistress put on her thinking-cap, and devised the plan that vanquished him. Next day about half-past nine, while old B. was rattling about among his sable wares, in marched a sprightly band of ten well-dressed young ladies, who came to a "parade rest" in front of the old fellow. The tallest, in the politest manner in the world, invited Mr. B. to send to the academy and put up the stove aforesaid. "Certainly," said B., rather overcome by so numerous and angelic a visitation, but procrastinating as usual, "certainly; come up to-morrow."

"But, Mr. B., to-morrow won't do. We are freezing."

"Wal," said the old fellow, "wal, I'll see if I can't git round this afternoon."

"Do, please," rejoined the lovely applicant, and the party marched out. B. went on with what he was about.

Not far from half-past ten, a party of ten young ladies marched into his store, and, exactly as before, stood forth a spokeswoman and requested and exhorted.

"Why," said the dumbfoundered mechanic, "there was ten of ye came an hour ago!"

"We want a stove."

"How many is there on ye, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, fifty or sixty."

"For the land's sake! Are ye all a-comin'?"

"Yes," replied the young chieftainess, with great state; "we are told off in squads of ten, and are to see you turn and turn about once every hour until you come."

"Here, Jim!" shouted old B. "Come and tend store, quick! Bill, go and harness up that 'ere wagin. Good gracious! I'm a-comin' right up now!"

He was. He did. The stove was up and a good fire burning in it before dinner.

THE ASS TURNED GENTLEMAN.

IN the year 17—, before the light of literature and science had made such progress among the peasantry of this country—when our less enlightened forefathers ascribed every phenomenon of nature, which they did not understand, to some supernatural agency, either benevolent or malevolent, as the case might be; and an avowal of disbelief in the existence of witchcraft, necromancy, the black art, hobgoblins, fairies, brownies, &c., would have subjected a person to more annoyance and persecution than an open avowal of infidelity would do at present—three young men of family set out from Edinburgh, on a pleasure excursion into the country. After visiting Linlithgow, Falkirk, Stirling, and Glasgow, they took up their quarters at the head inn in Midcalder, on their way back to Auld Reekie. Finding a set of youthful revellers there to their mind, they spent several days and nights in drinking and carousing, never dreaming of the heavy bill they were running up with the "kind landlady." The truth flashed upon them at last; and they discovered, when it was too late, that they had not wherewithal to clear their heavy score. A consultation was held by the trio, and many plans for getting rid of their disagreeable situation were proposed and rejected. At last, one of them, more fertile in expedients than the other two, hit upon the following method, which good-fortune seemed to favour, of extricating both himself and his brethren:—

"Don't you see yon cadger's ass standing at the door over the way?" said he.

"Yes; but what of that?"

"Come along with me—loose the ass—unburden him of his creels—disengage him from his sunks and branks—put me in his place—equip me with his harness—hang the creels likewise upon me—tie me to the door with his own halter—get another for him—lead him away to the next town—you will get him easily sold—return with the money—pay the bill—and leave me to get out of the halter the best way I can."

The plan was instantly put in practice; the youth was soon accoutred in the ass's furniture, and away went the other two to sell the ass.

In the mean time, out comes the honest cadger from the house, where he had been making a contract with the guidwife for eggs; but the moment he beheld, as he supposed, his ass transformed into a fine gentleman, he held up his hands in the utmost wonder, exclaiming at the same time, "Gude hae a care o' us! what means a' this o't? Speak, an' tell me what ye are—are ye an earthly creature, or the auld thief himsel'?"

"Alas!" responded the youth, putting on a sad countenance, "hae ye forgotten your ain ass? Do ye no ken me now?—me! that has served you sae lang and sae faithfu'; that has trudged and toiled through wat and through dry, mid cauld and hunger; hooted at by blackguard callants—lashed by yoursel'—an' yet ye dinna ken me! Wae's me, that ever I becam' your ass! that ever I should, by my ain disobedience, hae cast out wi' my father, an' provoked him to turn me into a stupid creature sic as ye now see me!"

"Sic as I now see ye!—instead o' an ass, I now see a braw young gentleman."

"A braw young gentleman! Heaven be praised that my father has at last been pleased to restore me to my ain shape, and that I can now see wi' the een an' speak wi' the tongue o' a man!"

"But wha are ye, my braw lad, and wha is your father?"

"Oh, did you never hear o' Maister James Sandilands, the third son o' the Earl o' Torpichen?"

"Heard o' him! ay, an' kent him too, when he was a bairn, but he was sent awa' abroad when he was young, an' I ne'er heard tell o' him sin' syne."

"Weel, I'm that same Maister James; and ye maun ken that my father learned the black art at the college, an' that I happened to anger him by makin' love to a fine young leddy, against his will; an' that, in short, when he faund out that I was in love wi' her, he turned me into an ass for my disobedience."

"Weel, weel, my man, since that is the case, gae awa' hame, an' gree wi' your father; tak' my blessing wi' you, an' I will e'en try to get anither ass, whether your father send me as muckle siller as will buy anither ane or no; fare ye weel, an' my blessing gang wi' you."

Away went the youth, released from his bondage, and soon meeting with his comrades, related, to their joint gratification, his strange adventure with the honest cadger. Suffice it to say that the ass was sold, the bill paid, and the youths got safely back to Edinburgh.

So soon as they got matters arranged, they sent a sum to the worthy cadger, sufficient to purchase three asses. On receiving the money, he lost no time in looking out for another ass, and as next week was "Calder Fair," he repaired thither with the full intention of making a purchase. He was not long in the fair, looking about for an animal to suit his purpose, when, behold! he saw with new wonder and astonishment his own identical old ass! The dumb brute knew him also, and made signs of recognition in the best manner he could. The honest cadger could not contain himself, the tears gushed from his eyes; he looked wistfully in the creature's face, and anxiously cried out, "Gude have a care o' us! hae you and your father cuisten out again?"

A MAGIC MISTAKE.*

BY ROBERT-HOUDIN.

An accident that happened during the performance singularly lessened the joy I felt in my triumph. I had borrowed a hat to make an omelette in. Those who have seen this trick are aware that it is chiefly intended to produce a laugh, and that the object borrowed runs no risk. I had got through the first part excellently, consisting in breaking the eggs, beating them, throwing in the salt and pepper, and pouring it all into the hat. After this, I had to feign the frying of the omelette; I placed a candle on the ground, then, holding the hat sufficiently high above it to escape the flame, I began turning it gently round, while making some of the stereotyped jokes adapted to the trick. The public laughed so heartily and loudly that I could scarce hear myself speak, but I could not suspect the cause of their hilarity. Unfortunately, I detected it only too soon. A strong scent of burning made me turn my eyes on the candle: it had gone out. I then looked at the hat: the crown was quite burned and stained. I had kept on turning the hat round unsuspectingly, until I at length put it on the top of the candle and covered it with grease.

Quite dazed by this sight, I stopped, not knowing how to escape. Fortunately for me, my alarm, though so truthful, was regarded as a well-played farce: it was supposed this was only a heightened effect, and this confidence in my skill was an additional torture, for my supernatural power could not repair a hat. My only chance was to gain time; so I continued the trick, with a tolerably easy air, and produced to the public a splendidly cooked omelette, which I had enough courage left to season with a few jokes.

Still, that quarter of an hour of which Rabelais speaks had arrived. I must restore the hat, and publicly confess myself a clumsy blockhead. I had resigned myself to this, and was going to do so with all the dignity I could muster, when I heard Antonio call me from the side. His voice restored my courage, for I felt assured he had prepared some way for my escape. I went up to him, and found him standing with a hat in his hand.

"Look here," he said, exchanging it for the one I held, "it's yours; but no matter, keep a good face: rub it as if you were removing the stains, and, on handing it to the owner, ask him gently to read what is at the bottom."

I did as he told me; and the owner of the burnt hat, after receiving mine, was going to betray me, when I pointed to the note fastened in the crown. It ran as follows:—

"An act of carelessness caused me to commit a fault, which I will repair. To-morrow I will do myself the honour of asking your hatter's address: in the mean while, be kind enough to act as my accomplice."

My request was granted, for my secret was honestly kept, and my professional honour saved.

ONLY HALF.

The inhabitants of a pretty large town in the west of Scotland were once amused by the novel appearance of a chimney-sweep, who was seen plodding along with one-half of his face washed, shaved, and trimmed, and the other unshorn and as black as ebony. On being questioned as to his motives for washing half his face, he replied, "Only half the duty's off the soap yet."

"LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE."

A weaver who lived in a village in Ayrshire, and occupied every Sunday a conspicuous "bottom-room" in the front "laft" of the parish church, was a shameless votary of Morpheus. Day after day, for years, John Thamson regularly laid his head upon the book-board at the reading out of the text, and there did he sleep, yea, sometimes snore, till the conclusion of the discourse. John seemed to think the text all that was truly necessary; he "dreamed the rest." This at length became intolerably annoying to the clergyman, and two elders were sent to remonstrate with him on the exceeding sinfulness of his behaviour. "I canna help it, sirs," said John; "I'm a hard-working man a' the week but Sabbath; and though I like the kirk and the minister weel enough, unless ye ca' my head off, I canna keep my een open." "Weel, John," said the remonstrants, "if ye will allow Satan to exerceese his power over you in this dorming, dwamming way, in the very kirk itsel', what gars ye sit in the front laft, where a' body amaist sees you? Can ye not tak a back seat, where your sin micht be less seen and heard?" "Tak a back seat!" exclaimed John; "na, na, I'll never quit my cozie corner; my father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather a' sat there; and there sit will John, come o't what will!" This remonstrance being found ineffectual, the minister resolved upon the desperate measure of affronting John out of his truly antichristian practice, by rebuking him before the congregation, and while he was in the very act. Little, however, did he know the principle of resistance which glowed within the bosom of the drowsy wabster. Next Sunday forenoon, as soon as John had, as usual, sunk into slumber upon the desk, and fairly begun his serenade, he cried, "Sit up, John Thamson!" "I'm no sleeping, sir," quoth John. "Oh, John, John! can you tell me what I said last?" "Ou ay, sir; ye said, 'Sit up, John Thamson!'"

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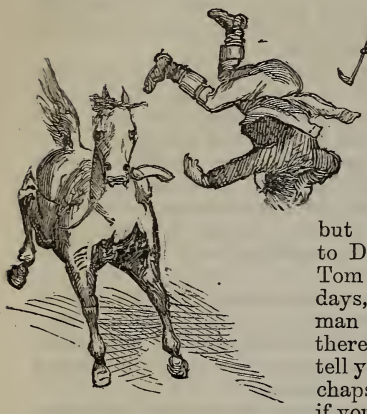
MY GRANDFATHER'S GALLOP.*

BY CHARLES LEVER.



AND with that he turned back towards town again; not to go home, however, for he knew well there was no time to lose, but straight he goes to Dycer's—it was old Tom was alive in those days, and a shrewder man than Tom Dycer there never lived. They tell you, ma'am, there's chaps in London, that if you send them your height, and your width, and your girth round the waist, they'll make you a suit of clothes that will fit you like your own skin; but, 'pon my conscience, I believe, if you'd give your age and the colour of your hair to old Tom Dycer, he could provide you a horse the very thing to carry you. Whenever a stranger used to come into the yard, Tom would throw a look at him out of the corner of his eye—for he had only one, there was a feather on the other—Tom would throw a look at him, and he'd shout out, 'Bring out 42; take out that brown mare with the white fetlocks.' That's the way he had of doing business, and the odds were five to one but the gentleman rode out half an hour after on the beast Tom intended for him. This suited my grandfather's knuckle well, for when he told him that it was a horse to ride before the Lord Lieutenant he wanted, 'Bedad,' says Tom, 'I'll give you one you might ride before the Emperor of Chaney.—Here, Dennis, trot out 176.' To all appearance, ma'am, 176 was no common beast, for every man in the yard, big and little, set off, when they heard the order, down to the stall where he stood; and at last two doors were flung wide open, and out he came with a man leading him. He was seventeen hands two if he was an inch, bright grey, with flea-bitten marks all over him; he held his head up so high at one end, and his tail at the other, that my grandfather said he'd have frightened the stoutest fox-hunter to look at him; besides, my dear, he went with his knees in his mouth when he trotted, and gave a skelp of his hind-legs at every stride, that it wasn't safe to be within four yards of him.

"'There's action!' says Tom — 'there's bone and figure! Quiet as a lamb, without stain or blemish, warranted in every harness, and to carry a lady.'

"'I wish he'd carry a wine-merchant safe for about one hour and a half,' said my grandfather to himself. 'What's his price?'

"But Tom wouldn't mind him, for he was going on reciting the animal's perfections, and telling him how he was bred out of Moll Flanders, by Kick the Moon, and that Lord Dunraile himself only parted with him because he didn't think him showy enough for a charger. 'Though, to be sure,' said Tom, 'he's greatly improved since that. Will you try him in the school, Mr. Dempsey?' said he; 'not but I tell you that you'll find him a little mettlesome or so there; take him on the grass, and he's gentleness itself—he's a kid, that's what he is.'

"'And his price?' said my grandfather.

"Dycer whispered something in his ear.

"'Blood alive!' said my grandfather.

"'Devil a farthing less. Do you think you're to get beauty and action, ay, and gentle temper, for nothing?'

"My dear, the last words, 'gentle temper,' wasn't well out of his mouth, when 'the kid' put his two hind-legs into the little pulpit where the auctioneer was sitting, and sent him flying through the window behind him into the stall.

"'That comes of tickling him,' said Tom; 'them blackguards never will let a horse alone.'

"'I hope you don't let any of them go out to the reviews in the Park, for I declare to Heaven, if I was on his back then, Dodd and Dempsey would be D. D. sure enough.'

"'With a large snaffle, and the saddle well back,' says Tom, 'he's a lamb.'

"'Send him over to me to-morrow, about eleven,' says my grandfather. He gave a cheque for the money—we never heard how much it was—and away he went.

"That must have been a melancholy evening for him, for he sent for old Rogers, the attorney, and after he was measured for breeches and boots, he made his will and disposed of his effects. 'For there's no knowing,' said he, 'what 176 may do for me.' Rogers did his best to persuade him off the excursion.

"'Dress up one of Dycer's fellows like you; let him go by the Lord Lieutenant prancing and rearing, and then you yourself can appear on the ground, all splashed and spurred, half an hour after.'

"'No,' says my grandfather, 'I'll go myself.'

"For so it is, there's no denying, when a man has got ambition in his heart it puts pluck there. Well, eleven o'clock came, and the whole of Abbey Street was on foot to see my grandfather; there wasn't a window hadn't five or six faces in it, and every blackguard in the town was there to see him go off, just as if it was a show.

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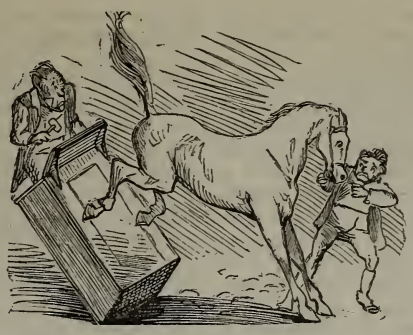


"'Bad luck to them,' says my grandfather; 'I wish they had brought the horse round to the stable-yard, and let me get up in peace.'

"And he was right there; for the stirrup, when my grandfather stood beside the horse, was exactly even with his chin; but somehow, with the help of the two clerks and the book-keeper, and the office stool, he got up on his back with as merry a cheer as ever rung out to welcome him, while a dirty blackguard, with two old pocket-handkerchiefs for a pair of breeches, shouted out, 'Old Dempsey's going to get an appetite for the oysters!'

"Considering everything, 176 behaved very well; he didn't plunge and he didn't kick, and my grandfather said, 'Providence was kind enough not to let him rear;' but somehow, he wouldn't go straight, but sideways, and kept lashing his long tail on my grandfather's legs, and sometimes round his body, in a way that terrified him greatly, till he became used to it.

"'Well, if riding be a pleasure,' says my grandfather, 'people must be made different from me.'

"For, saving your favour, ma'am, he was as raw as a griskin, and there wasn't a bit of him the size of a half-crown he could sit on without a cry out; and no other pace would the beast go but this little jig, jig, from side to side, while he was tossing his head and flinging his mane about just as if to say, 'Couldn't I pitch you sky-high, if I liked? Couldn't I make a Congreve rocket of you, Dodd and Dempsey?'

"When he got on the 'Fifteen Acres,' it was only the position he found himself in that destroyed the grandeur of the scene; for there was fifty thousand people assembled at least, and there was a line of infantry of two miles long, and the artillery was drawn up at one end, and the cavalry stood beyond them, stretching away towards Knockmaroon.

"My grandfather was now getting accustomed to his sufferings, and he felt that, if 176 did no more, possibly he could bear it for one day, and so he rode on quietly outside the crowd, attracting, of course, a fair share of observation; for he wasn't always in the saddle, but sometimes a little behind or before it. Well, at last there came a cloud of dust, rising at the far end of the field, and it got thicker and thicker, and then it broke; and there were white plumes dancing, and gold glittering, and horses all shaking their gorgeous trappings; for it was the Staff was galloping up; and then there burst out a great cheer, so loud that nothing seemed possible to be louder, until bang—bang—bang, eighteen large guns went thundering together, and the whole line of infantry let off a clattering volley, till you'd think the earth was crashing open.

"'Divil's luck to ye all—couldn't you be quiet a little longer?' says D. and D.; for he was trying to get an easy posture to sit in, but just at this moment 176 pricked up his ears, made three bounds in the air, as if something lifted him up, shook his head like a fish, and away he went! Wasn't it wonderful that my grandfather kept his seat? He remembers, he says, that at each bound he was a yard over his back; but as he was a heavy man, and kept his legs open, he had the luck to come down in the same place, and a sore place it must have been! for he let a screech out of him each time that would have pierced the heart of a stone. He knew very little more what happened, except that he was galloping away somewhere, until at last he found himself in a crowd of people, half dead with fatigue and fright, and the horse thick with foam.

"'Where am I?' says my grandfather.

"'You're in Lucan, sir,' says a man.

"'And where's the review?' says my grandfather.

"'Five miles behind you, sir.'

"'Blessed heaven!' says he; 'and where's the duke?'

"'Who knows!' said the man, giving a wink to the crowd, for they thought he was mad.

"'Won't you get off and take some refreshment?' says the man, for he was the owner of a little public.

"'Get off!' says my grandfather; 'it's easy talking! I found it hard enough to get on. Bring me a pint of porter where I am.' And so he drained off the liquor, and he wiped his face, and he turned the beast's head once more towards town.

"When my grandfather reached the Park again, he was, as you may well believe, a tired and a weary man; and indeed, for that matter, the beast didn't seem much fresher than himself; for he lashed his sides more rarely, and he condescended to go straight, and he didn't carry his head higher than his rider's. At last they wound their way up

through the fir copse at the end of the field, and caught sight of the review; and, to be sure, if poor D. and D. left the ground before under a grand salute of artillery and small-arms, another of the same kind welcomed him back again. It was an honour he'd have been right glad to have dispensed with, for when 176 heard it he looked about him to see which way he'd take, gave a loud neigh, and, with a shake that my grandfather said he'd never forget, he plunged forward, and went straight at the thick of the crowd: it must have been a cruel sight to have seen the people running for their lives. The soldiers that kept the line laughed heartily at the mob, but they hadn't the joke long to themselves, for my grandfather went slap at them into the middle of the field; and he did that day what I hear has been very seldom done by cavalry—he broke a square of the 79th Highlanders, and scattered them over the field. In truth, the beast must have been the divil himself, for wherever he saw most people, it was there he always went. There were, at this time, three heavy dragoons and four of the horse-police, with drawn swords, in pursuit of my grandfather; and if he were the enemy of the human race the cries of the multitude could not have been louder, as one universal shout arose of 'Cut him down! Cleave him in two!' And do you know, he said, afterwards, he'd have taken it as a mercy if they had. Well, my dear, when he had broke through the Highlanders, scattered the mob, dispersed the band, and left a hole in the big drum you could have put your head through, 176 made for the Staff, who, I may remark, were all this time enjoying the confusion immensely. When, however, they saw my grandfather heading towards them, there was a general cry of 'Here he comes! here he comes! Take care, your Grace!' And there arose among the group around the duke a scene of plunging, kicking, and rearing, in the midst of which in dashed my grandfather. Down went an aide-de-camp at one side; 176 plunged, and off went the town-major at the other, while a stroke of a sabre, kindly intended for my grandfather's skull, came down on the horse's back and made him give plunge the third, which shot his rider out of the saddle, and sent him flying through the air like a shell, till he alighted under the leaders of a carriage, where the duchess and the ladies of honour were seated.

"Twenty people jumped from their horses now to finish him; if they were hunting a rat, they couldn't have been more venomous.

"'Stop! stop!' said the duke; 'he's a capital fellow, don't hurt him. Who are you, my brave little man? You ride like Chifney for the Derby.'

"'Goodness knows who I am!' says my grandfather, creeping out, and wiping his face. 'I was Dodd and Dempsey when I left home this morning; but I'm bewitched.'

"'Dempsey, my lord duke,' said M'Claverty, coming up at the moment. 'Don't you know him?' and he whispered a few words in his Grace's ear.

"'Oh, yes, to be sure,' said the viceroy. 'They tell me you have a capital pack of hounds, Dempsey. What do you hunt?'

"'Horse, foot, and dragoons, my lord,' said my grandfather; and, to be sure, there was a jolly roar of laughter after the words, for poor D. and D. was just telling his mind, without meaning anything more.

"'Well, then,' said the duke, 'if you've always as good sport as to-day, you've capital fun of it.'

"'Oh! delightful, indeed!' said my grandfather; 'never enjoyed myself more in my life.'

"'Where's his horse?' said his Grace.

"'He jumped down into the sand quarry and broke his neck.'"

ORDINARY PRECAUTIONS.

NEVER on a journey be without something in your pockets, even if it's only your hands.

Before you imperil yourself, consider—

1st. If a family man, what your wife would say. This would almost necessitate taking a cab and going home at once to see her upon the subject.

2nd. Whether assisting the sufferers may not result in personal inconvenience to yourself; as, for instance, being at some future time called in as a witness.

3rd. That your motives might be misconstrued by any policeman who might chance to see you.

4th. The influence of natural modesty. Consider that there are so many people in London much better qualified to be of service in such an accident than yourself.

5th. That you are not a medical man; or if you are, that there are a great number of the same profession far more experienced in these cases than yourself.

6th. That if the subject of the accident be a stranger to you, he or she might look upon your interference in the light of a "confounded liberty." Never push yourself forward.

7th. If the person is insensible and cannot speak, how do you know that he or she doesn't like the position?

8th. That it's just dinner-time and you must go home, or else you'd have been most happy, &c. &c.

9th. That it's no business of yours.

There are many other considerations, but these are certainly among the chief. Avoid sentimentalism.

When the weather threatens rain, walk into a club and select an umbrella.

Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day, except in the case of a hole in your coat. If you tell your tailor that it must be done to-day, it's very evident that you'll have to put it off till to-morrow.

Always have a good dinner and plenty of money.

NO NAME.

It is hard to speak of President Quincy and not recall his great absence of mind. He never knew his students by name, and on one occasion he forgot his own. It was the day that he moved from his Boston home on Park Street to the college. After his books had been deposited in one promiscuous heap on his new study floor, he busied himself for some hours in arranging them on the shelves. Feeling at length the need of fresh air, he went out for a short walk in the village into which he had that day moved. His mind was full of the great cares of his new work, yet he noticed, as he passed by, the Cambridge post office. Hurrying up to the windows, he inquired, "Any letters for me?" The postmaster looked up at the new face he had never seen before, and inquired, "What name?" Mr. Quincy was greatly taken aback by the question: the names of all his beloved books rose before him, but not his own name. Slowly turning away in mortification from the window, he was met by Professor Greenleaf of the Law School, who courteously saluted him with "Good morning, Mr. Quincy." "Ah!" said the relieved President, as he turned back to the astonished postmaster, "that's my name, Quincy—Josiah Quincy. Any letters for Josiah Quincy?"

CONTENTMENT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A very plain brown stone will do)
That I may call my own;
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three—Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice,—
My choice would be vanilla-ice,

I care not much for gold or land;
Give me a mortgage here and there,
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share—
I only ask that Fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, perhaps, be Plenipo—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some, not so large, in rings,
A ruby, and a pearl or so,
Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
(Good, heavy silks are never dear);
I own perhaps I might desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere—
Some narrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glitt'ring upstart fool;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double care—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more gen'rous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

A "LOCAL EDITOR."

He must have the loquacity of a magician. He must know how to time a racehorse, gaff a cock, run a sawmill, keep an hotel, turn a double summersault, and brew whiskey. He must be up to a thing or two in political economy, *au fait* in the matter of cooking beans. On the trail of mysterious items he must be a veritable sleuth-hound. His hide must be like that of a rhinoceros. He must be insensible to the cruellest snubs, and manifest no sense of anger when he is kicked downstairs. He must throw modesty to the dogs, and let his tiger howl. But, above all, he must be an adept at the art of puffing. He must be ready at all times to say something funny in regard to Smith's grocery, or to surround Miss Flounce's millinery establishment with a halo of glowing adjectives. He must be enthusiastic on the subject of hams, verbose in extolling hardware. He must talk learnedly of panoramas, with a liberal admixture of knowing words, such as "warmth," "tone," "foreshortening," "high lights," "fore-grounds," &c. He must be heavy on concerts, with a capacity to appreciate Miss Squawks's execution of difficult feats in the "upper register;" ecstatic in praise of double-headed calves, and eloquent in behalf of fat women and living skeletons.

HOW TO PLOT OUT AN EVENING PARTY.

SIFT card-rack for most respectable acquaintances. Frame invitations with lace borders. Sweep drawing-room quite clean, and shoot rubbish into back bed-room. Map out an artificial parterre on floor with chalk. Sow seed for seed-cake. Gather mustard for sandwiches. Beat about the bush for gooseberries, and put them in bottles, to come up as Champagne. Order in old man from green-grocer's, and put Berlin bags on his hands for gloves. Buy slip for new dress, and gather flowers in the Burlington Arcade for your hair. Put the young twigs in their beds, but the elderly plants stick in library with cards. Lay traps for rich young men. Plant your company in rows and couples, and set musicians in full blow in corner of drawing-room. When they are a little faint, water them with sherry. Hang wall-flowers round the room. Dig for compliments, and run up a flirtation wherever you can fasten one. Above all, you must not fail to secure a husband, or else your plot will be without its greatest ornament and centre.

THE WASHING-DAY.

HARK! 'tis the important day of washing,
Discord, clack, incessant splashing,
Soap-suds all around are dashing—
Unceasing.
The rooms all tumbling inside out,
Linen in heaps is thrown about,
And all is racket, noise, and rout—
Displeasing.

See close around the fireside
Wet garments hanging to be dried,
Hose, and a hundred things beside—
Wet dropping.

Oh! wretched day, beyond expressing,
To me a day the most distressing,
Though 'tis our women's greatest blessing—
This slopping.

In vain we seek for comfort round;
Comfort is nowhere to be found;
On these days 'tis forbidden ground—
To any.
And when one washing-day is o'er,
Our pleasure damped by dread of more,
Oh! joy to some, but sorrow sore—
To many.

AMERICAN MEAL.

LAST winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but ice-creams ever since.

THE report that a member of Congress from the West made a speech so dull and heavy, that telegraph wires of ordinary strength broke down at every paragraph, while the operator was endeavouring to transmit it to the honourable gentleman's constituency, is doubtful.

WE once heard of a Kentuckian, whose amazing strength was attended with fatal consequences. He was cutting a slice of bread-and-butter, when the knife slipped, and he cut himself in half, and two men behind him.

A GROCER advertises in the *Burlington Sentinel*, in the following manner:—"Hams and cigars, smoked and unsmoked, sold by A. S. Dewey."

AN American newspaper announces that it will publish original poetry on the same terms as advertisements.

AT an American trial, recently, the jury returned the following verdict:—"Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

A STRANGE genius, in describing a lake in Minnesota, says it is so clear that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

A MR. HENN has just started a new paper at Iowa. He says he hopes by hard scratching to make a living for himself and his little chickens.

AN old man and his son, neither of them well informed as to railroads and their uses, chanced one day to be at work in a field near a railroad track. Railroads were a novel "institution" to them; and when a train of cars shot by a thought was suggested to the lad, who said to his parent, "Dad, why don't you take a ride in the cars some day?" "Take a ride in the cars? Why, I haint got time, my son." "Got time! Thunder! Ye can go anywhere in the cars quicker than ye can stay at home!" Dad's reply is not on record.

A GOOD SIDE-SCENE.—A pretty cheek.

ADVICE TO EVENING-PARTY GIVERS.

HAVING ascertained by measurement the exact number of persons that your rooms will hold, proceed to issue invitations for precisely double.

Sow all your seedy-looking hats and great-coats in the cloak-room, that you may reap the benefit of some one possibly mistaking them.

In hiring your musicians, accept the lowest tender, without making inquiries about their antecedents. It is possible you may but get some Gravesend-boat Green-baizers: in which case, like Swift's bear, your guests will dance to none but the "genteelest of tunes."

FOIG A BALLAGH.

AN Irishman, some time since, found a sovereign in the street, which proved to be light, and he could only obtain 19s. for it. Soon after chance threw another in his way; but Pat exclaimed, "By the powers, I'll have nothing to do with you, for I lost a shilling by the last one I found."

"A REWARD of £5 is offered for the apprehension of Patrick O'Flaherty, who last week stole the jackass, which same had on a pair of corduroy breeches, with blue eyes, and smokes a short pipe; much given to squinting, and likewise his shoes are down at heel."

"HOLD your tongue for a fool," was the polite recommendation of an Irish husband. "Sure, then, you're going to spake yourself," was the equally polite reply of the wife.

"Is this your brother, Pat?" "Yis, sur." "Is he not older than you?" "No, indade, sur, he's not." "Well, then, he is younger?" "No, sur, he's not." "Why, man, he must be either one or the other." "Faix, then, he's nayther." "Oh, then, you are twins." "Indade, now, and how did you know it?"

AN Irish soldier, who was boasting of his great courage, was asked why he ran away in battle? "Faith," says Pat, "me heart is bowld as a lion—so it is; but I happen to have a pair of cowardly legs, which always run away with me body whin I'd be after the inimy, bad luck to them!"

A TRAVELLER in Ireland complained of the badness of the roads, adding that wherever they were worst the miles appeared longer. "Sure, your honour," said the post-boy, "if the roads are bad, we give you good measure to them."

AN Irish gardener seeing a boy stealing some fruit, threatened, if he caught him, "he'd lock him up in the ice-house and warm his jacket."

"SKIP the hard words, honey dear," said an Irish schoolmistress to one of her pupils; "they're only the names of some foreign countries, and yees niver will be in thim."

AN Irishman going to market saw a farmer with an owl. "Say, misther, what will you take for that big-eyed turkey?" "'Tis an owl," replied the astonished farmer. "Divil the bit do I care whether it is owld or young."

No man can tell another's feelings. A stalwart Irish labourer was one day begging from a gentleman, who requested a medical man present to examine the said labourer. The labourer had enforced his plea with, "Yer hanner, I can't work." "I can find nothing the matter with you to prevent your working, my man," said the doctor. "Ah, that's thrue for you," replied Pat; "but then your hanner can't tell how lazy I feel."

"HAVE the jury agreed?" asked the bailiff of a locked-up set of twelve, whom he had left under care of his man, Denny Garry, and whom he met on the stairs with a can in his hand. "Oh, yes," replied Denny, "they have agrade to sind out for another half-gallon."

"WHEN'S the next train?" said a tourist to an Irish railway porter. "Oh, it's just gone, yer honour, worse luck!" replied Paddy,

DENIS O'FLAHERTY said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "whin I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em."

PATRICK'S TESTIMONY IN THE RIOT CASE.—"Be jabers, the first man I saw coming at me was two brickbats!"

A POOR emaciated Irishman, having called a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaister, and clapped it on the poor fellow. Pat said, "Docther, dear, it strikes me that it's a dale of mustard for so little mate."

AN Irishman writing from Ohio says it is the most elegant place in the world. "The first three weeks," he says, "you are boarded gratis, and after that you are charged nothing at all. Come along, and bring the children."

AN Irish paper says, "At present the Scotch poor are not fed; they exist on the recollection of what they ate in former years."

A FERMOY gentleman, speaking of a boat which he had built, said that he believed she was sunk; "at any rate," added he, "the last time I saw her she was out of sight."

"WHAT an extraordinary curve your horse has in the spine!" said a gentleman to an Irish farmer; "can you account for it?" "By the powers, sir, and to be sure I am able. I have heard, sir, that before the baste was my property he was backed against another horse, your honour, who bate him hollow—and I dare say it's the raison that his back never got straight again."

BRIDGET'S STOCKINGS.

WE were amused, the other day, at a lady friend's account of the manner in which her Irish servant girl mended her stockings. When a hole appeared in the toe, Bridget tied a string around the stocking above the aperture, and cut off the projecting portion. This operation was repeated as often as necessary, each time pulling the stocking down a little, until at last it was nearly all cut away, when Bridget sewed on new legs, and thus kept her stockings always in repair.

REFLECTIONS AT DRILL.

BY A RIFLE VOLUNTEER.

"STAND at Ease."—The first command the sergeant gives us, and the last we are able to obey.

"Eyes Right—Dress."—It is clear that a good many of us have not attended to this command, or in our "dressing" we should not have looked in so many other directions than the right one.

"By Sections" (*Drill Manual*).—Surely the last thing they ought to make of our volunteering is a sectional movement.

The best volunteer band will be that which has most "wind" and least "brass."

Two ideas by no means connected—"the Lion" and "the Uniform."

The best entrenching tools—files and drills.

Volunteers ought to close on their supports, but should never look for support to their clothes.

"Fall out."—The last order one would like to see volunteers obeying.

A HINT TO THE DOCTOR.

A REVEREND doctor of Georgia had a rather slow delivery, which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the Lunatic Asylum. He was preaching, and illustrating his subject by the case of a man condemned to be hanged, and reprieved under the scaffold. He went on to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance in the distance of the dust-covered courier, the jaded horse, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence, the doctor became a little prolix. One of the lunatics could hold out no longer, but starting up from amongst the congregation, he shouted, "Hurry, doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the poor man before you get there!"

HOUSEHOLD DEFINITIONS.

BY A SWEET-TEMPERED BETTER-HALF.

HOME.—The place where children have their own way, and married men resort when they have nowhere else to keep themselves.

WIFE.—The woman who is expected to purchase without means, and sew on buttons before they come off.

BABY.—The thing on account of which its mother should never go to the opera, consequently need never have a new hat.

DINNER.—The meal which is expected to be in exact readiness whenever the master of the house happens to be at home to eat it, whether at twelve or half-past three o'clock.

WASHING-DAY.—The time when a woman can throw a broom at a thievish dog, or say "I won't," without being thought cross by the amiable gentleman who sets himself up as a "lord of creation."

ADVICE.

Yu kant ask ennything ov a man that he luves to give more, and that kosts him less, than advize. It is hard work tu live on advize, and have ennything left over, unless you are speshially ordained. One ov mi friends, a fust-rate feller enuff, rote me a letter a short time sinse, advized me to start on a lekturein tower. If thare is enny five or six things i dispize, it is a lekturing around the kuntry. If i was on the list of dokters of divinitee, with half-cured bronkeetis in my thrut, and had a lektur two hours and a half long on the kuller of the red sea, i presume i mite travel with it. Mi friend advized me to lektur on temperanse. I replied as follers:—

"Dear Sur,—I hav not konsidered lekturing on temperanse my speshial ordaining. I never found miself lodgeing around in sumboddy's gutter a fu years ago. I never pulled out awl of my wife's hair, nor sold enny of mi innocent little children to buy spirits with. I never had enny panes uv glass in my windows that were exclusively old hat. I haint adopted green specktacles on akount of the natral tendency to weak eyes that all our familee enjoys, and when I refleck that awl flesh iz grass, and that awl grass is apt tew wilt in a hot da, and i hav felt it my duta to straighten up my grass gently once in a while with a little good old rye, i am more and morely convinced that I never was speshially ordained tew lekture on temperanse and dew a fair job."

PREACHERS AND THE PULPIT.

THE clergyman of a country village, reprehending one of his parishioners for quarrelling with his wife so loudly and so frequently as to be a source of perpetual disturbance to the neighbourhood, in the course of his exhortations remarked that the Scriptures declared that man and wife were one. "Ay, that may be, sir," answered Hodge; "but if you were to go by when I and my wife are at it, you'd think there were twenty of us."

JONES and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. The sermon was like a certain man mentioned in a certain biography, "very poor and very pious." "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then," said Brown. "True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

DR. WILLIAMS once had a quarrel with one of his parishioners named Hardy, who showed considerable resentment. On the succeeding Sunday, the doctor preached from the following text, which he pronounced with great emphasis, and with a significant look at Hardy, who was present: "There is no fool like the fool-Hardy."

ONE day, Naisr-de-din ascended the pulpit of the mosque, and thus addressed the congregation:—"Oh, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" "No," responded the congregation. "Well, then," said he, "there is no use in my speaking to you," and he came down from the pulpit. He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation, "Oh, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" "We know," replied the audience. "Ah, as you know," said he, quitting the pulpit, "why should I take the trouble of telling you?" When next he came to preach, the congregation resolved to try his powers; and when he asked his usual question, replied, "Some of us know, and some of us do not know." "Very well," said he, "let those who know tell those who do not know."

AT Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walking. Stopping one day last summer at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician who recognised him, and asked if he were not the chaplain of that college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said his interrogator, "and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," he replied with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister, to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

A CELEBRATED divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous manner of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren, observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change? He answered, "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning—so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

WITH PLEASURE.

"MRS. JENKINS requests the pleasure of Captain Brown's company to a small party on Friday evening next.

"21, Spriggins Place, Monday."

"Captain Brown presents his compliments to Mrs. Jenkins, and regrets that thirteen privates will be detained by habeas corpus writs, and two sergeants are on the sick list; the rest of Captain Brown's company will have much pleasure in waiting on Mrs. Jenkins on Friday evening."

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

THE X division of Metropolitan Police gave a private concert recently. We love music and respect the force, therefore we feel doubly interested in the spread of harmony amongst the members of it. From information received, we proceeded to the appointed place in plain clothes, not having any good-looking ones by us.

The room was crowded, the highest number present being 387 (which we observed on a collar).

We entered in time to hear "Mother, be proud of your boy in blue" exquisitely sung by No. 257. Every bar showed that he had been brought up to it. He acquitted himself admirably, and the audience was transported. His other song, "We met, 'twas in a crowd, and I thought he would shun me," was equally artistic.

But the great feature of the concert was the pianoforte-playing of No. 302. He came down upon the keys as if they were skeletons. His quick movement—a lively subject with a running accompaniment—was very captivating. His tremolo passages are a little shaky, but we think he will be very successful in the long run.

A symphony by Haydn (of the detective force) was finely played, each movement being taken up with great spirit. The gentleman who held the bâton was very steady in his beat, though it seemed a little slow now and then.

No. 272 showed himself quite at home in a simple aria. His rendering of "Tell me, Mary," was irresistible.

In short, all the singers were provided with suitable staves, and some of them made decided hits. Two or three catches were very nicely performed.

At a late hour the meeting broke up, and some of the pieces were uncommonly pretty.

WHY PEOPLE DRINK.

A drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little.

Mr. B because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D because he's dry.

Mr. E because he feels something rising.

Mr. F because he feels a kind of sinking.

Mr. G because he's going to see a friend off to America.

Mr. H because he's got a friend come home from Australia.

Mr. I because he's so hot in the evening.

Mr. K because he's so cold in the morning.

Mr. L because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. M because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S because he's married.

Mr. T because he isn't.

Mr. V because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z—we should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z.'s reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to him, he was found to be unable to answer.

CURIOSITIES.

RAFTERS supported by the beams of the moon.

Nails from the claws of a hammer.

A bird's-eye view from the top of the morning.

A receipt in full of the dews of eve.

A leg of a toad-stool.

A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword.

A map of the state of matrimony.

Knots from the board of foreign missions.

A bill drawn on the banks of the Shannon.

RECIPE FOR A PLEASANT DINNER-PARTY.

A ROUND table, holding eight;
A hearty welcome and little state;
One dish set on a time,
As plain as you please, but always prime;

Beer for asking for—and in pewter;
Servants who don't require a tutor;
Talking guests and dumb-waiters;
Warm plates and hot potaters.

CORPORATION LOGIC.

ALL human things are hollow. I'm a human thing; therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow; therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I'm able.

TENNYSON OUTRIVALLED.

HE stood on his head on the wild sea-shore, and joy was the cause of the act, for he felt as he never had felt before—insanely glad, in fact. And why? In that vessel that left the bay, his mother-in-law had sailed to a tropical country, far away, where tigers and snakes prevailed. And more than one of his creditors, too—those objects of constant dread—had taken berths in the ship *Curlew*, whose sails were so blithely spread. Oh! now he might look for a quiet life, which he never had known as yet ('tis true that he still possessed a wife, and was not quite out of debt). But he watched the vessel, this singular chap, o'er the waves, as she upped and downed, and he felt exactly as if "the edifice was crowned." Till over the blue horizon's edge she disappeared from view, then up he leapt on a chalky ledge, and danced like a kangaroo! And many and many a joyous lay he pealed o'er the sunset sea, till down with a "fizz" sank the orb of day, and then he went home—to tea.

FALLACIES OF THE FEMALE FACULTY.

That every omnibus runs to the Bank.

That thin shoes are conducive to health.

That anything is good as long as it's bought "a bargain."

That children are indispensable for the proper enjoyment of a dessert.

That so long as the music of a song is heard, the words are quite unnecessary.

That no journey is properly carried out excepting with an immense quantity of luggage.

That it is necessary to defer the meaning of a letter until the postscript.

That a young lady loses position if she is in the habit of going down into the kitchen.

That it is a proof of gentility to affect not to know what there is for dinner.

That hysterics are the best argument for bringing a person round to the lady's way of thinking.

That no well-bred mother ought to set foot in the nursery.

FROM THREE NATIONS.

"All have their exits and their entrances." It is a treat to see Prudery get into an omnibus. Of course she rejects the hand held out to her by male civility—it might give her a squeeze. Neither does she take the first vacant seat; but looks for a seat, if possible, between an innocent little girl and an old woman. In the meantime, the omnibus moves on, Prudery totters — makes a snatch at Civility's nose, or his neck, or anywhere — and, missing her hold, rebounds to the other side of the vehicle, and plumps down in a strange gentleman's lap. True modesty would have escaped all these indecorums, and without any exhibition have quietly been handed into a place by civil fellow travellers, too well versed in travel not to know the real from the sham.

An Irishman, having broken a pane of glass in a window, was making the best of his way out of sight; but, unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and, having seized him by the collar, exclaimed, "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?"

"To be sure I did," said Pat; "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

When Sir John Sinclair was elected member for the county of Sutherland, a certain man came up to him and said, "Now, Sir John, I'll gie ye an advice. They've made ye a Parliament man, and my advice to ye is this. Be ye aye tak', taking what ye can get, and aye seek, seeking till ye get mair."

AN AVARICIOUS CRITIC.

It was told of Florentino, the Parisian critic, who on his decease left a fine fortune and a foul name behind him, that a *débutante* once called upon him to ask his favourable attention. While the lady talked, the critic, with impertinent familiarity, eyed her watch, a remarkably pretty one, which hung at her waist, and interrupted all her observations by commendations of its great beauty.

Perceiving at last the drift of all these remarks, the lady begged Florentino to do her a favour by accepting the watch as a token of her admiration for his ability. This he at once did, and she departed, sure of a splendid "first notice." Imagine her amazement when she found her voice pronounced "passable," her manner "poor," and her intellect "mediocre." She hastened to the ruthless Rhadamanthus, gesticulated with the offensive article, and asked what it meant.

"Did I not give you my pretty watch you admired so much?" she asked indignantly.

"Certainly, madame," replied this bravo of the pen, with great composure; "you gave me the watch, but——"

"But what?"

"But you forgot to give me the chain!"

THISTLES.

TASTES DIFFER.

"I WONDER," said a bonnie lassie, "what our Jock sees in the lassies that he likes them sae weel: for my part, I wadna gie ae lad for a' the lassies e'er I saw."

QUID PRO QUO.

"THERE she goes," sneered an Englishman, as a Highlander marched past in his tartans at a fair. "There she lies," retorted Duncan, as he knocked the scorner down at a blow.

A POSER.

As a dominie was employed in teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on a slate, the pupil asked his instructor, "Whaur does a' the figures gang till whan they're rubbit oot?"

"OLD CLO'."

CHRISTOPHER NORTH had a great hatred to the "old clo'" men who infest the streets. Coming from his class one day, a shabby Irishman asked him in the usual confidential manner, "Any old clo', sir?"

"No," replied the professor, imitating the whisper; "no, my dear fellow—have you?"

QUITE CORRECT.

"WHAT is the meaning of *ex nihilo nihil fit?*" asked a Highlander of a village schoolmaster.

"Weel, Donald," answered the dominie, "I dinna mind the literal translation; but it just means that ye canna tak' the breeks off a Highlandman."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

A CASE was called in the Court of Session one day, when the agent for one of the parties asked for a delay in the trial, alleging as a reason that the wife of his client was dead.

"Ay, Mr. ——," said the judge, "that's a grand excuse; I wish we had a' ane like it."

IN PRAISE OF KAIL.

"WILL you hae a sowp kail, Mr. Brown?" asked a lady of one of her guests, at a good substantial Scotch dinner.

"Ou, ay, mem, thank ye. I aye like a pickle kail. If they're gude kail they're worth suppin'; and if they're no gude it's a sign there's no muckle to come after."

"POOR WOMAN!"

DURING the progress of a late duke's funeral through a small town in Scotland, the following colloquy between two women was overheard:—

One, absorbed in the contemplation of the signs of woe, exclaimed, "Poor woman! she will be sair lamented.

"Woman!" said the other, "gae wa' wi' ye, it's a man."

"Gae wa' wi' ye yoursel'," rejoined the other with an expression of the utmost contempt; "wha disna ken that a duke's the she o' a drake?"

A CHRISTIAN WISH.

MINISTERS who read their sermons were formerly abhorred in Scotland. A young preacher delivered a trial discourse, after which one of his hearers, an old woman, said to her neighbour, "He canna be a reader, for he's blind."

"I'm glad to hear't," replied the neighbour: "I wish they were a' blind."

A HIGHLANDER'S THREE WISHES.

A HIGHLANDER was once asked what he would wish to have, in case of some kind divinity purposing to give him the three things he liked best. For the first, he said, he should ask for "a Loch Lomond o' gude whiskey."

"And what for the second?" inquired his friend.

"A Ben Lomond o' gude sneeshin'," replied Donald.

"And what for the third?"

He hesitated a long time at this; but at last, after his face had assumed many contortive expressions of thought, he answered, "Oo, just anither Loch Lomond o' gude whiskey."

A SENSIBLE LASS.

A SCOTTISH gentleman, while walking in a meadow with some ladies, had the impudence to snatch a kiss from one, unperceived by the rest. She said indignantly—

"Sir, I am not accustomed to such freedoms."

"It will be the greater rarity, then, madam."

She flew from him, and ran towards her mother, who, alarmed at her seeming terror, inquired what was the cause.

"She has taken fright at a rash buss," said the gentleman.

"Oh, ye idiot!" said the mother; "go back this instant."

She returned smiling, and said, "Do't again's no' forbidden."

MOST LEARNED JUDGES.

THE Court of Session was one day deliberating on a bill of suspension and interdict, relative to certain caravans with wild beasts on the old earthen mound of Edinburgh; and in the course of the proceedings Lord Bannatyne fell asleep. The case was disposed of and the next one called, which related to a right of *lien* over certain goods. The learned lord, who continued dozing, having heard the word *lien* pronounced with a most emphatic Scotch accent by Lord Meadowbank, caused the following learned discussion:—

Meadowbank (loq.): I am very clear that there was a *lien* upon this property.

Bannatyne (dozing): Certainly; but it ought to be chained, because——

Balmuto: My lord, it's no a livin' *lion*—it's the Latin word *lien*.

Hermand: No, sir; the word is French.

Balmuto: I thought it was Latin, for it's in italics.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

BY ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.

THE very silliest things in life
Create the most material strife;
What scarce will suffer a debate,
Will oft produce the bitterest hate.
"It is," you say—I say, "'Tis not;"
Why, you grow warm, and I am hot;
Thus each alike with passion glows,
And words come first—and after, blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear,
Some fifteen pounds or more a year;
And rented, on the farming plan,
Grounds at much greater sums per ann.:
A man of consequence, no doubt,
'Mongst all his neighbours round about:
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honest to be much refined;
Would smoke his pipe and tell his tale,
Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould;
Her age was neither young nor old;
Her features strong, but somewhat plain;
Her air not bad, but rather vain;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's—very apt to change.
What she most hated was conviction;
What she most loved, flat contradiction.

A charming housewife, ne'ertheless—
Tell me a thing she could not dress:
Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies;
Naught came amiss—she was so wise!
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen
A farmer's wife with such a mien.
She could not bear the sound of dame;
No; Mistress Jerkin was her name.

She could harangue with wond'rous grace
On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace;
But, tho' she managed well the house,
She had a vast contempt for spouse,
As being one who took no pride,
And was a deal too countrify'd.
Such were our couple man and wife;
Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair
For exercise and cheerful air,
It happen'd in his morning's roam,
He kill'd his birds and brought them home.

"Here, Cicely, take away my gun:
How shall we have these starlings done?"
"Done? what, my love?—Your wits are wild—
Starlings, my dear! they're thrushes, child."
"Nay, now, but look, consider, wife,
They're starlings." "No, upon my life!
Sure I can judge as well as you,
I know a thrush and starling too."
"Who was it shot them, you or I?—
They're starlings!"—"Thrushes!"—"Zounds, you lie!"
"Pray, sir, take back your angry word,
I scorn your language as your bird;
It ought to make a husband blush,
To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush."
"Thrush, Cicely!"—"Yes."—"A starling!"—"No."
The lie again, and then a blow.
Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
And mar the powers of contradiction.

Peace soon ensued, and all was well;
It were imprudence to rebel,
Or keep the ball up of debate
Against these arguments of weight.

A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
'Twas "As you like," and "What you please;"
Till, in its course and order due,
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
Quoth Cicely, "Ah, this charming life!
No tumults now, no blows, no strife.
What fools we were this day last year!
Why, how you beat me then, my dear!"
"Sure it was idle and absurd,
To wrangle so about a bird;
A bird not worth a single rush—
A starling." "No, my love, a thrush!
That I'll maintain."—"That I'll deny.
You're wrong, good husband."—"Wife, you lie!"

Again the self-same wrangle rose,
Again the lie, again the blows.
Thus every year (true man and wife)
Ensues the same domestic strife;
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They argue, fight, and kiss, and friends;
'Tis "starling," "thrush," and "thrush" and "starling;"
"You dog!"—"You slut!"—"My dear!"—"My darling!"

BEGGING WITH MANY TONGUES.

THERE is no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal a gift as the Irish. When Leitch Ritchie was travelling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor, and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back.

"If you are in want," said Ritchie, with some degree of peevishness, "why don't you beg?"

"Sure it's begging I am, yer honour."

"You didn't say a word."

"Ov coorse not, yer honour; but see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of me trousers! and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's starin' in me eyes! Man alive! isn't it beggin' I am with a hundred tongues?"

A TOAST BY ARCHDEACON DENISON.

AT an East Brent Harvest Home festival the archdeacon said:—"Lest there should be anyone left out in that great assembly, lest there should be any one able to go away and say, 'My health was not drunk,' he would propose a toast which he had written down, for fear he should not remember it, and it was this:—

'Here's a health to all those that we love,
Here's a health to all those that love us,
Here's a health to all those that love them
That love those that love them
That love us.'"

In compliance with the president's wish, the guests greeted the humorous toast with "all the cheers they had left in them."

ODE TO MY WIFE'S MILLINER.

DEARER to me than I dared to think,
Dearer to me than the flowering pink,
Dearer to me than many I've known
Of the little milliners now full blown.
Ah! when she came for her bill to call,
Then, then I found she was dearer than all.

CONNUBIAL.

"THERE'S no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly-opened box; "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean." "Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite, they will go a great deal further." Brown did not ask for any more.

"YOU may depend upon me, wife; I give you my word." "I had rather you would sometimes keep it, sir."

BLESS the wives! they fill our hives with little bees and honey; they ease life's shocks, they mend our socks—but don't they spend the money? When we are sick they heal us quick—that is, if they do love us; if not we die, and yet they cry, and raise tombstones above us.

MR. JENKINS playfully remarked to his wife that in her he possessed four fools. "Who are they?" she asked. "Beautifool, dutifool, youthfool, and delightfool," said he. "You have the advantage of me, my dear," she replied; "I have but one fool."

DR. CASIN, who was gloriously henpecked, having heard Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy. "There's no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

"WHY don't you stand for the borough?" asked a lady of her husband, who was suffering from a fit of the gout. "Why should I, my dear?" "But I think you should," resumed his wife; "your language and actions are truly Parliamentary. When bills are presented, you either order them to be laid on the table or make a motion to rise; though out of order, you are supported by the chair, and often poke your nose into measures which are calculated to destroy the constitution."

WEDLOCK'S a very awful thing;
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
Which requires great nerve to go through it—
When one of a great equestrian troupe
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not knowing at all
What may befall
After his getting through it.

A TANNER having married the daughter of an eminent butcher, the bells were rung on the occasion. A gentleman asked another what the peal was for: "Only a union," said he, "between skin and bone."

A YOUTH, who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke, had not sufficient courage to "pop the question." On informing his father of the difficulty he laboured under, the old gentleman replied passionately, "Why, you great booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?" "Oh, yes," said the bashful lover, "you married mother, but I've got to marry a strange girl."

A YOUNG lady was told by a married lady that she had better precipitate herself from off the rocks and fall into the basin beneath, than marry. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I should find a husband at the bottom."

"ACCORDING to Milton, Eve kept silence in Eden to hear her husband talk," said a gentleman to his wife, and then added, in a melancholy tone, "Alas! there have been no Eves since." "Because there have been no husbands worth listening to," was the quick retort.

CURIOUS CHINESE SAYINGS.

WHEN a man seeks advice, and won't follow it, they compare him to "a mole that's continually calling out for the newspaper."

A drunkard's nose is said to be "a lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes underneath."

If a man is fond of dabbling in law, they say "he bathes in a sea of sharks."

The father who neglects his child is said to "run through life with a wild donkey tied to his pigtail."

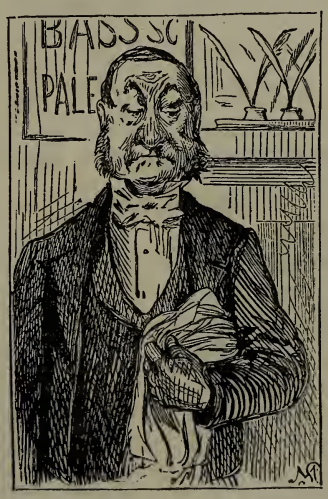
The young wife of an old man is compared to "the light in a sick bed-room."

Their picture of ambition is "a mandarin trying to catch a comet by putting salt on its tail."

And mock philanthropy has been described by one of their greatest poets as "giving a mermaid a pair of boots."

SISTER SAYINGS.

A GENTLEMAN, just arrived at Dublin, put up at an inn, and hearing a noise in the next room, like somebody pricking the wainscot with a sword, asked what it was. "Och, and plase your honour," said the waiter, "it's only Lord C—— pushing a little, because he expects a party to dinner to-day; and he is practising, in case he should have to fight with any of his friends."



"PADDY," said an employer to his labourer, "you are to begin work at five in the morning, and leave at seven in the afternoon." "Sure, sir," said Paddy, "wouldn't it be better to begin at sivin in the morning, and lave at five in the afternoon?"

"WHAT's your business, my friend?" said Mr. O'Grady, Q.C., to a rough-looking specimen of the Emerald Isle. "Sure," returned the latter, "didn't Tim Mulroony's wife tell me yer honour was wantin' a boy!" "And do you call yourself a boy?" asked the barrister. "Why, do I look like a girl?" was Pat's quick rejoinder.

"BRIDGET, I told you to have my hot water ready the first thing in the morning." "Shure, sir," replied Bridget, "didn't I bring it up and lave it at the dure last night, so as to have it in time?"

AN Irish gentleman once remarked in the House of Commons, that the French were the most restless nation in the universe, adding very pointedly, "they will never be at peace till they are engaged in another war."

AN Irishman, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life, only fifteen survived it.

A PHYSICIAN prescribed brandy to wash the inflamed eyes of a female patient. Meeting her husband soon after, he asked if the lady had followed his advice. "She has done everything in her power to do it," answered the goodman (an Irishman); "but, somehow or other, she never could get the glass higher than her mouth."

A STRANGER being at a tavern where the cook was dressing some carp, observed some of them move after they were put into the pan; being much surprised at this, Teague said, "Now, of all the Christian craturs I ever saw, this carp will live the longest of any fish after it is dead."

DURING the troublous times of 1798, a watchword was required of every passenger after a certain hour, with liberty for the sentinel to interrogate at will. A poor harmless Irishman travelling from Kilmainey to Kilmore, being asked concerning his place of departure and place of destination, answered, to the no small alarm of the inquirer, "I have been to kill-many, and am going to kill-more." "That you shan't," cried the sentinel, and immediately took the man prisoner.

An Irishman telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed that he had read it in a book several years ago. "Confound those ancients!" said the Irishman, "they are always stealing one's good thoughts."

ANOTHER much addicted to telling strange stories, said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders in the right place. "Ha, ha, ha!" said a bystander, "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?" "And sure what a purty fool ye are!" said Pat, "and couldn't he pick it up with his teeth?"

"OCH, an' what's yer honour agoin' to give me, seein' as it's myself that saved yer honour's house from turnin' to ashes intirely?" "How so, Pat?" "An' sure, when it cotched afire, wasn't I the second one that hollered fire first?"

"SUSAN," said an Irishman to his fellow-servant, "what are the bells ringing for?" "In honour of the princess's birthday," was the reply. "Be aisy, jewel," rejoined Pat, "none of your tricks upon travellers; 'twas the Prince of Wales's on the ninth, and how can it be his sister's twelve days after, unless indade they were twins?"

EARLY RISING.

AN Alumnus who has been delving among the traditions of Harvard unearths the following:—

Forty years ago, John Quincy Adams was President of the United States, and his cousin Josiah Quincy was President of Harvard University; and both had the reputation of being very early risers and hard students. While spending the hot months of summer at his Quincy home, the President of the United States drove over to see his brother President of the University. After a long and friendly conversation, Mr. Adams remarked that he was about to call at the Law School on Judge Story, and Mr. Quincy accompanied him. On their arrival they found the professor in the midst of a law lecture. They were, however, cordially welcomed, the judge being evidently pleased by the arrival of his distinguished visitors, whom he assigned to a seat on each side of him, and then as in duty bound continued his lecture. After he had proceeded awhile on a very dry point of law, he noticed on the countenances of most of the students a smile totally unsuitable to the character of the lecture he was delivering. The smile continued to spread till it passed round the whole room, and then grew into an almost audible laugh. The astonished professor, seeing no cause for the giggling, hesitated for an instant; then happening to look on his right hand, he saw Mr. Quincy sound asleep, his head industriously nodding towards the corner of the room. Looking hastily on his left, he saw Mr. Adams just as soundly asleep, his head nodding in the opposite direction. The professor instantly saw the joke. Stretching out his hands towards his two distinguished visitors, he remarked to the students, "Gentlemen, you see before you the unfortunate victims of too early rising." The burst of laughter that ensued awoke both sleepers.

SOME VERSES TO SNAIX.

BY BINKS.

PRODIGGUS reptile! long and skaly kuss!
You are the dadrattedest biggist thing I ever
Seed that cud ty itself into a double bo-
Not, and cum all strate again in a
Minnit or so, without winkin or seemin
To experience any particular pane
In the diafram.

Stoopenjus inseck! marvelous annimile!
You are no doubt seven thousand yeres
Old, and hav a considerable of a
Family sneekin round thru the tall
Gras in Africa, a eetin up little greezy
Niggers, and a wishin they was biggir.

I wonder how big yu was when yu
Was a inphant about 2 fete long. I
Expec yu was a purty good size, and
Lived on phrogs, and lizzerds, and polly-
Wogs and sutch things.

Yu are havin' a nice time now, ennyhow—
Don't have nothing to do but lay oph.
And ete kats and rabbits, and stic
Out yure tung and twist yur tale.
I wunder if yu ever swollered a man
Without takin oph his butes. If there was
Brass buttins on his kote, I spose
Yu had ter swaller a lot of buttin-
Wholes, and a shu-hamer to nock
The soals oph of the boots and drive in
The tax, so that they wouldn't kut yure
Inside. I wunder if vittles taste
Good all the way down. I expec so—
At leest, fur 6 or 7 fete.

You are so mighty long, I shud thynk
If your tale was kold, yure hed
Woodent no it till the next day,
But it's hard tu tell: snaix is snaix.

SWEARING.

IN a Western novel, "Robert Greathouse," an amusing instance is given of that tendency existing in the uneducated mind to confound profanity with the solemn taking of an oath. Jack Gowdy, an ignorant stage-driver, desiring information about an affidavit he wishes to make, asks a lawyer: "Is the swearing very tall? Is the swearing such very hard swearing that it takes a scientific man to do it? Suppose a gentleman not a professional man in such matters, nor yet a scientific man, but say a man who never swore much except privately on his own account, at stable-men and ostlers, and faro-dealers when they did not pull the cards square, and abolitionists and free niggers occasionally in a general way; suppose, I say, such a man as that should commence swearing up this case, say this evening, as soon as we could commence work, and we should keep it up steady, without interruption, till to-morrow morning at five o'clock, do you think we could fetch it up to the notch? Yes? Then it would gratify me very much if I could take a swear at them there documents." The consequence was that the man was sworn.

AMERICAN MAXIMS.

If your coat is comfortable, wear it two or three months longer; no matter if the gloss is off. If you have no wife, get one; if you have, bless her! stay at home with her, instead of spending your evenings in expensive flat fooleries. Be honest, frugal, plain; seek content and happiness at home; be industrious and persevering; and our word for it, if your circumstances are now embarrassed, they will soon become easy, no matter who may be president, or what may be the price of stocks in the money market the year round.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD MEASURE.

What are mortals made of?—
By analysation I've tried all the nation,
Defined each gradation, and proved every station,
With Sir Humphrey's best new chemical test,
And found what mortals are made of!

What are our dandies made of?—
Of whiskers and snuff, of padding and puff—
A glass to the eye when a pretty girl's nigh—
Sham collar, false calves, and hair,
Stays tight-laced—a head like a bear—
And such are our dandies made of!

What are our fiddlers made of?—
Of crotchets and quavers and great people's favours;
Catgut to tease—horsehair to please,
Gamut and rosin, airs and fine graces,
Flats and sharps, and lots of grimaces—
And such are our fiddlers made of!

What are our doctors made of?—
A fee and a cane, "must visit again,"
Rhubarb and manna, ipecacuanha;
Powders, draughts, lotions, and pills;
Patients, pulses, and precious long bills—
And such are our doctors made of!

What are old bachelors made of?—
Of bread and cheese, and very weak knees;
Ruddy in nose—rheumatic in toes;
Hoarded riches, and landed estate;
Worn-out smalls, and a very bald pate—
And such are old bachelors made of!

What are our soldiers made of?—
Scarlet and lace, and a brazen face;
Pipe-clay and drill, the foeman to kill;
Alehouse scores, trumpets and drums,
Oaths and scars, and bullets and bombs—
And such are our soldiers made of!

What are our sailors made of?—
Of pitch and tar, pigtail and soar;
Powder and smoke, and hearts of oak;
Lots of prize-money, and cash galore,
A fiddler, grog, and sweethearts on shore—
And such are our sailors made of!

What are young ladies made of?—
Of concerts and dances—sanctified glances;
Dresses and bonnets—ribbons and sonnets;
Boarding-school graces—flounces and laces,
And sweet pretty faces, when kept in their places—
And such are young ladies made of!

What are our actors made of?—
Of masquerade speeches, sham fights in the breaches;
Ranting and raillery, box, pit, and gallery;
Plenty of friends on a benefit night,
And lots of applause whene'er they act right—
And such are our actors made of!

A TRANSMIGRATION.

When Rowland Hill was erecting his chapel in Blackfriars Road, many of his congregation resorted to a Baptists' meeting-house in that neighbourhood; this the divine did not like, and one day when a number of his flock, who were passing to the house, stopped to look at the bricklayers employed in his building, some of the workmen, by asking them for money to drink, drove them away; but as they were going, Rowland cried to the carpenters, "Come, lads, get on, get on; if you trifle in this way, all my chickens will be turned to ducks before my coop is ready."

A HARD JOG.

A gentleman was so prone to exaggeration, that he found it necessary to instruct his servant to jog him whenever he drew the long bow too much. One day he was describing a fox he had slain—a fox with a monstrous long brush, "quite a mile long." John immediately jogged his master.

"Well," said he, "perhaps not quite so much; but I am sure it was half a mile." (Another jog.)

"Or if not, about a quarter." (Jog again.)

"Well, I'll be shot if it was not a hundred yards long!" (A very hard jog.)

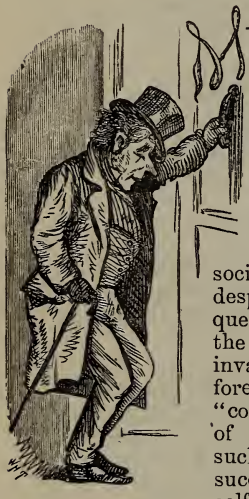
The poor story-teller could bear this jogging no longer, but, jumping up, exclaimed, "Rascal! will you not let my fox have a tail at all?"

MANGLING ENGLISH.

THERE is an individual in Quincy Market, "doing business," who is down on customers who do not speak properly. "What's eggs this morning?" says a customer. "Eggs of course," says the dealer. "I mean, how do they go?" "Go?—where?" "Pshaw!" says the customer, getting up his fury, "what for eggs?" "Money, money, sir, or good endorsed credit," says the dealer. "Don't you understand the English language, sir?" says the customer. "Not as you mix and mangle it, I don't," responded the egg-merchant. "What—is—the—price—per—dozen—for—your eggs?" "Ah! now you talk," said the dealer; "eightpence per dozen is the price." They traded.

GUILTY—BUT DRUNK.

BY COLONEL BRADBURY.



MANY years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature named Brown was one of its circuit judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession; but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the court, to get "comfortably corned," by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating by himself, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year: taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned but strong "carry-all," he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where "court" was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place, and took up quarters with a relation of his "better half," by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a singular honour. After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were very glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "'tis quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a drink all round. Of course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord), you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here?—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog!"

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the judge wended his very devious way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the judge's coat-pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, judge!" said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly! what's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time that the judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding,

according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, when he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable he exclaimed—

"My! Polly!"

"What on earth's the matter, judge?"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me, where d'ye get them?"

"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?"—extending them towards her—"I stole them!"

"Stole them, judge?"

"Yes, stole them!"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible!—from whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there; his name is on them."

"Good heavens! how could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why, judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes, you were."

"Was I *remarkably* drunk when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, judge, drunk as an owl, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—"I knew it would come to that, at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion perhaps — but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny!"

"But there may be some mistake, judge."

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" and the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears; "go like a man over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic. Pass it off as a joke—go and open court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the judge as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course, he had but little difficulty in settling with him—for, aside from the fact that the judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The judge took his seat in court; but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterised his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough-looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question—

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty—but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honour," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, eh? and he pleads——"

"He pleads guilty—but drunk."

The judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty—but drunk! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none anywhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the judge, "do me the favour to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all of Sterritt's spoons! Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the court."

MRS. BROWN ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.*

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

I'M sure if any one had told me as I could be whisked away from Moorfields to Marrybone in ten minutes I should have said, "Go along with your rubbish!" through well remembering them Paddington coachmen, as was put down by the omnibuses a-comin' in, and a by-word for abuse, and was hours in gettin' from the Angel, Islington, to the Edgware Road.

I must say as I felt very much like stiflin' as soon as I got in the station, and didn't fancy a-bein' drove that wiolent through them sewers, as they ain't no better than, with a chokey feelin' as ketches the breath, and no wonder when you comes to think as we was formed for the open air, and not for them places as comes nat'ral to rats and rabbits and other amphiberous creatures as I heerd a party give a lecture about, as must be singler in their 'abits I should say and a-breathin' through their backs, as is no doubt a conveniency to them with their heads under water, or drowned they must be. Not as I was altogether pleased with that party as give the lecture, as was a-talkin' about things as would keep out water, and askin' what was best.

So I says to Mrs. Portlock, as went with me, and settin' next, in a whisper, "There's nothin' better than biled ile, as will make anythin' waterproof." What does she go and do but up and tell him what I'd said. So says he, "What did the good lady say?"

"Biled ile," says Mrs. Portlock. "What!" says he. "Biled ile! You means boiled oil."

"No, I don't," says I, "I means biled ile." "But, my good woman," says he, a-gettin' warm over it, "you means oil as has been boiled."

I says, "Don't good woman me; I means nothin' of the sort; but if you asks for biled ile you'll get what I tell you, and if you don't you won't."

So I settled him; but what him and other jackasses could see to grin at I can't think, for they must be a ignorant lot to lecture, and not know what biled ile is.

But as I was a-sayin', that Underground Railway, which though wonderful, I must say as open day is quite good enough for me. Well, I was a-wantin' to go to Marrybone for to see a party as had come home from Canady, and seen my boy, and wished for to hear particklers from a eye-witness, as the sayin' is. So off I goes early into the City through 'avin' of some business at the fire office; and I'm sure the confusion was that awful, as glad I was to be safe at the station just as a train was a-goin' to start, and afore as I'd time to wink, as the sayin' is, I was shoved head foremost into a carriage and away we went under them dark arches, as smelt mouldy and struck chilly.

A young man as was settin' opposite to me says, "We gets a fine view of the country, mum, don't we?" "Well," I says, "you may on your side, but I can't see nothin' but darkness wisible, as the sayin' is." Just then we comes to the light, and I see as he was a-jeerin' at me.

Well, on we went till at last nearly every one had got out of the carriage, but all in that hurry skurry as give me a turn, and I set a-waitin' till a party put his head in at the window and said, "Change here for Kensington."

I says, "I shan't do nothin' of the sort, for I'm a-goin' to Baker Street." "Then," says he, "you've come past it; you must go up-stairs and get a ticket to go back."

I says, "What a shame to bring parties out of their way like this!" He says, "Can't you read nor got no ears? for," he says, "the names of the stations is wrote up."

I says nothin' but goes to get my ticket, and I'm sure them stairs is enough for a day's journey to any one. Well, I gets into the train, and spoke wery severe to the guard about their 'avin' brought me too far, when a impident jackanapes of a fellow says, "If they was to look out for all the places as old women wants to stop at, as never knows where they're a-goin', they'd never go on." I says, "You speak when you're spoke to, Mr. Snip," as shut him up in a crump, as the sayin' is. So nothink more wasn't said, and we kep' a-stoppin' at stations and parties kep' a-hurryin' in and out of the train, as terrified me to death, partickler one old gent as was a-gettin' out with a large basket, as he'd been and wedged in the door.

Well, he loses his temper over it, and gives it a wiolent shove; out it goes sudden and him nearly after it, leastways he would have been if I hadn't ketched hold on him with a sudden grip and pulled him back.

"What ever do you mean by that?" says he. "Mean!" says I, "why, there wasn't an inch between you and eternity," for in a moment they'd banged the door that wiolent as nearly caught his fingers, and on goes the train and we was in darkness.

The way as that old fellow went on, instead of gratitude, as was his duty, nobody would never believe but them as heard his langwidge, as was downright disgraceful. He called me everythin' as he could lay his tongue to in abuse till at last my temper give way, and I says, "You're no gentleman, but a low-lived character for to talk to me like that, when all as ever I did was to save your life." He says, "I shall be black and blue all over through your pinches, let alone my basket pitched out of the train, as I wouldn't have lost was it ever so."

I really don't know what he'd have said next only the train stopped, and out he bolts, and fell a-sprawlin' on the platform, and as I was a-follerin' him I stumbled over him and come down too. It's a mercy as he fell first, or I might have been under the train.

Well, they picked us up, and just as I was on my legs up comes a policeman a-sayin' as they'd been a long while on the look-out for some one to make an example on a-gettin' out of the train whilst in motion, and I was just the party. If that ungrateful old willin as I'd saved the life on

* By kind permission of the Author.

didn't take and turn agin me and say, "Serve her right, for she shoved me out, and has been and assaulted me!" I says, "Policeman, I gives him in charge; do your duty; I'll appear agin him for foul abuse."

But the policeman he was one of the gang, I think, for if he didn't give a grin and say, "Oh, it's only a lovers' quarrel; you'll be better friends after it." The idea of me havin' anythin' to say to that old fellow!

Well, when I come for to get out of the station I found I had been and left my redicule in the train with the address where I wanted to go. But I says, "Persevere I will." So I makes inquiries, and finds as Marrybone wasn't far off, and walks on a-rememberin' as it were Titchfield Street as I wanted. So at last I asks a policeman, as said as I were a-comin' away from it and did ought to have got out at Portland Road; this was Baker Street.

Well, I goes back to the train and says, "I'll try once more," and gets down-stairs, but only just in time to have a gate shet in my face with the train a-standin' there waitin'.

I says, "Let me in, I wants to go," and thumps hard with my umbreller, and I'd have given the fellow there a good drive with it if I could a got at him, for he wouldn't open that gate, and off the train went without me.

When I was let in I give him a bit of my mind; but, law! it's no use a-talkin' to them low-lived characters, as only walked away and didn't even answer. When the train did come up I had a hard struggle for to get in, and off we was, and what with the worry and the flurry I really did feel quite knocked up, though I took a glass of ale and a biscuit at Baker Street, as was as well.

It wasn't long before I felt a little bit dozy, and though I only remembers one station we stopped at just after I'd got in, all of a sudden we come to a dead stop and every one was a-gettin' out.

I says to a porter, "Wherever am I got to?" Says he, "Farringdon Street."

I says, "But I wants the Portland Road." "Then," says he, "you must go up-stairs and get a ticket to go back."

I was put out, to be sure! I says, "I won't do nothin' of the sort; you're a downright gang of swindlers, as 'tices people into a trap for to run 'em back'ards and for'ards, all day; but," I says, "you ain't caught a greenhorn this time, and if I could see a policeman I'd give you in charge." "Oh," says the fellow, "here's a policeman, pr'aps you'd like to talk to him."

Well, up he comes, and I tells him what had 'appened to me, and if he didn't take and say as I'd better be careful not to be a-humbuggin' about the station, as pr'aps I might get into trouble.

I says, "Whatever do you mean?" "Why," he says, "take care as you're not taken up on suspicion of being one of a lot as goes back'ards and for'ards by the trains a-pickin' of pockets. For," he says, "they're females for the most part."

I says, "Do you dare for to insinuate as I'm a female, and given to thievin'?" I says, "I'll make you prove your words, you good-for-nothin' fellow, you!" He didn't say a word, but he takes me by the arm, and says, "Now you be off, or I shall have to do my duty, and lock you up."

I was all of a tremble at such an insult. I busts away from him, and how I got up the stairs I don't know; and had only strength for to get a cab, and I cried fit to break my heart all the way home, and all the comfort as Brown give me was a-sayin' I wasn't fit to be trusted out alone, and as he must get some one to look arter me, as I'd sooner be under ground altogether than put up with; but next time as I wants to go to Marrybone, as I never got to, no more of them dark places for me as didn't ought to be allowed.

RURAL RAPTURES.

'Tis sweet at dewy eve to rove
When softly sighs the western breeze,
And wandering 'mid the starlit grove
To take a pinch of snuff and sneeze.

'Tis sweet to see in daisied field
The flocks and herds their pleasure take;
But sweeter are the joys they yield
In tender chop and juicy steak.

'Tis sweet to hear the murmurous sound
That from the vocal woods doth rise,
To mark the pigeons wheeling round,
And think how nice they'd be in pies.

When nightingales pour from their throats
Their gushing melody, 'tis sweet;
Yet sweeter 'tis to catch the notes
That issue from Threadneedle Street.

MANNERS.

William Martin was at one time a book auctioneer in Edinburgh. He was no great scholar, and occasionally made some humorous blunders during the exercise of his avocation. One night he had made a clumsy attempt to unravel the title of a French book. A young dandy, wishing to have a laugh at Martin's expense, asked him to read the title again, as he did not quite understand him.

"Oh!" said Martin, "it's something about manners, and that's what neither you nor me has ower muckle o'."

OLD WITS.

AT a friendly gathering at Holland House, the conversation turned on love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, because "it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by paring."

THEY tell a good story of Hallam and Rogers. The poet said, "How do you do, Hallam?" "Do what?" "Why, how do you find yourself?" "I never lose myself." "Well, how have you been?" "Been, where?" "Pshaw! how do you feel?" "Feel of me, and see." "Good morning, Hallam." "It's not a good morning." Rogers could say no more.

DEAN SWIFT, on being asked what he thought the easiest and yet most difficult thing a man could do, replied, "To bolt a door."

WHILE travelling, Dean Swift once called at a house. The lady of the mansion, rejoiced to have so great a guest, with much eagerness and flippancy asked him what he would have for dinner. "Will you have an apple pie, or a gooseberry pie, sir, or a cherry pie, or a plum pie, or a pigeon pie, sir?" "Any pie, madam, but a magpie," replied the dean, in his usual dry, sarcastic manner.

MOORE, in his Diary, mentions an anecdote told by Croker, as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fénelon, who had often teased Richelieu ineffectually for charitable subscriptions, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," said Fénelon, "it was so like you."

THOUGH an habitual valetudinarian, Molière relied almost entirely on the temperance of his diet for the re-establishment of his health. "What use do you make of our physician?" said the king to him one day. "We chat together, Sire," said the poet: "he gives me his prescriptions: I never follow them; and so I get well."

THE Duchess of Newcastle, who was a great writer of romances in the time of Charles II., asked Bishop Wilkins, who had just announced his discovery of a world in the moon, how she could get there. "As the journey," said she, "must needs be very long, there will not be any possibility of getting there without stopping on the way." "Your grace," replied the bishop, "can be at no loss for places to stop at, as you have built so many castles in the air."

DURING the riots of 1780, most persons in London, in order to save their houses from being burnt or pulled down, wrote on their doors, *No Popery*. Old Grimaldi, to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his, *No Religion*.

DR. JOHNSON, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said, "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each other."

"WOULD you not have known this boy to be my son, from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman. Mr. Curran answered, "Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

CHARLES LAMB sitting next some chattering woman at dinner, the latter, observing he didn't attend to her, remarked, "You do not seem to be at all the better for what I am saying to you." "No, ma'am," he answered, "but this gentleman on the other side of me must, for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other."

A COMPANY happening to have a dispute concerning the age of Lord Chesterfield, an Irish gentleman observed he must be older than they supposed—"for," added he, "his lordship must have been upwards of one-and-twenty when he signed the bond which was forged by Doctor Dodd." All present assented to it.

TURNER the painter was a ready wit. Once at a dinner where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the painters and glaziers of Great Britain. The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British paper-stainers.

WILLIAM IV. seemed in a momentary dilemma one day, when, at table with several officers, he ordered one of the waiters to "take away that marine there," pointing to an empty bottle. "Your majesty!" inquired a colonel of marines, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?" "Yes," replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him; "I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again."

A YOUNG Cambridge student once contended with Johnson, whom he met at Boswell's, that prosaic poetry and poetical prose must be equally good. "No, sir," replied the doctor; "a man may like brandy in his tea, though not tea in his brandy." The student was asked afterwards what he thought of Dr. Johnson. "I think," said he, "that he is the great bear of conversation—his diction is all contradiction."

A PHYSICIAN, passing by a stone-mason's shop, bawled out, "Good morning, Mr. D.! Hard at work, I see. You finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and

then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, "unless somebody's sick and you are doctoring him; then I keep right on."

A certain sergeant, who was apt to get a little testy in argument, was one day reminded by Mr. Erskine that he should not show anger, but show cause.

Doctor Perne happening to call a clergyman a fool, who was not totally undeserving of the title, but who resented the indignity so highly that he threatened to complain to his diocesan, the Bishop of Ely—"Do so," says the doctor, "and he will confirm you."

A theoretically benevolent man, on being asked by a friend to lend him a sovereign, answered briskly, "With pleasure"—but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one lending sovereign, and it is out."

Dibdin had a horse which he called Graphy. "Very odd name!" said Oxbury. "Not at all," responded Tom; "when I bought him, it was Buy-a-Graphy; when I mount him, it's Top-o'-Graphy; and when I want him to go, it's Gee-ho-Graphy."

A discerning friend of ours told us, a short time back, that in his opinion there was nothing like humbug in this world. This may or may not be the case. One thing, however, is pretty certain: if there is nothing like it, there is at any rate a great deal of the original article itself.

Some one jocularly observed to the Marquis of Wellesley, that in his arrangements of the Ministry "his brother, the duke, had thrown him overboard." "Yes," said the marquis, "but I trust I have strength enough left to swim to the other side."

"Pray don't attempt to darn your cobwebs," was Swift's advice to a gentleman of strong imagination and weak memory, who was laboriously explaining himself.

Dr. Barton, being in company with Dr. Nash, who had just printed two heavy folios on the antiquities of Worcestershire, remarked that the publication was deficient in several respects, adding, "Pray, doctor, are you not a justice of the peace?" "I am," replied Nash. "Then," said Barton, "I advise you to send your work to the house of correction."

During a rehearsal, Braham said to Tom Cooke, who was the conductor, "Now, Tom, keep quite piano here, because just at this part, to give effect, I intend dropping my voice." "Do you? By the powers," said Tom, "whereabouts?—for it's just the sort of voice I should like to pick up."

"Madam," said old Roger to his boarding-house keeper, "in primitive countries beef is often the legal tender; but, madam," said he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the law in Christendom couldn't make this beef tender."

It was with as much delicacy as satire that Porson returned, with the manuscript of a friend, the answer that "it would be read when Homer and Virgil were forgotten, but not till then."

The manager of a Scotch theatre at which Kean was playing Macbeth, seeing him greatly exhausted towards the close of the performance, offered him some whiskey in a very small thistle-glass, saying at the same time, by way of encouragement, "Take that, Mr. Kean; take that, sir; it is the real mountain dew, that will never hurt you, sir." "No," said Kean, with a significant glance at the homœopathic dose—"No, that I'll be sworn it wouldn't, if it was vitriol!"

An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed that "those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword." "By a similar rule," replied the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF CHINA.

A country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the labourer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch on the heel; where the place of honour is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar. Such is the land celestial—fair China.

WOMEN AND PORPOISES.

WELL, it's the natur' of porpoises when a she one gets wounded, that all the other porpoises race right arter her, and chase her to death. They show her no marcy. Human natur' is the same as fish natur' in this particler, and is as scaly too. When a woman gets a wound from an arrow shot out by scandal, or envy, or malice, or falsehood, for not keeping her eye on the compass, and shapin' her course as she ought to, men, women, and boys, parsons and their tea-goin' gossipin' wives, pious galls and prim old maids, all start off in full cry, like a pack of blood-hounds, arter her, and tear her to pieces; and if she earths, and has the luck to get safe into a hole fust, they howl and yell round it every time she shows her nose, like so many imps of darkness. It's the race of charity, to see which long-legged, cantin', bilious-lookin' critter can be in first at the death. They turn up the whites of their eyes like ducks in thunder, whenever they see a fox-hunt, it's so wicked; but a gall-hunt they love dearly, it's "servin' good ends."—*Sam Slick.*

ODD TO A KROKIS.

SELESTIAL apoley which Didest inspire.
the souls of burns and pop with sackred fir.
kast thy Mantil over me When i shal sing.
the praiz Of A sweat flower who grows in spring.
Which has of late kome under the Fokis.
of My eyes. it is called a krokis.
sweat lovly prety littil sweat Thing.
you bloometh before The lairicks on High sing.
thy lefs are neithir Red Nor yelly.
but Just betwixt the two you hardy felly.
i fear youl yet be Nippit with the frost.
As Maney a one has known to there kost.
you should have not kome out in such a hurrey.
As this is only the Month of Febrywurrey.
and you may expick yet Much bad wethir.
when all your blads will krunkil up like Burnt leathor.
alas. alas. theres Men which tries to rime.
who have like you kome out befor there time.
The Moril of My peese depend upon it.
is good so here i End my odd or sonit.

UNEXPECTED.

PRESIDENT HOPKINS, of Williams College, was thoroughly good and greatly loved, and a dignified old gentleman withal. These excellent qualities added a quaint effect of contrast to the suddenness of the following answer which the worthy president once received, and which illustrates the principle that "ridicule is the test of truth." In the railroad cars one day the president descried one of his students, a youth of regrettable habits in point of dissipation, and wearing at that moment the haggard and dishevelled looks of one not yet over the effects of a hard debauch. Stepping up to the young man, looking him sternly yet sadly in the face, the president said in a deep and impressive tone "Been on a drunk!"

"So have I," was the answer.

CHRISTMAS FALLACIES.

THAT if you do not eat some plum-pudding and mince-pie on Christmas Day, you are sure not to be lucky the next year.

That you must not scold any servant who neglects his duty, nor lose your temper if the cook is carried up-stairs to bed in a state of insensibility just before dinner-time.

That you have no right to take any means of redress against any drunken man who annoys you, or to be angry with any "devoted" young gentleman in the height of his merriment who chooses to insult you.

That you must stifle your indignation, for fear of being condemned as a man who has no soul for music, if the waits jolt you out of your sleep every night for weeks previous, and then coolly ask you "to remember them."

That you are expected to pay all cabmen double their fare on that day.

That you are bound by some social Act of Parliament to say, "I wish you a Merry Christmas," to every dull, stupid, or uncharitable person you meet, even though it may be a lawyer who has sued you, or a rich widow who has jilted you, or a doctor who has nearly killed you, or a critic who has been making mince-meat both of you and your last book, or a laundress who has been robbing you right and left (that is to say, as much with her right hand as with her left) every day of the previous year.

A CHAPTER OF "IFS."

"*If* is the only peace-maker—much virtue in *if*."—*As You Like It.*

There is a vast philosophy in *if*. This philosophy the reader is at perfect liberty to detect for himself.

If is the first palpitation of hope, and the last sigh of regret.

If is uttered by the boy with careless confidence; by the man with ceaseless reproach.

"We'll have such a game o' cricket," says the boy exultingly, having already in his eye the prodigious "innings" he shall enjoy—"*if* master gives us a holiday," he continues carelessly.

"I should now be rolling in my carriage," says the melancholy merchant, "*if* I hadn't dabbled in the funds." Small *if!*

"I should be hale and vigorous," sighs the dyspeptic, "*if* I had taken exercise, and had eaten rationally." Trifling *if!*

"My child would have been a comfort to me in my old age," sighs the weak father, "*if* I hadn't over-indulged him." Insignificant *if!*

In a word, on this small *if* rests our whole existence; *if* is the moral and physical foundation of the universe.

"How so?" asks the reader.

If it hadn't been made!

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
Two or three "noes" when he bids you say "yes,"
Two or three smiles when you utter the "no,"
Two or three frowns if he offers to go,
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,
Two or three tears, though you can't tell for what,
Two or three letters when your vows are begun,
Two or three quarrels before you have done,
Two or three dances to make you jocose,
Two or three hours in a corner sit close,
Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
Two or three glances to intimate hope,
Two or three pauses before you are won,
Two or three swoonings to let him press on,
Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,
Two or three hums when the chaplain appears,
Two or three squeezes when the hand's given away,
Two or three coughs when you come to "obey."
Two or three lasses may have, by these rhymes,
Two or three little ones—two or three times.

A QUICK ANSWER.

Dr. Johnson officiated as minister at Newhaven for upwards of half a century. On one occasion of pastoral visitation, the "gudewife," Maggy, had just returned from market, and, in her hurry to meet the minister, she deposited her basket, which contained certain purchases from the "fleshers," at the door. After a few preliminary observations, Dr. Johnson put the question—

"What does every sin deserve, Margaret?"

"God's curse!—the dog's awa' wi' the head-and-harigals!" she exclaimed, as she rushed after the canine delinquent, who had made free with the contents of her basket.

"Very well answered, Margaret," observed the doctor, on her return, "but rather hurriedly spoken."

TO STEW A RUMP-STEAK.

Wash it well, and season it hot,
Bind it, and put it in the pot;
Fry three onions, put them to it,
With carrots, turnips, cloves, and suet;
With broth or gravy cover up,
Put in your spoon, and take a sup;
Soft and gentle let it simmer,
Then of port put in a brimmer;
With judgment let the ketchup flow,
Of vinegar a glass bestow;
Simmer again for half an hour,
Serve at six, and then devour.

"WEE O' ITS AGE."

"Come, doctor," said a gentleman to his minister, "I can give you a treat—a bottle of claret forty years old."

The doctor was in raptures, and eagerly accepted the invitation—when, to his dismay, the expected quart proved only to be a pint bottle. "Wae's me," said he, taking it up in his hand, "but it's unco wee o' its age!"

APHORISMS.

JOSH BILLINGS is responsible for the following aphorisms:—

"That men of genius are like eagles, tha live on what tha kill; while men ov talents are like crows, tha live on what haz bin killed for them. That there iz 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twinz. That 'ignorance iz bliss'—ignorance of sawing wood, for instance. That 'a little larning iz a dangerous thing;' this iz az tru az it iz common."

THE CASE ALTERED.

WHEN the French Cuirassiers pounced down upon the Twenty-First, at Dettingen, Sir Andrew Agnew, deeming it impossible to withstand their charge, ordered the regiment to fall back from the centre by right and left. The Cuirassiers rushed madly into the lane they had formed, believing that the line had been broken. The Fusiliers then delivered a volley, and, charging with the bayonet, nearly annihilated the French cavalry. The king did not fail to perceive the movement and its result.

"Ah, Sir Andrew," said his Majesty, pleasantly, after the battle, "the *gens-d'armes* got in among you to-day!"

"Ou, ay, yer Majesty," answered the brave Scotch knight, "but they didna get out again!"

DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS ELLEN GEE, OF KEW, WHO DIED IN CONSEQUENCE OF BEING STUNG IN THE EYE.

PEERLESS yet hapless maid of Q!
Accomplish'd LN G!
Never again shall I and U
Together sip our T.

For, ah! the Fates, I know not Y,
Sent 'midst the flowers a B,
Which ven'mous stung her in the I,
So that she could not C.

L N exclaim'd, "Vile spiteful B!
If ever I catch U
On jess'mine, rosebud, or sweet P,
I'll change your stinging Q.

"I'll send you like a lamb or U
Across th' Atlantic C,
From our delightful village Q
To distant OYE.

"A stream runs from my wounded I,
Salt as the briny C,
As rapid as the X or Y,
The OIO or D.

"Then fare thee ill, insensate B!
Who stung, nor yet knew Y,
Since not for wealthy Durham's C
Would I have lost my I."

They bear with tears fair LN G
In funeral RA,
A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B,
Whilst I mourn her DK.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,
List to the reason Y;
For should A B C U at T,
He'll surely sting your I.

Now in a grave L deep in Q,
She's cold as cold can B,
Whilst robins sing upon A U
Her dirge and LEG.

AN INVITATION.

SONS of Apollo and Apelles, haste,
Obedient to our summons! Nay, what folly 'tis
To look so coy on't!—come, let's have a taste,
Sweet gentlemen! of your respective qualities.

Ye wielders of the pencil, quit your easels,
A welcome in our leaves assured of finding:
With sonnets come, ye bardlings, lank as weasels,
And make your fame as lasting as—our binding.

Come! and fear not the carping critic's snarlings
At painter's sketch, or poet's lucubration;
You'll find the ladies—bless the pretty darlings!—
The most indulgent critics in creation.

No richer guerdon could he crave, who dips,
Like me, his crow-quill in the juice of poppy,
Than these dear words, from some fair damsel's lips:
"How very sweet! do let me have a copy!"

NUTS WITHOUT SHELLS.

ONE bitter cold night, a village doctor was roused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation he went to the window, and asked, "Who's there?" "Afriend." "What do you want?" "To stay here all night." "Stay then, and welcome," was the reply, as the doctor closed the window, and crept again into bed.

A SERVANT-GIRL who could not read had, from constant attendance, got the church-service by rote; but a few Sundays previous to her marriage she was accompanied by her sweetheart, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read; she therefore took up the prayer-book, and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it, but, unfortunately for her, she held it upside down. The man, astonished, cried, "Good heavens! why, you have the book wrong side upwards." "I know it, sir," said she, confusedly; "I always read so, for I am left-handed."

A WESTERN editor having published a leader on "Hogs," a rival paper in the same village upbraids him for obtruding his family matters upon the public.

"MAT, I want another porter." "What ales the one you have, Dick?" "He's dead." "Gone to his beer, eh?" "Hang you, Dick! Your wit's always a broad-cider."

A DULL lecturer said that "fools are not all dead yet." "No," whispered a wag across the table, "or you wouldn't be here to say so."

"ISN'T it about time you paid me that bill?" said Stubbs to one of his debtors. "My dear sir," was the consoling reply, "it's not a question of time, it's a question of money."

WHEN Jefferies was told that the Prince of Orange would very soon land, and that a manifesto, stating his inducements, objects, &c., was already written, "Pray, my Lord Chief Justice," said a gentleman present, "what do you think will be the heads of this manifesto?" "Mine will be one," replied he.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, being one day displeased with Cecil, who had been speaking to her slightingly of the Earl of Leicester, turned on him sharply and said, "Ye may be burly, my Lord Burleigh, but ye will make less stir in history than my Lord Leicester"—in which her majesty merely showed how greatly she was mistaken.

A BOASTING fellow was asked, "Pray, sir, what may your business be?" "Oh," replied the boaster, "I am but a cork-cutter; but then it is in a very large way." "Indeed!" replied the other; "then I presume you are a cutter of bungs?"

BOSWELL dining one day with Dr. Johnson, asked him if he did not think that a good cook was more essential to the community than a good poet. "I don't suppose," said the doctor, "that there's a dog in the town but what thinks so."

GARRICK and Rigby, once walking together in Norfolk, observed upon a board at a house by the roadside the following strange inscription: "A GOES KOORED HEAR." "How is it possible," said Rigby, "that such people as these can cure agues?" "I do not know," replied Garrick, "what their prescription is—but it is not by a spell."

"I THOUGHT you told me that Mr. Brown's fever had gone off," said a gentleman. "I did so," said his companion, "but I forgot to mention that he went off along with it."

A MINISTER having preached a very long sermon, as was his custom, some hours after asked a gentleman his candid opinion of it; he replied that "'twas good, but it had spoiled a goose worth two of it."

A YOUNG officer hearing some one celebrating the exploits of a prince who had killed six men with his own hand, "Bah!" said he, "I would have you to know that the very mattresses I sleep upon are stuffed with nothing else but the whiskers of those whom I have sent to slumber in the other world!"

"PUT out your tongue a little further," said a physician to a female patient—"a little further, ma'am, if you please—a little further still." "Why, doctor, do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?" cried the fair invalid.

"DOCTOR," said a lisping fashionable belle, who had graduated at half a dozen boarding-schools, to a friend of ours, who had just been introduced to her at an evening party—"Doctor, which do you prefer, tholidity of intellect or brillianthy? Thum admire tholidity; but ath for me, ath Thakespeare thayth in hith "Bride of Abydoth," I prefer tholidity and brilianthy combined." The doctor sank into the nearest chair, and blew his nose.

AN ERROR.—Everybody has noticed the placards on the clothing "exposed" before the clothiers' shops in the Minories, such as "The Style," "Elegant," "Bon Ton," &c. The other day, a juvenile Israelite in his haste thus made a mistake. On one leg of a pair of pants was to be read, in bright red, "Latest from Paris," while on the other leg was, in jetty black, "Our Own Make."

"WHY," asks the traveller in "Little Pedlington," "does Colonel Dominant call his residence an abbey?" "In consequence," he is answered, "of its being a small red-brick house in the middle of a cabbage garden."

"FOR VON REMITTANCE."*

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

I WOULD write of that stupendous and astounding rascal, the Prince Gargarelli, of Palermo.

Poor Stanislas first introduced me to him at the Café Restaurant à la Cagmaggerie, where the prince was intent on a carambole game of billiards. He looked very like a dandy billiard-marker. He was very short and dapper, and wore very high-heeled, glistening little boots. His clothes were glossy and new, and of the extremest cut. His pale fingers glistened with triple rings. In his scarf he wore an immense emerald. I left him, and thought no more of him until ten days after, when a dirty-looking man, very much like a Jew old-clothes-man, called on me at my office (I was then a solicitor in Gray's Inn), and introduced himself in broken English as the homme d'affaires, the man of business, of the Prince Gargarelli, of Palermo. The painful fact (after many rhetorical subterfuges) soon came out. The prince, having got terribly into debt, was in the Bench. He wanted my aid to raise money to get him out of that stronghold. The chief characteristics of the prince's ambassador were thick black eyebrows, a red hook nose, greasy black clothes, and a voluminous umbrella with a horn handle.

The ambassador assumed a very high tone. The loan was a purely temporary one—a mere stop-gap for a week or so; the prince's family, in fact, rolling in riches. The prince's father, Prince Paul, had but to be written to, and would instantly freight a ship with Sicilian gold, and bear away his too prodigal son in triumph. The Bond Street jeweller who wanted his money was one "dirty rascal, with no conscience, mon Dieu! no honour;" the prince was an accomplished gentleman, embarrassed by "temned rascale tradesmen, horse-keeper and carriage-keeper, and your horrible jeweller of Ole Bond Street."

The ambassador, flashing before me the glittering title of prince, took me, I could see, for an easy prey.

"But if the prince is so rich," said I, with merciless logic, "how is it he stops in the Bench?"

The ambassador laughed compassionately at my ignorance. "Ha! ha! He vait for von remittance, that all; for von remittance from Prince Paul, de fader."

"Is the father rich?"

The ambassador stamped his umbrella, and assumed a low and solemn tone of voice. "He is de richest man on the continent of Europe. He has vine-yard, olive-yard, orange-yard, citron-yard, court-yard; he has one million English pound a year."

I appeared overcome. "And the prince in the Bench is, I suppose, the eldest son, what we call in England the heir apparent?"

The dirty ambassador was all smiles. I had not only exactly caught his idea, but I had even anticipated his idea.

"Yase, yase. Ah! you have the esprit vif. Yase, de eldest son of de fader, Prince Paul; de son who vill vear de crown vid de bar on de head. Prince Paul, de fader, is richer than any von in Europe, barring de crown."

"Oh!" said I, trying to help his staggering English, "you mean the richest man, barring crowned heads."

"Yase, yase" (delighted to catch at this expression, and evidently treasuring it up for future use, as he slowly repeated it). "Yase, barring crowned heads. The prince vait for von remittance." (Here a sudden wheedling thought struck him.) "Do you—(aimez-vous)—do you like orange?"

I expressed my peculiar attachment to that fruit.

"De prince have orange-field enorme. He vill send you two chest of orange. Do you like feeg?"

I said I particularly esteemed the fig.

"Very vell; he has feeg-tree, miles of feeg-tree. He vill write to Prince Paul to send many boxes of feeg with remittance. Do you love citron?"

I said again, yes. And here also I was to be remembered.

"Ah! Do you like, then, Lachremæ Christee, de vine of de tears?"

I said, "Indeed I do!" But the bribery and corruption was now growing a little too barefaced, and I answered with rather a distrustful and spiteful emphasis.

"All raite" (here the dirty German Jew tapped me on the arm and smiled horribly, to express entire admiration and confidence). "The vineyard of Lachremæ Christee belong to Prince Paul. He vill send you two cask *vith* the remittance."

But why continue? Need I say that the loan was never raised, that the remittance from the enormously rich noble of Palermo never came? I went to see the prince in the Bench, and found him playing at rackets in a flowered chintz dressing-gown, gay, and prodigal of promises as ever. He may be there now for anything I know.

"I THOWT I FELT A HOP!"

AN Irishman went into a public-house one day, and asked for a mug of beer in a great hurry, stating that he was so dry, he thought he could drink a gallon. The publican told him that if he would drink it at one draught, without taking the measure away from his lips, he should have it for nothing. "Agraid," said Pat, "and, be the howly Saint Pathrick, I'll do that same." The landlord then drew a big measure of ale, and slily slipping a red herring into the measure, handed it to Pat, who eagerly raised it to his mouth, and drank away until the measure had been elevated almost perpendicular. The publican's eyes followed its motion in astonishment, and, looking in it, he exclaimed, shaking the froth out, "Pat, didn't you feel anything going down with the beer, when you drank it?" "Be the powers," said Pat, "I thowt I felt a hop, sur!"

* By kind permission of the Author.

BREAKFAST AT A STATION.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THE furniture of the hut was neither gorgeous nor much in the way. The rocking-chairs and sofas were not present, and never had been, but they were represented by two three-legged stools, a pine-board bench four feet long, and two empty candle-boxes. The table was a greasy board on stilts, and the table-cloth and napkins had not come—and they were not looking for them, either. A battered tin platter, a knife and fork, and a tin pint cup, were at each man's place, and the driver had a queen's-ware saucer that had seen better days. Of course this duke sat at the head of the table. There was one isolated piece of table furniture that bore about it a touching air of grandeur in misfortune. This was the castor. It was German silver, and crippled and rusty, but it was so preposterously out of place there that it was suggestive of a tattered exiled king among barbarians, and the majesty of its native position compelled respect even in its degradation. There was only one cruet left, and that was a stopperless, fly-specked, broken-necked thing, with two inches of vinegar in it, and a dozen preserved flies with their heels up and looking sorry they had invested there.

The station-keeper up-ended a disc of last week's bread, of the shape and size of an old-time cheese, and carved some slabs from it, which was as good as Nicholson pavement, and tenderer.

He sliced off a piece of bacon for each man, but only the experienced old hands made out to eat it, for it was condemned army bacon, which the United States would not send to its soldiers in the forts, and the stage company had bought it cheap for the sustenance of their passengers and employés. We may have found this condemned army bacon farther out on the plains than the section I am locating it in, but we *found* it—there is no gainsaying that.

Then he poured for us a beverage which he called "slumgullion," and it is hard to think he was not inspired when he named it. It really pretended to be tea, but there was too much dish-rag, and sand, and old bacon-rind in it to deceive the intelligent traveller. He had no sugar and no milk—not even a spoon to stir the ingredients with.

We could not eat the bread or the meat, nor drink the "slumgullion." And when I looked at that melancholy vinegar-cruet, I thought of the anecdote (a very, very old one, even at that day) of the traveller who sat down to a table which had nothing on it but a mackerel and a pot of mustard. He asked the landlord if this was all. The landlord said—

"*All?* Why, thunder and lightning! I should think there was mackerel enough there for six."

"But I don't like mackerel."

"Oh, then, help yourself to the mustard!"

In other days I had considered it a good, a very good anecdote, but there was a dismal plausibility about it here that took all the humour out of it.

Our breakfast was before us, but our teeth were idle.

THE WAITER.

I MET the waiter in his prime
  At a magnificent hotel;
His hair, untinged by care or time,
  Was oiled and brushed exceeding well.
When "Waiter!" was the impatient cry,
  In accents growing stronger,
He seem'd to murmur, "By-and-by;
  Wait a little longer."

Within a year we met once more,
  'Twas in another part of town—
An humbler air the waiter wore,
  I fancied he was going down.
Still, when I shouted, "Waiter, bread!"
  He came out rather stronger,
As if he'd say with toss of head,
  'Wait a little longer."

Time takes us on through many a grade;
  Of "ups and downs" I've had my run,
Passing full often through the shade
  And sometimes loitering in the sun.
I and the waiter met again
  At a small inn at Ongar;
Still, when I call'd, 'twas almost vain—
  He bade me wait the longer.

Another time—years since the last—
  At eating-house I sought relief
From present care and troubles past,
  In a small plate of round of beef.
"One beef, and taturs," was the cry,
  In tones than mine much stronger;
'Twas the old waiter standing by,
  "Waiting a little longer."

I've marked him now for many a year;
  I've seen his coat more rusty grow;
His linen is less bright and clear,
  His polished pumps are on the go.
Torn are, alas! his Berlin gloves—
  They used to be much stronger;
The waiter's whole appearance proves
  He cannot wait much longer.

I sometimes see the waiter still;
  'Gainst want he wages feeble strife;
He's at the bottom of the hill—
  Downward has been his path through life.
Of "Waiter, waiter!" there are cries,
  Which louder grow and stronger;
'Tis to old Time he now replies,
  "Wait a little longer."

PARTINGTONIANA.

OLD BACHELORS.

"FAUGH!" says Mrs. Partington, "don't tell me! Old bachelors, indeed! Let 'em die as they deserve. They always die sooner than married men, except my husband, poor dear, departed soul! Bachelors can't live long. They've nobody to darn their stockings and mend their clothes. They catch cold, and have nobody to make 'em sage tea; consequently they drop off; and serve 'em right; it's no matter, for not taking some of my daughters off my hands."

A BIT OF OPINION.

"IF there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," said Mrs. Partington, "it is a tale-bearer and slanderer, going about like a vile boa constructor, circulating his camomile about honest folks. I always know one by his phismahogony. It seems as if Belzabob had stamped him with his private signal, and everything he looks at appears to turn yaller." And having uttered this somewhat elaborate speech, she was seized with a fit of coughing, and called for some demulcent drops.

ON COSMETICS.

"THAT'S a new article for beautifying the complexion," said Mrs. Bibb, holding up a small bottle for Mrs. Partington to look at. She looked up from darning a woollen sock for Ike, and took the bottle in her hand. "Is it, indeed?" said she; "well, they may get up ever so many rostrums for beautifying the complexion; but, depend upon it, the less people have to do with bottles for it, the better. My neighbour, Mrs. Blotch, has been using a bottle for a good many years for her complexion, and her nose looks like a ruption of Mount Vociferous, with the burning lather running all over the contagious territory."

IN COURT.

"I TOOK my knitting-work and went up into the gallery," said Mrs. Partington, after visiting one of the New York courts: "and after I had digested my specs, I looked down into the room; but I couldn't see any courting going on. An old gentleman seemed to be asking a good many impertinent questions—just like some old folks—and people were sitting round making minutes of the conversation. I don't see how they made out what was said, for they all told different stories. How much easier it would be to get along if they all told the same story! What a sight of trouble it would save the lawyers! The case, as they called it, was given to the jury, but I couldn't see it, and a gentleman with a long pole was made to swear that he'd keep an eye on 'em, and see that they didn't run away with it. Bimeby in they come agin, and then they said somebody was guilty of something, who had just said he was innocent, and didn't know nothing about it no more than the little baby that never had any subsistence. I come away soon afterward, but I couldn't help thinking how trying it must be to sit there all day, shut out from the blessed air."

HORTICULTURE.

"So you take an interest in the science of the soil?" said a neighbour, leaning over the gate, as he saw Mrs. Partington with a bran-new garden trowel, hovering over some plants that she was endeavouring to "set." She arose from the dust of the earth, as though so great a question should be answered perpendicularly, and wiping her hands on her apron said, smiling as an open dandelion blossom, "Some." "You have many fine varieties, I see," continued the neighbour; "they display excellent taste." "They smell better than they taste," replied she. "Some helly-o-tripes over there are very odious." "Many fuchsias?" asked the neighbour. "Some confusion," replied she; "but as soon as the borders are deranged I think it will be very ambiguous. I do love so to see things growing! I think that is the beauty of a garden, don't you?" The neighbour assured her that he thought very much as she did, and deemed a garden that had nothing growing in it must be a very dreary place. "A perfect desert of Sarah," said the dame, breaking in like a sunbeam on a fog. "Are your plants not too near together?" the neighbour asked. "Oh, no," she replied; "they are more sociable when they are near together, and there's no room wasted. It is very pleasant to have ground of one's own to cultivate; and if the cats don't tear it up, my garden will bloom by-and-by like a paradox." She stuck the trowel in an upright position, like a note of admiration, as she concluded, and the neighbour went away. The cats trouble the old lady's garden operations, though Ike has brought home more than four bushels of oyster-shells to throw at them.

RATHER DIFFICULT.

A YOUNG aspirant for fame, having a desire to see his name in print, sent his verses for publication. In the "pome" the following line occurred:—

"A fragrant rose found near the pendant corn."

The compositor in whose hands the manuscript was placed, was pretty well "set up," and evidently set up the line also, judging from the following, which greeted the astonished author the next morning:—

"A vagrant's nose sounds like the pedlar's horn."

PAT'S WELCOME TO THE REAPING MACHINE.

FROM "PUNCH."

BY J. B. MANSON.

OCH, I'm sick of the sickle, Molly dear,
And stoopin' so long and so low,
And it's little sorrow it gives me
To give the ould bother the go.
And when another harvest comes,
By the powers! I'd like to see
The money or anything else that 'ud make
A rapin' machine of me!

I've raped in the North and the South country,
And I've raped in the Lothians three,
And I've crossed the Irish Sea so oft
That they give it its name from me;
I've raped your wheat and your barley,
And your oats and your beans, sez Pat,
But as for profit—it's sorra the rapin'
That ever I raped of that!

So good luck to yez, Misther M'Cormick,
And your riverence, Misther Bell,
And good luck to yez, Misther Samuelson—
I wish your honour well.
The shearer's footin' in the field
Ye've fairly cut away,
But it's not been worth the standin' on,
Bedad, this many a day.

And now the horse takes the harvest in hand,
And pulls the huge machines
That go snicking and clicking across the fields
Of wheat, oats, barley, and beans.
Machines for sowin' and thrashin'
And rapin', between and betwixt—
In troth, it's my private opinion they'll have
A machine for eatin' it next!

Then we'll throw the sickle aside, Molly,
And go and try our luck
On the banks of the far Australian strames,
Where the otters has bills like a duck;
For there's mate and drink and clothes, Molly,
And riches and rank to be won,
At the Anti—— what d'ye call the place
On t'other side of the sun?

And there'll be no land agents,
Nor middle-men, nor Jews,
But ye'll see me stoning lumps of gold
At the thieving kangaroos
And we'll bid a long good-bye, Molly,
To a dale of jolly fun,
At the Anti—— what d'ye call the place
On t'other side of the sun?

And no more masses to pay for!
Good-day to you, Father O'Bladd;
The last confession from me, faiks,
And the very last penny ye've had;
It's little your riverence leaves behind,
The day ye pardon sin—
As the prophet sez, ye purge our dross
And take away all our tin!

Ye've a bandage on your wrist, Molly;
That wrist with gems I'll deck,
And a string of nuggets like mill-stones
I'll hang around your neck.
And we'll live in a nate retirement,
Where our nearest neighbour 'll be
The Emperor of China, who
Will sometimes jine us at tea.

Och, the world we're leavin', Molly,
Is a world of bitter care,
For even the pigs and praities are not
The angels that once they were;
But the world we're goin' to, Molly,
Is where the giants of ould
Buried, for want of a better bank,
Their stockin'-legs filled with gould.

It's a world of wonders, Molly,
A world without a peer!
And what it has, and what it wants,
We've nothing like it here;
But of all its wondrous things, Molly,
The strangest thing to me
Is that there the working man's the man
Gets first to the top of the tree.

SHARDS OF BRAIN-PANS.

THE man who was "moved to tears" complains of the dampness of the premises, and wishes to be moved back again.

"YOUR behaviour is most singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just stolen a kiss. "If that is all," said he, "I will soon make it plural."

MRS. JONES says she should so like a little change. Jones offers her two-and-sixpence for half-a-crown.

A STAID Broadbrim replied to a fellow who was abusing him, "Have a care, friend, or thee mayst run thy countenance against my fist."

A SCHOOLMASTER said of himself, "I am like a hone, I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself in doing it."

A REPENTANT HUSBAND.—"I loved my wife as much as anybody ever did love a wife. For the first two months I actually wanted to eat her up, and ever since then I've been sorry I didn't."

"I DIDN'T say, your honour, that the defendant was intoxicated, no, not by any means! But this I will say, when last I saw him he was washing his face in a mud-puddle, and drying it on the door-mat."

"I WONDER where those clouds are going," sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

APHORISMS AND REFLECTIONS.—How dependent a thing is human excellence! What is beauty without soap? As coke is to the steam-engine, so is mutton to genius. Life is a railway, and the cook is a stoker.

"I WISH you would not give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer, who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

A LADY the other day, meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live nowhere now," rejoined the girl; "I am married."

AN auctioneer, at a sale of antiquities, put up a helmet, with the following candid observation:—"This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman Founder; but whether he was a brass or iron founder, I cannot tell."

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—"Ua hookohora e ko Kiaaina o Oahu, J. Kaona ma kahi o J. KAAUKAI ka mea i make iho nei.—*Honolulu* (S.I.) *Polynesian*." We hope the reader will deeply ponder the important fact stated in the above. It is to be considered strictly confidential.

DOBBS says he marks his hogs differently from other people, and can tell them as far as he can see them. He cuts three pieces off their tails, while others cut but one.

THE following very intelligible note was received by a Mr. H. after a tithe dinner in Devonshire:—"Mr. T. presents his compliments to Mr. H., and I have got a hat that is not his; and if he have got a hat that is not yours, no doubt they are the expectant ones."

HERE is a gem, alleged to have been found in the letter of a young lover:—"Dearest love: I have swallowed the postage stamp which was on your letter, because I knew that your lips had touched it."

A SHOEMAKER received a note from a lady not long since, requesting him to make her a pair of shoes; and not knowing exactly the style she required, he dispatched a written missive to her, asking her whether she would like them "Wround or Esq. Toad." The fair one, indignant at this rich specimen of orthography, replied "Kneether."

AN American divine was in the habit of preaching so as to be rather beyond the comprehension of his hearers. A lady met him one day, and asked him what the duty of a shepherd was. "To feed his flock," of course, was the reply. "Ought he then to place his food so high that but few of the sheep can reach it?"

A SPORTSMAN who, on the strength of a general invitation, had gone to pass a week with a friend in the country, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to have waited for a special one. "I saw some beautiful scenery," was the visitor's first remark, "as I came to-day by the upper road." "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

A WATCH lost in a tavern! That's a crime;
Then see how men by drinking lose their time.
The watch kept time; and if time will away,
I see no reason why the watch should stay.
You say the key hung out, and you failed to lock it;
Time will not be kept pris'ner in a pocket.
Henceforth, if you will keep your watch, this do—
Pocket your watch, and watch your pocket too.

A YOUNG gentleman, who has just married an undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it.

THE man who will keep a paper a length of time, and then send it back "refused" and "unpaid for," would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then beat the dog for being blind.

"MY horse," said Foote, on one occasion, to a friend, "can stand faster than yours can gallop."

AN editor received a letter in which weather was spelled "wethur." He said it was the worst spell of weather he had ever seen.

"I MUST leave in dis-gust," as the darkey said when he bid his friend "good night" during a thunder-storm.

"YOU can't do that again," as the pig said when the boy cut off his tail.

"HONESTY is the best policy, but it keeps a man shocking poor," said Smith, as he wetted the sugar, without mixing it with sand.

"I SPEAK within bounds," as the prisoner said when addressing the jury from the dock.

"IT is said that a watch-dog is not so large in the morning as at night, because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

"THAT motion is out of order," remarked the chairman of a political meeting to a rowdy who was raising his arm to throw a rotten egg at him.

"I CAN'T find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller; "I am obliged to work for it."

"ACCIDENTS will happen, even in the best regulated families," as the poacher said when he was caught in a man-trap.

"THAT'S what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

"IT appears to me," said Mawworm, "that they have been making a great deal of fuss with this sinner, Burns, and yet if it wasn't for his writings he never would have been heard of?"

AN indirect way of getting a glass of water at a watering-place is to call for a third cup of tea.

A SAILOR who has recently returned from Newfoundland says that the fog is so thick there, that he used to drive a nail in it to hang his cap on.

"So far so good," as the boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

SOME sensible chap says truly that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalising others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow, and undertake to wheel himself.

A WAG who was asked to buy the Bank Note Detector, said he would purchase it if it would detect a bank note in his pocket.

A DANCER once said to a Spartan, "You cannot stand on one leg so long as I can." "Perhaps not," said the Spartan, "but any goose can."

"I'LL take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

"TERRIBLE pressure in the money market," as the mouse thought when the keg of specie rolled over him.

"SHAKESPEARE haunts me night and day," said a stage-strutting hero. "That he is so haunted is not to be wondered at," said a bystander, "for he has murdered him in everything he has undertaken."

"LET me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder-mill.

"A LASS (alas) I am no more!" as the girl said when she got married.

"LOOK on me and weep," as the onion said to the maid.

"DON'T touch me, or I'll scream!" as the engine whistle said to the stoker.

"THAT is shear nonsense," as the convict remarked when he saw his wavy locks fall off under the influence of the penitentiary barber.

"THOUGH lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maiden said to her lover, when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

"ANYTHING to please the child," as the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out of the nursery window.

"I'M lost in grief," as the fly said when he tumbled into a lady's tear.

IT is wonderful to think how near conceit is to insanity; and yet how many folks are suffered to go free, and foaming with it.

THE bowstring is unknown in free and happy England; but be sure of it, innocent reader, red tape has its daily victims.

EVERY man talks of his neighbour's heart as though it was his own watch—a thing to be seen in all its works, and abused for irregular going.

THE littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high-heeled boots and a high-crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight almost any one, to show he was a man every inch of him.

I BELIEVE every created crittur in the world thinks that he's the most entertainin' one in it, and that there's no gettin' on anyhow without him. Consait grows as natural as the hair on one's head, but is longer in comin' out.

AN old Baptist preacher, so straight a Calvinist that he leaned over backward, was defending his doctrines against a man as ignorant as he was obstinate. At length the preacher said to his opponent, "Now look here, my friend: don't you believe what is to be, will be?" "No, I don't at all. I believe what is to be, won't be."

A MAN, boasting of the smartness of his children, said the youngest was so smart it would take its hand off a hot stove twice without being told.

"YOU have lost some of your friends, I see," said a traveller to a negro whom he met on the road. "Yes, massa." "Was it a near or distant relative?" "Well, purty distant—'bout twenty-four mile," was the reply.

AFTER dinner, at a country gentleman's, where B. met with the captain of a vessel lately returned from a voyage to the Baltic, a dish of birstled peas was introduced as an accompaniment to the bottle. The captain, whose dialect was interspersed with a little of the Scandinavian accent, remarked that "Peeter the Greet was very fond of birstled peas." "Yes," added B., "and hence his title, the Great Pea-eater."

THE following cure for the gout is taken from an old work: 1st. The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who has never had a wish to change her condition. 2nd. He must wash it in an honest miller's pond. 3rd. He must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous. 4th. He must send it to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient. 5th. He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. 6th. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

A MARABOUT PUZZLED.*

BY ROBERT-HOUDIN.

JEALOUS of my reputation as a French sorcerer, I thought I must perform before the unbeliever a few tricks as a specimen of my late performance. I had the pleasure of astounding my audience, but the Marabout continued to offer me a systematic opposition, by which his neighbours were visibly annoyed; the poor fellow did not suspect, though, what I had in store for him.

My antagonist wore in his sash a watch, the chain of which hung outside.

I believe I have already mentioned a certain talent I possess of filching a watch, a pin, a pocket-book, &c., with a skill by which several of my friends have been victimised.

I was fortunately born with an honest and upright heart, or this peculiar talent might have led me too far. When I felt inclined for a joke of this nature, I turned it to profit in a conjuring trick, or waited till my friend took leave of me, and then recalled him: "Stay," I would say, handing him the stolen article, "let this serve as a lesson to put you on your guard against persons less honest than myself."

But to return to our Marabout. I had stolen his watch as I passed near him, and slipped into its place a five-franc piece. To prevent his detecting it, and while waiting till I could profit by my larceny, I improvised a trick. After juggling away Bou-Allem's rosary, I made it pass into one of the numerous slippers left at the door by the guests; this shoe was next found to be full of coins, and to end this little scene comically, I made five-franc pieces come out of the noses of the spectators. They took such pleasure in this trick that I fancied I should never terminate it.

"*Douros! douros!*" they shouted, as they twitched their noses. I willingly acceded to their request, and the *douros* issued at command.

The delight was so great that several Arabs rolled on the ground; this coarsely expressed joy on the part of Mohammedans was worth frenzied applause to me.

I pretended to keep aloof from the Marabout, who, as I expected, remained serious and impassive.

When calm was restored, my rival began speaking hurriedly to his neighbours, as if striving to dispel their illusion; and, not succeeding, he addressed me through the interpreter.

"You will not deceive me in that way," he said, with a crafty look.

"Why so?"

"Because I don't believe in your power."

"Ah, indeed! Well, then, if you do not believe in my power, I will compel you to believe in my skill."

"Neither in one nor the other."

I was at this moment the whole length of the room from the Marabout.

"Stay," I said to him; "you see this five-franc piece?"

"Yes."

"Close your hand firmly, for the piece will go into it in spite of yourself."

"I am ready," the Arab said, in an incredulous voice, as he held out his tightly-closed fist.

I took the piece at the end of my fingers, so that the assembly might all see it, then feigning to throw it at the Marabout, it disappeared at the word "Pass!" My man

* By kind permission of the Publishers.

opened his hand, and, finding nothing in it, shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, "You see, I told you so."

I was well aware the piece was not there, but it was important to draw the Marabout's attention momentarily from his sash, and for this purpose I employed the feint.

"That does not surprise me," I replied, "for I threw the piece with such strength that it went right through your hand, and has fallen into your sash. Being afraid I might break your watch by the blow, I called it to me: here it is!" And I showed him the watch in my hand.

The Marabout quickly put his hand in his waistbelt, to assure himself of the truth, and was quite stupefied at finding the five-franc piece.

The spectators were astounded. Some among them began telling their beads with a vivacity evidencing a certain agitation of mind; but the Marabout frowned without saying a word, and I saw he was spelling over some evil design.

"I now believe in your supernatural power," he said; "you are a real sorcerer; hence, I hope you will not fear to repeat here a trick which you performed in your theatre;" and offering me two pistols he held concealed beneath his burnous, he added, "Come, choose one of these pistols; we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, as you can ward off all blows."

I confess I was for a moment staggered; I sought a subterfuge, and found none. All eyes were fixed upon me, and a reply was anxiously awaited.

The Marabout was triumphant.

Bou-Allem, being aware that my tricks were only the result of skill, was angry that his guest should be so pestered, hence he began reproaching the Marabout. I stopped him, however, for an idea had occurred to me which would save me from my dilemma, at least temporarily; then, addressing my adversary:

"You are aware," I said, with assurance, "that I require a talisman in order to be invulnerable, and, unfortunately, I have left mine at Algiers."

The Marabout began laughing with an incredulous air.

"Still," I continued, "I can, by remaining six hours at prayers, do without the talisman, and defy your weapon. To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, I will allow you to fire at me in the presence of these Arabs, who were witnesses of your challenge."

Bou-Allem, astonished at such a promise, asked me once again if this offer were serious, and if he should invite the company for the appointed hour. On my affirmative, they agreed to meet before the stone bench I have already alluded to. I did not spend my night at prayers, as may be supposed, but I employed about two hours in insuring my

invulnerability; then, satisfied with the result, I slept soundly, for I was terribly tired.

By eight the next morning we had breakfasted, our horses were saddled, and our escort was awaiting the signal for our departure, which would take place after the famous experiment.

None of the guests were absent, and indeed a great number of Arabs came in to swell the crowd.

The pistols were handed me; I called attention to the fact that the vents were clear, and the Marabout put in a fair charge of powder and drove the wad home. Among the bullets produced I chose one, which I openly put in the pistol, and which was then also covered with paper.

The Arab watched

all these movements, for his honour was at stake. We went through the same process with the second pistol, and the solemn moment arrived.

Solemn, indeed, it seemed to everybody—to the spectators, who were uncertain of the issue—to Madame Houdin, who had in vain besought me to give up this trick, for she feared the result—and solemn also to me, for as my new trick did not depend on any of the arrangements made at Algiers, I feared an error—an act of treachery—I knew not what.

Still I posted myself at fifteen paces from the sheik, without evincing the slightest emotion.

The Marabout immediately seized one of the pistols, and, on my giving the signal, took a deliberate aim at me.

The pistol went off, and the ball appeared between my teeth.

More angry than ever, my rival tried to seize the other pistol, but I succeeded in reaching it before him.

"You could not injure me," I said to him; "but you shall now see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look at that wall."

I pulled the trigger, and on the newly white-washed wall appeared a large patch of blood, exactly at the spot where I had aimed.

The Marabout went up to it, dipped his finger in the blood, and, raising it to his mouth, convinced himself of the reality. When he acquired this certainty his arms fell, and his head was bowed on his chest, as if he were annihilated.

It was evident that for the moment he doubted everything, even the Prophet.

The spectators raised their eyes to heaven, muttered prayers, and regarded me with a species of terror.

This scene was a triumphant termination to my performance. I therefore retired, leaving the audience under the impression I had produced. We took leave of Bou-Allem and his son, and set off at a gallop.

The trick I have just described, though so curious, is easily prepared. I will give a description of it, while explaining the trouble it took me.

As soon as I was alone in my room, I took out of my pistol-case—without which I never travel—a bullet-mould.

I took a card, bent up the four edges, and thus made a sort of trough, in which I placed a piece of wax taken from one of the candles. When it was melted, I mixed with it a little lamp-black I had obtained by putting the blade of a knife over the candle, and then ran this composition in the bullet-mould.

Had I allowed the liquid to get quite cold, the ball would have been full and solid; but in about ten seconds I turned the mould over, and the portion of the wax not yet set ran out, leaving a hollow ball in the mould. This operation is the same as that used in making tapers, the thickness of the outside depending on the time the liquid has been left in the mould.

I wanted a second ball, which I made rather more solid than the other; and this I filled with blood, and covered the orifice with a lump of wax. An Irishman had once taught me the way to draw blood from the thumb, without feeling any pain, and I employed it on this occasion to fill my bullet.

Bullets thus prepared bear an extraordinary resemblance to lead, and are easily mistaken for that metal when seen a short distance off.

With this explanation the trick will be easily understood. After showing the leaden bullet to the spectators, I changed it for my hollow ball, and openly put the latter into the pistol. By pressing the wad tightly down, the wax broke into small pieces, and could not touch me at the distance I stood.

At the moment the pistol was fired, I opened my mouth to display the lead bullet I held between my teeth; while the other pistol contained the bullet filled with blood, which, bursting against the wall, left its imprint, though the wax had flown to atoms.

ELECTRIC FUN.

A FRIEND in Chicago says:—The following message was sent from this place: "Wait letter before writing Marsh;" and was received at destination, "Wash your hands before writing again."

Not long since an elderly woman entered the cars at one of the Ohio stations, and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "most dreadful rheumatiz" that she was troubled with. A gentleman present, who had himself been a severe sufferer with the same complaint, said to her, "Did you ever try electricity, madam? I tried it, and in the course of a short time it completely cured me." "Electricity!" exclaimed the old lady, "y-e-s, I've tried it to my satisfaction. I was struck with lightning about a year ago, but it didn't do me a single morsel o' good!" It very seldom does much good as a curative process, we believe.

A SCOTCH ANSWER.

A CLERGYMAN, who owed his situation to a titled patron rather than to his abilities, in visiting his parishioners for the purpose of catechising them, asked one old stern Presbyterian—

"Who made Paul a preacher?"

"It wasna the Duke of Queensberry," replied the old man, with a grim smile and a shake of the head.

A SCENE ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.

"DEY must not pass!" was the warning cry of the Austrian sentinel
To one whose little knapsack bore the books he loved so well.
"They must not pass? Now, wherefore not?" the wond'ring tourist cried;
"No English book can pass mit me," the sentinel replied.
The tourist laughed a scornful laugh; quoth he, "Indeed, I hope
There are few English books would please a Kaiser or a Pope;
But these are books in common use; plain truths and facts they tell——"
"Der teufel! Den dey *most not* pass!" said the startled sentinel.

"This Handbook to North Germany, by worthy Mr. Murray,
Need scarcely put your government in such a mighty flurry;
If tourists' handbooks be proscribed, pray have you ever tried
To find a treasonable page in *Bradshaw's Railway Guide?*
This map, again, of Switzerland—nay, man, you needn't start or
Look black at such a little map, as if 'twere Magna Charta;
I know it is the land of Tell, but, curb your idle fury—
We've not the slightest hope, to-day, to find a *Tell* in your eye (Uri)."
"Sturmwetter!" said the sentinel, "Come! cease dis idle babbles!
Was ist dis oder book I see? Das Haus mit sieben Gabbles?
I nevvare heard of him bifor, ver mosh I wish I had,
For now Ich kann nicht let him pass, for fear he should be bad.
Das Haus of Commons it must be; Ja wohl! 'tis so, and den
Die sieben Gabbles are de talk of your chief public men;
Potzmiekchen! it is dreadful books. Ja! Ja! I know him well;
Hoch Himmel! here he most not pass," said the learned sentinel.

"Dis Plato, too, I ver mosh fear, he will corrupt the land;
He has soch many long big words, Ich kann nicht onderstand."
"My friend," the tourist said, "I fear you're really in the way to
Quite change the proverb, and be friends with neither Truth nor Plato.
My books, 'tis true, are little worth, but they have served me long,
And I regard the greatness less than the nature of the wrong;
So, if the books must stay behind, I stay behind as well."
"Es ist mir nichts, mein lieber Freund," said the courteous sentinel.

TAKING IT AS A COMPLIMENT.

A YOUNG lady from the country got into one of the city cars. The vehicle had not gone far when the conductor said, affably, "Your fare, miss." The lady blushed. The conductor repeated, "Your fare, miss," and the lady blushed more deeply. By this time the conductor began to look foolish. After a pause, he again repeated, "Miss, your fare." "Well," said the lady, "they dew say I'm good-looking at hum, but I don't see why you want to say it out loud."

THE WHITE CHIP HAT.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I PASS'D her one day in a hurry,
When late for the post with a letter—
I think near the corner of Murray—
And up rose my heart as I met her!
I ne'er saw a parasol handled
So like to a duchess's doing—
I ne'er saw a slighter foot sandal'd,
Or so fit to exhale in the shoeing—
Lovely thing!

Surprising!—one woman can dish us
So many rare sweets up together!
Tournure absolutely delicious—
Chip hat without flower or feather—
Well-gloved and enchantingly bodiced,
Her waist like the cup of a lily—
And an air that, while daintily modest,
Repell'd both the saucy and silly—
Quite the thing!

For such a rare wonder you'll say, sir,
There's reason in tearing one's tether;
And to see her again in Broadway, sir,
Who would not be lavish of leather?
I met her again, and as *you* know,
I'm sage as old Voltaire at Ferney,
But I said a bad word—for my Juno
Look'd sweet on a sneaking attorney—
Horrid thing!

Away flies the dream I had nourish'd—
My castles like mockery fall, sir!
And, now, the fine airs that she flourish'd
Seem varnish and crockery all, sir!
The bright cup which angels might handle
Turns earthy when finger'd by asses,
And the star that "swaps" light with a candle
Thenceforth for a pennyworth passes—
Not the thing!

CRYSTALS UNCUT.

IN society, wholesales don't mix with retails; raw wool does not speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down on sixes to the pound, and pig-iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

SOME one says that a certain congregation pray on their knees on Sundays, and on their neighbours the rest of the week.

A CITY merchant, who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied, "Oh, he is one of those men who have soarings after the indefinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

"I SUPPOSE, neighbour," said one elector to another, "you'll plump for Mr. ——, as you did before?" "No," said the other, "I don't think I shall; the beef wasn't dressed to my mind at his last election dinner."

"Is this your house and home?" asked a traveller of a farmer as he saw him boarding up a pig-sty. "No," replied the farmer; "I'm only boarding here."

HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Calling a man, standing in the street, opprobrious nicknames from a third-storey window.

A WRITER called at his printer's and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his poem, whereupon the typo earnestly replied, "I'm not a pointer—I'm a setter."

IN the newspaper account of an inquest held on the body of a glutton who died by devouring part of a goose, the verdict, suffocation, was printed, with more truth than was intended, stuffocation.

A BACHELOR friend of ours has left a boarding-house in which there were a number of old maids, on account of the miserable "fair" set before him at table.

"IN my fertile county," said a Leicestershire man, "you could turn a horse into a field new-mown, and the next morning the grass would be grown above his hoofs." "Pooh! that's nothing," cried a Yorkshireman. "You may turn a horse into a field in Yorkshire, and not be able to find him next morning."

NEVER lend an umbrella, or your name to a bill: the chances are that the one will not be returned, and the other will.

"Do you retail things here?" asked a green-looking specimen of humanity, as he poked his head into a shop in Fleet Street the other day. "Yes," was the laconic reply. "Well, I wish you would re-tail my dog; he had it bit off about a week ago."

JOHN says he wishes this hot weather could come along next winter, it would save him so much trouble in the way of making fires.

"WELL, I suppose you have been down to the New Forest; did you see anything of our old friend out there?" "Yes, gone deranged." "Gone deranged! how? What does he do? Real crazy?" "Yes, indeed; he doesn't know his own hogs from his neighbours'."

A GENTLEMAN telling a very strange and improbable story, and observing one of the company cast a doubtful eye, "Zounds, sir!" says he, "I saw the thing happen." "If you did," says the gentleman, "I must believe it—but I would not have believed it if I had seen it myself."

A GENTLEMAN, who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging, complained one morning that his coffee was not settled. "You had better settle for the coffee, and then complain," said the landlady.

THE phrase "fighting on his own hook," is now more elegantly rendered "waging war upon the individuality of his personal curve."

MR. PEPPER'S house being on fire, a large crowd was soon on the spot, when one of them remarked, "We've mustered enough to save Pepper."

A DUN was somewhat taken aback the other day by the coolness with which the debtor said, "Call next Thursday, my dear sir, exactly at ten o'clock, and I'll tell you when to call again."

A GENTLEMAN whose house was under repair, went one day to see how the job was getting on, and observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to a carpenter, "Why don't you take care of these nails?—they'll certainly be lost." "No," replied Master Chopstick; "you'll find them all in the bill."

IF you are a precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray, and many others, for the assertion that Ann is an "indefinite article."

THE other day an old lady rushed frantically into the back garden in search of her daughter, upon being told that she had gone there with a "rake."

A TANNER having married the daughter of an eminent butcher, the bells were rung on the occasion. A gentleman asked another what the peal was for. "Only a union," said he, "between skin and bone."

AN elderly lady says there must be a great many children killed on our battle-fields, as there are always so many small arms found after a fight.

A PHILOSOPHER, who married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife "Brown Sugar," because, he said, she was sweet but unrefined.

"THEY don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a pair of sunken eyes, wrinkled face, and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

FAME is like a shaved pig with a greased tail; and it is only after it has slipped through the hands of a few thousands that some fellow, by good luck, holds on to it.

"SURELY," says young Jones, "any one who knows how to go round a corner could also square the circle!"

AN incorrigible old maid, living upon slender means, cut the acquaintance of a friend because he advised her to "husband" her resources.

SURELY some people must know themselves — they never think about anything else.

WHEN a soldier once fell into the Thames, and was drowned, one person asked another what regiment he belonged to, and was answered, "The Life-guards." "Nay, my good sir," said he, "there I think you must be mistaken, for he is certainly in the Cold-stream."

LABOUR is not confined to the human species. Even a barrel of new beer may sometimes be seen "working."

A MISS BUCHANAN once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said, "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did it.

LADY BEAUMONT asked Coleridge whether he believed in ghosts. "Oh, no, my lady," he replied, "I've seen too many to believe in them."

ELWES, the noted miser, used to say, "If you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two, it is half done; and if you keep three, you may do it yourself."

AN old revolutionist says that of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Bem's, after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

A MERCHANT being asked to define the meaning of experimental and natural philosophy, said he considered the first to be asking a man to discount a bill at a long date, and the second his refusing to do it.

A LEICESTERSHIRE lass with a wooden leg, and another with a wry neck, have recently, to the surprise of a local journalist, been led to the altar. The bridegrooms were no doubt sensible men, and thought a wooden leg a less drawback than a wooden head, or a wry neck than a wry temper.

A YOUNG lady from the country, being invited to a party, was told by her cousin to dress up and put her best foot foremost, in order to catch a beau, as "she looked so green in her country attire." The country lass looked comically into the face of her rather faded relative, and replied, "Better green than withered."

A WELL-KNOWN City baker advertises: "that as all men need bread, he wishes the public to know that he kneads it. He is desirous of feeding all who are hungry, and hopes his good works may be in the mouth of every one. He is well disposed towards all men, and the best-bred people among us will find him, he hopes, one of the best bread men in the City."

AT a meeting of the inhabitants of the Gorbals, Bailie Mitchell in the chair, it was resolved and unanimously agreed, "that a new bridge be erected on the site of the present wooden one, at the foot of Portland Street, and that the bridge trustees be requested to repair and keep open the said wooden bridge till the new one be built."

A CELEBRATED Oxford scholar, who professes an indifference to music, was once asked what he thought of an orchestra which had been performing a grand overture. He replied that he was only impressed "by the wonderful coincidence of the fiddlers' elbows."

A LADY was travelling with a troublesome barking dog in her lap. A gentleman, a fellow passenger, complained of the annoyance. "Dear me, sir!" exclaimed the lady, with an air of astonish-

ment, "I wonder you complain of my dog; everybody admires it; it is a real Peruvian." "I don't complain of your Peruvian dog, ma'am," replied he; "but I wish he would give us less of his Peruvian bark."

A TURK asked an Armenian to lend him a rope. "My rope," said the Armenian, "is being used to tie up flour." "How," demanded the would-be borrower, "can you tie up flour with a rope?" "Because," said the Armenian, "I can apply a rope to any use when I do not wish to lend it."

IF the man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
Then it proves that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.

AN Englishman, crossing the Queensferry on a sultry day in the hot summer of 1825, asked a countryman in the boat, pointing to the parched island of Inch Garvie, if there was any vegetation on it? "Ou, ay," answered the fellow, scratching his head, "there's a feck o' sea-maws an' kittiewakes."

DECISION IN BANKRUPTCY.—As the entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children, the creditors determined on acting magnanimously, and they let him keep them.

A COURTESY DECLINED.—Farmer B. informs us that, although very tired on his way home, he would not accept a bull's offer of a lift on the road.

MEN AND WOMEN.—Poor Frederick declared that he only wished his dear Amelia was locked in his arms, and that the key might never be found. A less sentimental bachelor, turned forty, says a woman should be like a roasted lamb, tender and nicely dressed, and without sauce—unless it's mint sauce." I "love you still," is what a man said to his wife, when she was giving him a curtain lecture.

DENTAL.—Being asked to suggest a motto for a dentists' society, we would recommend this: "We pull together." A suffering correspondent is informed that by holding a certain root in his hand —that of the tooth—he will find relief from the toothache. "A farmer" advises strangers who wish to get teeth inserted gratis, to go and steal his fruit, when they will find his watch-dog on guard.

A MERRIE GESTE.—A qveene, beynge atte a game, was asked bye ye comysyoneres off ye wudes and forestes, wyche sort off bryges itt myte seme gude to her shude be inne ye Regente eis park; whereatte, waxinge wroth withe ye comysyoneres, quothe she, "Hange ye bryges!" whereuponne they didde make ym suspensyonne bryges. And this I have fromme a gude wrytere.

A TIPSY customer, who was seated on the box with the stage-driver, swayed backward till he tumbled off. The mud was deep and he fell soft. "There, now!" he exclaimed, as he crawled out of the slough, "I knew you'd upset if you didn't take care." On being told that they had not upset— "Not upset!" he echoed in amazement. "If I'd known that, I wouldn't have gone off."

JOKE VERSIFIED.

AN Irishman angling one day in the Liffey,
That runs down by Dublin's great city so fine,
A smart shower of rain falling, Pat, in a jiffy,
Crept under the arch of a bridge with his line.

"That's not the place to accomplish your wishes,"
Cried Dermot; "the divil a bite will you get."
"Och, bother!" says Pat, "don't you know that the fishes
Will come under here to keep out of the wet?"

TO KEEP AWAY CREDITORS.

CREDITORS are a species of parasite, infesting the human race, and usually brought on by luxurious living. Persons who are troubled with them may free themselves by the Bankrupt treatment; but this always leaves an unpleasant irritation behind, and spots that are never wholly effaced. Take water instead of beer, or beer instead of wine and spirits; toss the cigar-case into the fire-place; eat mutton instead of venison, and mutton broth instead of turtle soup; if needs be, clean your own boots and shoes, and brush your own clothes. Employ time profitably. Never borrow, seldom lend. Avoid betting and gaming. Keep regular accounts, and examine your position from day to day, determining to eat nothing that is unpaid for, nor to allow your tailor or dressmaker to say that the garments you wear are not your own. By this process you will soon get rid of the annoyance, and your mental and bodily health will wonderfully improve.

A STRANGER IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

THE "Daft Highland Laird," a noted character in Edinburgh at the latter end of the last century, one day accosted the Hon. Henry Erskine as he was entering the Parliament House. Erskine inquired of the Laird how he did.

"Oh, very well," answered the Laird; "but I'll tell ye what, Harry, take in Justice wi' ye," pointing to one of the statues over the old porch of the House; "for she has stood lang i' the outside, and it wad be a treat for her to see the inside, like other strangers." It is needless to add that stone Justice remained without.

EPIGRAMS.

TO AN ILL-FAVOURED LADY.

WHILE in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
But when the candle entered I was cured.

TO A BLOCKHEAD.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

THE FOOL AND THE POET.

SIR, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool,
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

ON A CARICATURE.

IF you say this was made for friend Dan, you belie it;
I'll swear he's so like it that he was made by it.

N I G E R.

"HE's gone at last—old Niger's dead!"
Last night 'twas said throughout the city;
Each quidnunc gravely shook his head,
And half the town cried, "What a pity!"

The news proved false—'twas all a cheat—
The morning came the fact denying;
And all the town to-day repeat
What half the town last night was crying.

A NICE POINT.

SAY which enjoys the greater blisses,
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom, his friend, the favour'd elf,
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?
Faith, 'tis not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures fainting,
To which the balance should incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting.

THE POINT DECIDED.

Nay, surely John's the happier of the twain,
Because—the picture cannot kiss again!

MENDAX.

SEE, yonder goes old Mendax, telling lies
To that good easy man with whom he's walking;
How know I that? you ask, with some surprise.
Why, don't you see, my friend, the fellow's talking?

THE BAD WIFE.

SAVANS have decided that, search the globe round,
Only one bad wife in the world can be found;
The worst of it is, as her name is not known,
Not a husband but swears that bad wife is his own.

FRITZ.

QUOTH gallant Fritz, "I ran away
To fight again another day."
The meaning of his speech is plain,
He only fled to fly again.

SPECIMEN OF THE LACONIC.

"BE less prolix," says Grill. I like advice—
"Grill, you're an ass!" Now surely that's concise.

BAD POETS.

SWANS sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

CUPID AND MERCURY, OR THE BARGAIN.

SLY Cupid late with Maia's son
Agreed to live as friend and brother;
In proof, his bow and shafts the one
Chang'd for the well-fill'd purse of t'other.

And now, the transfer duly made,
Together through the world they rove;
The thieving god in arms array'd,
And gold the panoply of love!

TO A SLOW WALKER AND QUICK EATER.

So slowly you walk and so quickly you eat,
You should march with your mouth and devour with your feet.

ON TWO BEAUTIFUL ONE-EYED SISTERS.

GIVE up one eye, and make your sister's two;
Venus she then would be, and Cupid you.

SENTIMENTAL.

THE rose, that blushes like the morn,
Bedecks the valleys low:
And so dost thou, sweet infant corn,
My Angelina's toe.

But on the rose there grows a thorn,
That breeds disastrous woe:
And so dost thou, remorseless corn,
On Angelina's toe.

THE SWALLOWS.

[George IV. entered Brooke's one day, and complained of cold, but after drinking three glasses of brandy and water, said he felt comfortable.]

THE prince came in and said 'twas cold,
Then put to his head the rummer,
Till swallow after swallow came,
When he pronounced it summer.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

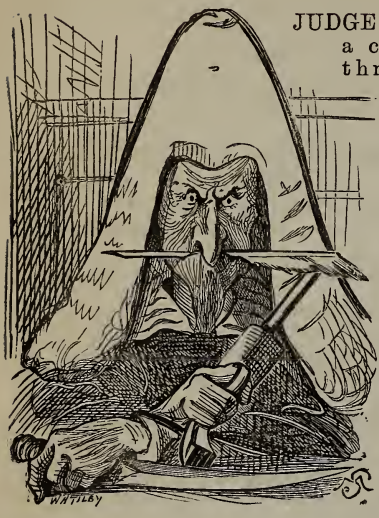
Quest.—Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?
Answ.—Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

THE French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without;
For Nature, that to them gave *goût*,
To us gave only gout.

EXCERPTS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.



A JUDGE in Indiana on a certain occasion threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

AN Alabama editor says, in an ill-natured paragraph, that he is "very unlike the gentleman of the *Louisville Journal*." The latter replies that he is probably unlike any gentleman.

WE think it is an undeniable truth that the Africans, let them go to what part of the world they may, retain more unequivocally than any other people the odour of nationality.

A PAPER, calling itself literary and miscellaneous, advertises that it intends to swallow up everything around it "like a great maelstroom." We have but little doubt that it will prove a great "take-in."

AN editor says that he gives no heed to what we say—that our words go in at one ear and out at the other. We have no doubt of it. Things pass easily through a vacuum.

A BITTER writer in a sectarian newspaper calls his opponent "a hypocrite and a hyena." There is some similarity between the two animals. One prays, and both prey.

A WESTERN editor talks of giving in one of his columns the fibs of his neighbour. It is presumed that the other thirty-five are to be filled with his own—as usual.

THE question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business certainly than being raised by it.

A CANADA editor says he has "a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves." His friends, if they are prudent, will take it from him. He might commit suicide.

A MAN in the interior of Kentucky has brought suit against his neighbour for bruising his shins. If the jury award damages they should order the amount to be paid in shin-plaisters.

A RICHMOND paper says that "the moon has been rising for some nights with a face as red as a toper's." No imputation ought to be cast upon Cynthia's sobriety. She fills her horn only once a month.

A WESTERN editor, not noted for brilliancy, says that he "would rather put questions than respond to them." He is perhaps right. He has probably read that fools may ask questions, but that it takes wise men to answer them.

Mr. THOMAS POTT, a citizen of Western Texas, publishes a violent communication against his neighbours in general because he has had an axe stolen. His rage is evidently a tempest in a T. Pott.

A KENTUCKY editor thinks he is to be pitied because he has been "a whole week without mail intelligence." Perhaps some are still more to be pitied for having been all their lives without intelligence of any sort.

THE *Washington Union* asks whether any party that acts from mere policy can long retain power. Certainly it can, if it acts from a wise policy, and most especially if it acts from the best of all policies, honesty.

A COUNTRY editor says that we may question his veracity, but that we have no veracity to question. We should never think of questioning such veracity as his, for it won't answer.

THE boarders of a tavern in Georgia were annoyed by flies in their butter. Judge Dooly took the tavern-keeper aside, and remarked to him, in a private way, that some of his friends thought it would be best for him to put the butter on one plate and the flies on another, and let the people mix them to suit themselves. He merely suggested it for consideration.

A RATHER grand and dramatic style of expression came to a sudden collapse in court the other day. An indignant witness exclaimed, "The first time that I ever did such a dishonourable act I would blow out my brains, sir." "Very good," said the Q.C.; "and what would you do the second time?"

A LADY, who could not conceal even from herself the plainness of her face, boasted that her back was perfect. "That is the reason, I suppose, that your friends are always glad to see it," said one of her listeners.

A DISHONEST and malignant critic, by severing passages from their context, may make the best book appear to condemn itself. A book thus unfairly treated may be compared to the laurel—there is honour in the leaves, but poison in the extract.

WE have heard of men celebrating their country's battles, who in war were celebrated for keeping out of them.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.*

I followed him down-stairs, across the court, to an angle of the old square, where, up the first floor left, to use the college direction, stood the name of Mr. Webber, a large No. 2 being conspicuously painted in the middle of the door, and not over it, as is usually the custom. As we reached the spot, the observations of my companion were lost to me in the tremendous noise and uproar that resounded from within.

It seemed as if a number of people were fighting, pretty much as a banditti in a melodrama do, with considerably more of confusion than requisite; a fiddle and a French horn also lent their assistance to shouts and cries, which, to say the best, were not exactly the aids to study I expected in such a place.

Three times was the bell pulled, with a vigour that threatened its downfall, when at last, as the jingle of it rose above all other noises, suddenly all became hushed and still; a momentary pause succeeded, and the door was opened by a very respectable-looking servant, who, recognising the Doctor, at once introduced us into the apartment where Mr. Webber was sitting.

In a large and very handsomely furnished room, where Brussels carpeting and softly-cushioned sofas contrasted strangely with the meagre and comfortless chambers of the Doctor, sat a young man at a small breakfast-table, beside the fire. He was attired in a silk dressing-gown and black velvet slippers, and supported his forehead upon a hand of most lady-like whiteness, whose fingers were absolutely covered with rings of great beauty and price. His long silky brown hair fell in rich profusion upon the back of his neck, and over his arm, and the whole air and attitude was one which a painter might have copied. So intent was he upon the volume before him, that he never raised his head at our approach, but continued to read aloud, totally unaware of our presence.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," said the servant.

"*Ton dapamey bominos, prosephe, crione Agamemnon,*" repeated the student, in an ecstasy, and not paying the slightest attention to the announcement.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," repeated the servant in a louder tone, while the Doctor looked around on every side for an explanation of the late uproar, with a face of the most puzzled astonishment.

"*Be dakiown para thina dolekoskion enkos,*" said Mr. Webber, finishing a cup of coffee at a draught.

"Well, Webber, hard at work, I see," said the Doctor.

"Ah, Doctor, I beg pardon! Have you been long here?" said the most soft and insinuating voice, while the speaker passed his taper fingers across his brow, as if to dissipate the traces of deep thought and study.

While the Doctor presented me to my future companion, I could perceive, in the restless and searching look he threw around, that the fracas he had so lately heard was still an unexplained and *vexata questio* in his mind.

"May I offer you a cup of coffee, Mr. O'Malley?" said the youth, with an air of almost timid bashfulness. "The Doctor, I know, breakfasts at a very early hour."

"I say, Webber," said the Doctor, who could no longer restrain his curiosity, "what an awful row I heard here as I came up to the door! I thought Bedlam was broke loose. What could it have been?"

"Ah, you heard it too, sir," said Mr. Webber, smiling most benignly.

"Hear it? to be sure I did. O'Malley and I could not hear ourselves talking with the uproar."

"Yes, indeed, it is very provoking; but, then, what's to be done? One can't complain under the circumstances."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Mooney, anxiously.

"Nothing, sir, nothing. I'd much rather you'd not ask me; for, after all, I'll change my chambers."

"But why? Explain this at once. I insist upon it."

"Can I depend upon the discretion of your young friend?" said Mr. Webber, gravely.

"Perfectly," said the Doctor, now wound up to the greatest anxiety to learn a secret.

"And you'll promise not to mention the thing except among your friends?"

"I do," said the Doctor.

"Well, then," said he, in a low and confident whisper, "it's the Dean."

"The Dean!" said Mooney, with a start. "The Dean! Why, how can it be the Dean?"

"Too true," said Mr. Webber, making a sign of drinking; "too true, Doctor. And then, the moment he is so, he begins smashing the furniture. Never was anything heard like it. As for me, as I am now become a reading man, I must go elsewhere."

Now, it so chanced that the worthy Dean, albeit a man of most abstemious habits, possessed a nose which, in colour and development, was a most unfortunate witness to call to character; and as Mooney heard Webber narrate circumstantially the frightful excesses of the great functionary, I saw that something like conviction was stealing over him.

"You'll, of course, never speak of this except to your most intimate friends?" said Webber.

"Of course not," said the Doctor, as he shook his hand warmly, and prepared to leave the room. "O'Malley, I leave you here," said he; "Webber and you can talk over your arrangements."

Webber followed the Doctor to the door, whispered something in his ear, to which the other replied, "Very well, I will write; but if your father sends the money, I must insist——" The rest was lost in protestations and professions of the most fervent kind, amid which the door was shut, and Mr. Webber returned to the room.

Short as was the interspace from the door without to the room within, it was still ample enough to effect a very thorough and remarkable change

* From "Charles O'Malley." By kind permission of the Publishers.

in the whole external appearance of Mr. Frank Webber; for scarcely had the oaken panel shut out the Doctor, when he appeared no longer the shy, timid, and silvery-toned gentleman of five minutes before; but, dashing boldly forward, he seized a key-bugle that lay hid beneath a sofa-cushion, and blew a tremendous blast.

"Come forth, ye demons of the lower world!" said he, drawing a cloth from a large table, and discovering the figures of three young men, coiled up beneath. "Come forth, and fear not, most timorous freshmen that ye are!" said he, unlocking a pantry and liberating two others. "Gentlemen, let me introduce to your acquaintance Mr. O'Malley. My chum, gentlemen. Mr. O'Malley, this is Harry Nesbitt, who has been in college since the days of old Perpendicular, and numbers more cautions than any man who ever had his name on the books. Here is my particular friend, Cecil Cavendish, the only man who could ever devil kidneys. Captain Power, Mr. O'Malley; a dashing dragoon, as you see; aide-de-camp to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, and love-maker-general to Merrion Square West. These," said he, pointing to the late denizens of the pantry, "are jibs, whose names are neither known to the proctor nor the police-office; but, with due regard to their education and morals, we don't despair."

"By no means," said Power: "but come, let us resume our game." At these words he took a folio atlas of maps from a small table, and displayed beneath a pack of cards, dealt as if for whist. The two gentlemen to whom I was introduced by name returned to their places; the unknown two put on their boxing-gloves, and all resumed the hilarity which Dr. Mooney's advent had so suddenly interrupted.

"Where's Moore?" said Webber, as he once more seated himself at his breakfast.

"Making a spatch-cock, sir," said the servant.

At the same instant a little, dapper, jovial-looking personage appeared with the dish in question.

"Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Moore, the gentleman who, by repeated remonstrances to the board, has succeeded in getting eatable food for the inhabitants of this penitentiary, and has the honoured reputation of reforming the commons of college."

"Anything to Godfrey O'Malley, may I ask, sir?" said Moore.

"His nephew," I replied.

"Which of you winged the gentleman the other day for not passing the decanter, or something of that sort?"

"If you mean the affair with Mr. Bodkin, it was I."

"Glorious, that; begad, I thought you were one of us. I say, Power, it was he pinked Bodkin."

"Ah, indeed!" said Power, not turning his head from his game; "a pretty shot, I heard—two by honours—and hit him fairly—the odd trick. Hammersley mentioned the thing to me."

"Oh! is he in town?" said I.

"No; he sailed for Portsmouth yesterday. He is to join the 11th—game—I say, Webber, you've lost the rubber."

"Double or quits, and a dinner at Dunleary," said Webber. "We must show O'Malley—confound the Mister—something of the place."

"Agreed."

The whist was resumed; the boxers, now refreshed by a leg of the spatch-cock, returned to their gloves; Mr. Moore took up his violin, Mr. Webber his French horn, and I was left the only unemployed man in the company.

"I say, Power, you'd better bring the drag over here for us; we can all go down together."

"I must inform you," said Cavendish, "that, thanks to your philanthropic efforts of last night, the passage from Grafton Street to Stephen's Green is impracticable." A tremendous roar of laughter followed this announcement; and, though at the time the cause was unknown to me, I may as well mention it here, as I subsequently learned it from my companions.

Among the many peculiar tastes which distinguished Mr. Francis Webber, was an extraordinary fancy for street-begging; he had, over and over, won large sums upon his success in that difficult walk; and so perfect were his disguises, both of dress, voice, and manner, that he actually, at one time, succeeded in obtaining charity from his very opponent in the wager. He wrote ballads with the greatest facility, and sang them with infinite pathos and humour; and the old woman at the corner of College Green was certain of an audience when the severity of the night would leave all other minstrelsy deserted. As these feats of *jonglerie* usually terminated in a row, it was a most amusing part of the transaction to see the singer's part taken by the mob against the college men, who, growing impatient to carry him off to supper somewhere, would invariably be obliged to have a fight for the booty.

Now, it chanced that a few evenings before, Mr. Webber was returning with a pocket well lined with copper, from a musical *réunion* he had held at the corner of York Street, when the idea struck him to stop at the end of Grafton Street, where a huge stone grating at that time exhibited—perhaps it exhibits still—the descent to one of the great main sewers of the city.

The light was shining brightly from a pastrycook's shop, and showed the large bars of stone between which the muddy water was rushing rapidly down, and plashing in the torrent that ran boisterously several feet beneath.

To stop in the street of any crowded city is, under any circumstances, an invitation to others to do likewise, which is rarely unaccepted; but when, in addition to this, you stand fixedly in one spot, and regard with stern intensity any object near you, the chances are ten to one that you have several companions in your curiosity before a minute expires.

Now, Webber, who had at first stood still without any peculiar thought in view, no sooner perceived that he was joined by others, than the idea of making something out of it immediately occurred to him.

"What is it, agra?" inquired an old woman, very much in his own style of dress, pulling at the hood of his cloak.

"And can't you see for yourself, darling?" replied he, sharply, as he knelt down and looked most intensely at the sewer.

"Are ye long there, avick?" inquired he of an imaginary individual below, and then waiting as if

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

"Blew a tremendous blast"—*See p. 434.*

for a reply, said, "Two hours! Blessed Virgin! he's two hours in the drain!"

By this time the crowd had reached entirely across the street, and the crushing and squeezing to get near the important spot was awful.

"Where did he come from?" "Who is he?" "How did he get there?" were questions on every side, and various surmises were afloat, till Webber, rising from his knees, said, in a mysterious whisper to those nearest him, "He's made his escape to-night out o' Newgate by the big drain, and lost his way; he was looking for the Liffey, and took the wrong turn."

To an Irish mob, what appeal could equal this?

* * * * * *

"Do you see the light, dear?" said Webber, as some ingeniously benevolent individual had lowered down a candle with a string—"do ye see the light? Oh! he's fainted, the creature." A cry of horror from the crowd burst forth at these words, followed by a universal shout of "Break open the street!"

Pickaxes, shovels, spades, and crowbars seemed absolutely the walking accompaniments of the crowd, so suddenly did they appear upon the field of action, and the work of exhumation was begun with a vigour that speedily covered nearly half of the street with mud and paving-stones. Parties relieved each other at the task, and, ere half an hour, a hole capable of containing a mail coach was yawning in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Dublin.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, Webber had reached his chambers, changed his costume, and was relating over a supper-table the narrative of his philanthropy to a very admiring circle of his friends.

NOT ACCORDING TO DICTIONARY.

Deputation.—A noun of multitude which signifies many, but does not signify much.

Marriage.—Harness for a pair.

A Book.—Brain preserved in ink.

Money.—A composition for taking stains out of character.

Musician.—A man who plays when he works, and works when he plays.

Water.—A clear fluid once used as a drink.

THE LAST RESORT.

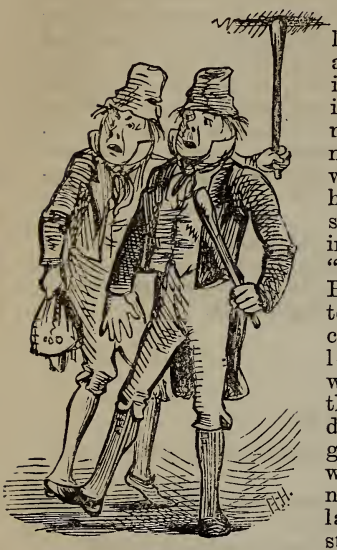
A dramatist declared he had got
So many people in his plot,
That what to do with half he had
Was like to drive him drama-mad.
"The hero and the heroine
Of course are married—very fine!
But with the others what to do,
Is more than I can tell—can you?"

His friend replied, "'Tis hard to say,
But yet I think there is a way.
The married couple thank their stars,
And half the 'others' take the cars;
The other half you put on board
An Erie steamboat—take my word,
They'll never trouble you again!"
The dramatist resumed his pen.

DOING AND DONE IN AMERICA.

There is a sheriff in Illinois who was rather taken in, on one occasion, and done for. He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish pedlars for travelling through the State without a licence; but one morning he met his match—a ginooine Yankee pedlar. "What have you got to sell?—anything?" asked the sheriff. "Yaes, sartain; what'd ye like to hev? Got razors, fust rate; that's an article, 'squire, that you want, tew, I should say, by the looks o' your baird. Got good blackin'; 'twill make them old cowhide boots o' your'n shine so't you can shave into 'em. Balm o' Klumby, tew; only a dollar a bottle; good for the ha'r, and assistin' poor human natur', as the poet says." The sheriff bought a bottle of the Balm of Columbia, and in reply to the question whether he wanted anything else, that functionary said he did; he wanted to see the Yankee's licence for peddling in Illinois, that being his duty as the high sheriff of the State. The pedlar showed him a document "fixed up good—in black and white," which the officer pronounced all correct; and handing it back to the pedlar, he added, "I don't know, now that I've bought this stuff, that I care anything about it. I reckon I may as well sell it to you agin. What'll you give for it?" "Oh, I don't know as the stuff's of any use to me, but seein' it's yeou, sheriff, I'll give you about thirty-seven and a half cents for it," quietly responded the trader. The sheriff handed over the bottle and received the money, when the pedlar said, "I say, yeou, guess I've a question to ask yeou now. Hev yeou got a pedlar's licence about your trouse's?" "No; I haven't any use for the article myself," said the sheriff. "Hain't, eh? Well, I guess we'll see about that pooty soon. Ef I understand the law, neow, it's a clear case that you've been tradin' and peddlin' Balm o' Klumby on the highway—and I shall inform on yeou." Reaching the town the Yankee was as good as his word, and the high sheriff was fined for peddling without a licence. He was heard afterwards to say, "You might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee."

MORE SISTER SAYINGS.



TWO Irishmen landed in America, and, taking the way into the interior in search of employment, came suddenly near a pond of water, when to their great horror they heard some bull-frogs singing their usual song, "B-a-u-m! B-a-u-m! B-a-u-m!" They listened, trembled, and, clutching their shillelahs, crept forward, straining their eyes in every direction to catch a glimpse of the enemy, which, however, was not to be found. At last a happy idea struck one of them, and he sprang towards his mate, exclaiming, "Sure, Jamie, it's nothing but a noise!"

THERE is a story told of an Irishman who, landing in America, was met and welcomed by a countryman who had been longer there. "Welcome, Pat," said the latter, "I'm glad to see ye; ye've come just in time, for to-morrow's election day." Pat and his friend took some refreshment together, and presently the newly-arrived began to make some inquiries about voting. "Ye'll vote for who ye plaize," said his friend, "sure it's a free counthry." "Well, thin, begorra," rejoined Pat, "I go agin the Government; that's what I always did at home."

"YOUR honour," said an Irish servant to his master, "Mr. So-and-so said you was not fit to clean his shoes." "And what did you say, Pat?" "Faith, I said you was."

A SCOTCHMAN asked an Irishman, "Why are farthings coined in England?" Pat's answer was, "To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

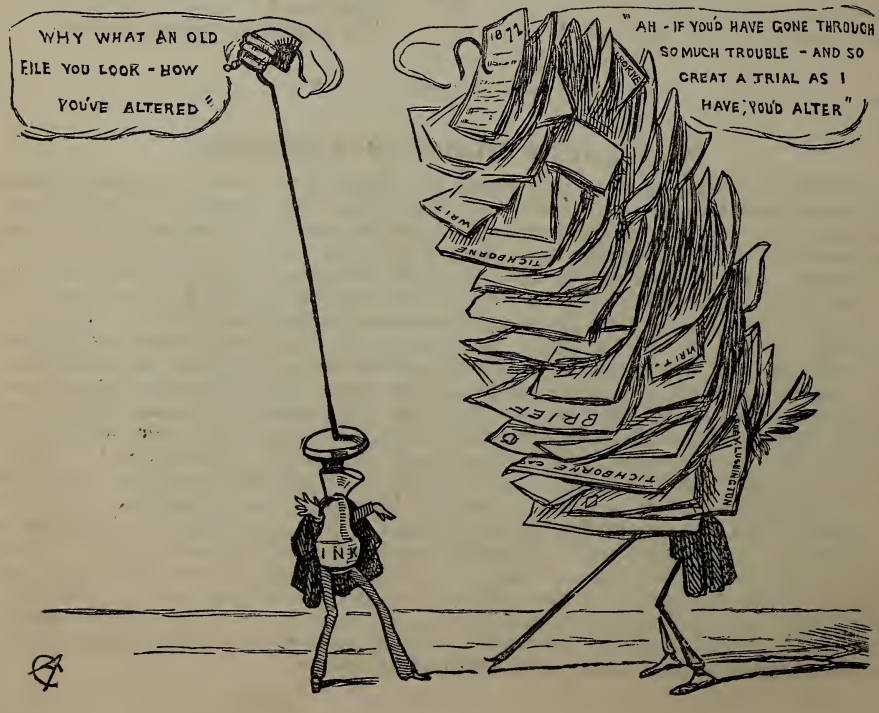
AN Irish lady, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

BLAYNEY said, in reference to several persons, all relations to each other, but who happened to have no descendants, that "it seemed to be hereditary in their family to have no children."

A KIND-HEARTED Irishman, riding on horseback to a mill, placed a bag of corn across his own shoulders, so as not to burden his horse with it.

"TELL about drummin'—now d'ye ever hear Ben Biglick's drum? He was a cooler, I tell ye, for raal sentimental stuff—drummin' round a corner, and such like; he'd drum the coat-skirts off anything ever I heard."

"I SAY, Pat," said a Yankee, "why don't you sue that railway company for damages you have received? Both of your legs broken all to smash; sue them for damages." "Sue them for damages, eh, boy? I have damages enough already; I'll sue them for repairs."



WITHOUT THE PROMPTER.

GEORGE COLMAN, getting out of a hackney coach one night, gave the driver a shilling. "This is a bad shilling," said Jarvey. "Then it's all right," said George, with his inimitable chuckle; "yours is a bad coach."

BARTLEY, the eminent actor, was called upon by the midnight minstrels on the morning of Boxing Day. "We are the parish waits, an' please you," said the spokesman: "we played before your door last night." "You did, indeed," was his reply in mournful tones; and he looked upon his visitors with the air of a man who knew not their errand. "We have come to hope, sir," went on the clarionet, "for your kind contribution." "Oh, dear!" said Bartley, with affected surprise, "I thought you had come to apologise."

IT is complained of Shakespeare that he unnecessarily murdered Hamlet. But the Dane has been amply avenged; a great many Hamlets have murdered Shakespeare.

DURING a theatrical engagement at Manchester, Kemble and Lewis were walking one day along the street, when a chimney-sweeper and his boy came up. The boy stared at them with open mouth, and exclaimed, "They be play-actors." "Hold your tongue, you dog," said the old sweep; "you don't know what you may come to yourself."

SHERIDAN agreed with Walker that the pronunciation of wind should be wynde, but insisted, contrary to Walker, that gold should be goold. Mr. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with a short *i*, by saying, "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd." An illiberal critic retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan by saying, "If I may be so boold I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold?"

FOOTE, being once annoyed by a poor fiddler "straining harsh discords" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one scraper at the door was sufficient.

MR. REYNOLDS, the dramatist, once met a free-and-easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of ——, without any invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose the other had asked him; and so it turned out.

"Do you know what made my voice so melodious?" said a celebrated vocal performer, of awkward manners, to Charles Bannister. "No," replied the other. "Why, then, I'll tell you: when I was about fifteen I swallowed, by accident, some train oil." "I don't think," rejoined Bannister, "it would have done you any harm if, at the same time, you had swallowed a dancing-master."

THEOPHILUS CIBBER was very extravagant: he one day asked his father for a hundred pounds. "Zounds, sir!" says Colly, "can't you live upon your salary? When I was your age I never spent any of my father's money." "But I am sure, sir, you have spent a great many hundred pounds of my father's money," replied the young man. This retort had its effect.

IN *Dearer than Life* the inebriated Ben, absent on furlough from the workhouse, speaks to his brother about the "rules and reg-reglle-reglleations of the social institution in which I am doomed, I repeat, I am doomed, doomed." To which Mr. Toole replies: "Well, keep on saying 'I am doomed' if it's any relief to you. It sounds like swearing, when it ain't."

THE HIGHWAYMAN OFF HIS GUARD.

A RIDER to a commercial house in London was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester by a single highwayman, who robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount.

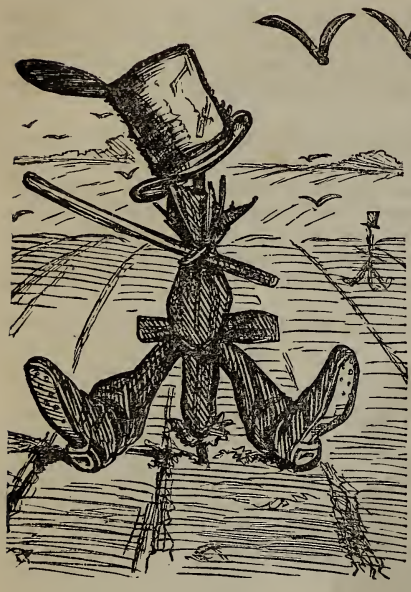
"Sir," said the rider, "I have suffered you to take my property, and you are welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any defence, I should wish you just to fire a pistol through my coat."

"With all my heart," said the highwayman; "where will you have the ball?"

"Here," said the rider, "just by the side of the button."

The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but as soon as he had fired the rider knocked him off his horse, and, with the assistance of a traveller, who came up, lodged him in gaol.

GOING A JOURNEY.*



WELL, yow know, I 'a bin to Lunnen, and now I'll tell'ee all about it from fust to laast. Puer owd aunt Jaane wot lived cook up at squire's died, and left me a nice little round sum i' the bank. Well, I thowt I should like to spend some on it in going to see Sairey Tippens and a few o' the sights o' Lunnen. So I got a letter wrote, and towd Sairey, who wor a-living housemaid at one o' the nobs at Kensington, that I wor a-comin' to see her, and then I up and towd maaster that he must let me go for a waak. I said I had been cuped up here long enough athowt seein' more'n six miles outside the green, and he must let me go.

But maaster didn't seem to think much o' the job, and he kinder larft, and ses, "Giles, yowd better kaap yer money in the bank," he ses, "where it'll cumulate, and then yow'll have summot handsome to live on in yer owd days."

"Well, maaster," I ses, "I'm kinder green jest at present, and it'll be many a year afore I shall want it, and I can go to Lunnen and still have enough left to taake the faarm up hinder and to kaap out the cowd wan the frost come."

"Well, Giles," he ses, "yow can go; but, mind ye, Lunnen is a naation rum plaace."

"All right, maaster," I ses, "yer advice is wery gude, but I've maade up my mind to go, and I'll chaance it."

Wan I weant to the railway station, whip me if they din't want ninetaan shillin' to go to Lunnen, wan maaster towd me I could go for nine and fi'pence ha'penny. So I up and towd the man I wornt a-goin' to be done like that, and he sed if I wanted to go chaap I must go to the other station, but then I shon't get to Lunnen till late at night. "Or," ses he, "yow can go from here to-morrer mornin' at six o'clock." I ses, "That'll du for me if I can find lodgin's."

Well, I wor up in gude time in the mornin', and got my ticket all right for 'zackly the money maaster said 'twould be. We weant off at a galloping pace. I can tell'ee, but what kinder 'mazed me was that there wor two or three chaps i' the train a-grumblin' cos we wor craaping along so slow.

And nothin' partickler happened arter that till we got to a plaace about ten miles fudder on. There we stopped a few minutes, and a pleasant-luking middle-aged man with a twinkle in his eye goes round and lukes in the carriages, and ses in a serious solemn woice, jest as if he wor givin' out tew lines of a hymn long mater at a Mathodist chapel—

"Change here for Elmswell, Thurston, and Bury:
Bury, Thurston, and Elmswell, change here!"

Presently he comes to my carriage, and he lukes in and he gives out the tew lines.

I ses, "Du you pertickler want me to chaange here for them plaaces?"

He puts his hand on my showder and ses, "Where are ye goin' tu?"

"Lunnen," I ses.

"Then," he ses, "yow set still, hev patience, and yow'll be there—some time or other," and he tips me a wink, larfs, and walks off, to guv out the saame tew lines in every one o' the carriages.

Arter that we weant on kinder quiet till we come to what luked like a mile o' red brick housen, with a great charch with a spire on it a-lukin' down on 'em all. Here the train stopped, and a gentleman wot weighed about twenty stun come round and luked at the tickets, and towd us we should hev to wait about half-a-hour.

As soon as we wor drawed up to the platform I jumped out, and faaling naation hungry, I luked round to see where I could buy summot. Presently I sees a pretty-luking mawther—nearly as pretty as Sairey—standing behind a counter, where there wor lots o' glasses with piles o' buns and biscuits on 'em. Seeing there wor a lot o' chaps ating and drinking, in I goes.

"Glass o' ale," I ses, "plaase, young woman."

"Glass o' ale, sir?" she ses, as perlite as possible, and it wor on the table in a moment.

"I think I'll take one o' these 'ere," I ses, a-pinting to a little pile o' buns.

"One o' these, sir," she ses, and whips it on a plaate and puts it afore me. 'Twor as nice a little bun as ever I ate, and cost only tuppence. Twornt quite so big as one I bought in the great city the day afore for a penny, on a place they called the Walk, but then it had been kep' till 'twor fit to ate, and it din't make yer faal bad like them nasty new puffy things.

Arter ating this I on'y felt more hungry, and I claps my eyes on to a plaate full o' little bits o' bread with little mites o' maat in atwaan 'em. "These'll du better," I ses to myself, "and I'll hev 'em." So as sune as the young woman comes my way I ses, "Wot be them?"

"Them be sangwedges," she ses, "and they be fowerpence." She then shoves another plate toward me, and trips to the other end o' the plaace to 'tend to some nobs that had jest come in.

"All right," I ses, "I'll hev 'em." Rarely gude

* From "Giles's Trip to London." By kind permission of the Author.

they wor tu, and in about three minutes I had cleared off the lot 'cepting two or three that I whips into my pocket. When the young woman comes back, I lays down the fowerpence.

"Thank'ee, sir," she ses, with a very nice smile; "but, gude gracious me!" she shraaks out all of a sudden, "you 'a bin and aten the whole plateful!"

"O' course I has," I ses, "'cepting two or three I 'a got in my pocket. I've aten 'em, and paid for 'em, and I could wery well manage another lot at the same price."

"Price!" she ses in a kind o' scraam, "du ye know what they all come to?"

"Why, yes," I ses; "fowerpence—and fowerpence I 'a paid."

"Fowerpence *aach*," she ses, "and there wor two dozen on 'em, and they come to eight shillins."

I'll be hanged if I din't faal struck all of a haap, but I ses, "Yow must be joking, but whether ye are or not, you'll have no eight shillinses out o' me. Why, dang it!" I ses, "I could get two stun o' flour and two naat's chaaks for eight shillins, and they'd last me every day for a fortnight."

"Now, young man," she ses, "doant be fulish. There's the price printed on that 'ere paper," and she pinted to a card that hung on the wall.

"Paapers be blowed!" I ses, "wot are paapers to do wi' me? I'll never pay that money."

Jest then she beckoned to some one outside, and in came a gentleman dressed in blue close, with silver letters on his collar.

"Wot's the matter?" he ses.

"Why," she ses, "this young man 'a had tew dozen sangwedges and won't pay only fowerpence for 'em."

"Come," he ses, "tip up, and doant be long about it, 'cause there's yer bell a-ringing, and yow'll luse yer ticket, and that'll spoil the luke o' yer eight shillins."

"The bell may ring as long as it like," I ses, "but it oant ring eight shillins out o' me; and as for my ticket, that's safe enough in my weskit pocket, so yow doant want to trouble about my lusing that."

"Come," he ses, "no nonsense; yow havn't a minute to luse, and I shall contain ye till yow pay the money."

"I doant suppose he 'a got the money," the young woman ses, "and I think perhaps yow had better take his name and let him go."

"Not got the money!" I ses, "taake it out o' that," I ses, and I chucked down a pound jest like a lord. "Luke 'ere," I ses, "yow'll never catch me inside one o' these sangwedge traps agin. Sairey 'a towd me there's a museum at Kensinton where they 'a got all sorts o' wittles in glass bottles, and I'll hev this perserved," I ses, a-takin' one out o' my pocket, "and put into a case and ticketed 'fowerpence,' and 'twill be the greatest c'rosity in the whole plaace."

She guv me over the change, luking very gude-tempered, and I goes out on the platform grumbling pretty tidily, when hang me if the train I wor going by worn't a-scraaming and a-whistling and a-dashing right into a great black hole like a normous rabbit's burrow made in the middle of a hill.

Well, I roared and shouted, but 'twor no use. The train wor off, and there I stood a-luking like a fule, with a score of other duzzy fules a-grinning round me.

EPIGRAMS.

THE SURPRISE.

"Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more."
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?"
"Because I cannot love thee more—than now."

NEW-MADE HONOUR.

A friend I met, some half-hour since—
"Good-morrow, Jem," quoth I;
The new-made knight, like any prince,
Frown'd, nodded, and pass'd by;
When up came Tom—"Sir James, your slave."
"Ah, Tom! We dine at eight;
Fail not—(low bows the supple knave)—
Don't make my lady wait."
The king can do no wrong? As I'm a sinner,
He's spoilt an honest tradesman and my dinner.

STICKY.

"I'm going to seal a letter, Dick;
Some wax pray give to me."
"I have not got a single stick,
Or whacks I'd give to thee."

RECIPE FOR A MODERN BONNET.

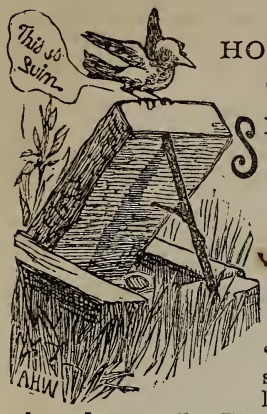
Two scraps of foundation, some fragment of lace,
A shower of French rosebuds to droop o'er the face;
Fine ribbons and feathers, with crape and illusion,
Then mix and *de*range them in graceful confusion;
Inveigle some fairy, out roaming for pleasure,
And beg the slight favour of taking her measure,
The length and the breadth of her dear little pate,
And hasten a miniature frame to create;
Then pour, as above, the bright mixture upon it,
And lo! you possess "such a love of a bonnet!"

ON A PALE LADY WITH A RED-NOSED HUSBAND.

Whence comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has its place?
Is it because the absent rose
Has gone to paint her husband's nose?

TO A LIVING AUTHOR.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfer'd best;
But sure the piece you yet may mend:
Take courage, man! and steal the rest.



HOW TO BECOME A CONNOISSEUR.

SPOSIN' it's pictures that's on the carpet, wait till you hear the name of the painter. If it's Rubens, or any o' them old boys, praise, for it's agin the law to doubt them; but if it's a new man, and the company ain't most especial judges, criticise. "A leetle out o' keeping," says you. "He don't use his greys enough, nor glaze down well. That shadder wants depth. General effect is good, though parts ain't. Those eyebrows are heavy enough for stucco," says you, and other unmeaning terms like these. It will pass, I tell you. Your opinion will be thought great. Them that judged the cartoons at Westminster Hall knew plaguy little more nor that. But if this is a portrait of the lady of the house haugin' up, or it's at all like enough to make it out, stop—gaze on it—walk back—close your fingers like a spy-glass, and look through 'em amazed like—enchanted—chained to the spot. Then utter, unconscious like, "That's a most beautiful pictur'. By heavens! that's a speakin' portrait. It's well painted, too. But whoever the artist is, he is an unprincipled man." "Good gracious!" she'll say, "how so?" "'Cause, madam, he has not done you justice."

SEA-SICKNESS.

FAR-SEEING Thackeray, in his admirable "Yellow-plush Correspondence," thus makes his hero describe sea-sickness:—"Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion? 'The sea, the sea, the open sea!' as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our little wessel, and I'd looked to master's luggitch and mine (mine was rapt up in a very small handcherker), as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel; as soon as I saw the waivs, black and frothy, like fresh-drawn porter, a-dashin' against the ribbs of our gallant bark; the keal like a-splittink the billoes in two; the sails a-flappink in the hair; the standard of Hengland floatin' at the mask-head; the steward a-gettin' ready the basins and things; the capting proudly treadin' the deck, and givin' orders to the sailers; the white rox of Albany and the bathin'-masheens disappearin' in the distans—then, then I felt for the first time in the mite, the madgisty of xistence! 'Yellow-plush, my boy,' says I to myself, 'your life is about to commence; your career, as a man, dates from your entrans on board this packit! Forgit what's past; throw off your inky clerk's jacket—throw up your ——' Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A feelink in the fust place singlar, in the next place paneful, and complely at last overpowerink, had come upon me while I was a-makin' the abuff speech, and I now found myself in a sityouation which Delixy for Bids to dixcribe. Suffis to say, that now I discovered what Basins was made for; that for many, many hours I lay in a hagony of exostion, dead to all intence and porpuses; the rain patterink in my face, the sailers a-tramplink over my body—the panes of purgertory goin' on inside!"

ALL WELL.

"GOOD morning, Saunders," said an old labourer to a friend he met on the road; "are ye a' weel?"

"Ou, ay, thankye for speerin', we're a' weel, only the wife's dead."

NOT FINDING HIMSELF.

"How do you find yourself to-day?" said an old friend to Jack Reeve, as he met him going in dinner costume to the City.

"Thank you," he replied, "the Lord Mayor finds me to-day."

MAKING THE TWO ENDS MEET.

THREE Irishmen crossing the Bridge of Cork one day, one of them, happening to look over the parapet, had a wish to touch the water; but how this was to be done puzzled the sons of St. Patrick not a little. At last it struck them that, by hanging from the feet of each other, their wish might be accomplished. So to it they went, going over the wall of the bridge somewhat in the manner of a chain-pump. After they had gone their full length, it was found that the water was still far below them. In this emergency the one at the top cried to the undermost, "Arrah, now, Paddy, hould you on till I come down to you, and then, my honey, we shall reach it." It is needless to add that this plan was successful.

DIFFERENCE IN HANGING.

Two Irish labourers being present at the execution of a number of malefactors on the scaffold before Newgate, "Pray now," said one of them to the other—"pray now, Pat, is there any difference between being hung on this new drop here, or hung in chains?" "Why, no," replied he, "no great difference; only on one you hang about an hour, and on the other you hang all the days of your life."

CURE FOR DUMBNESS.

AN Irish soldier got discharged by pretending to be dumb. Soon after, enlisting into another corps, he was met and recognised by a former comrade, who asked him how he had learned to speak so as to get into a new regiment. "By St. Patrick," answered the Milesian, "ten guineas would make any man spake."

WOOING THE BROWN MARE.

MR. MEWINS was courting a young lady of some attractions, and something of a fortune into the bargain. After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady by her father, Mr. Mewins, having taken a particular fancy to a little brown mare, demanded that it should be thrown into the bargain; and upon a positive refusal the match was broken off. After a couple of years the parties accidentally met at a country ball. Mr. Mewins was quite willing to renew the engagement; but the lady appeared not to have the slightest recollection of him. "Surely you have not forgotten me!" said he. "What is your name, sir?" she inquired. "Mewins," he replied; "I had the honour of paying my addresses to you about two years ago." "I remember a person of that name," she rejoined, who paid his attentions to my father's brown mare."

YANKEEISH.

A FARMER once hired a man from Vermont to assist him in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the small end, for which the farmer chastised him, and told him always to take the butt-end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar-loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest end, giving the farmer the wink, and exclaimed, "Always take the butt-end."

THE following story of "Life in Kentucky," being in print, ought of course to be believed:—"Early one morning the shouts of a female were heard. All ran to the spot. When they arrived they saw a man and a bear engaged in combat. They had it hip and thigh, up and down, over and under, the man's wife standing by and hallooing "Fair play!" The company ran up, and insisted on parting them. "No, no," said the woman, "let them fight it out; for it's the first fight I ever saw that I didn't care which whipped."

THINGS TO BE FORGOTTEN BY HISTORICAL PAINTERS.

FORGET—

That the body of Harold was found after the battle of Hastings.

That Alfred ever let the cakes burn on the neatherd's hearth.

That Margaret of Anjou met with a robber.

That Eleanor sucked poison from her husband's arm.

That Philippa interceded for the burghers of Calais.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED BY PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

REMEMBER—

That if you always "hold the mirror up to Nature," yours will certainly not be "the glass of Fashion."

That as you must make faces, you may as well make pleasant ones.

That when Nature and Art come into collision, Nature must go to the wall.

That you must never paint flat, though you may flatter.

That he who only paints what he sees, degrades himself into a daguerreotype.

RETORT UPON RETORT.

AT a hunting party at Mr. Meynell's, one of the company, not very attentive to his dress, having sat down to dinner in a rather dishevelled state, and encrusted from head to heel with the mud of the country, it was proposed to "roast" him.

"Why, I am told, Mr. ——, that you are the boldest hunter in the country," said one person.

"That I am," returned the other, "but I am afraid you are ironing me" (a cant term for irony).

"That would be ill-timed indeed," remarked Lord Barrymore, "to iron you before they have washed you."

"HALF-AND-HALF."

A GALLANT young gentleman, living somewhere in Bristol county, U.S., took the young lady to whom he was "paying attention" to Boston, to see the sights. On his return from the pleasure trip, he presented one-half of the bill of expenses to the lady's father for payment. That gentleman peremptorily refused to liquidate the claim, and politely, but somewhat emphatically, requested the pecuniary lover not to call at his house either on the next or any number of coming Sunday nights. This incident reminds us of the story of the rustic who once took his "girl" to the City. The couple visited a confectionery establishment, and the country gentleman purchased a stick of candy, which he deliberately commenced eating. After it was nearly demolished he suddenly exclaimed to his sweetheart, "I say, why don't you buy a stick? It's awful good!"

MRS. BROWN HAS THE SWEEPS.*

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

I DO think if there is a thing as I hates in this world it's havin' the sweeps, as always reminds me of him as didn't ought to be mentioned for blackness, and is the dirtiest job in all the world, for that soot is stuff for to fly like chaff before the wind, as the sayin' is.

But I says, "Sarah Ann, we must have 'em sooner or later, and pr'aps it will be as well for to have 'em well over; so," I says, "step over and ask Mrs. Brocksop if she can come for half a day, as will help you clean up, and you may tell them sweeps if they can't be here by six they may stop away."

It so happened as Brown was in one of his contrary humours that night, and nothin' didn't seem to go right with him.

I says to him, "If you don't fancy liver and bacon don't eat it, as is only half a pound, and the gal will relish."

It's a thing I wouldn't eat if you'd crown me, and was a-takin' a bit of toasted cheese myself, as Brown was that snappish over, a-sayin' as I must have the stomach of a horse for to eat that leather, and he knowed I should be 'avin' of them startin' dreams as made me hit him in the eye, a-fancyin' as he was young Robison at the corner, as is always a-settin' of his dog at our cat.

I 'appened just to let the sweeps drop accidental to him as he was a-smokin' his pipe, and if he didn't go on till my temper got put out. I says, "Mr. Brown, if you likes to live in a hog-sty with smoky chimblys, you may do it in welcome; but," I says, "I never will. I never heard such a man in all my born days, as is out of all reason in your ways, and would glory in seein' your house in flames, with engines a-plyin' all over the street and plugs a-spoutin' in all directions." I says, "If I was a-goin' to thrust a tender infant up the flue as might stick with straw lighted to the soles of his feet you might talk; but," I says, "it's a thing as I never could a-bear from the time as the skeleton come down the chimbly in Peckham Rye, the first night as the parties moved in and lighted the fire in the front kitchen, as was supposed to be a sweep as had been forgot." I says, "A lifeless ramonure can't have no feeling, as I have put it off from week to week, and often stood over the gal myself and see her put the broom up as far as she could reach, and brought down pecks. I'm sure the turn as it give me a-lookin' up last Sunday evenin' and seein' the red-hot soot in layers, as it seems always to do on a Sunday evenin' as though for the purpose."

So Brown he says, "If you're a-goin' to mag on like that about the sweeps, I wish as they'd take a fancy to you and carry you off with the soot."

I says, "Mr. Brown, if you'd like to see me took out in a sack, pr'aps it's carried out altogether as you wishes me," and I was that hurt as I busted into tears.

But, bless you! he didn't mean it, for though rough temper at times he's as fine a hearted man as ever lived, and he come round in a instant, and said as he wouldn't part with me not for sacks upon sacks of sov'reigns, let alone soot; and we had a drop of somethin' hot, and he says to me, "Don't you be a-gettin' out of your warm bed in the mornin' to let them sweeps in; if the gal don't hear 'em, wake me." I didn't say nothin', but had my thoughts.

I don't think as it could have been the toasted cheese, but somethin' made me dream frightful, for I thought I was old Marney the sweep, and had stuck in the back kitchen chimbly, and nearly fell out of bed in my struggles to extricate myself, and then I dreamt as Brown was old Marney, and was puttin' me into the soot-bag head foremost, and kicked that wiolent as woke Brown up. I was dozin' off when I heard the bell, and set bolt up in bed, for I was dreamin' of fire.

I says, "That gal won't never hear 'em," for I do believe as she'd sleep the clock round, as the sayin' is, and as Brown was in a sound sleep through bein' disturbed twice, I thought as I'd slip on my gown and go down.

I never did hear such tyrants to ring as them sweeps, and I really thought as they'd have tore the bell down by the roots, as the sayin' is. Well, down I goes, for as to callin' to that gal it's no more use than whistlin' to a pig, and there was a cuttin' wind a-blowin' as sweeps must feel though they are black.

Of all the tempers as that old Marney showed I never did, a-shovin' at the door afore I could get it opened, and sendin' me back agin the wall with the key a-takin' me in the chest, and usin' words a-pretendin' as he thought I were the gal, and if I had been he hadn't no right to use that langwidge to.

I says, "Go down and do the kitchen first," as I'd see was ready over night, "and the gal will be down to show you what's next."

I spoke short like, for I didn't hold with old Marney's ways, as is a old brute to his second wife, young enough to be his daughter, and I never would have in my house, only the other sweep was transported through a-takin' a teapot away in his sack from the widder lady opposite.

I called that gal up and then goes to bed for half an hour. When I got up and went down to the kitchen you might have knocked me down with a feather, for there was the sweeps still there.

I says, "Whatever are you a-doin'?" "Why, a-sweepin' your chimbly, as is as crooked as a ram's horn, and has broke my brush, and be hanged to it."

Leastways he said it was hanged as he uttered, but it didn't sound like that to me.

I says, "You've been time enough over it anyhow." He says, "The front kitchen was a long job."

"The front kitchen!" I says with a scream. "Whatever do you mean? Why, it ain't a kitchen, and wasn't to be swep'," and in I rushes and thought as I should have dropped, for if that

* By kind permission of the Author.

dratted gal hadn't been and let them sweep the chimbly, and never moved a thing.

I says, "You good-for-nothin', idle, lazy hussy!"

"It wasn't my fault," she says, "they began it afore I was down."

"Then why wasn't you down?" If she didn't say, "If you hadn't gone down a-fidgetin' and lettin' them in it wouldn't have 'appened."

"You told me to do the kitchen first with your own lips," growls old Marney. I says, "It ain't a kitchen, you idjeot."

"Then it did ought to be," says he. "I ain't no patience with such stuck-up ways, as if a kitchen wasn't good enough for you."

It did put me out to be cheeked like that on my own premises; so I says, "Get out of the place this moment, you good-for-nothin' old brute. How dare you come here and spile my carpet, and cover everythin' with your soot?" as had begrimed the place from top to bottom, and nowhere for to have breakfast.

I do believe it was all that gal's spite, because I'd give her warnin' on the Monday through her givin' me a lot of impudence over the grease-pot, as I never will allow any more than a pig-wash tub, as I've known the tea-spoons to be thrown in. Old Marney he wanted eightcenpence for the front room, a-stickin' to it as it were a kitchen.

I says, "Never in this world." He says, "I'll summons you, see if I don't."

I says, "Do it," and off he goes in a reg'lar huff. But when Brown came down he made me send the money, sayin' as he wouldn't have no summonses nor rows; but certainly it went agin me to pay him, and couldn't help a-chucklin' when I heard his wife's brother had come in and caught him a-rasin' his hand agin her, and had given him his own ramonures over his shoulders, and the magistrate dismissed the summons as he took out agin him.

But all I've got to say is, that I do wish as they'd invent somethin' as would consume its own soot, for them sweeps is my constant dread; and as to old Marney, I'd rather sweep the chimblys with my own hands than he should ever darken my doors agin, as left his marks all along the passage, and shook out his soot-bags in the front garden for spite, as the place was pisoned with for many a day, and flew into the parlour-winders, and begrimed them from top to bottom.

SPRIGS.

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the tay-kettle."

The advice given by an Irishman to his English friend, on introducing him to a regular Tipperary row, was, "Wherever you see a head, hit it."

Pat and his whiskey resemble each other; they come out to most advantage in hot water.

The Mayor of Halifax, at a certain dinner of the Halifax licensed victuallers, stated that an application had been made to him a few days ago by an Irishman for a testimonial of character. The mayor told him that he had never seen him before. The Irishman promptly answered, "Faith, your worship, and that is the very reason I come to you. I have never been summoned before you, nor fined, and you never had any trouble with me."

Two Irishmen meeting one day, one of them inquired of the other if he had seen his friend Pat Murphy lately: "For," said he, "he has grown so thin that you would not know him at all. You are thin, and I am thin, but, by the powers, he is thinner than both of us put together."

At a review in Ireland, a company of thirty, receiving the word "fire," pulled so irregularly that the reports were in a great measure individualised, whereupon the captain called out, "Why, how now! only twenty-eight have fired; where are the other two?"

An Irishman, on being told to grease the wagon, returned in an hour afterwards, and said, "I've greased every part of the wagon but them sticks the wheels hang on."

"Plaze, sir," said an Irishman to a traveller, "would yez be so oblaiging as to take me great-coat, here, to Boston wit' yez?" "Yes," said the man in the wagon, "but how will you get it again?" "Oh, that's mighty aisy, so it is," said Pat, "for shure I'll remain inside uv it."

An Irish author says that among those mortally wounded at Waterloo was Major O'Brien, afterwards distinguished for his bravery in the Indian wars.

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife!" said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop."

A captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to his owners that he had received but little damage, having only one of his hands wounded in the nose.

A private soldier in one of the Irish regiments engaged in the dreadful battle of Salamanca cried out, during the hottest part of the action, "Och, murther, I'm kilt entirely!" "Are you wounded?" inquired an officer near him. "Wounded is it, yer honour?" replied the gallant Emeralder: "be the powers, I am worse than kilt out and out! Wasn't I waiting for the last quarter of an hour for a pull at Jim Murphy's pipe?—and there, now, it's shot out of his mouth!"

An Irish regiment having displayed some alarming symptoms of mutiny, a general officer was sent to bring it to order. The men were all drawn up before him, and he gave the word of command to shoulder arms. Not a man stirred. Calling up a sergeant, "Why," said he, "don't the men obey?" "Och, your honour," said the Milesian, putting his hand to his hat, "it's because the offishers and the men are not just now upon spaking terms."

BOOK SCRAPS.

THE Duke de Fronsac, son of Marshal Richelieu, leaving the opera one evening in a very magnificent coat, had the two skirts cut off. He went from the opera to an evening assembly, and was soon made aware, by the laughter with which he was greeted, of what had occurred to him. On the following morning a very respectable-looking man called at his house, and desired to see him on urgent business. When the stranger had been admitted to the duke's presence he said, "Sir, I have been sent by the lieutenant of the police, who has been informed of what happened to you last night, to request you will be good enough to send him your coat from which the skirts were severed, in order that, when the thieves are discovered, the skirts may be matched with the coat." The duke, delighted at the vigilance of the police, at once caused the coat to be handed over to the stranger, whom he only subsequently discovered to be acting in concert with those who, having stolen his skirts, wanted to complete the coat for their own purposes.

DINNER SPEECHIFYING.—The following is a good satire on the speechifying at public dinners:—After the gentleman whose health is to be drunk in his absence, has given the hint to his neighbour to prepare it, he must retire. (There is no necessity to specify to the company his particular motive to withdraw.) When he returns he will find a full glass of Madeira before him, with a cigar across it; he must then manifest a certain degree of surprise, and call up a smile of satisfaction, being very cautious that it may not be mistaken for a sneer. He must close his eyes for a few moments, as if collecting his energies for an extemporaneous explosion; his own tact must teach him how long he may trespass upon the patience of his hearers; he must then commence thus: "Hem!"—open eyes—"hem!"—look complacently at the president, and ditto at the party. "Mr. President, hem, *and* Gentlemen—unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and unaware of the honour you have done me in my absence—hem!—I say, done me in my absence—hem!—I am at a loss to express myself on the honour you have done me in my absence—hem!" Here a slight cough may be introduced to gain time; what is called a *hacking* cough is preferable, as its frequent recurrence is more convenient. "Before I sit down, I shall not be, on my part, backward in expressing my thanks—I say, before I sit down, I shall not be, on my part, backward—hem! Should I live for ages, gentlemen—I mean those ages that are yet to come—the remembrance, the grateful remembrance, of this hour—this glorious hour—will be remembered in my memory"—(lights the cigar)—"and, gentlemen, in conclusion, the reminiscence shall ever live in my recollection."

SECURING A PLACE.—A gentleman possessed of a small estate in Gloucestershire was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his pretended friend, and told him that he had obtained a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and said he was much rejoiced at the event. "But pray, sir," said he, "where is your place?" "In the Gloucester coach," replied the other; "I secured it last night, and so good-bye to you."

CANDLE-LIGHT WARS.—A woman in the country went for a pound of candles, when, to her great astonishment and mortification, she was informed they had risen a penny in the pound since her last purchase of them. "Why," said she, "what can be the cause of so exorbitant a rise as a penny?" "I can't tell," said the man, "but I believe it is principally owing to the war." "Why!" cried she, "do they fight by candle-light?"

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.—A student in one of the universities sent to another to borrow a certain book. "I never lend my books out," said he; "but if the gentleman chooses to come to my chambers, he may make use of it as long as he pleases." A few days after, he that had refused the book sent to the other to borrow a pair of bellows. "I never lend my bellows out," said the other; "but if the gentleman chooses to come to my chambers, he may make use of them as long as he pleases."

EQUITABLE ADJUSTMENT.—A hackney coachman, having had a busy day, went into an alehouse to regale himself, and sat in a box adjoining to one in which his master was seated. John, not suspecting who was his neighbour, began to divide his earnings in a manner not uncommon among the brothers of the whip, saying, "A shilling for master, a shilling for myself;" which he continued till he came to an odd sixpence, that puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master, overhearing his perplexity, said to him, "You may as well let me have that sixpence, John, because I keep the horses, you know."

HAPPINESS.—A captain in the navy, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth Point, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

Mr. Money, a little dapper man, was dancing at the York Assembly, with a tall lady of the name of Bond. Sterne, on observing them, remarked, "There was a great Bond for a little Money."

Outwitted.—A man once asked an honest Quaker where his religion was before George Fox's time? "Where thine was," replied he, "before Harry Tudor's time. Now thou hast been free with me," added the Quaker, "pray let me ask thee a question. Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? canst thou tell that?" "No, nor you either, I believe." "Yes, I can," replied the Quaker; "he was going into his eleventh year, was he not?"

Parish Feeling.—A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest, "Oh!" said he, "I belong to another parish."

Wilkes and Sir William Staines.—Sir William Staines, by persevering steadily in the pursuit of one object, accumulated an immense fortune, and rose progressively from the dignity of Common Council-man to the state coach and the Mansion House. His first entrance into life was as a common bricklayer. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, his lordship, after a sumptuous repast on turbot and venison, was eating an immense quantity of butter with his cheese. "Why, brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with a trowel."

"'Tis strange," uttered young Verdant Green, as he staggered back to his rooms, after his first initiation into the mysteries of a college supper party, "'Tis strange how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

Soliloquy.—A person in company said in a violent passion to another, "You are a liar! a scoundrel!" The other, with great composure, turned round to the company and said to them, "You must not mind what this poor fellow says, it's a way he has; he was only talking to himself."

A lover received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: "Deer ——, I send you bi the boy a buckett of flours. They is like my love for u. The nite shaid menes kepe dark. The dog fenil menes I am ure slaive. Rosis red and posis pail; mi luv for u shall never fale."

A candidate for auditor of public accounts was suddenly called upon for a speech. On rising, he commenced:—"Fellow-citizens, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make. I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker; I do not desire to be a speaker; I only want to be an auditor."

It must have been a tough rooster that crowed after being boiled two hours, and then, being put in a pot with potatoes, kicked them all out.

It is refreshing to come across such a gem as the following:—

"The first bird of spring attempted to sing,
But ere he had sounded a note
He fell from the limb—a dead bird was him—
The music had friz in his throat!"

Junius's Letters.—When the late Sir Philip Francis was one day at Holland House, the lady of the mansion induced Mr. Rogers, the poet, to ask the knight if he really was the author of "Junius's Letters." The bard, knowing the knight's austere character, addressed him with modest hesitation, asking if he might be permitted to propose a question. Sir Philip, anticipating what was to come, exclaimed in a severe tone, "At your peril, sir;" upon which Mr. Rogers observed that "if Sir Philip was really Junius, he was certainly Junius Brutus."

When Christina of Sweden came to Paris, the great ladies of the Court rushing to kiss her on her arrival, she exclaimed, "Why, they seem to take me for a gentleman!"

"Apollo," says Swift, "was held the god of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue so."

Plain Truth.—A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accosted in the following phrase: "Pray, sir, bestow your charity; good, dear sir, bestow your charity." "Prithee, friend, be quiet," replied the miser; "I have it not."

A Sufficient Reason.—A drunken fellow, having sold all his goods except his feather-bed, at last made away with that too; and his conduct being reproved by some of his friends, "Why," said he, "I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed?"

Louis XVI. was playing at a game with some of his courtiers one day, when a disputed point arose. "I refer it to you," exclaimed the king to the Count de Grammont, who was approaching at the time. "Your majesty," replied the count, "is wrong." "How can you say I am wrong when you do not yet know the question?" "Do you not see," answered Grammont, "that if the point had been ever so little doubtful, all these gentlemen (pointing to the bystanders) would have decided it in your favour?"

The Ploughboy.—A gentle sprinkle of rain happening, a ploughboy left his work and went home; but his master, seeing him there, told him he should not have left his work for so trifling an affair, and begged for the future he would stay till

it rained downright. Some time afterwards, upon a rainy day, the boy stayed till dusk, and returned almost drowned. His master asked him why he did not come before. "Why, you zed I shouldn't come hoam vore it rained downright, and it has not rained downright yet, for it was aslaunt all day."

WARM ALE.—A traveller calling at a little inn, the landlord of which was very tenacious of the character of his home-brewed ale, after sipping the beverage begged to have it warmed. "What, warm my ale!" exclaimed Boniface. "Curse that stomach that won't warm the ale, say I!" "And," cried the traveller, "curse that ale that won't warm the stomach, say I!"

BEAUTIFUL COLOURS.—"Your colours are beautiful," said a deeply-rouged lady to a portrait-painter. "Yes," answered he, "your ladyship and I deal at the same shop."

ODE TO A BOBTAILED CAT.

FELIS INFELIX! Cat unfortunate,
With nary narrative!
Canst thou no tail relate
Of how
(Miaow!)
Thy tail end came to terminate
So bluntly?
Didst wear it off by
Sedentary habits
As do the rabbits?

Didst go a
Fishing with it,
Wishing with it
To "bob" for catfish,
And get bobbed thyself?
Curses on that fish!

Didst lose it in kittenhood,
Hungrily chawing it?
Or, gaily pursuing it,
Did it make tangent
From thy swift circuit?

Did some brother Grayback—
Yowling
And howling
In nocturnal strife,
Spitting and staring,
Cursing and swearing,
Ripping and tearing,
Calling thee "Sausagetail,"
Abbreviate thy suffix?

Or did thy jealous wife
Detect yer
In some sly flirtation,
And, after caudal lecture,
Bite off thy termination?
And sarve yer right!

Did some mischievous boy,
Some barbarous boy,
Eliminate thy finis?
(Probably!)
The wretch!
The villain!
Cruelly spillin'
Thy innocent blood!

Furiously scratch him
Where'er yer may catch him!

Well, Bob, this course now is left,
Since thus of your tail you're bereft:
Tell your friend that by letter
From Paris
You have learned the style there is
To wear the tail short,
And the briefer the better;
Such is the passion,
That every Grimalkin will
Follow your fashion.

A DAGUERREOTYPE.

HERE Nature in her glass—the wanton elf—
Sits gravely making faces at herself;
And while she scans each clumsy feature o'er,
Repeats the blunders that she made before!

SUGGESTIONS FOR HISTORICAL PAINTERS.

GEORGE III. in the old woman's cottage, wondering "how ever the apples got inside the apple-dumpling."

The immortal courage of the Great Unknown who swallowed the first oyster.

Marie Antoinette wondering how the people could starve, when there were such nice little *gâteaux* at three sous apiece.

Napoleon eating the dish of stewed mushrooms, by which, it is said, he lost (in consequence of the indigestion) the battle of Leipsic.

Ude tearing his hair, upon learning that the British nobleman had put salt into his soup.

Portrait of the celebrated American oyster, that was so large that it took three men to swallow it.

Brillat Savarin tasting the wonderful sauce, which was so delicious that a person could eat his own father with it.

THE DECISION.

A DISPUTE having long subsisted in a gentleman's family between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast, the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the greater part of the morning, and yet was so ill-natured that he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do as not to have a moment to spare. The coachman alleged that it was not his business.

"Very well," said the master, "but pray what do you call your business?"

"To take care of the horses and clean and drive the coach," replied he.

"You say right," answered the master, "and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning, before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business."

The coachman and the maiden soon after came to terms.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

IVORY does not come from a rat's mouth.

AN avaricious man is like a serpent wishing to swallow an elephant.

EXAGGERATION is to paint a snake and add legs.

To excite a fierce dog to capture a lame rabbit, is to attack a contemptible enemy.

To instigate a villain to do wrong, is like teaching a monkey to climb trees.

To set an inefficient man to do anything, is like taking a locust's shank for a carriage-shaft.

To climb a tree to catch a fish, is talking much and doing nothing.

A LADY OFFICER.

JEAN PAUL says that a lady officer, if she wanted to give the word "halt," would do it in this strain —"You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you, as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be; don't you hear me? Halt, I say, all of you."

Upon this a lady in an American paper makes the following comment:—"Now, Monsieur Jean, it was an unlucky day you wrote that sentence. May you never hear anything but that little concise word "No," from every rosy lip you meet between this and your tombstone. May you "halt" wifeless through life; may your buttons be snappish, your strings knotty, and your stockings holey. May your bootjack be missing, your feet corned, your shaving-water be cold, your razor dull; your hair stand up, and your dickies lie down; may your beard be porcupiny, your whiskers thinly settled, and your moustaches curl the wrong way; may your coffee be muddy, your toast smoky, and your tea be water-bewitched. And, with a never-dying desire for affection, may you crawl through creation a meek, miserable, nasty, forlorn, fidgetty, fussy, ridiculous, ruined, dejected, ragged old bachelor."

THE RICHMOND HOAX.

ONE of the best practical jokes in Theodore Hook's clever "Gilbert Gurney," is Daly's hoax upon a lady who had never been at Richmond before, or at least knew none of the peculiarities of the place. Daly desired the waiter, after dinner, to bring some "maids of honour"—those cheesecakes for which the place has, time out of mind, been celebrated. The lady stared, then laughed, and asked, "What do you mean by 'maids of honour?'" "Dear me!" said Daly, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of State etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are called cheesecakes elsewhere, are here called maids of honour: a capon is called a lord chamberlain; a goose is a lord steward; a roast pig is a master of the horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bedchamber; a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod; and so on." The unsophisticated lady was taken in, when she actually saw the maids of honour make their appearance in the shape of cheesecakes; she convulsed the whole party by turning to the waiter, and desiring him in a sweet but decided tone to bring her a gentleman usher of the black rod, if they had one in the house quite cold.

OLLA.

JUSTICE GRAHAM was the most polite judge that ever adorned the bench, and many amusing anecdotes are related of his courteous expressions. On one occasion it was said he had hastily condemned a man, who had been capitally convicted, to transportation, when the clerk of the court, in a whisper, set him right. "Oh," he exclaimed, "criminal! I beg your pardon, come back;" and putting on the black cap, courteously apologised for his mistake, and then consigned him to the gallows, to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. To one guilty of burglary, or a similar offence, he would say, "My honest friend, you are found guilty of felony, for which it is my painful duty," &c. Among other peculiarities he had a custom of repeating the answer made to him, as illustrated in the following dialogue:—"My good friend, you are charged with murder; what have you to observe on the subject? Eh, how did it happen?" "Why, my lord, Jem aggravated me, and swore as how he'd knock the breath out of my body." "Good, he'd knock the breath out of your body; and what did you reply?" "Nothing; I floored him." "Good; and then?" "Why, then, my lord, they took him up and found that his head was cut open." "His head was cut open; good; and what followed?" "After that, my lord, they gathered him up to take him to the hospital, but he died on the road." "He died on the road; very good." This will match the best of Lord Cockburn's stories of Scottish justices of the Court of Session.

A FRIEND of M. de Talleyrand asked him one day, in confidence, how it was that Madame G——, so stupid as she was, could have held him in her chains. "Why, the truth is," he replied, "that Madame de Stael has so worn me out with her cleverness, that I feel as though I could never have enough dulness."

BY a strange contradiction, those who most despise money are those who are the most eager after the pleasures it procures.

"Is this the way to Ryde?" said a traveller who was as ignorant of horsemanship as of the place he was inquiring for. The unsophisticated native to whom the query was addressed, after carefully surveying the equestrian artiste, naïvely replied, "Na, na! thee turns out thee toas too much."

"DON'T you think my son resembles me?" inquired an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each; "yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."

A LADY having spoken sharply to Dr. Parr, apologised by saying, "It is the privilege of women to talk nonsense." "No, madam, it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could, but nature suffers them only to waddle."

A MAN, who was equally fond of "spouting" and drinking, was boasting that he could "bring an argument to a p'int as quick as any other man." "You can bring a quart to a pint a good deal more quickly," replied his friend.

"I ASSURE you the times are so bad that I can't live," said a tippling dyer to his neighbour, a clever and flourishing tradesman. "Ah," replied the other, "that is because you don't pay attention to your dyeing. If you would only dye when you drink you'd be sure to live."

OBJECTING to Thomas Carlyle, that he did not give definite suggestions for the improvement of the age which he rebuked, a wit said, "Here is a man who beats a big drum under my windows, and when I come running down-stairs, has nowhere for me to go."

DURING the American civil war a certain farmer from one of the border counties of Virginia appealed to President Lincoln to redress some small grievance which he had suffered at the hands of Union soldiers. The president replied that if he were to deal with such cases he should find work enough for twenty presidents. The farmer, however, urged his case, saying, "Couldn't you just give me a line to Colonel —— about it? just one line!" "Ha, ha!" responded the president, "that reminds me of old Jack Chase. Jack used to be lumberman on the Illinois, and he was steady and sober, and the best raftsman on the river. It was quite a trick, twenty-five years ago, to take the logs over the rapids, but he was skilful with a raft and always kept her straight in the channel. Finally a steamer was put on, and Jack was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and Jack's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat-tail and hailed him with—'Say, Mister Captain! I wish you would just stop your boat a minute—I've lost my apple overboard!'"

A CONJUROR'S FEAST.*

BY ROBERT-HOUDIN.

CASTELLI, after performing several tricks of second-rate interest, at length arrived at the one which caused even the calmest spectator to throb with impatience.

"Gentlemen," he then said, addressing the audience, "we will now proceed to the last trick. I promised to eat a man alive for my supper, and I will keep my word. Will the courageous spectator who wishes to serve as a repast to me" (Castelli pronounced this word with the expression of a perfect cannibal) "take the trouble to mount on the stage?"

Two victims immediately presented themselves. By accident they offered a perfect contrast, and Castelli, who understood the art of producing an effect, skilfully profited by it. He placed them side by side, with their faces turned to the audience; then after surveying one of them, a tall, bilious-looking fellow, from head to foot, he said to him, with affected politeness—

"I do not wish to insult you, sir, but I am sorry to tell you that, as regards my food, I am quite of M. le Curé's opinion—you understand me?"

The tall thin man appeared for a moment as if trying to guess a riddle, and ended by scratching his ear—a gesture which among all nations, civilised or barbarous, signifies, "I do not understand."

"I will explain then," Castelli continued. "You know that M. le Curé does not like bones; at least, so they say at forfeits, and I assure you I share the curé's antipathy in this respect. You can retire then; I will not detain you." And Castelli began bowing to his visitor, who hastened back to his seat.

"Now, then, for us two," the conjuror said, turning to the one who remained. He was a tall, chubby fellow, with rosy cheeks, who seemed purposely made for the repast of an epicurean cannibal.

"Well, my stout friend, so you consent to be eaten alive?"

"Yes, sir, I am quite willing, and came here for that purpose."

"Ah! ah! that is capital!" (Here Castelli licked his lips like a gourmet, whose mouth waters at the sight of a dainty dish.) "As I have a powerful appetite, we will begin directly."

At this moment a gigantic cruet-stand was brought in. The stout youth regarded it with surprise, as if trying to discover the use of this strange utensil

"Don't mind it, pray!" said Castelli. "I am very fond of hot dishes, so allow me to pepper and salt you in my usual fashion."

And he began covering the unhappy man with a white powder, which, adhering to his hair, face, and clothes, soon gave him an extraordinary appearance. The stout youth, who at the beginning had tried to rival the conjuror's gaiety, did not laugh now, and seemed earnestly to desire the end of the jest.

"Now, then!" Castelli added, rolling his eyes about ferociously, "kneel down, and hold your hands over your head. Very good, my friend: it really looks as if you had never followed any other trade than being eaten alive. Now, then, say your prayers, and I will begin. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," the stout lad muttered, turning quite yellow with emotion, "I am ready."

Castelli then took the end of the patient's thumb in his mouth, and bit it so hard that the latter, as if working by a spring, jumped up, shouting energetically—

"Confound it, sir, take care; you hurt me!"

"What! I hurt you?" Castelli said, with perfect calmness. "What will you say, then, when I reach your head? It was really absurd of you to cry out like a baby at the first mouthful. Come, be reasonable: let me go on. I am frightfully hungry, and long for my supper."

And Castelli, thrusting him by the shoulders, tried to make him take his first position. But the young man resisted with all his strength, as he cried, in a voice palsied with fear, "I won't have it: I tell you I won't have it. You hurt me too much!" At length, by a supreme effort, he escaped from his tormentor's hands. During this time the audience, foreseeing the result of this amusing scene, had been shouting with laughter, and Castelli found some difficulty in gaining a hearing.

"Gentlemen!" he said, assuming a tone of the deepest disappointment, "you see me both surprised and vexed at the flight of that gentleman, who had not the courage to allow himself to be eaten. Now, I expect some one to take his place; for, far from shunning the performance of my promise, I feel so comfortable that I pledge myself, after eat-

* By kind permission of the Publishers.

ing the first spectator who offers, to eat the second, and so on. Indeed, to prove myself worthy your applause, I promise to eat the whole roomful."

This jest was greeted by another hearty laugh, but the farce was played out. No one came forward to be eaten, and the crowd went home to digest the trick played on them all.

SCRAPS FROM SILAS MARNER.

MEANIN' goes but a little way i' most things, for you may mean to stick things together, and your glue may be bad, and then where are you?

THERE'S folks now-a-days know what happened afore they were born better nor they know their own business.

WHEN one gets up betimes i' the morning, the clock seems to stand still tow'rt ten.

I KNOW the way o' wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em.

THE DECLARATION.

BY JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

"FAITH! women are riddles!" I muttered one day,
As I sat by my beautiful Bess;
It seems very queer that whatever they say,
Their meaning no mortal can guess.

I knew that she loved me by many a sign
That served her affection to show;
But when I suggested, will Betty be mine?
Confound her!—she answered me "No!"

'Tis the way with the sex—so I often had heard—
And thus their assent they express;
But I couldn't but think it extremely absurd
That a "No" was the same as a "Yes."

So I ask'd her again, with my heart in a whirl,
And said, "Do not answer me so!"
When twice in succession the mischievous girl
Repeated that odious "No."

"There!" she said, with a laugh, "that is certainly plain;
And your hearing is not over-nice,
Or you wouldn't have forced me to say it again;
For I think I have spoken it twice."

"I see," I exclaim'd, as I clasped in my own
The hand of my beautiful Bess;
"I now recollect—what the grammar has shown—
Two negatives equal a "Yes."

MR. G—— AND JERVAS.

Mr. G.—Ha! Jervas, how are you, my old boy? how do things go on at home?

Steward.—Bad enough, your honour; the magpie's dead.

Mr. G.—Poor Mag! so he is gone. How came he to die?

Steward.—Over-ate himself, sir.

Mr. G.—Did he? a greedy dog! Why, what did he get that he liked so well?

Steward.—Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

Mr. G.—How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

Steward.—All your father's horses, sir.

Mr. G.—What! are they dead too?

Steward.—Ay, sir, they died of over-work.

Mr. G.—And why were they over-worked, pray?

Steward.—To carry water, sir.

Mr. G.—To carry water! And what were they carrying water for?

Steward.—Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

Mr. G.—Fire! what fire?

Steward.—Oh, sir, your father's house is burnt down to the ground.

Mr. G.—My father's house burnt down! and how came it set on fire?

Steward.—I think it must have been the torches.

Mr. G.—Torches! what torches?

Steward.—At your mother's funeral.

Mr. G.—My mother dead!

Steward.—Ah, poor lady! she never looked up after it.

Mr. G.—After what?

Steward.—The loss of your father.

Mr. G.—My father gone too!

Steward.—Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. G.—Heard of what?

Steward.—The bad news, sir, and please your honour.

Mr. G.—What! more miseries? more bad news?

Steward.—Yes, sir, your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you to tell you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

TIT FOR TAT.

A QUAKER barber being sued by the parson for tithes, went to him and asked why he troubled him, as he had never any dealing with him in his whole life.

"Why," said the parson, "it is for tithes."

"For tithes!" said the Quaker; "upon what account?"

"Why," said the parson, "for preaching in the church."

"Alas! then," replied the Quaker, "I have nothing to pay thee, for I come not there."

"Oh! but you might," said the parson, "for the doors are always open at convenient times."

The Quaker immediately entered his action against the parson for forty shillings. The parson inquired for what he owed him the money.

"Truly, friend," replied the Quaker, "for trimming."

"For trimming!" said the parson; "why, I was never trimmed by you in my life."

"Oh! but thou might'st have come and been trimmed, if thou had'st pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times, as well as thine."

THE RIVAL TRADESMEN.

BY PETER PINDAR.

A THIEVING fellow, naturally sly,
"Cheaper than all the world," his wares would cry,
And on a jackass' back such bargains brought 'em—
All sized and sorted town-made brooms,
For sweeping tables, gardens, hearths, or rooms,
So cheap! as quite astonished all who bought 'em.
Thus, for a while, he drove a roaring trade,
And wisely thought a pretty purse to have made,
When on a dismal day, at every door,
Where oft he'd sold his dog-cheap goods before,
With freezing looks, his customers all told him,
Another broom-monger they'd found
That travell'd far and wide the country round,
And in all sorts and sizes under-sold him.
Scratching his wig he left 'em, musing deep,
With knitted brows—up to his ears in thought,
To guess, where in the world could brooms be bought,
That any mortal man could sell so cheap—
When lo! as through the street he slowly passes,
A voice as clear as raven's, owl's, or ass's,
And just as musical, rung in his ears, like thunder
(Half splitting his thick head, and wig cramm'd full of wonder),
With roaring out "Cheap brooms!" O'erjoy'd he meets
His brother brush, and thus the rascal greets:—
"How, how the dickens, brother rogue, do I
Hear my old friends sing out a general cry
That I'm a knave! then growl like bears, and tell me
That you do more
Than all the world could ever do before,
And in this self-same broom-trade undersell me?
I always thought I sold 'em cheap enough,
And well I might—for why?
('Twixt you and I)
I own, I now and then have stole the stuff!"
"Ah!" quoth his brother thief (a dog far deeper),
"I see, my boy, you haven't half learnt your trade;
I go a cheaper way to work than that." "A cheaper?"
"Why, ah—I always steals mine ready-made!"

POMPEY.

A GENTLEMAN who happened to have an interview with President Lincoln, just previous to the battle of Gettysburg, turned the conversation on the rebel invasion of Pennsylvania, and made the remark that the rebels were splendidly armed. "There's no doubt of that," replied Mr. Lincoln, "because we supplied them with the best we had." The visitor then expressed a confident hope that Meade would nevertheless be able to beat Lee and capture his whole army. The president replied that he was afraid there would be too much "nigger mathematics" in it. The visitor smiled politely at the allusion, supposing that there must be something in it, though he could not see the point. "Ah, you don't know what nigger mathematics is," said Mr. Lincoln. "Lay down your hat for a minute, and I'll tell you. There was a darkey in my neighbourhood called Pompey, who, from a certain quickness in figuring up the prices of chickens and vegetables, got the reputation of being a mathematical genius. Mr. Johnson, a darkey preacher, heard of Pompey, and called to see him. 'Hear ye're a great mat'm'tishun, Pompey.' 'Yes, sar, you jus try.' 'Well, Pompey, I'ze compound a problem in mat'matics.' 'All right, sar.' 'Now, Pompey, s'pose der am tree pigeons sittin' on a rail fence, and you fire a gun at 'em and shoot one, how many's left?' 'Two, ob coors,' replies Pompey, after a little wool-scratching. 'Ya, ya, ya!' laughs Mr. Johnson; 'I knowed you was a fool, Pompey; dere's none left; one's dead, and d'udder two's flown away.' That's

what makes me say," continued Mr. Lincoln, "that I'm afraid there will be too much nigger mathematics in the Pennsylvanian campaign." And the result showed that, in this instance at least, the anecdote suited the fact. Lee's army was the three pigeons. One of them was taken down at Gettysburg, but the other two flew off over the Potomac.

THADY DELANY ON THE CENSUS.*

BY T. F. O'DONNELL.

THADY DELANY, having gone to America, relates in a letter to a friend how a Census Commissioner paid him a visit after his arrival in New York.

"I'd go back to Ould Oireland to-morrow if I had the money, but, bedad, the little I had was almost spint over here before I was out av the stame-boat. Talking av the stame-boat reminds me av the pig. We wor in the Bowery for about a fortnite, livin' up in the top av a house that was so high it took you a couple av minutes to see anny wan in the sthreet, when I up and ses to Biddy, 'I'll get a shanty av me own somewhere or another, if there isn't room enuf in it to find yere way to yere mouth widout knockin' yere elbow agin the morthar.' Biddy jumped at the notion like a trout at a daddy long-legs on a summer evenin', an' so, to make a long sthory short, we bought a little shanty an a little bonnive, which I may tell ye, if ye don't sthudy the langwidge av my anshint ancisthurs, manes a little pig. We had hardly time to get the smell av the Bowery out av our noses, an' faith 'twas nice butthercups that wus growin' in that nayborhood, whin in walks a gallivanther that was so long and so thin that he might escape through the chinks av a church door.

"'Good mornin',' says he. Begor, I thought 'twas another land-agint, an' I up an' ses as if I wus the Prisidint—that's the gintleman, I may tell ye, that's the same over here as the Queen ovur wid you—

"'What do ye want?' ses I; 'the rint isn't jue yit.'

"'I guess I don't want anny rint,' ses he; 'I want to take yere sensis.'

"'Do ye?' says I, fur av coorse I thought he wus makin' a hare av me; 'is it a lunatick asilum av yere own ye'll be afthur settin' up?'

"'I want noan of yere Irish divarshuns,' ses he; 'I'm an officur av the law.'

"'Bedad,' ses I, 'an' 'tis a private av yere regiment that I wus acquainted wid in Oireland'—av coorse I mint the bailiff—'an' he didn't want anny rise in the ranks to show his courage when he was daling wid poor widows and childhur. But,' ses I, 'if a poor ignurant man like meself might give ye a bit av advoice, ye'd betther show the heels av yere boots, for if ye don't,' ses I—I thought he wus carryin' his jokin' about a perch or two too far—'I'll be afthur upsettin' ye, ye altitudinous monumint av deciption.'

"I thought I'd friten him wid what the schoolmaster in Ballymurphy called the Scripture reader, whin he asked him to have his dinner wid him on a Friday, and put a lump av mate in the pay-soup.

"'Oh,' ses he, spakin' through his nose as if he had an influenzy av his own invintion, ''tis no offince I mane—'tis only some particklars I want,' ses he, 'about the family; the Guvirmint wants to know all about ye.'

"'Particklars!' ses I, 'tisn't particklar ye are to come an' ax a dasint man ye nivur see before for his sinses, and as fur the Guvirmint,' ses I, 'as a friend av mine said befoar, I wus agin the Guvirmint at home, and, be the powers, I'll be agin the Guvirmint here.'

"'Ye don't understhand me,' ses he, ''tisn't yere sensis I want—'tis only the Guvirmint calls it that, whin they want to know who ye are, an' how many ye have in family, etcetera.'

"'Well,' ses I, 'if they mane to do anything for the crathurs, I don't mind tellin' ye all about Biddy and the family, but as for the etcetera,' ses I, 'I nayther have wan, nor did I ever see wan in Oireland,' an' believin' I wus talkin' like a counsillur, ses I, 'I'm thinkin' it must be an American invintion.'

"Begor, he could hardly keep from laughin', an' small blame to him, fur I found out aftherwards that etcetera mint the things about the house, like the tay-cups, and the cocks and hins.

"'Thin,' ses he, gettin' as plisant as if we knew wan anuther for twinty years, 'whin yere names is down in black and white in these books'—pullin' out enuf av papers to cover an acre av ground—'the Guvirmint will read 'em the same as if ye wor the President's blood relashuns.'

"Biddy didn't say annything till he said that, an' thin ses she, 'Thady agragal, give the gintleman all the informashun he wants, 'twill be the makin' av the crathurs.'

"'What's your wife's furst name?' ses he.

"'Biddy, av coorse,' ses I; 'ye must be an omaudhaun if ye don't know that.'

"'I don't mane that,' ses he, 'I mane her name before she was marrid.'

"'Oh, faith,' ses I, 'that's a matther of curiosity to meself, for the divil a name I evur knew her to have before we went to the priest except Biddy, till I giv her permission to use the family appilashun av the Delanys.'

"'How many in family have ye?' ses he.

"'Five,' ses I.

* By kind permission of the Author.

"'What are they?' ses he, 'are they males or females? And, also, how many of aitch?'

"'Well,' ses I, 'there's meself an' Patsy, that's males; an' Biddy an' Molly, that's females; an' as the pig is only a bonnive, I dinno whether she is av the lady or gintleman persuasion.' Oh, be the powers, I spoke to him like a geography.

"'Oh,' ses he, ''tis taking up me time ye are—the pig isn't wan av the family; 'tis only an etcetera.'

"'Well,' ses I, 'if ye called a poor man's pig such an indasint name in Oireland, I'm grately afraid 'tis the ind av a blackthorn ye'd be afther braking wid the back av yere pate.' My blood was up thin, for he insulted the pig widout rime or rayson.

"'Which is the eldest of the childher?' ses he.

"'Molly,' ses I.

"'How old is she?' ses he.

"'Do ye recollect the time the widow Molowny was driven out av house an' home in Ballymurphy, bekase she wouldn't pay——'

"'Oh,' ses he, stoppin' me short, 'how could I rumimber anything about the widow Molowny, whin I wus nivur nearer Oireland than three thousand miles away?'

"'Well, thin,' ses I, 'ye must do widout the informashun ye want for the Guvirmint.'

"'Well, thin,' ses he, gettin' as mad as a bull in a pound, 'how old is Patsy?'

"'Do you remimber Mick Maguire's wake?' ses I, 'whin the match was made between his brother Darby an' Peggy O'Shea, an' the Ryans an' the Dwyers had a fight about the bit av land at the corner of the widow Rourke's field?'

"'Ye tarnation Connaught man,' ses he, looking for all the world like wan av thim red railway lamps, 'give me your name.'

"'And if I give it to you,' ses I, jibin' him till I thought he'd ate his quill pen, 'whativer will I do for wan meself? but I'll give ye the loan av it for a quarther av an hour. 'Tis Thady Delany, of Ballymurphy,' ses I; 'an' if ye want a karacthur wid me,' ses I, 'there's Father Fitzgarald that knows me since I was the length av a traneen, an' if ye want any more to spake about ——'

"'Oh, I don't want anny more,' says he, 'ye gave me enuf for a month av Sundays;' an' away he wint wid his specticles flyin' at the back av his coat, just, as the song says, as if his eyes wor in his poll, sir!"

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

RECENTLY the Chicago papers say that the warmest sympathy expressed for that city was by a Connecticut woman, who contributed two strings of red peppers.

A CINCINNATI bard tried the experiment of writing sonnets for one paper and criticising them in another. It worked well until it was found out.

Oh AN ioan has had the extreme felicity of boarding his mother-in-law seventy years. She is still quite vigorous at the age of 105.

A YOUNG Indianian "proposed" to six young ladies just for fun, and was considerably annoyed at being accepted by all of them.

A WELSH farmer, residing near Utica, while being run away with by a pair of frightened horses, shouted, "I leave my wife 10,000 dollars; no time to make a will!" He is still alive, but badly bruised.

A WESTERN IOWA editor recently announced that a certain patron of his was "thieving as usual." He declares he wrote "thriving."

A MEMBER of the American House, speaking of a fortunate fellow-member, remarked, "I'd rather have his luck than a licence to steal."

IT has been said that there is only one man who has a correct idea of the size of the United States, and he is the man who drove a yoke of oxen in 1850—1 from Maine to California.

A "CELEBRATED" poet at one time advertised that he would supply "Lines for any Occasion." A fisherman sought him shortly afterwards, and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

AN old lady being called into court as a witness, got vexed at the lawyer, and declared, "If you don't stop asking questions, I'll leave!" and then added, "You're the most inquisitive man I ever saw in all the days of my life."

A PROPOSITION to light the streets of an Indiana city was opposed by the common council, on the ground that thieves would be enabled to see when they were watched, and consequently it would be impossible to catch them.

IN an obituary on a strolling cow, a Kansas paper says: "There is not a farm wagon in the country that she has not stolen something out of; not a gate in town she has not opened; and the stones that have been thrown at her would make five miles of turnpike."

A CHICAGO newspaper claims to have on its staff a lady of extraordinary abilities. The editor says he "never knew of any one who could write with equal ease upon so singular a range of topics, with information so exact in detail." Whereupon an envious cotemporary asks the editor why he never published any of her articles.

A HANDSOME young gentleman walked into an express office the other day, and desired to express

a package of letters to a lady, to whom he desired to return them. "What are they worth?" asked the clerk, who, in making out his account, desired to know what was the risk. The young man hesitated a moment, then clearing his throat from a certain huskiness, replied, "Well, I can't exactly say, but a few weeks ago I thought they were worth about 400,000 dollars."

A HOPEFUL PROGENY.

OLD Farmer Gruff was one morning tugging away with all his might and main at a barrel of apples, which he was endeavouring to get up the cellar-stairs, and calling at the top of his lungs for one of the boys to lend a helping hand, but all in vain.

When he had, after an infinite amount of sweating and tugging, accomplished the task, and just when they were not needed, of course, the boys made their appearance.

"Where have you been, and what have you been about, I'd like to know, that you could not hear me call?" inquired the farmer in an angry tone, and addressing the eldest.

"Out in the shop, settin' the saw."

"And you, Dick?"

"Out in the barn, settin' the hen."

"And you, sir?"

"Up in Granny's room, settin' the clock."

"And you, young man?"

"Up in the garret, settin' the trap."

"And now, Master Fred, where were you and what were you settin'?" asked the old farmer of his youngest progeny, the asperity of his temper being somewhat softened by the amusing category of answers. "Come, let's hear!"

"Out on the door-step, settin' still," replied young hopeful.

A USEFUL TESTIMONIAL.

THE handwriting of Horace Greeley is so extremly bad that the compositors employed upon the *New York Tribune* require an "education" of some months before they can decipher it. Having occasion to discharge one of his *employés*, Horace wrote him a letter of dismissal, and some years afterwards, accidentally meeting his former assistant, who in the meantime had become the editor of a flourishing newspaper out West, the great man inquired how he was getting on.

"Very well, indeed—thanks to your letter of recommendation, Mr. Greeley," was the reply.

"But I never gave you a letter of recommendation," exclaimed the astonished editor of the *Tribune*.

"True," replied the other; "but you wrote me a letter of dismissal, which I showed as a letter of recommendation, and as it was utterly impossible to decipher anything but the signature, it answered the purpose just as well."

EPIGRAMS.

TO DOCTOR EMPIRIC.

WHEN men a dangerous disease did 'scape,
Of old, they gave a cock to Æsculape;
Let me give two, that doubly am got free—
From my disease's danger, and from thee.

CRITICS.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies, that breed
In wild fig-trees, and when they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

HYPOCRISY.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well
To propagate a church, as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs to make hens lay.

PHILLIS'S AGE.

How old may Phillis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task,
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays—
Her patches, paint, and jewels on—
All day let envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day belied,
And Phillis is some forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty! says Baron Le Cras,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass;
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she, more confus'd as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true:
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THEY may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a fly in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

HORNE TOOKE.

HORNE TOOKE'S brother was a very pompous man. Talking to him one day he said, "You and I have reversed the natural course of things: you have risen by your gravity; I have sunk by my levity."

ON visiting a menagerie, he was comparing the countenance of a monkey to that of one of his fellow members of Parliament. Turning, he saw the gentleman had overheard his remarks, so to make matters pleasant he said, "I do not know which to apologise to, you or the monkey."

HORNE TOOKE returned his income at sixty pounds a year; the commissioners said they were not satisfied. In reply, he stated that he had much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had.

DURING his contest for Westminster, he was thus addressed by a partisan of his opponent, of not a very reputable character: "Well, Mr. Tooke, you will have all the blackguards with you to-day." "I am delighted to hear it, sir, and from such good authority."

A GOOD joke is told of Horne Tooke, whom the Tories in the House of Commons thought to crush, by imposing upon him the humiliating task of begging the House's pardon on his knees. Tooke went on his knees and begged pardon for the offensive expression he had used; but in rising up he knocked the dust off his knees, and exclaimed, loudly enough to be heard all over the House, "It's a dirty House, after all!" Roars of laughter followed this exclamation, and the Tories saw they had failed in their object.

COME OUT, LOVE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

COME out, love—the night is enchanting!
The moon hangs just over Broadway;
The stars are all lighted and panting—
(Hot weather up there, I dare say!)
'Tis seldom that "coolness" entices,
And love is no better for chilling—
But come up to Thompson's for ices,
And cool your warm heart for a shilling.

What perfume comes balmily o'er us?
Mint juleps from City Hotel!
A loafer is smoking before us—
(A nasty cigar, by the smell!)

O Woman! thou secret past knowing!
Like lilacs that grow by the wall,
You breathe every air that is going,
Yet gather but sweetness from all!

Oh, pity the love that must utter
While goes a swift omnibus by!
(Though sweet is *I scream* when the flutter
Of fans shows thermometers high)—
But if what I bawl, or I mutter,
Falls into your ear but to die,
Oh, the dew that falls into the gutter
Is not more unhappy than I!

THREE BY TWAIN.

WEAPONS OF WAR.

I WAS armed to the teeth with a pitiful little Smith and Wesson's seven-shooter, which carried a ball like a homœopathic pill, and it took the whole seven to make a dose for an adult. But I thought it was grand. It appeared to me to be a dangerous weapon. It had only one fault—you could not hit anything with it. One of our "conductors" practised awhile on a cow with it, and as long as she stood still and behaved herself she was safe; but as soon as she went to moving about, and he got to shooting at other things, she came to grief. The secretary had a small-sized Colt's revolver strapped around him for protection against the Indians, and to guard against accidents he carried it uncapped. Mr. George Bemis was dismally formidable. George Bemis was our fellow-traveller. We had never seen him before. He wore in his belt an old original "Allen" revolver, such as irreverent people called a "pepper-box." Simply drawing the trigger back cocked and fired the pistol. As the trigger came back, the hammer would begin to rise and the barrel to turn over, and presently down would drop the hammer, and away would speed the ball. To aim along the turning barrel and hit the thing aimed at was a feat which was probably never done with an "Allen" in the world. But George's was a reliable weapon, nevertheless, because, as one of the stage-drivers afterwards said, "If she didn't get what she went after, she would fetch something else." And so she did. She went after a deuce of spades nailed against a tree, once, and fetched a mule standing about thirty yards to the left of it. Bemis did not want the mule; but the owner came out with a double-barrelled shot-gun and persuaded him to buy it, anyhow. It was a cheerful weapon—the "Allen." Sometimes all its six barrels would go off at once, and then there was no safe place in all the region round about, but behind it.

THE JACKASS RABBIT.

As the sun was going down, we saw the first specimen of an animal known familiarly over two thousand miles of mountain and desert—from Kansas clear to the Pacific Ocean—as the "jackass rabbit." He is well named. He is just like any other rabbit, except that he is from one-third to twice as large, has longer legs in proportion to his size, and has the most preposterous ears that ever were mounted on any creature *but* a jackass. When he is sitting quiet, thinking about his sins, or is absent-minded, or apprehensive of danger, his majestic ears project above him conspicuously; but the breaking of a twig will scare him nearly to death, and then he tilts his ears back gently and starts for home. All you can see then, for the next minute, is his long grey form stretched out straight and "streaking it" through the low sage-brush, head erect, eyes right, and ears just canted a little to the rear, but showing you where the animal is all the time, the same as if he carried a jib. Now and then he makes a marvellous spring with his long legs, high over the stunted sage-brush, and scores a leap that would make a horse envious. Presently he comes down to a long, graceful "lope," and shortly he mysteriously disappears. He has crouched behind a sage-bush, and will sit there and listen and tremble until you get within six feet of him, when he will get under way again. But one must shoot at this creature once, if he wishes to see him throw his heart into his heels, and do the best he knows how. He is frightened clear through now, and

he lays his long ears down on his back, straightens himself out like a yardstick every spring he makes, and scatters miles behind him with an easy indifference that is enchanting.

Our party made this specimen "hump himself," as the conductor said. The secretary started him with a shot from the "Colt;" I commenced spitting at him with my weapon; and all in the same instant the old "Allen's" whole broadside let go with a rattling crash, and it is not putting it too strong to say the rabbit was frantic! He dropped his ears, set up his tail, and left for San Francisco at a speed which can only be described as a flash and a vanish! Long after he was out of sight we could hear him whiz.

INDIGESTIBLE FOOD.

Sage-brush is very fair fuel, but as a vegetable it is a distinguished failure. Nothing can abide the taste of it but the jackass and his gentle offspring, the mule. But their testimony to its nutritiousness is worth nothing, for they will eat pine-knots, or anthracite coal, or brass filings, or lead pipe, or old bottles, or anything that comes handy, and then go off looking as grateful as if they had had oysters for dinner. Mules and donkeys and camels have appetites that anything will relieve temporarily, but nothing satisfy. In Syria, once, at the head-waters of the Jordan, a camel took charge of my overcoat while the tents were being pitched, and examined it with a critical eye, all over, with as much interest as if he had an idea of getting one made like it; and then, after he was done figuring on it as an article of apparel, he began to contemplate it as an article of diet. He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted anything as good as an overcoat before in his life. Then he smacked his lips once or twice, and reached after the other sleeve. Next he tried the velvet collar, and smiled a smile of such contentment that it was plain to see he regarded that as the daintiest thing about an overcoat. The tails went next, along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some fig-paste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspondence dropped out, and he took a chance in that—manuscript letters written for the home papers. But he was treading on dangerous ground now. He began to come across solid wisdom in those documents, that was rather weighty on his stomach; and occasionally he would take a joke that would shake him up till it loosened his teeth; it was getting to be perilous times with him, but he held his grip with good courage and hopefully, till at last he began to stumble on statements that not even a camel could swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes to stand out, and his forelegs to spread, and in about a quarter of a minute he fell over as stiff as a carpenter's work-bench, and died a death of indescribable agony. I went and pulled the manuscript out of his mouth, and found that the sensitive creature had choked to death on one of the mildest and gentlest statements of fact that I ever laid before a trusting public.

A SPELLING MATCH.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Every family furnished a candle. There were yellow dips and white dips, burning, smoking, and flaring. There was laughing, and talking, and giggling, and simpering, and ogling, and flirting, and courting. What a dress party is to Fifth Avenue, a spelling-school is to Hoopole County. It is an occasion which is metaphorically inscribed with this legend, "Choose your partners." Spelling is only a blind in Hoopole County, as is dancing on Fifth Avenue. But as there are some in society who love dancing for its own sake, so in Flat Creek district there were those who loved spelling for its own sake, and who, smelling the battle from afar, had come

to try their skill in this tournament, hoping to freshen the laurels they had won in their school-days.

"I 'low," said Mr. Means, speaking as the principal school trustee, "I 'low our friend the Square is jest the man to boss this ere consarn to-night. Ef nobody objects, I'll appint him. —Come, Square, don't be bashful. Walk up to the trough, fodder or no fodder, as the man said to his donkey."

There was a general giggle at this, and many of the young swains took occasion to nudge the girls alongside them, ostensibly for the purpose of making them see the joke, but really for the pure pleasure of nudging. The Greeks figured Cupid

as naked, probably because he wears so many disguises that they could not select a costume for him.

The Squire came to the front. Ralph made an inventory of the agglomeration which bore the name of Squire Hawkins, as follows:—

1. A swallow-tail coat of indefinite age, worn only on state occasions when its owner was called to figure in his public capacity. Either the Squire had grown too large or the coat too small.

2. A pair of black gloves, the most phenomenal, abnormal, and unexpected apparition conceivable in Flat Creek district, where the preachers wore no coats in the summer, and where a black glove was never seen except on the hands of the Squire.

3. A wig of that dirty, waxy colour so common to wigs. This one showed a continual inclination to slip off the owner's smooth, bald pate, and the Squire had frequently to adjust it. As his hair had been red, the wig did not accord with his face, and the hair ungreyed was sadly discordant with a face shrivelled by age.

4. A semicircular row of whiskers hedging the edge of the jaw and chin. These were dyed a frightful dead black, such as no natural hair or beard ever had. At the roots there was a quarter of an inch of white, giving the whiskers the appearance of having been stuck on.

5. A pair of spectacles "with tortoise-shell rim." Wont to slip off.

6. A glass eye, purchased of a pedlar, and differing in colour from its natural mate, perpetually getting out of focus by turning in or out.

7. A set of false teeth, badly fitted, and given to bobbing up and down.

9. The Squire proper, to whom these patches were loosely attached.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, shoving up his spectacles, and sucking his lips over his white teeth to keep them in place, "Ladies and gentlemen, young men and maidens, raley I'm obleeged to Mr. Means fer this honour," and the Squire took both hands and turned the top of his head round several inches. Then he adjusted his spectacles. Whether he was obliged to Mr. Means for the honour of being compared to a donkey, was not clear. "I feel in the inmost compartments of my animal spirits a most happifying sense of the success and futility of all my endeavours to sarve the people of Flat Crick deestrick, and the people of Tomkins township, in my weak way and manner." This burst of eloquence was delivered with a constrained air and an apparent sense of a danger that he, Squire Hawkins, might fall to pieces in his weak way and manner, and of the success and futility (especially the latter) of all attempts at reconstruction. For by this time the ghastly pupil of the left eye, which was black, was looking away round to the left, while the little blue one on the right twinkled cheerfully toward the front. The front teeth would drop down, so that the Squire's mouth was kept nearly closed, and his words whistled through.

"I feel as if I could be grandiloquent on this interesting occasion"—twisting his scalp round—"but raley I must forego any such exertions. It is spelling you want. Spelling is the corner-stone, the grand underlying subterfuge of a good eddication. I put the spellin'-book prepared by the great Daniel Webster alongside of all books. I do raley. I think I may put it ahead of all books. For if it wurn't fer spellin'-books and sich occasions as these, where would other books be, I should like to know? The man who got up, who compounded this little work of inextricable valoo, was a benefactor to the whole human race, or any other." Here the spectacles fell off. The Squire replaced them in some confusion, gave the top of his head another twist, and felt of his glass eye, while poor Shocky stared in wonder, and Betsy Short rolled from side to side at the point of death from the effort to suppress her giggle. Mrs. Means and the other old ladies looked the applause they could not speak.

"I appint Larkin Lanham and Jeems Buchanan fer captings," said the Squire. And the two young men thus named took a stick and tossed it from hand to hand, to decide which should have the "first chice." One tossed the stick to the other, who held it fast just where he happened to catch it. Then the first placed his hand above the second, and so the hands were alternately changed to the top. The one who held the stick last without room for the other to take hold had gained the lot. This was tried three times. As Larkin held the stick twice out of three times, he had the choice. He hesitated a moment. Everybody looked toward tall Jim Phillips. But Larkin was fond of a venture on unknown seas, and so he said, "I take the master," while a buzz of surprise ran round the room, and the captain of the other side, as if afraid his opponent would withdraw the choice, retorted quickly, and with a little smack of exultation and defiance in his voice, "and *I* take Jeems Phillips."

And soon all present, except a few of the old folks, found themselves ranged in opposing hosts, the poor spellers lagging in, with what grace they could, at the foot of the two divisions. The Squire opened his spelling-book and began to give out the words to the two captains, who stood up and spelled against each other. It was not long until Larkin spelled "really" with one *l*, and had to sit down in confusion, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks of the opposing forces. His own side bit their lips. The slender figure of the young teacher took the place of the fallen leader, and the excitement made the house very quiet. Ralph dreaded the loss of influence he would suffer if he should be easily spelled down. And at the moment of rising he saw in the darkest corner the figure of a well-dressed young man sitting in the shadow. It made him tremble. Why should his evil genius haunt him? But by a strong effort he turned his attention away from Dr. Small, and listened carefully to the words, which the Squire did not pronounce very distinctly, spelling them with extreme deliberation, This gave him an air of hesitation which disappointed those on his own side. They wanted him to spell with a dashing assurance. But he did not begin a word until he had mentally felt his way through it. After ten minutes of spelling hard words, Jeems Buchanan, the captain on the other side, spelled "atrocious" with an *s* instead of a *c*, and subsided; his first choice, Jeems Phillips, coming up against the teacher. This brought the excitement to fever-heat, for though Ralph was chosen first, it was entirely on trust, and most of the company were

disappointed. The champion who now stood up against the school-master was a famous speller.

Jim Phillips was a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had never distinguished himself in any other pursuit than spelling. Except in this one art of spelling he was of no account. He could not catch well or bat well in ball. He could not throw well enough to make his mark in that famous Western game of bull-pen. He did not succeed well in any study but that of Webster's Elementary, but in that he was—to use the usual Flat Creek locution—in that he was "a hoss." This genius for spelling is in some people a sixth sense, a matter of intuition. Some spellers are born and not made, and their facility reminds one of the mathematical prodigies that crop out every now and then to bewilder the world. Bud Means, foreseeing that Ralph would be pitted against Jim Phillips, had warned his friend that Jim could spell "like thunder and lightning," and that it "took a powerful smart speller" to beat him, for he knew a "heap of spelling-book." To have "spelled down the master" is next thing to have whipped the biggest bully in Hoopole County, and Jim had "spelled down" the last three masters. He divided the hero-worship of the district with Bud Means.

For half an hour the Squire gave out hard words. What a blessed thing our crooked orthography is! Without it there could be no spelling-schools. As Ralph discovered his opponent's mettle he became more and more cautious. He was now satisfied that Jim would eventually beat him. The fellow evidently knew more about the spelling-book than old Noah Webster himself. As he stood there, with his dull face and long sharp nose, his hands behind his back, and his voice spelling infallibly, it seemed to Hartsook that his superiority must lie in his nose. Ralph's cautiousness answered a double purpose: it enabled him to tread surely, and it was mistaken by Jim for weakness. Phillips was now confident that he should carry off the scalp of the fourth school-master before the evening was over. He spelled eagerly, confidently, brilliantly. Stoop-shouldered as he was, he began to straighten up. In the minds of all the company the odds were in his favour. He saw this, and became ambitious to distinguish himself by spelling without giving the matter any thought.

Ralph always believed that he would have been speedily defeated by Phillips, had it not been for two thoughts which braced him. The sinister shadow of young Dr. Small sitting in the dark corner by the water-bucket nerved him. A victory over Phillips was a defeat to one who wished only ill to the young school-master. The other thought that kept his pluck alive was the recollection of Bull. He approached a word as Bull approached the raccoon. He did not take hold until he was sure of his game. When he took hold, it was with a quiet assurance of success. As Ralph spelled in this dogged way for half an hour the hardest words the Squire could find, the excitement steadily rose in all parts of the house, and Ralph's friends even ventured to whisper that "maybe Jim had cotched his match after all!"

But Phillips never doubted of his success.

"Theodolite," said the Squire.

"T-h-e, the, o-d, od, theod, o, theodo, l-y-t-e, theodolite," spelled the champion.

"Next," said the Squire, nearly losing his teeth in his excitement.

Ralph spelled the word slowly and correctly, and the conquered champion sat down in confusion. The excitement was so great for some minutes that the spelling was suspended. Everybody in the house had shown sympathy with one or the other of the combatants, except the silent shadow in the corner. *It* had not moved during the contest, and did not show any interest now in the result.

"Gewhilliky crickets! Thunder and lightning! licked him all to smash!" said Bud, rubbing his hands on his knees. "That beats my time all holler!"

And Betsy Short giggled until her tuck-comb fell out, though she was on the defeated side.

Shocky got up and danced with pleasure.

But one suffocating look from the aqueous eyes of Mirandy destroyed the last spark of Ralph's pleasure in his triumph, and sent that awful below-zero feeling all through him.

"He's powerful smart, is the master," said old Jack to Mr. Pete Jones. "He'll beat the whole kit and tuck of 'em afore he's through. I know'd he was smart, that's the reason I tuck him," proceeded Mr. Means.

"Yaas, but he don't lick enough—not nigh," answered Pete Jones. "No lickin', no larnin,' says I."

It was now not so hard. The other spellers on the opposite side went down quickly under the hard words which the Squire gave out. The master had mowed down all but a few, his opponents had given up the battle, and all had lost their keen interest in a contest to which there could be but one conclusion, for there were only the poor spellers left. But Ralph Hartsook ran against a stump where he was least expecting it. It was the Squire's custom, when one of the smaller scholars or poorer spellers rose to spell against the master, to give out eight or ten easy words, that they might have some breathing spell before being slaughtered, and then to give a poser or two which soon settled them. He let them run a little as a cat does a doomed mouse. There was now but one person left on the opposite side, and as she rose in her blue calico dress, Ralph recognised Hannah, the bound girl at old Jack Means's. She had not attended school in the district, and had never spelled in spelling-school before, and was chosen last as an uncertain quantity. The Squire began with easy words of two syllables, from that page of Webster so well known to all who ever thumbed it as "Baker," from the word that stands at the top of the page. She spelled these words in an absent and uninterested manner. As everybody knew that she would have to go down as soon as this preliminary skirmishing was over, everybody began to get ready to go home, and already there was the buzz of preparation. Young men were timidly asking girls if "they could see them safe home," which is the approved formula, and were trembling in mortal fear of "the mitten." Presently the Squire, thinking it time to close the contest, pulled his scalp forward, adjusted his glass eye, which had been examining his nose long enough, and turned over the leaves of the book to the great words at the place known to spellers as "Incomprehensibility," and began to give out those

"words of eight syllables with the accent on the sixth." Listless scholars now turned round, and ceased to whisper, in order to be in at the master's final triumph. But, to their surprise, "ole Miss Means's white nigger," as some of them called her, in allusion to her slavish life, spelled these great words with as perfect ease as the master. Still, not doubting the result, the Squire turned from place to place and selected all the hard words he could find. The school became utterly quiet, the excitement was too great for the ordinary buzz. Would "Means's Hanner" beat the master? Beat the master that had laid out Jim Phillips? Everybody's sympathy was now turned to Hannah. Ralph noticed that even Shocky had deserted him, and that his face grew brilliant every time Hannah spelled a word. In fact, Ralph deserted himself. As he saw the fine, timid face of the girl so long oppressed flush and shine with interest, as he looked at the rather low but broad and intelligent brow, and the fresh white complexion, and saw the rich, womanly nature coming to the surface under the influence of applause and sympathy, he did not want to beat. If he had not felt that a victory given would insult her, he would have missed intentionally. The bull-dog, the stern, relentless setting of the will, had gone, he knew not whither, and there had come in its place, as he looked in that face, a something which he did not understand. You did not, gentle reader, the first time it came to you.

The Squire was puzzled. He had given out all the hard words in the book. He again pulled the top of his head forward. Then he wiped his spectacles and put them on Then out of the depths of his pocket he fished up a list of words just coming into use in those days—words not in the spelling-book. He regarded the paper attentively with his blue right eye, his black left eye meanwhile fixed itself in such a stare on Mirandy Means that she shuddered, and hid her eyes in her red silk handkerchief.

"Daguerreotype," sniffled the Squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"D-a-u, dau——"

"Next."

And Hannah spelled it right.

IRRESISTIBLE.

BY SCRIBENDUM.

SHE tied the new cravat
  Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
  And with her arms delayed me:
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
  And said "it was so curly!"
While going down the stair
  She cried, "Come home, dear, early!"

How happy then was I,
  With all I e'er desired!
I fortune could defy
  While thus I was admired.
We parted at the door—
  Her smile deserved a sonnet!
"Dear love!—but one thing more,
  I want—a new spring bonnet."

REAL TRIAL BY JURY.

CALLED away from avocations,
Worried by a day's vexations;
Dragged from home to go a distance,
From appealing no assistance;
No day's pay for that day's working,
Have to pay ten pounds for shirking;
Cannot make the court prove lenient,
Though you say it's inconvenient;
For your loss of occupation
Not the slightest compensation;

Packed in box with dust that smothers,
Martyr with eleven others;
Coughing, wheezy, damp and sneezy,
Space confined and forms uneasy;
Doomed to question and replying,
Temper all those hours trying;
Bored by speeches long and prosy,
Thinking of your fireside cosy—
These are things that, I assure ye,
Make a real Trial by Jury.

DUAL.

AMONG the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music teacher," &c., a vacancy having occurred by the resignation of the organist in office, was the following: "Gentlemen,—I noticed your advertisement for organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

NOVEL WAGER.

AN English gentleman, travelling in America, had his attention arrested by a singular contest between a negro and a mule on which he was mounted. The docile animal had thought proper to take exception to the carriage of the gentleman, which preceded him, and evinced a decided disinclination to pass it; his rider, on the other hand, was as resolute in his determination to effect a change in the conduct of his beast. At length the gentleman heard blackey exclaim to the mule, "I'll bet you a fivepenny I'll make you go by this time!" then, nodding his head, he added, "Do you bet?" After which, by means of some very pressing arguments of whip and spur, he succeeded in making the animal pass the carriage. The gentleman, who had been highly amused with the scene, called to the negro, and observed that though the wager had been laid, he did not see how payment could be obtained from the mule. "Oh, yes," replied the black, "Massa give me tenpenny for corn for him; he lose the bet, and me only give him fivepenny."

TOM ASHE.

TOM ASHE was a facetious, pleasant companion, but the most eternal, unwearied punster that ever lived. He was thick and short in his person, being not above five feet high at the most, and had something very droll in his appearance. He died about the year 1719, and left his whole estate, about a thousand pounds a year, to Richard Ashe, Esq., of Ashfield. There is a whimsical story, and a very true one, of Tom Ashe, which is well remembered to this day. It happened that while he was travelling, and at a considerable distance from any town, there burst from the clouds such a torrent of rain as wetted him through. He galloped forward, and as soon as he came to an inn, he was met instantly by a drawer. "Here," said he to the fellow, stretching out one of his arms, "take off my coat immediately."

"No, sir, I won't," said the drawer.

"Deuce confound you!" said Tom, "take off my coat this instant."

"No, sir," replied the drawer, "I dare not take off your coat, for it's felony to strip an ash."

FOX-HUNTING.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD, speaking of the pleasures of the chase, gives an anecdote of a hard arguer in favour of fox-hunting in these words:—"Said the haughty Countess of —— to an aged huntsman, who, cap in hand, had humbly invited her ladyship to do him the honour to come and see his hounds, 'I dislike everything belonging to hunting—it is so cruel!' 'Cruel!' replied the old man, with apparent astonishment; 'why, my lady, it can't possibly be cruel; for,' said he, logically, holding up three fingers in succession, 'we all knows that the gentlemen likes it, and we all knows that the hosses likes it, and we all knows that the hounds likes it; and,' after a long pause, 'none of us can know for certain that the foxes don't like it.'"

SCARCITY.

GEORGE the First of England, having frequently experienced the rapacity of the Dutch at Helvoetsluys, was, in one of his journeys, determined to avoid it by not stopping there. It was a fine summer's day, and while the servants were changing the horses, and stowing his baggage in the coach, he asked for three fresh eggs, and inquired what he had to pay. "Two hundred florins." "How!" cried the astonished monarch—"why so? Eggs are not scarce at Helvoetsluys." "No," replied the landlord, "eggs are not scarce, but kings are."

CROWNING THE EDIFICE.

HENRY CLEWS, a bald-headed banker, who always prided himself on being a self-made man, during a conversation with Mr. Travers, had occasion to remark that he was the architect of his own destiny—that he was a self-made man.

"W-w-what d-did you s-say, Mr. Clews?" asked Mr. Travers.

"I say with pride, Mr. Travers, that I am a self-made man—that I made myself——"

"Hold, H-Henry!" interrupted Mr. Travers; "w-while you were m-m-making yourself, why the dickens d-did-didn't you p-put some more h-hair on the top of y-your head?"

Mr. Clews has since invested in a wig.

A LITTLE MONKEY.

"DAN," said a little four-year-old, "give me sixpence to buy a monkey."

"We've got one monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother.

"Who is it, Dan?" asked the little fellow.

"You," was the reply.

"Then give me sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts." The brother could not resist.

TWO SCRAPS.

QUOTH David to Daniel, "Why is it these scholars
Abuse one another whenever they speak?"
Quoth Daniel to David, "It nat'rally follers
Folks come to hard words if they meddle with Greek!"

AN idle attorney besought a brother
For "something to read—some novel or other,
That was really fresh and new."
"Take Chitty," replied his legal friend;
"There isn't a book that I could lend
Would prove more 'novel' to you!"

LINES ON AUTUMN.

BY A GARDENER.

CONVOLVULUS arvensis, now,
And all the Hieracia fade;
And, sweet Nymphæa alba, thou
Dost feel the frosts thy soil invade.

The Anthuxanthum's pollen falls,
Though the Libellula are dead;
Sad Nectarynia leaves the walls,
Hypericum deserts the bed.

No more, O Passiflora, rise
Thy radii leguminous;
But Cælium pratense dies,
And Hyacinthus inscriptus.

JOSH BILLINGS'S PLUMS.

AMBISHIN iz like hunger—it obeys no law but its own apptight.

BEAUTY iz a morning dream which the breakfast bell puts an end to.

THE man who never makes any blunders will never rise in the esteem of the world above the reputashun of a guide-board.

MOST people, when they come tew you for advice, come tew have their own opinyuns strengthened, not corekted.

A LIE iz like nitro-glycerine—the best ov judges kan't tell where it iz going to bust and scatter confushun.

FORTUNE is like a mirror—it don't alter men; it only shows men jest as they am.

ONE good way I know ov to find happiness is not by boring a hole to fit the plugg.

DANDYS are hybrid—a cross between a fashion plate and an unpaid tailor's bill.

DEBT is a trap which a man sets and bates himself, and then deliberately gets into.

Az the flint kontains the spark, unknown to itself, which the steel alone can make into life, so adversity often reveals to us hidden gems which prosperity or negligence would for ever lay hid.

A CAT LOG.

"Talking about cats," said Uncle Tim, a regular Yankee, "puts me in mind of a cat I once owned. Let me tell you about her. She was a Maltee, and what that cat didn't know wasn't worth knowing. Here's one thing she did.

"In the spring of '49 I moved into the little old house down on the crooked river. We put our provisions down in the cellar, and the first night we made up our beds on the floor. But we didn't sleep. No sooner had it come dark than we heard a tearin' and a squeakin' in the cellar that was awful. I lit a candle, and went down. Talk about rats! I never saw such a sight in all my born days. Every inch of the cellar-bottom was covered with them. They run up onto me, and they run over me.

"I jumped back into the room, and called the cat. She came down and looked. I guess she sat there about ten minutes, looking at them rats, and I was waitin' to see what she would do. By-and-by she shook her head, and turned about and went up-stairs. She didn't care to tackle 'em. That night, I tell ye, there wasn't much sleep.

"In the mornin' I called for the cat, and couldn't find her. She'd gone. I guessed the rats had frightened her, and, to tell the plain truth, I didn't much wonder. Night came on again, and the old cat hadn't shown herself.

"Says Betsy Ann (that's my wife) to me, says she, 'Tim, if that old cat don't come back, we'll have to leave this place; the rats'll eat us up.'

"Says I, 'Just you let the old cat be.' I didn't believe she'd left us for good and all.

"Just as Betsy Ann was puttin' the children to bed, we heard a scratchin' and a waulin' at the outside door. I went and opened it, and there stood our old Maltee on the door-step, and behind her a whole army of cats, all paraded as regular as ye ever saw soldiers! I let our old cat in, and the others followed her.

"She went right to the cellar-door, and scratched there.

"I began to understand. Old Maltee had been out for help.

"I opened the way to the cellar, and she marched down, and the other cats tramped after in regular order—and as they went past I counted fifty-six of 'em.

"Oh, my! if there wasn't a row and a rumpus in that 'ere cellar that night, then I'm mistaken!

"The next morning the old cat come up and caught hold of my trousers-leg, and pulled me toward the door. I went down and saw the sight. Talk about yer Bunker Hill and yer Boston Massacres! mercy! I never saw such a sight before nor since. Betsy Ann and me, with my boy Sammy, was all day as hard at work as we could be, clearin' the dead rats out of that 'ere cellar!"

VOWLS.

The following dialogue is said to have taken place in a schoolhouse near Salisbury:—

"Now, then, the first boy of the grammar class stand up."

First boy stands up, blushing.

"Here I be, zir."

Examiner: "Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are?"

First Boy: "Vowls, zir? Ess, of course I can."

Examiner: "Tell me, then, what are vowels?"

First Boy (grinning at the simplicity of the question): "Vowls, zir? Why, vowls be chickens."

MUSICAL PUFFS.

Some years ago a gentleman at Windsor took the place of the organist, with a view to show his superiority in execution. Among other pieces, he was playing one of Dr. Blow's anthems, and just as he had finished the verse part and begun the full chorus, the organ ceased. On this he called to Dick the bellows-blower, to know what was the matter.

"The matter?" says Dick. "I have played the anthem below."

"Ay," says the other, "but I have not played it above."

"No matter," quoth Dick, "you might have made more haste then; I know how many puffs go to one of Dr. Blow's anthems as well as you do—I have not played the organ for nothing."

FOR DIAMOND-FIELD SWAINS.

As many ardent swains are about to leave this end of the colony to try their luck at the diamond-fields, and request us to give them a little advice how to write love-letters to their fair ones while away, we retail that which was given not by the Chief Justice:—"There is no stated rule for writing love-letters. You should write on foolscap paper, as soft as you can procure it, using words of such burning love that they will sizzle on the point of the pen. It is also advisable to bring in a touch of pathos occasionally, such as, 'Dearest, I love you with a love larger than an elephant; I think of you every day, and by-and-by, when the days grow longer, I shall think of you twice a day.' It is also well to put an ink-blot in the corner, with the observation, 'Darling, I kissed this spot;' or, 'I hove a sigh in this vicinity.'"

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HERE is a man in town so knowing, that people who don't know their own minds come to him for information upon the subject.

WHO is the funniest, you or I?—I, to be sure, because I'm the querist.

No dust affects the eye like gold dust, and no glasses like brandy glasses.

WHY is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of sharps and flats.

DID the horseman who "scoured the plain" use soap?

WHY should potatoes grow better than any other vegetable?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

A FRENCHMAN, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "de butter of poets."

MAXIM BY A MISANTHROPE.—The last place in which I should look for the milk of human kindness is the pale of civilisation.

THE singing of a kettle in one respect resembles the singing of a stage-singer. An attempt to overdo it will be followed by a hiss.

AN editor in Michigan, talking of corn, professes to have a couple of ears fifteen inches long. Some folks are remarkable for the length of their two ears.

THERE is a man in New York in possession of a powerful memory. He is employed by the Humane Society to "remember the poor."

AN artificial florist lately described himself as "head gardener to the ladies."

"Now, then, Thomas, what are you burning off my writing-table?" said an author to his servant. "Only one paper that's written all over; I haven't touched the clean," was the reply.

A GENTLEMAN, who was determined to outdo the horticulturist who raised chickens from egg-plants, has succeeded in producing a colt from a horse-chestnut, and a calf from a cow-ard.

"I WAS once taken down with Washington Irving," says the author of "Pencillings by the Way," into the country by a merchant, to dinner. Our friend stopped his carriage at the gate of his park, and asked us if we would walk through his grounds to the house. Irving refused, and held me down by the coat, so that we drove on to the house together, leaving our host to follow on foot. 'I make it a principle,' said Irving, 'never to walk with a man through his own grounds. I have no idea of praising a thing whether I like it or not. You and I will do them to-morrow morning by ourselves."

A YOUNG man in New York was the victim of misplaced confidence a short time ago. He was particularly sweet on a very young lady, and called one evening, having previously paid her several visits. The girl's parents, thinking both too young to begin keeping company with each other, gave a gentle hint to that effect—first by calling the girl out of the room and sending her to bed; and, secondly, by the lady of the house bringing into the room a huge slice of bread and butter, spread with jam, and saying to the youth, in her kindest manner, "There, take this, and go home; it is a long way, and your mother will be anxious."

THE eccentric Dr. Byles had at one time a remarkably stupid Irish girl as a domestic. With a look and voice of terror, he said to her in haste, "Go and tell your mistress that Dr. Byles has put an end to himself." The girl flew up-stairs, and with a face of horror, exclaimed at the top of her voice, "Dr. Byles has put an end to himself!" The astonished wife and daughters rushed into the parlour, and there was the doctor calmly walking about with part of a cow's tail, that he had picked up in the street, tied to his coat or cassock behind.

THE RECOGNITION.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

HOME they brought her sailor son,
Grown a man across the sea,
Tall, and broad, and black of beard,
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake and mouth to kiss,
Both he offered e'er he spoke;
But she said, "What man is this,
Comes to play a sorry joke?"

Then they praised him; call'd him "smart,"
"Tightest lad that ever stept;"
But her son she did not know,
And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set a pigeon-pie in sight.
She saw him eat. "'Tis he! 'tis he!"
She knew him—by his appetite.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

UTE BURNEY stands
Upon two strands,
Between the sea and shore;
Its round redoubt
Might keep foes out,
If it had a better door.

Two harbour lights,
In winter nights,
May tempt a stranger in,
But he'd go, no doubt,
To the right-about,
If he could but see the Inn.

Th' assembly rooms
Are dark as tombs,
But the church is light and gay,
With epitaphs
At which one laughs,
Like the moral of a play.

The market's shut,
The prison's not,
The gardens smell of lobskouse;
We could not pass,
For the length of the grass,
The door of the custom-house.

Indeed, if mowed,
Each street a load
Would yield of excellent hay;
But the Esplanade,
To those who can wade,
Is passable half the day.

In the library
No books there be,
But a harpsichord out of tune;
Toys, bonnets, lace,
An alderman's face,
And a plaster Laocoon.

The harbour's view
Is fine, 'tis true,
If you knew but where it lay;
For the houses are placed
With such excellent taste,
That they all look the other way.

From filthy slips,
You may see the ships;
We counted just thirteen.
Two in the flood,
Five in the mud,
And six in quarantine.

From Bunkley Hall
'Tis what they call
About ten miles of a journey;
But as long as I may
At Bunkley stay,
Be hanged if I go to Burney

PIPS.

"GENERAL," said an American major, "I always observe that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazin'pertic'lar about the first drop."

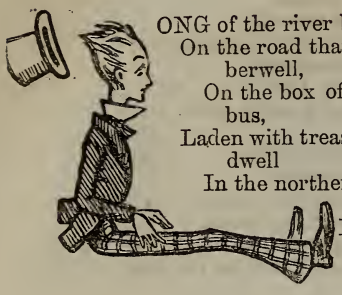
THE LAWYER AND THE JEW.—One day, as a solicitor was passing through Lincoln's Inn with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew with "Cloash to shell, old cloash?" The lawyer, somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, "No, sir; they are all new suits."

IT is said that in the town of Marbleheads the girls have made an improvement in ironing, which beats the steam-engine on common roads all hollow. They spread out the clothes on a smooth platform, and fasten hot flat-irons to their feet, and skate over them. This is combining the recreative with the useful and ornamental.

THAT was good advice given by the president of the State Agricultural Society, on presenting a silver cup to a young man who had won the first prize at a ploughing match. "Take this cup, my young friend, and remember always to plough deep and drink shallow."

'EUOSCONOS.*

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.



ONG of the river by Waterloo,
On the road that leadeth to Camberwell,
On the box of his dusty omnibus,
Laden with treasures of folks who dwell
In the northern regions remote from us,
Rode the smart driver, Golden Hugh.

The man from his seat exalted gazed,
And saw in the thronging streets below,
In the light of the setting sun that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the omnibus raised,
The flash of harness, the horses go
Through the crowds that were passing them to and fro.

And the driver he laughed a merry laugh
As another 'bus passed, with exchange of chaff
From its coachman, snug in a sealskin cap
Over a handkerchief's silken wrap;
And he leaned to the man on the box by his side:
"See that man, sir, a-drivin'—that rum 'un?" he cried.
"Not a handsomer man on the road—till he dyed."

With a start, the man on the "Waterloo"
Looked up in the face of Golden Hugh.
'Till he died? Thou chaffest!" he meekly said;
"Never was omnibus drove by the dead!"
"The dead!" cried Hugh, with a smothered roar;
"But I see the story is new to you,
As it well may be, though it's gospel true,
And many and many I've told it to.
It may be a couple o' years or more
When, as Bill and me stood at the "Red Cap" door,
Talking o' this and talking o' that,
I happened to lift my Pannyma hat,
And says Bill, 'You're like the rest of us, Goldy:
You've been to sleep, by the look o' your head,
For a night or two in a dampish bed;
Leastways you're getting a trifle mouldy.
As for me,' says he, 'that was black as night,
As glossy black as your off-side 'oss,
I'm goin' reg'lar snow-drift white;
But, to tell you the truth, to make all right,
I'm for having a turn at 'EUOSCONOS.'
'A turn at what?' He repeated the word,
The werry rummest as ever I heard.
And then it came out that a friend of his'n,
A chemical gent what lived close by,
Had been and invented a bran-new dye,
And that was the name he chose to christen
What nobody yet had been found to try;
'For,' says he, 'short names isn't worth a toss,
So I means to call it 'EUOSCONOS.'
Well, we toddles off to him, Bill and I,
And here's the wonderful part to tell:
That friend he gives me a jar to smell;
I takes a sniff at it hearty and fair,
Only a sniff at the pestilent stuff,
To be smelling at which was quite enough,
And just that sniff of it saved my hair!"

"A wonderful dye!" the passenger said:
"Only a look at it, only a smell!
But didn't it answer with Bill as well?"
The coachman sniggered and shook his head:
"No, no," he answered; "he went too far;
He wasn't content to nose the jar,
Not contented with smelling the dye,
He must give 'EUOSCONOS a try.
So he rubs in a lot of it over-night,
And only fancy his terrible fright
When he goes in the morning his cap to doff,
And his hair along with his cap comes off!"

This is the story strange and true
Told by the driver, Golden Hugh,
Of how he saved his hair by smell,
As he rode that day over Waterloo,
On the road that leadeth to Camberwell.

EPIGRAMMATIC.

THE SMOKER.

ALL dainty meats I do defy,
Which feed men fat as swine;
He is a frugal man indeed
That on a leaf can dine!
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers' ends to wipe,
That keeps his kitchen in a box,
And roast meat in his pipe!

FROM THE FRENCH.

OF all the men one meets about,
There's none like Jack—he's everywhere:
At church—park—auction—dinner—rout—
Go when and where you will, he's there.
Try the West End, he's at your back—
Meets you, like Eurus, in the East—
You're called upon for "How do, Jack?"
One hundred times a day, at least.
A friend of his one evening said,
As home he took his pensive way,
"Upon my word, I fear Jack's dead—
I've seen him but three times to-day!"

THE POET FOILED.

To win the maid the poet tries,
And sometimes writes to Julia's eyes;
She likes a verse—but, cruel whim,
She still appears a-verse to him.

* By kind permission of the Author.

THE BELLOWS.

WHEN the Emperor Joseph was travelling in Italy, the tire of one of the wheels of his carriage broke on the road. Having reached with much difficulty the next village, he alighted at the blacksmith's door, and directed him to repair immediately the damage which prevented him from continuing his journey. "I would willingly do it," said the artisan; "but it is a fête day, everyone is at mass, and I have no one even to blow the bellows." "Do not let that hinder you," said the emperor, "for I will blow them myself; and the exercise will warm me." The monarch accordingly worked at the bellows, the blacksmith forged, and the fracture was soon repaired. "How much is there to pay?" "Six sous." Joseph placed six ducats in the man's hand and went away; but the honest workman ran after him and said, "Sir, you have made a mistake and given me a six-ducat piece, and I couldn't get change for it in all the village." "Change it where you please. I give you what is over the six sous for the pleasure I have had in blowing the bellows."

DRESSING-ROOM RHYMES.

BLOW up your wife when you've been misbehaving;
A wise man strops his razor after shaving.

Seeds sown by indolence to good have grown;
Had wives sewn buttons, studs had not been known.

How hard my sponge when dry, how soft when wet!
I'm stern—Pet weeps—I'm softened. Artful Pet!

COOKERY.

A SCOTCH family, lately removed to London, wished to have a sheep's head prepared as they were accustomed to it at home, and sent a servant to the butcher's to procure one.

"My gude man," said she to the butcher, "I want a sheep's head."

"There's plenty of them," replied he; "choose which you will."

"Na," said she, "that winna do; I want a sheep's head that will sing (singe)."

"Go, you idiot!" said he, "who ever heard of a sheep's head that could sing?"

"Why," replied she, in wrath, "it's ye that are the idiot, for a sheep's head in Scotland can sing; but I jalouse yer English sheep are just as grit fules as their owners, and they can do naething as they ocht."

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

TIME.—Depends on the railway. To ascertain it you must go to every station and wait till a train comes.

CHILDREN.—Children under ten years of age charged half-fare, which is not half-fair when they're big for their age. Infants in arms may not be strangled, though every one travelling out of town in their company is certain "to go to the country with a good cry"—as recommended by Mr. Disraeli.

SMOKING.—Not allowed, from obvious motives, except to the locomotives and the axle-boxes.

RAILWAY SERVANTS.—Are generally their own masters, and yours into the bargain. A book is kept for complaints, called the Station Book, because, although complaints be entered in it, they very seldom get out, but remain stationary.

LUGGAGE.—The best adhesive label you can use is to stick to it yourself.

RAILWAY CON.—Why are all English railway directors French railway shareholders?—Because they always take a lion's (Lyons) share.

A VERY SLOW POISON.

WILLIE MARSHALL, a celebrated tinker, was told that whiskey was a slow poison. "It maun e'en be very slow," said Willie, "for I hae been takin' toothfu's o't for mair than a hunder years, and I'm aye to the fore yet." He died at the age of 120 years.

A TABLE TO CALCULATE WAGES.

PUT down, first of all, the nominal wages received by your servant, which by calculation you will find to be the exact half of twice as much. Then subtract the fresh butter from the pantry, and the product will show you how often the best Dorset will go into the tub of kitchen stuff. Then work out the sum: as the parlour Stilton is to the Dutch cheese, so is the cold meat to the young man who stands outside the area of an evening. Divide the contents of the tea-caddy into what you use yourself, and what is used for you, and the quotient will be as one to six. Write these several results upon a slate, and by adding them up carefully you will be enabled to calculate how much your servant costs you.

THE MISER PUNISHED.

A MISER having lost a hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it to him. A poor man brought it to the old gentleman, and demanded the ten pounds; but the miser, to baffle him, alleged there were a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken, nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel, "The bag you lost had a hundred and ten pounds in it, you say?"

"Yes, my lord," says he.

"Then," replied the judge, "according to the evidence given in court, this cannot be your money, for here are only a hundred pounds; therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears."

MRS. BROWN ON THE STATE OF THE STREETS.*

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

TALK about weather, I never did in all my born days know nothin' like what it was the week afore last; you're froze up one moment and all of a glow the next.

As to this house as we're a-living in, they calls it a simmy detached, as it's my opinion they was obliged to build it up again next door, or it never would have stood by itself, as is not much stronger than a egg-shell, as the sayin' is. The draught under that kitchen-door it was as give it me, the cold as I've got, for I felt it all the while as I was a-makin' that weal and ham pie, as is a thing as Brown's partial to, and I makes it myself with a flaky crust, though some will have it as a short one is right, which in my opinion goes best with fruit. As to puttin' a bit of bad butter in pie-crust, it's my idea of a sin as is downright filthy to the taste and unwholesome to a delicate stomach like Brown's, though you wouldn't think it to look at him, but no one knows where the shoe pinches but them as is bilious, as the sayin' is.

I certainly did feel a chill, and pr'aps it might have been through them dratted boys as I give twopence each to for to clear away the snow. As a fellow comes round with a paper, as he said was the westry's orders as I should clean up the front of my house. I says, "Then I'll thank the westry for to turn out and clean the road for me, as I can't get across not if it was to save my life, through bein' ancle-deep, and poor Mrs. Atkins that bad as I wanted for to go to, through me havin' promised and only the corner of the street." So he says, "You may be carried across easy on a barrow," as I see meant jeers.

So I says, "When I wants to be carried I'll get a steady donkey, and pr'aps you might be handy." "Well," says he, "I should recommend a dromedary." I wasn't a-going to waste my time a-talkin' to such as him, all the more as I felt a-creepin' all down my back, as is a sure sign of chills with me, as has throwed me on a sick bed afore now, and was the death of poor old Mrs. Thornley, as kept the "Blue Lion" in Horselydown, and never recovered a-fallin' asleep one Saturday night whilst a-soakin' her feet, and never woke till they was froze hard in the foot-pan, through the cold bein' that violent below zero as froze the Thames up with a ox roasted whole, as I've heard my dear mother say was shameful waste, through the roughs a-tearin' of it to bits in their open hands though blue and quivery, as is not wholesome in my opinion, though it should be done with the gravy in, as gives proper nutriment.

It was that same winter as them Russians brought on for to freeze up Bonyparty, as is their ways, the same as they did in the Crime-year, where poor Mrs. Elkins lost two sons with their frozen limbs, and the eldest fell at Balyclava, and would never have got up through bein' that benumbed if it hadn't been as he was found accidental, but neither of them ever strong men again, as you wouldn't think the loss of a foot could reduce anybody so much as that. Well, as I was sayin', I give them boys twopence a-piece, and lent them the fire-shovel for to scrape off them frozen lumps, as is that dangerous, as well I've known through a-treadin' on one, as twisted my ancle and down I went, and shouldn't have minded so much if it hadn't been for poor old Mr. Gibbins next door but two, as had stepped out for the beer hisself and two new-laid eggs, though I should say no more new-laid than I am, as meant egg-hot. Well, he had the beer in one hand and the eggs in the other, with a white worsted comforter and long ends, as he did ought to have tucked in somewhere, but left a-hangin'. He was a-walkin' along by my side, a remarkin' about the weather and such like, when I treads on the bit of frozen snow, and nat'rally clutches at anythin' for to save myself, and as bad luck would have it, seized hold of his ends of his comforter, and give him that drag as his 'eels slipped from under him, though list round his bluchers, as didn't prove no protection. Up goes his hand with the beer all in my face and blinds me, but I heard a crash, and there he was a-welterin' in his new-laid eggs, and a-sayin' as his back was broke.

So I says, "Kick, 'cos if you can kick your back's all right," and kick he did, and he had no occasion for to ketch me on the shin so violent, me a-stoopin' for to help him up, a-feelin' grateful to him for breakin' my fall, as the sayin' is, but he kep' his bed for weeks.

So I gives the boys the fire-shovel, and the gal she lent 'em a broom, as we never see neether on 'em no more through her a-payin' of them without seein' to my property, and then sauced me by a-sayin' as it was a ricketty old thing.

Altogether it was a miserable day, and I didn't

* By kind permission of the Author.

care for my dinner, as it was a bit of hash mutton and a yeast dumplin', as is a light thing if made proper, but cut with a knife is lead all over.

So when I was tidied up I says, "Mary Ann, I'm only a-goin' as far as Mrs. Atkins', and shall be in to tea most likely, but certain by eight; and," I says, "mind as you puts the pie to cool the minit as the baker brings it, as is a thing as I don't hold with hot."

I started off well wrapped up, for I know'd I should have to walk ever so far up the road for to cross, as is like all them new-made places, all clay and broken crockery with ashes mixed for to bind, and the snow and slush that frightful as made you tremble for to think of fallin' into it.

I got to the corner all right and safe, where is the "Risin' Sun," as keeps Cobb's Margate ale, as I'm partial to, with a bit of bread and cheese for lunch, though too heady for a full meal.

I got across half-way, when I hears a hollow dead lump on the ground behind me, and felt as I was splashed dreadful, then come a lump in front, and a lump it was of snow as come right straight from the top of the "Risin' Sun." Talk of driven snow, why, it was as black as Newgate.

I was just a-stoppin', thinkin' as I'd put up my umbrella, when if a whole shovelful didn't come right a-top of me, and if it hadn't been as the pot-boy was close to me, I should have been felled like an ox, as the sayin' is.

I was of that tremble from head to foot as took all that young man's strength for to hold me up, and when I got to Mrs. Atkins' I'm sure my legs was a-givin' way under me, and from the crown of my bonnet to the bottom of my dress I was one stream of sutty snow, as had come half melted from the "Risin' Sun."

It's lucky as I hadn't put on my welwet mantle, as I can't walk under through heat, or it would have been ruined.

I no sooner see that infant of Mrs. Atkins than I says to the nurse, "'Ave it christened, for," I says, "hours is the word." "Oh," she says, "that's done, thank you, mum," quite short, a-addin' as she know'd her duties, and didn't want no one to tell her the difference atween a new-born babe and blind kittens, as the pail and mop would settle easy.

So I says, "Mrs. Topsett, mum," as were her name, through bein' mother of that owdacious gal of mine as had the party through my back bein' turned, with everythin' pretty nigh ruined in the settin'-room, I says, "Mrs. Topsett, it is not my 'abits to interfere nowheres; but," I says, "Mrs. Atkins, you'll excuse me for sayin' that while there's life there's hopes, as the sayin' is, and if that was a child of mine it's brandy as I should give."

Mrs. Topsett flounced about, a-talkin' about old-fashioned ways, whereas she'll never see fifty-five no more herself. So I didn't say no more, but spoke serious to Mrs. Purday, as is mother to Mrs. Atkins, and both agreed as brandy was the word, and the doctor a-comin' in highly approved.

Bless you! the temper as that Mrs. Topsett showed, far gone in liquor as there couldn't be no doubt, for we'd hardly got tea over when she bounces up and says she won't stop in a house where old faggits comes a-interferin' for to poison a innocent babe with their own liquors, alludin' in course to me and the brandy.

Poor Mrs. Atkins, that weak as she were, plucked up a sperrit to say as she might leave, "For," says she, "mother, you'll stop, and that good soul, Mrs. Brown, will look in occasional."

"I wish you joy of the lot," says Mrs. Topsett; "a old thing as couldn't get across the road without the pot-boy through rollin' in the kennel, as is a disgrace."

I wouldn't have no words afore Mrs. Atkins, but I says, "Mrs. Topsett, I'll say a word with you down-stairs." Out she walks, me a-follerin'. I gets her into the passage, as is a wizened old scarecrow, and there I found the street-door open. So I just takes her by the scuff of the neck afore she know'd where she were, and walked my lady out as nice as nine-pence, as the sayin' is.

If she did fall down the steps it wasn't my fault, as the policeman said as picked her up, through bein' that far gone in drink as she couldn't say where she lived, and was took to the station-house till sober, and it's my opinion as the infant will thrive after all; but the cold as I caught was a caution, as you don't ketch me out in the snow agin if I knows it.

A SCOTTISH JUDGE.

A juvenile culprit was brought before a Glasgow magistrate, charged with stealing a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment having been read, the bailie, addressing the boy, said—

"I hae nae doot ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en out o' my oin pouch this vera week, so you maun gang to the gaol for sixty days."

A friend of the boy's remarked that the case had not been proved against him.

"Oh, then, in that case," replied the worthy bailie, "Ill just gie ye thirty days."

On being again informed that even this moderate sentence was a strain upon the law, he finally disposed of the case by saying—

"Weel, my lad, the evidence is a wee jimp this time, so I'll let ye aff; but see and no do't again."

DOINGS AND SAYINGS.

E heard a good story told of a rustic youth and country girl, who sat facing each other at the supper-table of a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the beautiful maid, only vented his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table. At that time, there being no Bloomers, the girl, either fearful of the purity of her stockings, or determined to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel, bore with his advances a little while in silence, and then cried out, "Look here, if you love me, tell me so, but don't dirty my stockings."

A MAN'S hat has but one nap on it; his bed has a new one every night.

THE more seldom a barrister gets a chance to plead, the longer he talks when he does get one. He is the less brief, the more he is briefless.

"I AM astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, sir, I have been wanting you to start for the last hour."

A LOVER once wrote to a lady who had rejected him, saying that he intended "to retire to some secluded spot and breathe away his life in sighs!" to which the lady replied by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.

FRIENDSHIP in ill-luck turns to mere acquaintance. The wine of life, as we have heard it called, goes into vinegar; and folks that hugged the bottle, shirk the cruet.

DITS.

"SCATTER the germs of the beautiful," as the poet said when he kicked his wife and children out of doors.

"GENIUS will work its way through," as the poet remarked when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

"I HAVE very little respect for the ties of this world," as the man said when the rope was put around his neck.

"I'M not so strong as I used to be," as the onion remarked after it was boiled.

"I SPEAK within bounds," as the prisoner said to the gaoler.

"I'M soled again," as the old boot said to the shoemaker.

"CONFUSION to the man," said a carpenter, "that invented working by candlelight!" "Ay, or by daylight either," rejoined his apprentice.

"How vane are all things here below!" as the swallow said when he was perched upon the weather-cock.

MRS. PARTINGTON AGAIN.

"DON'T put too much confidence in lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece; "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a tarnation, and eyes like an asterisk, but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

SOME one inquires, in the name of Mrs. Partington, "Why can't the captain of a vessel keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port?"

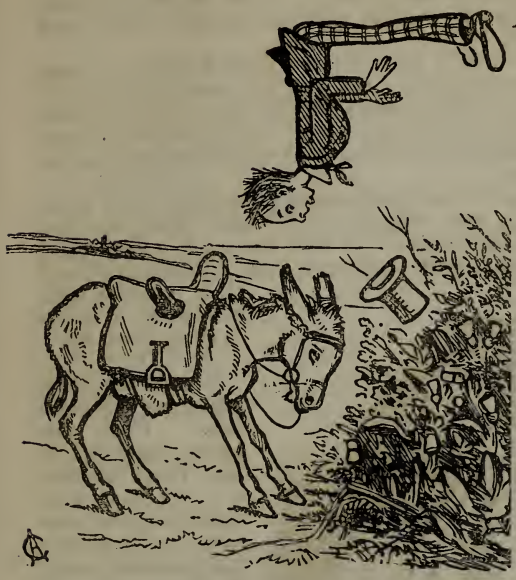
THE good dame, noticing the death of Mr. Kyan, the well-known inventor, is extremely anxious to know if he is the person who invented kyan pepper.

MRS. P. says, very indignantly, if the bills before Parliament are not counterfeit, why should there be such a difficulty in passing them?

ONE day, when she heard the minister say there would be a nave in the new church, she observed that "she knew well who the party was."

"WHAT a strain that is!" said the old lady, as she heard an *aria* from *Lucia*, sung in the highest style, by a young lady where she was visiting. "Yes," was the reply, "it is operatic." "Upper attic, is it?" said she; "I should think it was high enough to be on the top of the house." Mrs. Partington does not believe that mere screaming constitutes melody.

GILES'S TRIP TO LONDON.*



ANCY how I felt when the next day was Sunday, and I and Sairey went to charch and haard the paarson as we ought to du, and tuke some nice quiet walks in the paarks, and I felt more at home like than I'd ever felt afore in Lunnen. I ses to Sairey, "This be more like home in these paarks than anything I 'a sin since I comed out: I on'y want to haar the cows, and the blaarin' o' the owd bull," I ses, "and everything would be complate. The day arter to-morrer, ye know, I must be off agin."

"Well," she ses, "to-morrer we must go and see the wax-wuk and the animals in the Zoological Gardens, which will be a nice finish to yer wisit. On'y to-morrer is a chaap day and there'll be a pretty lot there, and yow'd better be particular about the rest o' yer money, and not luze that."

We got throw Sunday wery happy, and the next mornin' we started for the wax-wuk kept by Madame Tewshews. Wan we got to the door a man there ses, "I'll take yer stick if ye plaase, sir, and the lady's pairasol."

"Not if I knows on it," I ses. "I 'a put up with a' many things since I 'a bin here, but I oant put up wi that nuther."

"Yow can hev 'em back wan yow come out," he ses.

"Hev 'em back!" I ses; "what du yow weant 'em at all for?" But Sairey had guv him her pairasol, and so I thowt 'twor all right, and I handed him over my stick, when he guv me a piece of paaper. I luked at the paaper, and then I luked at the man, and then I luked at Sairey, and saamed wholly 'wildered like. Sairey made me a sign to put it in my pocket and come along, and I ses to myself, "Well, this is a funny little game; I shall see the end on't, I 'spose, bym-by."

We weant in, and 'twor all glitter and finery everywhere. There wor kings and quaans, princes and princesses, lords and ladies, all decked out in their fallals jest like life. Sairey bowt a buke and towd me the names o' all on 'em, but lor' love yer eyes! I 'a forgot naarly every one on 'em. But wot stammed me moast wor a man dressed up like a soldier that wor more'n eight foot high, and that Sairey said wor the Russian giant Loushkin. "I doant believe there wor ever any man that high," I ses, a-staaring up at 'im wi' 'mazement. "I allers thowt Hales, the Norfolk giant, wor the biggest man in the warld, but he wor on'y a baby to this ugly figger they 'a got here."

Arter we had sin all the fine paaple, we wor towd there were some more rumes that we might go into for another sixpence.

"Wot's to be sin?" I ses.

"Why," Sairey ses, "there's the rume o' horrors, where they 'a got all the biggest willans and murderers in the warld."

"Well," I ses, "Sairey, yow doant want to see them, gal. There be live willans enough about, athowt going to see dead 'uns. Wot hev they put 'em into a separate rume for, and wot make 'em want more money to see them than to see 'spectable fooks?"

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Then we weant out, and I goes up to the man at the door, and I ses, "I want my stick and Sairey's pairasol IF YOW PLAASE," a-puttin' particular stress on them laast words.

"Wot's the number?" he ses.

"Why," I ses, "the number is TEW, and I shall be glad on 'em."

"Will you kindly give me the paaper," he ses, "that I may see the number?"

"Oh," I ses, "there's the paaper back agin, if that's wot yow want—it's no aarthly use to me."

He tuke the paaper, luked at it, and gave us back the things, and he ses, "We laave it to gentlemen to give wot they like for our trouble."

"Ah!" I ses, "I see the funny little gaame now. Yow 'a had no trouble about it, but yow 'a gi' me a lot. If I wor to give ye anything, it

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would be a swish o' this ground-ash across yer showders." I nodded my hid at 'im as if I meant it, and out we walked.

Then we weant on and on till we got to what they call Ragent's Paark, where they kaap the wild animals. A pretty park it be too! It put new life into me to see them fine owd trees, and the grass where the paaple wor a-playing cricket and a-strolling about. Naarly all Lunnen seemed to be up there. At laast we come to the gardens where ye hev to pay yer money, and we weant in. Well, bor, I doant know whether I ever 'joyed myself more anywhere while I wor out than I did among the puer dumb baasts that they 'a got there. I wor wholly 'maazed to see the numbers on 'em. As true as yowr alive there saamed to be every sort o' cretur that cud be found in the warld. There wor animals, birds, fishes, and sarpents, and all mander o' things. But wot plaased me moast was that 'normous elephant. He wor as gentle as a baaby. It was rare fun to see 'im aating nuts and caakes that the children gave 'im, and carrying the little darlin's about on his back.

I ses, "Sairey, them mites o' things be no use to him. They be no more use than a fowerpenny sangwedge arter a day's mow. Can't we git a few quartern loaves somewhere? I should like to give 'im a gude bait."

"Yow'd never be so fulish, surely!" she ses. "Perhaps you might get some loaves at the tea rumes by paying a pretty stiffish price."

"Well," I ses, "I'll go and see. It du my heart gude to see that 'normous cretur so kind to the little children. Them puer dumb baasts hev no pleasure in life, yow know, 'cepting aating, and we owt to let 'em hev as much as they want. I never could abear owd Jack Row arter he robbed maaster's hosses o' the oats to put 'em in drink down his own throat."

So I weant and got half-a-stun o' bread at the price of a stun, and tied it up in my handkercher, and tuke it to the owd feller. "Here," I ses, "owd chap, catch ahowd." I'll be whipped if he didn't taake 'em down one loaf arter another, jest as a owd hen would barley-corns, while all the children in the plaace wor jumping wi' joy to see 'im.

Then we weant and luked at the camels and dromedaries, and zebras, and the 'normous rhinoceros, naarly as big as the elephant, and he wor a-skipping and galloping about as frisky as a lamb.

"Well," I ses, "Sairey, them larned men may say wot they like, but *he* never comed from a jelly-fish. If this tough owd feller come from anything o' that sort it wor a oyster, and the shells a turned theirselves into them hard scales that hang on his sides."

As for them 'potamuses, I never draamed o' there being sech creturs in the warld. They wor jest like big lumps o' live flesh floating in a large pond o' water, with their great hids a-sticking out, and their mouths wide enough for a fellow to craap down on.

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But the fun o'the plaace wor the monkeys. There wor great caages full on 'em. There they wor a-cackling and scraaming, and running up branches and roaps, and swinging by their tails, and cutting the strangest caapers. We stood a-luking at 'em a gude long time, and they kept getting more and more funny like, and wild, and presently one on 'em, a mischievous brute, comed down and made a snatch at Sairey's beautiful wail, and it wor off her bonnet in a moment and he wor up on the roaps a-cackling and a-scraaming like a live staam engine. Fust he spread it all out and luked at it from end to end. Then he threw it over his showders and made a shawl on it. Then he hung it afore his faace and luked as proud as them ladies I seed in the paark. Then he began to twist it about and pull it out, and at last to tear it all to bits.

All this time Sairey wor luking rarely confused, and the crowds o' Cockneys were larfing as if they'd split their sides. I turned round to 'em wi' my back to the caage, and I ses, "If ye wor men ye'd know better'n to larf at a young woman wuth twenty o' the best gals yow 'a got among ye. But," I ses, "if 'twornt for Sairey I'd go out on to the green and taake the lot on ye one up and one down as long as ye'd like to come on."

The wuds wor hardly out o' my mouth when I felt my cap pulled off o' my hid, and turnin' round I'll be whipped if the same mischievous brute hadn't managed to get it through them wires, and there he wor a-fixin' Sairey's wail upon it, and

then popping it on his own hid, and luking round at the paaple like a wise owd rascal, while them fules wor a-scraaming with delight.

"Where's the maaster?" I shouted; "I wouldn't luze that cap for five pound."

"Five pound! why, yow'd get a better one in Whitechapel for a tanner," somebody bawls out. "Never mind, Johnny wops," cried out another, "Sairey'll lend ye her shin-on." "Tie up yer hid in a handkercher," another roars out, "and let Sairey bile it for a Norfolk dumplin'."

I ses, "I want that cap, and have it I must. Where's the maaster?"

All the time the brute wor a-playin' the strangest caapers wu't. He throwed it back on his hid, and stuck up his showders as if he wor a countryman; then he cocked it on one side like a dandy in Bond Straat; then he tuke it off and made a bow like a lord; and then he mounted higher up, a-cackling and shraaking like a owd woman in a fit o' hysterics.

"I must hev that cap," I ses. "Where's the maaster?"

Presently a man comes up, and he ses, "Wot's the row?"

"Why," I ses, "yer brute of a baboon monkey 'a got my cap, and I must have it at all chances."

"It's not worth much," he ses, "to make so much fuss about."

"I tell ye it is," I ses; "there's Sairey's fi'pun note in the linin's."

I'd no sooner uttered them words than the brute saamed to unnerstand me, for he snatched off Sairey's wail, threw it down, and arter luking in a knowin' way inside the cap, he begun to tarn out the linin's one arter another, and there sure enough at laast he found the note. He chucked down the cap, and begun swinging and jumping about from roap to roap like a mad cretur. Then he got to the wery top o' the caage, and spraad out the note at arm's length as if he wor luking to see if 'twor a gude 'un. Then he made a handkercher on it, and wiped his mouth and his nose wu't; and then, as sure as yow're alive, the brute begun to bite it and spit it out of his mouth as if he wor disgusted with the taste on't. His maaster wor now arter him inside, but 'twor no gude; he flew about as light as a bird, and in less'n half a minute the whole note had bin torn up and spit about in little mites all over the cage.

The maaster comed out, and he gi' me the cap and he ses, "Wot on aarth made ye put yer money into sech a plaace as that?"

"Why," I ses, "Sairey towd me to take care o' my money up here to-day, as there'd be plenty o' thaaves about. I thowt nobody'd ever draam a man 'ud be fule enough to put it in his cap, and this is the end on't. The very monkeys in these parts are tu much for the men in ours."

Well, I thowt 'twor time to be going, and I ses, "Come along, Sairey; this is a pretty ending to it all." We walked along a gude way athowt spaaking, and at last I ses, "Sairey, this beant the right plaace for the likes o' us. I'm glad yow 'a guv warning, and that I'm off to-morrer mornin.' I faal kinder sad, thow," I ses, "to think o' the way in which I 'a spent puer owd Aunt Jane's money. I 'a fuled away in one waak more'n twenty pound that she wuked hard for. However, Sairey," I ses, "wan we're married we'll make up for't, for we'll wuk hard, and try to save money as she did."

TO A POETICAL CORRESPONDENT.

ROSE hints she isn't one of those
Who have the gift of writing prose;
But poetry is *une autre chose*,
And quite an easy thing to Rose!

As if an artist should decline,
For lack of skill, to paint a sign;
But try him in the landscape line,
You'll find his genius quite divine!

MY WIFE AND I.

As my wife and I, at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by, with a "broth of a boy,"
Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke:
"There's a relation of yours in that carriage."
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
"Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage!"

SPINNING WITHOUT TOW.

As a verbose preacher was addressing the congregation on a communion occasion, one by one his ministerial brethren dropped out of the church into the vestry. As the last one who left put his head into the vestry, those who preceded him inquired if the prolix speaker had not yet finished his address. "Weel," said he, "his tow's dune lang syne, but he's aye spinnin' awa' yet."

TURVEY TOP.*

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

'Twas after a supper of Norfolk brawn
That into a doze I chanced to drop,
And thence awoke in the grey of dawn,
In the wonder-land of Turvey Top.

A land so strange I never had seen,
And could not choose but look and laugh—
A land where the small the great includes,
And the whole is less than the half!

A land where the circles were not lines
Round central points, as schoolmen show,
And the parallels met whenever they chose,
And went playing at touch-and-go!

There—except that every round was square,
And save that all the squares were rounds—
No surface had limits anywhere,
So they never could beat the bounds.

In their gardens, fruit before blossom came,
And the trees diminished as they grew;
And you never went out to walk a mile,
It was the mile that walked to you.

The people there are not tall or short,
Heavy or light, or stout or thin,
And their lives begin where they should leave off,
Or leave off where they should begin.

There childhood, with naught of childish glee,
Looks on the world with thoughtful brow;
'Tis only the aged who laugh and crow,
And cry "We have done with it now!"

A singular race! what lives they spent!
Got up before they went to bed!
And never a man said what he meant,
Or a woman meant what she said.

They blended colours that will not blend,
All hideous contrasts voted sweet;
In yellow and red their Quakers dress'd,
And considered it rather neat.

They didn't believe in the wise and good,
Said the best were worst, the wisest fools;
And 'twas only to have their teachers taught
That they founded national schools.

They read in "books that are no books,"
Their classics—chess-boards neatly bound;
Those their greatest authors who never wrote,
And their deepest the least profound.

Now, such were the folks of that wonder-land,
A curious people, as you will own;
But are there none of the race abroad,
Are no specimens elsewhere known?

Well, I think that he whose views of life
Are crooked, wrong, perverse, and odd,
Who looks upon all with jaundiced eyes—
Sees himself and believes it God,

Who sneers at the good, and makes the ill,
Curses a world he cannot mend;
Who measures life by the rule of wrong
And abuses its aim and end,

The man who stays when he ought to move,
And only goes when he ought to stop—
Is strangely like the folk in my dream,
And would flourish in Turvey Top.

MORE SISTER SAYINGS.

BLAYNEY said, in reference to several persons, all relations to each other, but who happened to have no descendants, that "it seemed to be hereditary in their family to have no children."

ON a benefit night at the Dublin Theatre, many particular friends of the actor were let in at a private door, before the great doors were opened, which when discovered, a gentleman cried out, in a passion, "It is a shame they should fill the house full of people before anybody comes!"

AN Irishman, meeting another, asked what was become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy. "Arrah, now, dear honey," answered the other, "poor Paddy was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison."

"WHAT may be the cause," said an Irish curate to his parish clerk, "that keeps Rory O'Kegan from confession, and from the Church service, Peter Murphy?" "A sad matter it is, your honour—it's himself that's got into a very bad way, onyhow." "Och, Peter," said the curate, "is it Deism?" "Worse, ye may depend," said the worthy clerk. "Sowl o' me, I trust it's not Atheism, or the like o' that, Peter," exclaimed the pastor. "Worse." "An' what in the name o' nature can it be?" cried the astonished minister. "By the powers an' it's rheumatism," replied Peter Murphy, "an' so it is."

A SERVANT girl, writing a letter, asked her master if the next month had come in yet. He laughed. "Well," she said, "what I mean is, has the last month gone out yet?"

AN Irish regiment having displayed some alarming symptoms of mutiny, a general officer was sent to bring it to order. The men were all drawn up before him, and he gave the word of command to shoulder arms. Not a man stirred. Calling up a sergeant, "Why," said he, "don't the men obey?" "Och, your honour," said the Milesian, putting his hand to his hat, "it's becase the offishers and the men are not just now upon spaking terms."

A GENTLEMAN, indisposed and confined to his bed, sent his servant to see what hour it was by a sun-dial, which was fastened to a post in his garden. The servant was an Irishman, and being at a loss how to find it, thought he was to pluck up

* By kind permission of the Author.

the post; which he accordingly did, and carried it to his master, with the sun-dial, saying, "Arrah, now look at it yourself; it is, indeed, all a mystery to me."

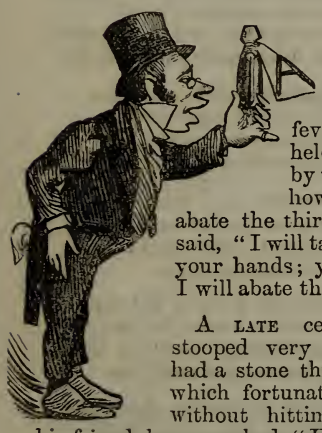
"Pat," said a gent to his servant, "what's all that noise in the street?" "Oh, nothing, sir; they're only forcing a man to volunteer."

"Kitchen" is a Scottish word, applied to the more delicate and palatable of two articles of fare taken together, as cheese in respect of bread, milk in respect of potatoes, and so forth. A Glasgow man asked a poor Irishman, living there, what food he gave to his children. "Potatoes," was the reply. "Ay," said the Scot; "but what to kitchen the potatoes?" "Och," said the Irishman, on being made to understand the word, "they make the little ones kitchen the big ones."

The following remarkable handbill was printed, and stuck up in several parts of the city of Dublin:—"This is to certify that I, Daniel O'Flanagan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the liberty mob on Tuesday last; and I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will bet me fifty that I am the other man who goes by my name. Witness my hand this 30th of July. Dan. O'Flanagan."

One Patrick Maguire had been appointed to a situation the reverse of a place of all work; and his friends, who called to congratulate him, were very much astonished to see his face lengthen on the receipt of the news. "A sinecure, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Sure I know what a sinecure is: it's a place where there's nothing to do, and they pay you by the piece."

LAW, PHYSIC, AND DIVINITY.



A man, much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three great physicians, how to cure the fever and abate the thirst. "Gentlemen," he said, "I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself."

A late celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend he remarked, "Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death."

A Slight Difference.—"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say specie, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake."

"Come, doctor, it's ten o'clock; I think we had better be going, for it's time honest folks were at home." "Well, yes," was the reply, "I must be off, but you needn't go on that account."

A neighbour asked a country vicar for his pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his. "I really do not know," said the clergyman, "how to refuse you; but if the young man should preach better than I, my congregation will be dissatisfied with me afterwards; and if he should preach worse, why, I don't think he's fit to preach at all."

Wit and Quackery.—Doctor Graham, a celebrated quack, while holding forth on a stage at Chelmsford, in order to promote the sale of his medicine, told the people that he came there for their good, and not for want. And then addressing his Merry Andrew, "Andrew," said he, "do we come here for want?" "No, faith, sir," replied Andrew, "we have enough of that at home."

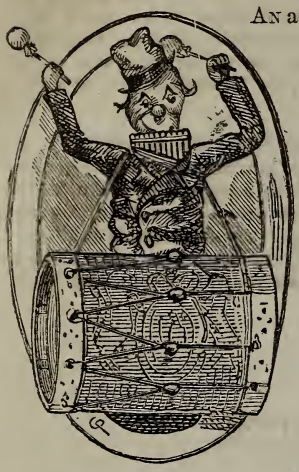
On board the Cunard steamers, the Church service is read every Sunday morning. The muster-roll of the crew is called over, and they attend service. A gentleman said to one of the sailors, "Are you obliged to attend public service?" "Not exactly obliged, sir," replied Jack; "we should lose our grog if we didn't."

A NOTE ON POLITICS.

"I don't blame people for complaining about the extravagance of Government," said an old lady, as she was reading an ardent appeal to the people in a newspaper. "I don't blame 'em a mite. Here they are now gwine to canvassing the State. Gracious me! as if the airth wasn't good enough for 'em to walk on. I wonder why they didn't have ile-cloth or kidminster and done with it." "And I heard, yesterday," said her nephew, "that some of 'em were going to scour the country to get voters." Continued she, "That would be better than throwing dust in people's eyes, that Paul used to tell about. Canvassing the State, indeed!" She fell into an abstraction upon the schemes of politicians, and took seven pinches of snuff in rapid succession to aid her deliberation.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT.

AN OLD ENGLISH BALLAD FROM THE "PERCY RELIQUES."



An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterburye;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did neare say.
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will doe me no deere
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men, so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot, all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot, of comfort so cold
And he mett his shepheard agoing to fold:
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home,
What newes do you bring us from good King John?

Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give:
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke.

Now cheare up, sire abbot! did you never hear yet
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us in fair London towne.

Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

For thirty pence our Saivour was sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than hee.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
I did not think I had been worth so littel!
Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think it could be gone so soone!
Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee.

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!
Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write ne reade.

Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee:
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.

A USEFUL GUIDE.

"How long is this loch?"

"It will be about twanty mile."

"Twenty miles! surely it cannot be so much as that?"

"Maybe it will be twelve."

"It does not really seem more than four."

"Indeed, I'm thinking you're right."

"Really, you seem to know nothing about the matter."

"Troth, I canna say I do."

LOOSE LANGUAGE.

MR. MURPHY used to relate the following story of Sam Foote, the heroines of which were the Ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill, the last the wife of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at "I love my love with a letter." Lady Cheere began and said, "I love my love with an N because he is a Night;" Lady Fielding followed with, "I love my love with a G because he is a Gustis;" and, "I love my love with an F," said Lady Hill, "because he is a Fizishun."

VULGAR.

If I had a donkey as wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wollop him?—no! no!
I'd give him some corn and cry, "Gee wo!
Gee up, Neddy."

REFINED.

If I had an animal averse to speed,
Do you think I'd chastise him?—no indeed!
I'd give him some oats and cry, "Proceed!
Go on, Edward."

BLUENOSE AND BLINKERS.*

BY JOHN LOVELL.

"BUCKLES," said Mr. Wignipper, as he stood in his stable-yard, talking to his groom, one morning, "what shall we call him? Eh—eh? What shall we call him? Come, now!"

"Call 'im arter the old 'ooman next door," replied Buckles, bluntly.

The "him" was a fearsome-looking bulldog—bandy-legged, blear-eyed, thick-necked, thin-eared, short-tailed, blue-muzzled, with neatly-lifted upper lip, and fine protruding lower jaw, showing cruel teeth. There was about the whole face a broad, wicked, bandit sort of smile, in which desire seemed to have pinned recent satisfaction by the throat.

"Good!" said Mr. Wignipper, in reply to his groom's suggestion. "Good! Capital idea, Buckles—capital!"

"And it soots 'im, too," added Buckles, gloomily.

Buckles was right. The dog's muzzle was of the same blue-blackish hue as the close-shaven cheek of an acrobat.

So he was named Bluenose there and then, "arter the old 'ooman next door," and "because it sooted 'im."

Meanwhile history was being made elsewhere, and in a similar manner.

"Magnificent creature! Darling purring dear!" ejaculated Miss Snapperton, as she sat sunning herself in her bay window, and fondling a huge plethoric tom-cat, as large and as wheezy as the prize baby at a baby show. "Was it not kind, Jael, of my nephew, to send me so lovely a present?"

"Dessay he know'd what he was a-doin' of," replied Jael, doggedly. Jael was the feminine Buckles of Miss Snapperton's establishment.

"Pretty, charming dear," Miss Snapperton went on, too much occupied with the cat to notice the ill-natured remark; "bless its beautiful whiskers, and its litty-tiddy ears! But oh, Jael, I forgot to ask its name, and James quite forgot to tell me. How very vexing! What can its name be, I wonder?"

"I dunno," replied Jael, curtly.

"But it must have a name, you know, Jael. What shall we call it?"

"I should call 'im arter old Goggle-eyes, next door, I should," replied Jael. "He blinks and winks as much as old Goggle-eyes; and is jest about as crusty, I'll be bound."

"How horridly vulgar you are, Jael!" said Miss Snapperton, with a shudder; "the number of times I have forbidden you to use that dreadful word in my presence, and yet you will persist in doing so!"

* By kind permission of the Author.

"Well, I must call 'im something—nasty, crusty, starin', blinkin' old patch!" said Jael, testily.

"Then pray use a civilised expression, Jael. If you must relieve your feelings by an epithet, the other nickname you have bestowed upon the objectionable person would be preferable to the coarse word you used just now."

"What, Blinkers?" replied Jael; "oh, very well; it's all the same to me; if Blinkers is perlite for Goggle-eyes, call the cat Blinkers."

"But why should we name it after that dreadful man at all, Jael?"

"'Cos then I could call the cat, and look at 'im," said Jael, "and then he'd know what we thinks of him."

This argument carried the day, and the "pretty, charming dear" was named Blinkers, "arter old Goggle-eyes next door."

Mr. Wignipper was a brisk, dapper-shaped, white-haired, rose-tinted old gentleman, who had been "going on for forty, sir," for the last ten or twelve years—very abrupt in his manner—even fierce, when he ran his fingers through his hair till he made it stand bolt on end, and looked you through and through with the aid of his gold-rimmed eye-glasses. When deeply moved, too, he had a way of rapidly opening and shutting his eyes at you, which was alarming in the extreme. It was this habit that won him Jael's nickname.

Miss Snapperton was a tall, dark-eyed, sharp-featured, slightly lackadaisical, but not by any means unkindly-looking spinster, of — well, she was, of course, much younger than Mr. Wignipper. She had never been more than "on the sunny side of thirty-two, dear," for the last twenty years. Her hair—there can be no doubt that it was hers, if not by hereditary right, at least by purchase—was black and glossy. Her nose was pinched and slightly tinged with blue. . . . Her recreations were to attend to the requirements of innumerable pets of the feathered and other tribes, to take a daily airing in her pony carriage on the Heath, to receive and return occasional visits from old pupils, and to hold select tea-meetings of decorous spinsters, with which type of the human race Hampstead abounds.

Harmless enjoyments, all! Pity they should have been so rudely broken in upon! But they were.

It was not wholly Mr. Wignipper's fault. So that he was at liberty to do as he pleased within his own domain, the rest of the world, even down to his next-door neighbour, might jog on its way without interference from him. Neither was it wholly the fault of Miss Snapperton. To her quarrelling was "painfully indecorous, not to say absolutely vulgar"—that is to say, a mortal sin. It may have been that there was just a suspicion of natural antipathy to begin with. Mr. Wignipper was an elderly bachelor; Miss Snapperton was an elderly spinster. Miss Snapperton had never had an offer; Mr. Wignipper had never made one. Mr. Wignipper had a natural aversion to the opposite sex; Miss Snapperton had an acquired aversion to the opposite sex. When Miss Snapperton, therefore, heard from Jael who her next-door neighbour was to be, she shuddered politely, ejaculated, "Dear! dear! How painfully provoking!" and before the new tenant came into possession, had a hoarding put up on her side of the party-wall separating the two gardens, quite a foot and a half higher than the wall itself. When Mr. Wignipper heard who his next-door neighbour was, and discovered, by the newness of the wood and the freshness of the paint, the measures she had taken to bar him out, he said, "Psha! old cat! Get a hoarding put up on this side a foot and a half higher, Buckles. D'ye hear? Eh?"

And there, no doubt, would have been an end of the matter, but for Jael and Buckles.

The reader already knows something of Buckles. Like his master, he was an elderly bachelor. Jael, like her mistress, was an elderly spinster. Buckles, in his master's philosophy, belonged to the sub-order *morosus*, Jael to the sub-order *acerbus*. Both were equally dogged, sullen, and ill-tempered; but in Buckles the instinct was either passive or, at most, defensive; in Jael, it was active and aggressive. She was a relic of the old boarding-school days—had originally been engaged, indeed, not in spite of, but in consequence of, the general forbiddingness of her manner, in order that she might not be made a *confidante* of, for messenger purposes, by "the young ladies." She was faithful to her trust; and being industrious, and discreet, and not likely to attract the attention of "followers," was privileged to accompany Miss Snapperton into her retirement. Here Jael justified the opinion her mistress had formed of her. The baker and the butcher, not to mention the "Milk," learned to approach No. 1, Pomona Villas as if that habitation was haunted by ghosts; while, as for the "Steady, Sober Man, without Encumbrance," who was engaged to "look after a pony and chaise, and employ his spare time in the garden," she reduced him to so abject a condition of self-abasement that he became a broken, mean-spirited creature, in no wise worthy to figure in this narrative.

It was no wonder, therefore, that when Jael saw the new hoarding of No. 2 rising board by board above the new hoarding of No. 1, she should have conceived a feeling of violent resentment against the inhabitants of No. 2, and especially against Buckles, who, in her view of the case, was neither more nor less than an unbroken counterpart of the "Steady, Sober Man, without Encumbrance." Nor was it one whit more remarkable that, like a skilful termagant as she was, she should have chosen a time when she knew, from an up-stair survey, that Mr. Wignipper and his man were within earshot, to descend to the garden and disburden her mind respecting the new tenants to the inoffensive carpenter, who was engaged in raising the objectionable barricade.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Wignipper; "that's a vixen, if you like. Eh? Buckles, eh? A thorough-paced vixen."

"Jest like 'em," returned the imperturbable Buckles. "Let her go on. Hard words breaks no bones, and cusses always comes 'ome to roost."

Here, again, there might have been an end of the matter; but it was not to be.

A morning or two afterwards, Buckles found one of the boards in the hoarding of No. 2 pushed off into a flower-bed. Rightly conjecturing that Jael was the midnight marauder, he proceeded, in his dogged way, to take his revenge by pitchforking a heap of weeds and other rubbish, bit by bit, over into Number One's garden. Jael, equal to the

occasion, was on the spot instantly, and flinging the rubbish back again as fast as it came over, accompanied its delivery with an oration which fairly roused the neighbourhood.

Miss Snapperton had not yet risen.

Mr. Wignipper returned from his morning ride while the battle was at its height.

He bade Buckles cease, and penned the following note to Miss Snapperton:—"Mr. Wignipper presents his compliments to Miss Snapperton, and trusts that Miss S. and himself may become good neighbours, which, however, cannot be the case if Miss S.'s servants are allowed to destroy Mr. Wignipper's property."

To which note, in the course of the afternoon, Mr. Wignipper received the following reply:—"Miss Snapperton presents her polite compliments to Mr. Wignipper, and begs to say that the conduct of Mr. Wignipper's servant, apparently with Mr. W.'s connivance, renders further communication impossible."

This was the formal declaration of war, and this was the point at which the famous three years' campaign between Mr. Wignipper and Miss Snapperton, with Buckles and Jael for allies, fairly began.

To do full justice to that campaign—to describe the battles, the sieges, the advances, the retreats, the grandeur of the main action, and the brilliancy of the episodes—would require the research of the late Sir Archibald Alison, and the patience of his readers. Miss Snapperton doated on Italian piano-men, but loathed organ-grinders. Mr. Wignipper selected the dirtiest and most grinning organ-grinder he could find, and paid him ten shillings a week for a year to watch his opportunity, and strike up in front of No. 2 whenever a piano-man struck up in front of No. 1. Mr. Wignipper, when engaged on his Treatise, could not endure music next door; Miss Snapperton brought up a phalanx of elderly spinsters twice a week, in the afternoon, to bang out the "Battle of Prague," and rattle away at "Di tanti palpiti." Miss Snapperton kept and reared canaries in multitudes; Mr. Wignipper bought sparrow-hawks. Mr. Wignipper burnt his garden weeds whenever Miss Snapperton had a party; Miss Snapperton nailed down imaginary carpets and hung imaginary pictures whenever Mr. Wignipper had a party. Miss Snapperton bought a parrot; Mr. Wignipper bought a monkey. Mr. Wignipper decided on keeping pigs; Miss Snapperton increased her establishment by the addition of a donkey, given to bray exuberantly. Miss Snapperton "spoke to the landlord;" Mr. Wignipper was before her. Mr. Wignipper took to pistol practice, placing the butt in front of his back window, and firing from the far end of the garden; Miss Snapperton arranged for the placing of a tile on the top of Mr. Wignipper's chimney on Christmas-day. Miss Snapperton indicted Mr. Wignipper's pigs; Mr. Wignipper informed against Miss Snapperton's drains. Mr. Wignipper taught his monkey to pick off Miss Snapperton's favourite blooms; Miss Snapperton taught her parrot to say "Improper Next Door—dreadful, I do declare—Pretty Poll!" Miss Snapperton set a dark rumour afloat, that Mr. Wignipper was an atheist; Mr. Wignipper set a dark rumour afloat, that Miss Snapperton had a mysterious husband at the hulks.

Buckles and Jael meantime were not inactive. Jael talked loudly at Buckles over the wall; Buckles laughed silently and sardonically, and took mean revenges in the night-time. Jael persuaded her mistress to buy fowls to ravage Buckles' garden; Buckles poisoned them. Buckles undid Jael's gate to let stray donkeys in; Jael threw bricks through the roof of Buckles' greenhouse.

It was to this state of harmony that the parties had attained, when the advent of Bluenose and Blinkers changed the whole aspect of affairs.

Bluenose had been bought by Mr. Wignipper, in the interests of philosophy; still, it is only fair to say, that Buckles had a sinister hope that the first person Bluenose chanced to bite might be Jael. Blinkers, as may have been already gathered, was a present to Miss Snapperton, pure and simple, without any after-thought of annoyance to "Next Door;" but Jael had secret hopes that he might tear up "Next Door's" garden and kill Buckles' rabbits. Shall I say that Miss Snapperton, on hearing of Mr. Wignipper's dog, gave instructions for the purchase of poisoned liver? Shall I add that Mr. Wignipper, on hearing of Miss Snapperton's cat, felt his heart leap with joy as he reflected that his dog was capable of worrying anything in creation?

"Beg yer pardon, sir," said Buckles, entering his master's breakfast-room the morning after the arrival of Bluenose and Blinkers on the field of action, "but if so be as my wishes is to be regarded in this yer transaction, I should like to give a month's warnin'."

"Bless my heart, Buckles! Bless my heart!" ejaculated Mr. Wignipper. "What d'ye mean, Buckles, what d'ye mean? eh, eh?"

"Well," returned Buckles, "'taint often as I'm egzited, sir—werry seldom, I should say—but I can't stand this yere."

"What yere?" asked his astonished master.

"Come and see," said Buckles, doggedly, "come and see."

Mr. Wignipper mechanically followed his groom into the stable-yard.

Bluenose, with tail cocked, ears erect, and languishing eyes, stood licking his lips in a state of idiotic satisfaction, while the bloated Blinkers, with curved back and lissome limbs, purred round him lovingly, rubbing first one ear and then the other against his bullet-head and neck.

"Bless my heart alive!" said Mr. Wignipper, deeply moved. "What's the meaning of this, Buckles, eh, eh?"

"Dunno," replied Buckles, laconically; "'sanity, loonattics, anythin'—means as I'm a-goin' to cut."

Shortly afterwards Jael's bell rang.

"Yes, mum," she said, appearing in Miss Snapperton's breakfast-room.

"Oh, Jael," said Miss Snapperton, "where's my pet?"

"I dunno," replied Jael, curtly.

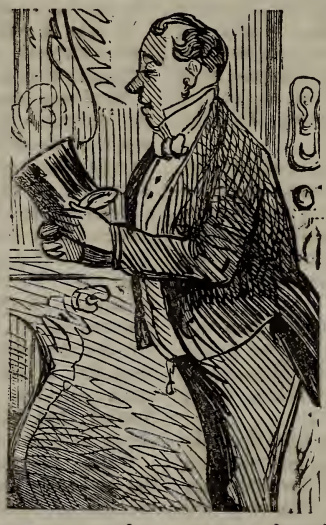
"Pray find the darling, and bring him to me instantly, Jael!"

"Lors a massy, mum!" said Jael, returning from her errand, "the world's a-cummin' to a end—never seed such a thing in my life! There now!"

"Pray be coherent, Jael."

"Yes," said Jael; "he's a tootsy-wootsying it, I can tell you—jest you come and look in the back garden."

Miss Snapperton went, and involuntarily became a witness of a precisely similar scene to that which had just previously occasioned so much dissatisfaction to Buckles, and so much astonishment to his master.



Meanwhile Mr. Wignipper had been severely exercised in his mind. He had never seen a more forbidding-looking dog than Bluenose, nor a more ill-favoured cat than Blinkers. Yet here they were on friendly terms at once, while all the rest of the two households were at loggerheads. They were sunning themselves cosily in the garden of No. 1. Bluenose lay stretched at length upon the grass-plot. Blinkers, similarly disposed, but crosswise, rested his furry throat upon Bluenose's neck, and wheezed and winked peacefully.

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Mr. Wignipper, "wonderful!—unity of design, unity of instinct—strange that a surly beast like Bluenose should conceive a sudden affection for so repulsive a creature as that abominably fat cat! This must be seen to—be seen to—seen to. I must have that cat. I must have that cat. I must probe this matter to the bottom—most important—most important!"

He had no sooner made up his mind to have Blinkers, therefore, than he penned a second note to Miss Snapperton. Miss Snapperton granted an interview. The interview took place. Miss Snapperton was inexorable; Mr. Wignipper was inconsolable.

"Buckles," said Mr. Wignipper, one morning, "Buckles, take down that hoarding along the garden wall; it keeps out the sun from the south, which is the reason that we have no peaches on the opposite side there."

"Jael," said Miss Snapperton, the next morning, "since our next-door neighbour has been good enough to take down those offensive boards, I think we may dispense with those on this side the wall: they shut out the prospect."

Again Mr. Wignipper called on Miss Snapperton. It was useless.

Then Mr. Wignipper asked Miss Snapperton to meet his maiden sister at No. 2, and they met.

Afterwards, Miss Snapperton invited Miss and Mr. Wignipper to tea, and they teaed.

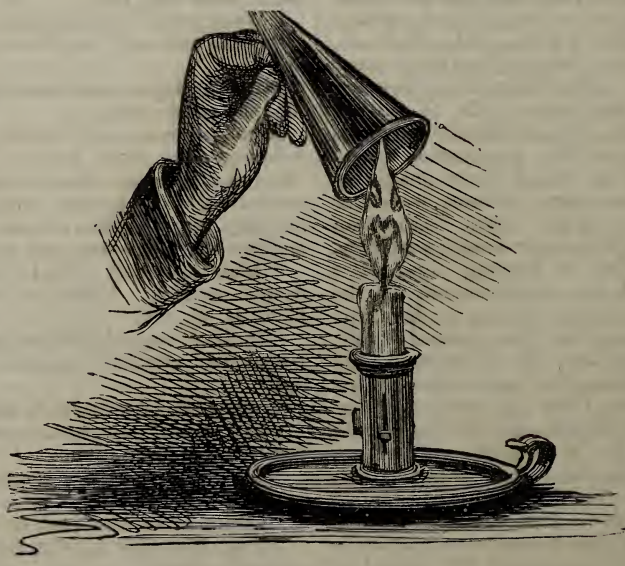
All this time Blinkers never changed hands. All this time Bluenose and Blinkers carried on their friendly intercourse, to the increasing discomfort of Mr. Wignipper.

At last Mr. Wignipper could stand it no longer.

"Miss Snapperton," he said abruptly, one night after a cosy tea-party in that lady's house, while two of the spinsters were executing "Di tanti palpiti" in duet, "have you really made up your mind not to part with that lovely pet cat of yours? Come, now!"

"Mr. Wignipper," replied Miss Snapperton, "if I could find it in my heart to part with dear Blinkers it would be to you, for I know that in you she would find a kind master; but I cannot—I cannot, Mr. Wignipper—I cannot!" And she wept.

"Dear Miss Snapperton," cried Mr. Wignipper, seizing her half-reluctant hand, "if I cannot have the cat without you, I must have it with you, as part of the fixtures. Can you love me? Can I make you mine? I am abrupt, I know—I am a man of few words, madam. I am all impulse and all heart—I must have the cat, and I am yours."



"Dear Mr. Wignipper," replied Miss Snapperton, "but for the extreme delicacy of your address, I dare not have made the avowal I am about to make." She fainted in Mr. Wignipper's arms.

"If she'd send the cat in in the morning I'd risk a 'breach,'" thought Mr. Wignipper.

But she did not send the cat in; and Mr. Wignipper avoided the "breach" by marrying Miss Snapperton.

THE END.

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